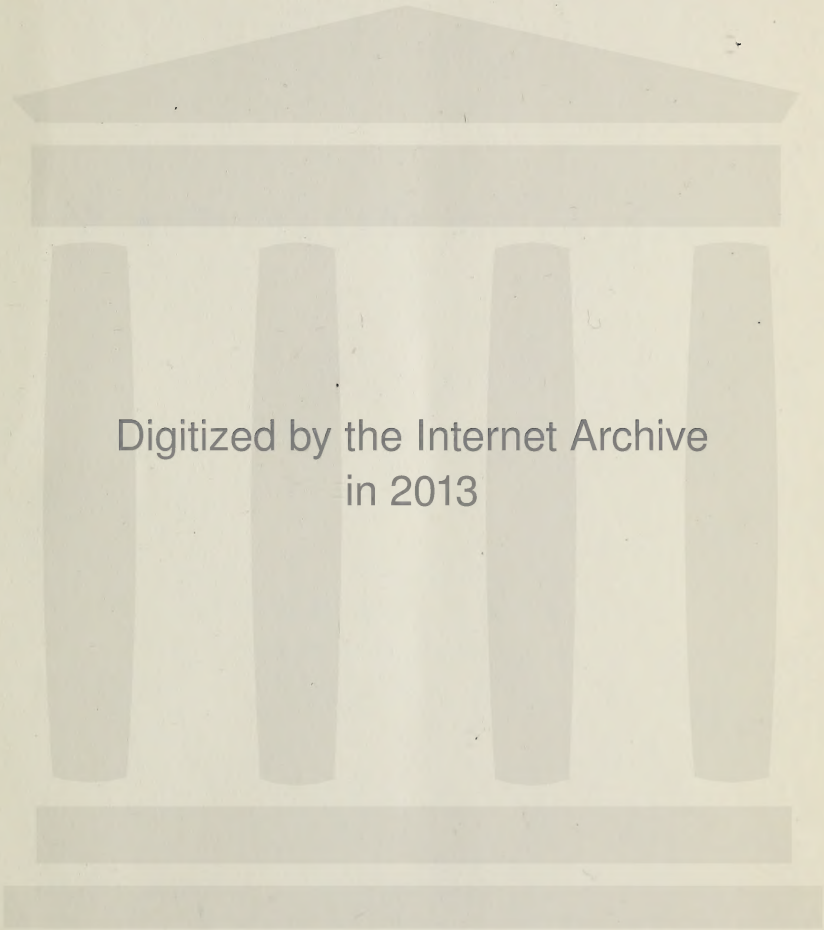
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FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Henry Haydock, *Brooklin, N. Y.*
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For Friends' Intelligencer.

PRAYER.

Prayer being one of the most important subjects which can claim the attention of rational and immortal beings, I am not surprised that the inquiry of a Subscriber, which appeared in the Intelligencer a few weeks ago, should have called forth a response from thinking minds. An editorial in No. 51 intimates that enough may have been published in relation to the acceptation by Friends of the meaning of the language recorded in John xiv. 13.

I wish not unprofitably to dwell upon a theme, the depth and breadth of which can only be measured by the spirit; but in reading the contribution of "P," which contains views in consonance with my own, I felt disappointed that in alluding to various states which could appeal to "the Father" under a sense of human fallibility, one was not more prominently brought into view.

I allude to that which may justly be compared to a child wearied and worn, that could cast itself as into the arms of a parent, who had not only the *power* to soothe and to comfort, but the *desire* to confer happiness upon all his children. With the confidence begotten by a child-like condition, a state essential for an entrance into the Heavenly Kingdom, is there not an assurance that our *individual* appeals are heard and answered in a manner suited to our spiritual growth? Are we not encouraged to hope for heavenly regard by the allusions of the blessed Jesus to the hairs of the head being numbered? and again, that the sparrows which are sold two for a farthing, fall not without our Heavenly Father's notice? I believe there are many precious young minds that are yearning after a true spiritual life, who might feel disheartened with the thought, that no prayer is acceptable in the Divine sight, save that which centres in the state of a "full-grown man," —"Thy will be done." If this were so, some of these children would be ready to question their experience in times of sorrow and trial, when in anguish of spirit they have turned unto the Lord, and he has looked upon them with compassion, and they have remembered the declaration of the Psalmist, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For He knoweth our frame—He remembereth that we are dust."

"The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and his righteousness unto children's children."

The following thoughts on prayer are culled from an article which recently appeared in the *Christian Register:*

Prayer rightly regarded is the most vital and essential point of religion, but from its intensely reverential nature it seems to withdraw itself from public discussion. Like the aroma of a flower it cannot be grasped, and it finds its true expression only in the most private

utterance. In its most elemental form it is a cry of the soul for help, and springs not from the reasoning but the emotional part of our nature. Through all nations from the earliest times it has been the first expression of a religious feeling. The higher man's conceptions of God become, the less he prays, but the more he is influenced by the spirit of prayer. Instead of roaming through distant fields of space to search for God, we ought to look for Him in ourselves. We can have no conception of Him as a Spirit except through our own knowledge of ourselves as a spirit. It is His presence which prompts every high aspiration, and prayer may be often regarded as the tendency of the spirit to aspire and push upward. It is the very energy of the Infinite which seems to possess our brains and mould our thoughts. It is the very love of God flowing in our hearts.

Infinite power underlies our whole being and holds us up to noble aspirations and brave deeds.

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven with prayer."

2*d mo.* 19*th*, 1869. T.

COMING.

The Spirit of God yet causes men to hope that a world will come; the better one, they call it, perhaps they might more wisely call it the real one. *Also I hear them speak continually of going to it*, rather than of its coming to them, which again is strange; for in that prayer which they had straight from the lips of the Life of the world, there is not anything about going to another world,—only something of another world coming into this, or rather not another, but the only government, that government which will constitute a World indeed, new heavens and a new earth. Earth no more without form and void, but sown with fruits of righteousness; Firmament no more of passing cloud, but of cloud risen out of the crystal sea; cloud in which, as He was once received up, so He shall again come with power.—*Ruskin.*

PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY,

The responsibility of educating your children is one you cannot escape. It is a task imposed upon you by Divine Providence; and you may look with confidence for guidance and aid. In short, you must educate your child, whether you choose it or not; for every action, every word, a look, the very tone of your voice, and the round of ordinary daily events, which form the moral atmosphere in which he breathes, will influence him far more than the occasional lessons which he receives, however excellent.

From the Presbyterian Banner.

THE MINUTENESS OF GOD'S GOVERNMENT.

When Jesus tells us that a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without our Father, and that the hairs of our head are numbered, that is, that the number of our hairs is known to him, we are not to understand him as simply announcing these two facts, which, taken in themselves merely, are of but little practical importance. In these wonderful declarations he put down these two landmarks by which we may know how far the divine knowledge and government extend. The concrete, in its minutest form, is put for the abstract, which is infinite in its extent, all embracing, and from which it is impossible that anything can be excluded.

Our minds often dwell upon the greatness of God; but our conception of what constitutes greatness may be very imperfect and one-sided. The common idea is that it is something opposed to smallness, minuteness. Some minds can see greatness in the sun, which is more than thirteen hundred thousand times the bulk of our earth; they can see it in the vast sweep of the planets around this central orb; they see it in the millions of the fixed stars, each a sun and probably the centre of a system like ours, scattered through the immensity of space; and still more in those immeasurably distant nebulæ—other aggregations of myriads of suns like this of which our own sun is one. Truly the term is justly applicable to these things.

But when the mind traces the evidences of divine power in this direction until it is overwhelmed with the idea of vastness, it is difficult to maintain at the same time a conception of the still more overwhelming greatness of the minuteness—if we may so speak—of God. We see him on the one hand stretching creation, with suns and systems, through spaces which to us are infinite; then we turn from the telescope to the microscope, and see him forming beautiful animal organisms so minute that it requires a thousand of them to equal a grain of sand in bulk; and still we have not discovered the boundary in any direction.

The terms great and small, far and near, many and few, are necessary to us; but to the Infinite God there are no such terms. No size, no distance, no number, can be either great or small to him; and not a creature he has called into existence, whether an archangel or an animalcule, is for one moment forgotten by the great Father of all. But let us not infer from this that all are alike great or small, and of equal value in his eyes. The great Teacher has taken care not to let us fall into that error. "Fear not," says he, "*ye are of more value than many sparrows.*" In

his eyes, we may be very sure, everything which he has made is estimated at its proper value. . . . . .

Nothing in the universe is so extended, and at the same time so minute, so penetrating, so all-pervading, as the divine government and agency. Natural laws, as we call them, and millions upon millions of other agents, are in perpetual activity; but not in one of these operations is God excluded or absent. A sparrow cannot fall without him. Jesus selected the sparrow to set forth this great truth; but had he chosen a gnat or a worm, the abstract would have been the same.

The Scriptures are equally explicit with regard to the minuteness of God's knowledge of the workings of every human mind. "Thou understandest my thoughts afar off," that is, before we ourselves are conscious of them. "There is not a word in my tongue but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether." Well might the Psalmist exclaim, "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me!"

Jesus tells us that "God clothes the grass of the field, and feeds the fowls of heaven." A philosopher would tell us that both these acts are but the operations of the laws of Nature; and were he content to leave the matter just there, he might not be far wrong. But most of those who aspire to guide the thoughts of mankind, speak of those laws as if they were self-acting and independent; and that consequently all things fall out in accordance with general laws and not by the special direction of the Supreme Ruler. It is just here that the minds of men find their greatest difficulty in thinking and judging of the events which are transpiring around them. As they seem to arise from a concatenation of natural causes, or human agencies, the hand of the Prime Mover is not observed, and is often not acknowledged—sometimes denied.

Natural causes or forces, and the active operating power of God, are really one and the same thing. This truth Jesus teaches us in the little concrete examples he has chosen in the cases of the sparrow, the hairs of our head, and the grass of the field clothed in glory and beauty surpassing anything that Solomon could boast. Under his teaching the rule of Chance is utterly excluded. . . . .

The Bible, if properly studied and devoutly believed in, will fully vindicate its own strong assertion: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."

All this, however, does not do away with the necessity and duty of prudence, care, and forecast on our part. These are required at our hands. God enjoins this duty upon man to the extent of his ability; what lies beyond that ability, he will take charge of himself. Nothing is so minute as to be below the range of his observation; nothing so great as to be above his power of direction, whether found among what we call the blind forces of Nature, or in the still more perverse domain of human agency.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.

I have been much interested in reading in the "British Friend" of the labors of Friends in the British Empire, in Home and Foreign Missions. In an account of the work among the poor of England, dated in 12th month, there is a paragraph that is applicable to our condition in this country; and perhaps a reprint of it may have a stimulating effect upon some who, indulging in "fulness of bread and abundance of idleness," are in danger of forgetting the claims of those around them, so that when queried with, "Where is Abel thy brother?" can only answer, "am I my brother's keeper." The author says: "The people are tired of the dry bones of *professional* preaching and praying. Let us set light before them, and invite them to come to the great Teacher himself, to worship for *themselves*, instead of letting another worship for them. If we are faithful in works as we are in sentiment, I believe a rich harvest for God is ready for us. I want none to enter into any work without the needful qualification. Let none run without being sent, but let all see to it that they do not exercise an excess of caution which will hold them back when God has opened the way for them to go forward." From Syria we learn that schools have been opened by Friends in that country, and the opinion is expressed, (being the result of actual observation,) "that there is an opening for the simple teaching and Christian influence of Friends" in that country, among the people who have been so long the victims of the grossest superstition and misrule.

In the Southern hemisphere, among the dusky inhabitants of Madagascar, Friends of England have sent out earnest, devoted teachers, who are doing a great work in that remote and hitherto barbarous island. A very interesting account of a royal ceremony, which took place at Antananrivo, in 10th month last, may be of interest, as we have known so little of the Malagasy and their customs. The ceremony is what is called "the appearing of the Sovereign to the people." "For a week previous to the occasion, vast crowds were daily arriving from far and near,—in fact, from almost every part of the island. These strangers formed a large camp on the western side of the city, and their numerous tents, dotted over the plain, made a very pretty sight as viewed from the moun-

tain. All the Missionaries received an invitation several days previous to be present, and early in the morning we met the officers sent by the Government to conduct us to the place prepared for us. On reaching the open plain at Andohalo, we found a dense crowd of people, roughly estimated at 500,000. On the eastern side was a raised platform, furnished with seats, to accommodate the nobility and those present from foreign nations. Around this platform was a green balustrade, ornamented with a profusion of yellow silk, hanging in festoons, and trimmed with heavy fringe of many colors. In the centre of this platform, which was carpeted, was another elevation, of two or three feet, covered with heavy silk damask of green and gold color, and on this was erected a temporary throne for the Queen. Over this was a handsome canopy supported by four pillars; this canopy was surmounted by heavy gold ornaments, and terminated in a dome, which in shape resembled her crown. Immediately under the cornice of the dome was an inscription in gold, set in a broad crimson velvet border: on the front, 'Glory to God;' on one side, 'Peace on Earth;' on another, 'Good will to Men;' and on the fourth, 'God will be with us.' On the left side of the throne was a small table with a clasped Bible placed on it, and a small gold urn; on the right was another small table, with a handsome crown laid on it; in front and on either side were tall vases containing ornaments like artificial flowers made of gold.

"The Queen was borne from the palace in a magnificent gilded palanquin, said to have been presented to her predecessor by the French Empress." On her arrival at a stone near the centre of Andohalo, which is considered sacred, she left the palanquin and stood upon the stone while cannon were fired; this was considered an important part of the ceremony. She then walked to the platform, accompanied by the Prime Minister and leading nobles. Her dress was made of heavy white Moire Antique silk with a profusion of gold and crimson; she wore a light golden crown and held a sceptre in her hand. After exchanging salutations with the crowd, she arose and made a short and appropriate address in a clear and distinct voice. Then the interesting ceremony of presenting the 'hasina' (which is a silver dollar) commenced. This is a token of allegiance by the different tribes and heads of families. After the presentation the laws of the kingdom were read. The most beautiful order prevailed throughout. The Queen then retired to her palace accompanied by bands of music, &c. There was nothing like crowning the Sovereign. She wore on retiring the same crown in which she first appeared. It is an interesting fact that no idols were exhibited on this occasion, as has always been customary under similar circumstances heretofore; and the quotation from the Gospel of Luke around the canopy above the throne, with the Bible lying on the table, tells its own story without further comment.

"From her speech to the people, of which the Prime Minister has been kind enough to send each of us a printed copy, I translate the following, which is all that is said about religion:

"'This also I say to you, "ambanilanitra," (which means literally "all beneath the sky,") concerning prayer. There is no compulsion and no prevention, for God made you.'

"Many of the schools are taught by natives, who, on account of greater fluency of speech, are better able to teach than the missionaries. Some of the schools number as high as 120 to 130 schools. A great want in the way of school books is felt. These native teachers receive from two to three dollars per month.

"The Roman Catholics are very zealous, but their efforts to proselyte meet with little success, though they have recently had an addition to their workers, so that with priests and nuns they have a staff of between thirty and forty.

"Several times of late on a First-day morning, when on my way to that large congregation of from twelve to fifteen hundred persons, at Ambohipotsy, I have passed by the door of a Catholic chapel, which juts out to the public highway, and noticed but twenty-five or thirty persons inside." The writer concludes by saying, "What I have seen in this land does not in the least alter the convictions of my earlier years on the subject of the ministry of the gospel. The best preachers among us are those who have been made so by the fiery trials of fierce persecution and sorrow, and have been immediately taught of God." L. J. R.

ALONE WITH GOD.

Christ's life was not a flying from the world, lest *it* should stain and defile *him;* but a mingling *with* the world, that he might cleanse and purify *it.* In crowded streets, at marriage festivals, in the concourse of cities, amid all the busiest haunts of men, wherever there was a want to relieve, or a woe to assuage, or a sin to rebuke, he was there, shedding round him the healing influences of his presence and his power. And yet such a life as this, lived *for* men and *among* men, noble and blessed as it was, needed that it should have its breaks—that the burden of it should not be continuous. Even he whose spiritual strength is so immeasurably greater than ours,

whose life was in some sort one long, connected prayer—even he needed, from time to time, to be more especially alone with God, to draw new strength and joy from a more fixed contemplation of his Heavenly Father's face.—*Richard Chenevix Trench.*

A CHRISTIAN LIFE.

What is a Christian life? It is a life of the human soul, derived, not alone from natural laws, not alone from the incitements of society, and procured by human causes, but distinctively and peculiarly a life which is derived from God. It is a life which results from the union of our minds and the divine mind. It is distinct and peculiar in this: that it is not an occasional excitement, an orgasm; it is not the access, as the ancients believed, to a divine spirit once in a while: it is the indwelling of the divine influence in the human soul, in such a way as that man has an insight and inspiration higher than any that can come by natural and material causes. It begins in this fact: this is the vital fact: it is the key note to the whole theme—namely, that there is a divine power which lapses into the human soul, and that by that divine power the faculties of men become competent to do and to be what they cannot be or do when left to the laws of nature or society. You may call this a miracle. I do not. You may call it supernatural. I say it is not supernatural. The action of the divine mind upon the human mind is as much a part of the course of nature as the construction of the human mind itself was; and it lies in the realm and within the bound of a truly conceived nature. Under such an influence is developed a personal experience deeper than any that otherwise could have been developed—personal experience which awakens and develops, finally, Christ's character, and which educates our nature and our habits into a likeness of Christ's nature and habits.

I think that this may be comprehensively stated in three words—purity, love, activity; purity, including all that which is meant by righteousness, uprightness, integrity, truth, justice, fidelity; love, developing all that which is taught of God, of Christ, and of the Holy Spirit; their benignity, and pity, and sympathy, and mercy, and love—to come back to the same term again; and activity, embracing the inevitable employment of all this resurrection power upon men as a force upon other men and upon the world itself. As Christ is pure, and loving, and energetic, so every one that becomes a disciple of Christ has instituted in him a tendency towards universal purity, universal love, and universal activity.

Not only does this life begin by divine influence, but it is continuous, and it develops itself by communion with God, as its indispensable cause, all the way through life. It is not a work that is completed and then left. That which began must continue; and, therefore, Christ is called the "Author" and the "Finisher" of our faith. He that awakens in us by the Spirit this new tendency, this spiritual tendency, broods upon the soul—that is, constantly nourishes it, and stimulates it day after day, and develops it into the perfect character of a man in Christ Jesus.

These are, then, the original elements of Christian life: the power of God and development in the human soul. Under that power takes place the development of the soul into purity, and love, and activity. And the continuity of that life is maintained under such a disclosure and development, and by the continual presence, communion, and power of the Spirit of God.—*H. W. Beecher.*

EXTRACTS FROM "EVENINGS AT HOME."

BY JOHN F. W. WARE.

Sacred to the home before all other portions of the day is the evening. The morning comes with its demand for labor. Before us lie our varied tasks. Over our first waking moments there is a shade of anxiety, as involuntarily the day's probable demands or accurately-determined duties rise before us. The morning, too, is the signal for separation. Life is awake again, and we must be at work. Business, domestic detail the school, call us at once from the home, and till the sun goes down we are scattered—children of the dispersion—in our separate spheres, busy in that thing which is our first and prominent duty. There is no home again until

> "The world's comforter, with weary gait,
> His day's hot task has ended in the west."

That is the glad signal for reunion; and, converging toward the one common centre, with weary bodies or jaded brains, tired of work, tired of play, but with fresh hearts, come parents and children, brothers and sisters, to forget toil and study and care in the calm and happy life of home. The evening lamp shines out far into the gathering darkness, the welcome beacon to the father's step. The world has treated him hard today. He has met repulse from friendship, disappointment or reverse in business, his well-laid schemes have failed. Baffled, thwarted, that clear and steady light, detected and kept separate among all others, dissolves the gloom, lifts off the burden, and the world's chill power vanishes before the magic thought of home. No longer laggard, with rapid tread he hastens on. And now against the window-pane, peering into the

gathering gloom, he sees a well-known face, and then the sudden vanishing tells him that quick eared love has caught a welcome sound. With hand upon the latch, one moment he pauses ere he will make the vision real, one moment, as the patter of little feet and the joyous crowing of the baby-voice send their love-tones vibrating through his soul, and then,—the world shut out, care and struggle, coldness and failure, forgotten till the morrow,—circled and embraced by those who love him best and love him always, he gives himself over to pleasures and duties that await him there. Nor less the wife rejoices. All day long, amid perplexities he little knows and for which he allows too little, she has toiled and moiled to make that home which to the husband looks so bright. What contriving, what experiment, what puzzle, what economy, what patience with her children, what drilling of domestics, what tact, what courage, what virtue,—only woman's,—to make of these chaotic and contending materials the harmony he finds. To her, evening comes as a solace and relief. She feels its calm, the luxury of its repose. With her, too, care sleeps till the morrow, and the evening meal and the evening converse shall have no shade. Ye who selfishly carry your day-burden with you over the threshold of home, dragging remorselessly into its presence that which has no place there,—ye in whom the quick glance of the husband detects the tokens of inward disturbance,—let me beg you to remember that what is best for each to share with the other of the day's care may well be adjourned a little, while you may not adjourn the expressions of gladness and love which mean most at the first moment of meeting, and, like all first impressions, are apt to have permanent influence. The cloud that lowers over the meeting, may spread into darkness and storm ere night be come. Drop your day-burdens at the moment of your meeting; let, at least, a brief self-forgetfulness overtake those who really love each other, in presence of God's best earthly gift, and the heart's truest earthly treasure, *Home!*

Not only the first meeting after the day is over should be a matter of thought and of care, but the whole subject of evening should receive serious attention from those who are as heads to the home. Situated as most of us are, the evening affords us all of home-life we have. It is the only time when the circle can be complete, the only opportunity for that interchange of thought and influence so invaluable to the character. It must not be suffered to waste, under our indolence or indulgence. It must not be left to chance for its improvement, or squandered in a cigar, a newspaper, or the mending of old clothes. It must not be a fret and a worry till the children are in bed, and then a fret and a worry till you are there too. To the evening, and especially the winter's evening, belong mainly the influences of domestic life. Its few short hours are all the uninterrupted time we have at our disposal to know our own or be known of them. The impression that home leaves upon the child comes mainly from its evenings. The visions which memory delights in conjuring are the old scenes about the evening fire or the evening lamp. Mother and father as they were then are the mother and father we know, and the lessons we then received are the best and most permanent in life.

If it were not for the evening, what would home-life be to-day? Is it not the *little all* that there is left of it? Are there not some of us who for months scarcely see our children by daylight, and did we not all see, a year or two ago, that a father did not know his own child,—an infant of six months,—whom his wife had caused to be left in a basket at the door? Ought we not to bless God that, overworked in a world to whose exactings we consecrate ourselves, there comes in mercy the evening, as a silver clasp binding together the day and the night? Ought we not to have a care that it be kept bright and pure, sullied by no ill-doing or neglect? Not so holy and beautiful is the evening without, when moon and stars in all their quiet glory glisten in the sky, as evening within, where human hearts beat true, and the hours are sacred to the developing of the best home good. This can only be through care and effort. Only on conditions does God grant any success or joy. Home is not given, but made.

When the man has once entered the home, there he should remain, as a general thing, until the duties of the morrow call him away. I say, as a general thing, for one has duties as a citizen and a neighbor which should not be omitted, and there are opportunities of instruction, amusement, not to be wholly foregone. Shut up exclusively to home, men and women become narrow and selfish in their views and aims and sympathies; themselves and their children suffer. The evening at home, however, is to be the rule, and the evening abroad the exception.

Is it not a fact, that the evening at home is the rare thing in some men s lives? There was something more than satire in that anecdote of the man who complained that, now he was married, he had nowhere to spend his evenings. Before a woman is your wife, you know very well, and she knows where you spend your evenings. After that, you may know, but she does not. The first suspicion many a woman has of the waning of the

honeymoon is in the absence of her husband in the evening, and the fact in many homes is, that the husband and father has no place in the evening circle, and no influence there. A hasty supper swallowed—not eaten—in silence or complaint, the coat and hat are resumed. The door is opened, closed, and the husband gone, without a sign to show that home has any place in his affections. She who at first remonstrated has long since ceased even to sigh, and takes with a patient resignation that which she finds is inevitably her lot. Even the children evince no disappointment, and the door shuts out a man who goes to the street, the club, the secret meeting, oblivious of the obligations he voluntarily assumed when he became a husband and a parent,—a man whose care for home, is that it have food, fuel, and shelter, and his demand of it, that it do not trouble him. Is there not many such a husband and many such a home? I know wives are not always angels. I know that even our own children are not always cherubs. I know home does not always smile and welcome, it is not always neat and cheery; but do you never, *if you are a man*, abandon or complain of it until you have tried to the uttermost your skill upon it. It is a mean and cowardly thing in a man to turn his back upon a home in which he has never been known as an earnest and sympathetic coadjutor and friend.

So far as it is possible, I should say that the evening should not only be spent at home by the various members of the family, but that they should spend it together. Simply to be *at home* does not answer the home requirement. To be thoughtlessly or selfishly absorbed in one's own special pursuit, absent or apart from the home circle, is not discharging the duty. To be in the house is not to be in the home. Some men always do a certain class of writing at home, shut up by themselves, or, if with the family, compelling it to silence and restraint. Go to their places of business, and you cannot see why this need be. Very few men have their time so wholly absorbed as to be compelled to rob home in this way. There are intervals of leisure in the busiest day. Men are far from busy the whole time they are at their places of business, and it must but rarely occur that a man determined upon an unoccupied evening at home shall find it impossible. Others have a definite home employment, some pursuit aside from the calling of life,—very well, very honorable, but not to obliterate the duties of home. Others—especially the growing children—have separate rooms and establishments, in which, with books or work, the evening is spent. The evening life of the home should be a life in common. What a glee is there in young voices and young hearts when the lamps are lighted! How eagerly they gather about the table, wheeling up father's chair, bringing out mother's basket, each settling to his place, happy, busy, and joyous; while the talk, the story, the book, the game, employ the sparkling hours, and sow the seed of never-ending, ever-pure delight. Some one, speaking of the past, says, "We remember little of father and mother except what they were about the cheerful fire; the hearth-stone is the pedestal of their images, and the serene glow of the evening light upon their faces is the favorite picture which the mind cherishes." Since we have banished that sacred thing, "the fireplace," we have only the centre-table and the lamp as the holy centre of our homes. Never may that central lamp be dimmed, nor at that table one seat of parent or of child vainly waiting to be filled!

As children grow out of the early ways and hours of childhood, one of the gravest parental duties presents itself. It is the furnishing of pleasant occupation for the evening hours. Easy enough it is when the little things are to be turned off with a toss and a kiss, and after a brief frolic, tired and sleepy, go to their beds, and leave the evening free to the elders for their own employments. But very different is it as boys and girls begin to grow, at first straining every nerve to prove that they can sit up a little later, and then, when they have gained their point, beginning to cry, "O dear, what shall I do!" This is a very important moment in life for the child and for the parent, and according as it is met will largely depend the issues of home.

(To be continued.)

SCRAPS
FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

A little simile has occurred to my mind lately, which I have only once or twice mentioned privately, and never undertook to write; and as it presents again while now writing, I will attempt to give it to thee, although it does not immediately connect with what I was writing upon. In digging down deep enough in almost any place, we come to a srteam of pure water, which, although so valuable and refreshing, lay buried up there year after year, of no use apparently to man, beast or vegetation. But when a stream becomes a spring, and bursts out on the side of a hill or at the head of a valley, man quenches his thirst at it, and applies its waters to his other uses; the cattle come to its stream for drink; the birds sip from its bank, or swim upon its bosom; vegetation, by its livelier geeen,

"Betrays the secret of its silent course;"

the atmosphere is cooled and refreshed by the vapors rising from it, and all nature seems cheered and enriched by its treasures.

Now, these are the representatives of the two conditions of many Friends, as figured to my mind. The pure waters of life are in them all. But in some they lie concealed and buried up, so that there must be digging, and at times, as it were, blasting away of the rock, in order to come at them, and thus, although so good and pure, they seem of comparatively little value; while in others they burst forth a full and glorious stream, enlivening, refreshing, sweetening, and purifying all around. And, I may add, as my belief, that it is mainly with the possessor, whether the waters remain deep and buried, or be permitted to flow forth and go on their mission of love and mercy, some in one channel and some in another, but all to the glory of Him, who is the Great Source of the fountain, and enables the waters to flow.

Thy hold, my dear friend, on earth has been gradually loosening. Canst thou not receive the removal of thy dear boy as *a help* heavenward; a help graciously given thee by One whose mercies are new every morning, and without whose notice not even a sparrow falls to the ground. He has taken to Himself thy darling boy—sheltered him from the storms of time—and (if I may give utterance to the view now presented) has placed him in his innocency and brightness as a beacon light, to attract the minds of his dear little sisters, as well as parents, leading them to see the superior excellence of an heavenly over an earthly inheritance.

The appearance of thy weekly messenger (Friends' Intelligencer) continues a great pleasure, for it seems to bring tidings from my much-loved friend. The quiet entrance into many a home circle of its elevating sentiments and principles and the general tone of its pages, I cannot but believe must have an influence for good; and the earnest, quiet workers in this somewhat hidden part of the Lord's vinyard may be much encouraged, not only to hope, but to believe that "harvest" will succeed to "seed-time." I was glad to see that an Extract had been given from "The Fells of Swarthmore Hall." Thou cannot fail to find much in the book that thou wilt like, particularly those pictures of domestic life of some of our English early notable characters, and not a few most valuable original letters, showing in a remarkable manner what our early Friends really were, and all testifying to the one inward Principle, by which they were sustained. We wish the writer had been content without introducing so much of her own matter and reflections, many of which seem to us strangely incongruous with the original portions which they connect. They will, however, please many readers in the present current of sentiment, and may possibly be the means of bringing the more sterling parts under their notice; and the book has sold so well it is already out of print.

The dissemination of Christian principles by means of books adapted to the young, as also to those of more mature years, has often been the subject of my thoughts; and I fear that we, as a religious Society, have not in this respect been sufficiently active and faithful to our high calling.

In my travels among Friends and others in some isolated rural districts, I find many families with very few books of any kind, and some that have supplied themselves with very worthless publications. I have often regretted that I had no small books or tracts to give them, such as a traveller might carry with him without inconvenience.

I have often felt staggered in my faith because it is said "all prayer is simply 'thy will be done,'" and no outlet is allowed to the natural and heartfelt aspirations of the mind, or because "no prayer is effective unless in entire harmony with God's will," both seeming to require a knowledge of that will, and therefore unattainable. Yet my experience of the happy peace attending the impulsive pleading with the Father for power to withstand the evil, or calmer prayer for the blessing of quiet and rest to the perturbed spirit, is such as to cause me to feel a reaching out towards those who feel baffled between the necessity of prayer, and the impossibility of attaining the ideals that are placed before them.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 6, 1869.

VOL. TWENTY-SIXTH.—The commencement of a new volume appears to be a fitting occasion to give a word of kindly greeting to our subscribers and contributors, and to gratefully acknowledge their essential aid in the cause to which *Friends' Intelligencer* is devoted.

Among the various periodicals which have come into existence since our own, we find none adapted to take its place. There are others which bear a Friendly title, and hesitate not to announce their exclusive right to the name, but circumstances do not favor

such a position. Many intelligent people, not connected with either branch of the Society of Friends, freely acknowledge, that so far as they understand the principles of the Society as promulgated by its founders, those in reproach called "Hicksites" maintain more nearly the ancient standard; while those termed "Orthodox" have, as they think, advanced in the theological scale, and are more in unison with the established Church in what are deemed, by them, vital points of Christianity. We refer to the judgment of those not in membership with us, for until still another generation with its favoritisms, the natural outgrowth of the sad division, shall have passed away, such as are immediately connected with the Society can hardly be looked upon as impartial judges.

Disputed points may occasionally demand discussion when error is zealously upheld, but there is a silent, indirect influence which often proves more powerful. We rejoice in the frequent manifestations, not only in religious organizations, but in social relations, of an increasing ability to understand that love to God induces love to man; and he who would serve the cause of truth should labor to diffuse more enlarged views of religion and its bearing upon daily life. Let him separate that which is essential from that which is superficial; let him penetrate beneath the letter to the spirit.

"Religion," says Channing, "has been made a separate business and a dull, unsocial, melancholy business too, instead of being manifested as a truth which bears on and touches everything human as a universal spirit, that ought to breathe through and modify all our desires and pursuits, all our trains of thought and emotion."

This view harmonizes with the influence of grace upon the heart as the leaven upon the meal, and brings us to the foundation upon which our predecessors builded—*Christ within;* and this was the *watchword* that united them as a body, independent of minor considerations. Actuated by the faith that the "true light" had appeared unto all men, they were ready to receive into fellowship all who *walked* in conformity with its illuminations. Thus from the various religious denominations, as well as from among non-professors, there was gathered into one fold a people believing in the all-sufficiency of divine grace for man's salvation, and receiving as their primary guide and teacher "the Spirit of Truth which shall lead and guide into all truth."

The charge of heresy was freely indulged; and the bitter persecutions which they endured for conscience' sake are so familiar to most of our readers, that they need not be dwelt upon: but in our comparative freedom we should not lose sight of the sufferings of early Friends. The enlightenment of the present age forbids the incarceration of the body for opinions' sake, but there is occasionally a manifestation of an intolerant spirit, which as virtually excommunicates as does the ban of the Pope at Rome, those whose hopes of salvation rest upon the redeeming power of the life of Christ within the soul, rather than upon the *material blood* shed upon Mount Calvary by "wicked men."

We are not restive under such denunciations. They pass by us as a breeze laden with unpleasant odors, but without the power to wither or blight. And we believe it is in the love of that gospel which was ushered in with the language of "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will to men," that we desire the day may not be far distant, when Christian charity shall remove bigotry and prejudice, and the right be awarded to all to act in accordance with individual convictions. In this liberty may the people be awakened to the importance of thinking for themselves. The love of ease too often induces a disposition to accept the views of others without investigation, and in this way religion becomes traditional. Truth takes a hue and form from the soul through which it passes, and in some degree becomes invested with its peculiarities, so that we have need to consult the divine Oracle rather than the judgment of men. By so doing we shall learn to discriminate between the true and the false, between that which strengthens the spiritual understanding and that which enervates it.

There remains an honest difference of sentiment among Friends in relation to matters of

interest, which properly claims the attention of the body, and we believe that good results from a generous interchange of views. It is by looking at a subject from various standpoints that we are enabled to come to an intelligent judgment in regard to it. If Friends therefore will remember that a difference in opinions does not imply *disunity*, our columns may be a safe medium for presenting questions affecting the general good, presuming that essays for this purpose will of course be written in the spirit of love and brotherly kindness. "The most effectual method of expelling error is not to meet it sword in hand, but gradually to instil great truths, with which it cannot easily coexist, and by which the mind outgrows it." The views for which *we* hold ourselves responsible will be found in the editorials. A few words for those who think that too much space in our paper is occupied with matter from "old Journals," and what has before been published. Such objections chiefly originate with those whose libraries are richly furnished, and who have free access to the literature of the day as it comes from the press. For these our paper can have no special interest, unless it contains something *new*. Not so with many of our subscribers differently situated. Some are in isolated places, with very limited opportunities for obtaining books of any kind, and especially Friend's books. The reprint of some particular work is not unfrequently requested by this class, and we feel it due them to devote a brief space to such a purpose.

The printed extracts from Fox and Kersey in relation to rising in time of prayer, which have been sent us anonymously, are a protest against any violation of the form, but do not answer the inquiry of "A Young Reader," why Friends adopted that form?

NOTE.—We are requested to state that the address of Elizabeth K. Eastburn. Clerk of the Yearly Meeting of Women Friends of Philadelphia, is New Hope, Pa., instead of Lahaska, as inserted in Friends' Almanac.

DIED, on the 3d of Second month, 1869, in Knox, Albany Co., N.Y., PHEBE C., wife of Wm. D. Davenport, in the 74th year of her age. Her sufferings during most of her illness were severe, yet she bore them with true Christian resignation, her constant prayer being for patience until it should please her Heavenly Father to release her. Her mind was calm and clear, giving evidence her work was done. When told by her physician that her recovery was doubtful, she replied, "I feel that I am in the hands of One that doeth all things well," and frequently referred to the approaching close with great composure. Her quiet spirit and correct judgment rendered her a useful member of Society, having for many years faithfully and humbly filled the most weighty appointments therein. We therefore deeply feel that another mother in Israel has departed, leaving a void not easily filled. One who knew her well, justly remarked, but few women have lived so many years and made so few mistakes."

She was a member of Duanesburg Mo. Meeting.

FRIENDS' CHARITABLE FUEL ASSOCIATION

Will meet on the evening of the 6th inst., at 8 o'clock, in the Monthly Meeting Room, Race Street Meeting-house. WM. HEACOCK, *Clerk.*

FRIENDS' LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

The Committee of Management will meet on Fourth-day evening, Third month 10th, at 8 o'clock.

JACOB M. ELLIS, Clerk.

From the Nation.

NEAR-SIGHTEDNESS IN CHILDREN.*

The author takes for his motto the words of Prof. Donders: "I say, without hesitation, that a short-sighted eye is a diseased eye." Probably four out of every five readers of this page do not believe Donders. Popularly, "a near-sighted eye is a strong eye." Let any one who wishes make the experiment of telling the next man he meets with glasses that his eyes are diseased. We assure him of a cool and incredulous reception. Every one has friends or relations who are near-sighted, but who work long and hard by lamp-light, and endure it as well as anybody; and we are not ready to believe that our friends—still less ourselves—labor under a "chronic organic disease" of the eyes. Still, the words upon the title-page confront us with the disagreeable assertion of this fact. Before examining Dr. Cohn's book, let us state plainly what a near-sighted eye is, and how it merits to be called diseased.

The fortunate possessor of a good eye can read a printed page like this at the distance of three feet. He can bring the page gradually nearer, to within three or four inches of his eye, and still be enabled to read, through a conscious effort—an actual muscular effort—of which the rationale is as follows: The rays of light pass through the lens, called crystalline, placed in the central axis of the eye, and are focused upon the retina, as the picture in a magic lantern is focused by the

* "Untersuchungen der Augen von 10.060 Schulkindern, nebst Vorschlägen zur Verbesserung der den Augen nachtheiligen Schuleinrichtungen. Eine ätiologische Studie von Hermann Cohn, Med. et Philos. Dr. Augenarzt in Breslau." Leipzig, 1867. 8vo. pp. 171. [An Examination of the Eyes of 10,060 School-children; with suggestions for the correction of certain arrangements in schools injurious to the eyes; by Dr. H. Cohn, of Breslau.]

lens upon the white sheet. *Distant* rays are exactly focused by the normal eye at rest—and therefore vision of distant objects is clear. But to focus a *near* object exactly of course requires a lens of a different shape; and this slight change of shape is actually effected by the aid of a tiny muscle within the eye. When normal eyes are engaged upon objects within a distance of less than a foot, this muscle is constantly at work, adapting the shape of the lens to suit circumstances. Of course, the muscle may become wearied with overwork. It may ache, and set the whole eye aching. More than this, the effort—expressively called "straining the eye"—produces a pressure upon the coats of the eyeball from within; and in young children these coats are delicate, and may easily acquire a tendency to give way before this constant pressure. The pernicious habit of holding the head down to the book tends to the same result, for of course the blood rushes into the eye, crowding it still further, and increasing the tendency—if any exists—to a gradual bulging out of the eye. Here, then, is the whole story. An eye is overworked in such a manner as to make its fluid contents press too severely upon its coats; the pressure is continued, six hours a day, for two or three thousand days; the process is begun at an age when the whole body is soft, when even the bones will bend before breaking; the eyeball begins gradually to lose its correct shape; it yields at the back part, and thus becomes slightly elongated. This condition is near-sightedness. The retina, at the rear of the eye, is too far from the lens to receive an image properly focused. Further optical explanation is here out of place; suffice it to say, that this simple change in the shape of the eyeball constitutes near-sightedness, and that this changed condition is not a healthy one, but often tends to a steadily increasing disorganization of the coats of the eye, producing partial or total blindness in the end.

Thus is our author's motto justified. As to his observations, they are truly invaluable, as being really the first of the kind which have been alike wide in their range, ample in number, and minutely careful in each instance. He has examined five schools of low grade in the village of Langenbielau, near Breslau, and twenty-eight schools—of six orders—in the latter city. The ages of the 10,060 pupils varied from seven to twenty-two years. The examination was conducted during the winter term of 1865–6, with all the appliances known to modern science for obtaining trustworthy results. The mode of examination was as follows: Every scholar was bidden to stand in a good light, and read from a sheet printed for the especial purposes of this test; the type being at a distance of four feet from his eyes. Those who could not read rapidly from this sheet were noted, as deficient in visual power. Each one thus noted as deficient was then subjected to a thorough examination by the means of glasses and the opthalmoscope in the hands of Dr. Cohn, himself. The result of this examination gave the surprising total of 1,730 children—over 17 per cent. of all examined—as more or less deficient in sight. We will give a rapid summary of a few of the principal results.

The number of children with defective vision increases steadily, through seven grades of schools, from 5 per cent. in the lowest grade to 31·7 per cent. in the highest. This large proportion, nearly one-third in the highest, is not accidental, for it is obtained from an examination of two *gymnasia* (answering to our American "colleges") containing 1,195 pupils. The proportion in the city schools is nearly four times as great as in the country schools. Of the 1,730 with defective vision, 1,004 were near-sighted, very trifling cases of the affection not being included.

No school was without myopic (*i. e.*, near-sighted) scholars. The village schools, on the average, had 1·4 per cent.; the city schools eight times as many (11·4 per cent.). In the city there was a constant increase in the number of myopes from the lowest grade of school up to the highest; *i. e.*, from 6·7 per cent. up to 26·2 per cent. In the two upper classes of the *gymnasia*, 115 were near-sighted, against about 135 who were not so! As to age, among the pupils in the village schools, 243 were found who had attended school not more than six months; of these, *not one* was near-sighted. The proportion rises steadily, in almost every kind of school, from the youngest to the oldest classes. The degree of affection increases in proportion to the age of the scholars and the rank of the school. Less than one-fourth of the near-sighted required glasses between Nos. 6 and 15; the remainder weaker glasses. Near one-half required No. 24, or a weaker glass.

Without going further into Dr. Cohn's statistics, surely here is enough to set us on the inquiry for causes. No near-sightedness before the school age—and nearly one-half of the oldest pupils near-sighted! Our author sums up his results with the remarks: "I am far from attributing the enormous extension of near-sightedness among school children *exclusively* to the school; but a due respect for hygienic laws should compel us to arrange matters so that no one can point out even a possible cause of harm." The points which he would see attended to are:

"1. School desks and seats adapted to support the child's body in a healthy position, with his eyes at a proper distance from the book.

"2. Very well lighted school-rooms, to remove the temptation to hold the book near the face—a prolific source of the increase of near-sightedness.

"3. Statutes to prevent school children from wearing glasses unless ordered and selected by a physician.

"4. Strict disciplinary measures to prevent scholars amusing themselves by *squinting* (a popular athletic pastime!)

"5. Instruction in normal schools, that teachers in future may be aware of the evils arising from bad hygienic arrangements in schools." He adds:

"I am convinced that if these suggestions should be attended to by those in authority, the result would be, not indeed the complete banishment of diseased eyes from the world, but *a great diminution of the number of 'diseases of refraction' in children.*"

In a very thorough examination of the school-desks and seats, Dr. Cohn found almost universally prevalent these faults: 1. They did not correspond to the size of the pupils. 2. The feet were unsupported. 3. The book was brought too near the face. 4. The seat was away from the desk (in order to allow the scholar to rise in his place,) in consequence of which the body had to stoop forward very much. This was one of the chief faults found. 5. Desk tops flat, instead of inclined. He says, "In every class where I was present during the exercise of writing, I was able to show the teacher that the eyes of almost every scholar were but two or three inches distant from the paper, instead of a foot, or a foot and a half, as they ought to be." His suggestions are, to support the feet; to bring the seat and the desk so near that the edge of the latter shall project an inch over the former; to make the desk from 6½ to 9 inches higher than the seat, according to the size of the scholar; and to incline the desk-top moderately. The windows of school-rooms also received a good deal of attention from Dr. Cohn. He says, in regard to the quantity of light admitted, "The number of near-sighted pupils in the twenty elementary schools is in each case proportional to the narrowness of the street, the height of the opposite houses, and the lowness of the story in the school-house in which the class is placed."

In regard to the use of glasses, we find our author reprehending in strong terms the employment of the same pair for reading and for viewing distant objects. It is almost sure to bring on a rapid increase in the degree of near-sightedness. Bad type, fine maps, writing on slates or with poor ink, reading in bed, by firelight or moonlight, fine embroidery, etc., are also more or less potent causes; to which he adds congenital predisposition. We would point out, as another cause, the overheating of school-rooms. It needs no proof to show that this must cause congestion of the eyes—which is one of the strongest operating causes in producing near-sightedness. But an anecdote (for the truth of which we vouch) will set this in a clear light. A lady, recently visiting one of the colored normal schools in Richmond, found a class of young girls standing against the wall, behind the stove—apparently because there was no other place to stand. They all held their books within a very few inches of their faces, and on being asked why they did so, replied that they could not see to read otherwise (which was really the case). They were sent out of doors to cool themselves, and on returning they could read at the proper distance. Precisely the same state of things was encountered in another school: temporary myopia from standing behind a stove, cured by a few minutes in the fresh air.

Dr. Cohn found the opposite condition to near-sightedness in 239 children—less than one-fourth as many. Nor does the proportion increase in the higher schools, but the far-sighted are distributed without any seeming law. How extensive these evils are in our own country it is impossible to say. But it is safe to say that a few persons are aware of their magnitude. It is the duty of our physicians to arouse the public, and we are glad to see from the pens of Dr. Jeffries (*Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, Nov. 5,) and Dr. Williams, President of the American Ophthalmological Society (*Mass. Teacher*, for December,) articles bearing upon this point. We refer our readers to the above sources for a fuller discussion than we can find room to give.

PRIVATE PRAYER.

The root that produces the beautiful and flourishing tree, with all its spreading branches, verdant leaves, and refreshing fruit, that which gains for it sap, life, vigor, and fruitfulness, is all unseen; and the farther and the deeper the roots spread beneath, the more the tree expands above. Christians, if you long to bring forth all the fruit of the Spirit, strike your roots deep and wide in private prayers. That faith and support, that strength and grace, which you seek of God in secret, that it may be exercised in the hour of need, God will in that hour give it you before men.—*Bickersteth.*

From the Country Gentleman.

LIFE'S WINTER.

I never see an old man make over all his property to his children, and then go and live with them without a feeling of deep sadness. Even though his children are the kindest, his position henceforth will be one of dependence, even though it is his money that supplies all his wants.

We are all of us most ungrateful mortals. We very soon forget the benefits we receive, but put on magnifying glasses when we look at those we confer on others.

If God has enabled you to provide well for your old age, give thanks to him for it, and keep it in your own name while you live. It will be time enough then to parcel it out among your heirs. If you are too feeble in mind and body to transact your business yourself, let one of your children have a home with you, and carry on the estate for you. The sentiment in one of the old Apocryphal books of the Bible is worthy of the pen of Solomon—"Give not thy goods to another lest it repent thee: neither give thy wife or children power over thee; for better it is that they should seek unto thee than that thou shouldst seek unto them."

It is a blessed thing to live so that we have a home in the hearts of our children and friends, to so keep the heart young and fresh that it can rejoice in the pleasures and hopes of youth. It is a glorious thing to have the religion of Jesus to rule in the heart that one can meet his sorrows of old age with calmness and cheerfulness. But it is also a good gift of God if he has enabled us in the summer to prepare for the winter of life, and we should not lightly put away from us such a blessing. The aged should have it in their power to distribute, as God has prepared them, to the various calls of benevolence, which are daily arising, and not be compelled to ask a pittance for the purpose from the kindest son or daughter.

Let "grandfather's house" be the Mecca of all the children, and encourage frequent pilgrimages to it, and, depend upon it, your old age will be a hundred-fold more cheerful and honored than it would ever be beside another hearthstone. J. E. M C.

MY CROSS.

It is not heavy, agonizing woe,
Bearing me down with hopeless, crushing weight;
No ray of comfort in the gathering gloom,
A heart bereaved—a household desolate—

It is not sickness, with her withering hand,
Keeping me low upon a couch of pain;
Longing each morning for the weary night,
At night for weary day to come again—

It is not slander, with her evil tongue,
'Tis no presumptuous sin against my God.
Not reputation lost, nor friends betrayed,—
That such is not my cross I thank my God.

Mine is a daily cross of petty cares,
Of little duties pressing on my heart,
Of little troubles hard to reconcile,
Of inward struggles—overcome in part.

My feet are weary in their daily round,
My heart is weary of its daily care,
My sinful nature often doth rebel:
I pray for grace my daily cross to bear.

It is not heavy, Lord, yet oft I pine;
It is not heavy, but 'tis everywhere,
By day and night each hour my cross I bear;
I dare not lay it down—Thou keep'st it there.

I dare not lay it down. I only ask
That, taking up my daily cross, I may
Follow my Master humbly, step by step,
Through clouds and darkness, unto perfect day.

WHAT THE SPARROW CHIRPS.

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value;
But the dear Lord careth for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers,
It is very plain, I know;
With never a speck of crimson,
For it was not made for show;

But keeps me warm in winter,
And it shields me from the rain;
Were it bordered with gold or purple,
Perhaps it would make me vain.

By and by when the spring-time cometh,
I will build me a little nest,
With many a chirp of pleasure,
In the spot I like the best.

And He will give me wisdom
To build it of leaves most brown;
Warm and soft it must be for my birdies,
And so I will line it with down.

I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,
Close picking makes it sweet;
I have always enough to feed me,
And "life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows;
All over the world we are found;
But our Heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small, we are never forgotten;
Though weak, we are never afraid;
For we know that the dear Lord keepeth
The life of the creatures he made.

I fly through the thickest forests,
I light on many a spray;
I have no chart nor compass,
But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be;
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm will come to me.

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
But I know that the Father loves me.
Have you less faith than me?

—*Missionary Echo.*

From the Independent.

SANE AND INSANE.

The feature which most distinguishes modern from ancient civilization is the treatment of the unfortunate classes. And there is no better test of the progress of Christian civilization than the improvements which have been made in this direction within the last hundred years. Much less than a century ago insane persons were regarded the subjects of demoniacal possession. They were the objects of shocking cruelties, which sprung from fear. The mad houses were hells on earth. Bedlam was one of the sights of London. Straw and darkness, chains and whips were the chief remedies administered to minds diseased; and these by vulgar and brutal keepers of the rank of turnkeys. Less than a century ago it is evident that the famous slave-trader turned divine, John Newton, as well as Cowper, the poet, believed the lunacy of the latter to be the effect of diabolical agency, permitted by Providence for a time and for a special purpose.

About that very time, however, a better day had dawned. Dr. Charles Cotton, himself a minor poet of some merit, was almost if not quite the first to treat lunatics on humane and philosophical principles. It was to his skill that Cowper owed his partial restoration, and that the world owes his charming poems and still more charming letters. The madness of George III. brought the Quaker doctor, Willis, to public notice, and drew general attention to his system of treatment of this terrible disease. A disease terrible indeed, but yet one of the most treatable, if taken in season. It was at the time of the French Revolution that this application of science to humanity was made in France. And it was in the very height of the Reign of Terror that the experiment was first tried of taking off the chains from the most furious maniacs, and mitigating their madness by ameliorating their condition, and using kindness and humanity instead of fear and force as the method of their treatment. Much, indeed, of the improvement in the management of the insane is due to the enlightened skill of the French Physicians.

Since the beginning of this century great advances have been made in the science of the cure or alleviation of insanity. And we are quite as far advanced in this country as in Europe in this particular. And we believe that there are fewer abuses connected with this branch of therapeutics here than there. For there are much fewer private madhouses in the United States than in Europe. The insane of all conditions are, as a general thing, treated in public institutions, subject to regular visitation and constant supervision from without and above. Of course, there is much less danger of these being perverted into the instruments of private selfishness or malice than establishments more removed from constant inspection. Shocking abuses in this kind were found to exist in the private madhouses in England before Lord Brougham instituted an inquiry into their conduct and obtained legal supervision and personal responsibility for them. Cases still occasionally come to light which show that the cure has not yet gone to the bottom of the mischief.

That such cases may occur in our own institutions occasionally is not impossible. But that they happen frequently is most unlikely. Persons unacquainted with the characteristics of the disease may without much difficulty be persuaded that an insane person is sane. For the symptoms are very often carefully concealed through the very morbid skill of the patient himself. And insanity is well known to coexist with great powers of mind. Cowper, for instance, for nearly forty years, suffered under the delusion that all the misery which had ever existed in the world was owing to the wrath of God at his own sins; and that he would drop into hell the moment he died. Under this delusion he three times attempted suicide. And while thus suffering, he wrote the poems which will be the delight of the English speaking race as long as the language endures. And one of the most powerful, as it is the most dreadful, of his minor poems—"The Castaway"—was written shortly before his death, when plunged in the very abyss of moody madness. And a learned foreigner, recently deceased, composed laborious works, requiring great skill and exactness, while an inmate of an insane asylum, and an unquestionably proper inmate of it.

But, while a common observer might easily be made to believe that a lunatic is a sane person, it is next to impossible that a trained observer, dealing habitually and scientifically with diseased minds, should mistake a sane person for a lunatic. If there be cases of sane persons detained in asylums to subserve private ends, it must needs be that the physician in charge is an accomplice in the crime. To make this probable some sufficient inducement must be shown. In private madhouses, kept by the class of persons who often kept them in England, the motive of high pay might easily be supposed to operate. But in our public institutions the pay of the superintendent is in no way affected by the number of his patients; while his work is very materially increased, and especially if he have to deal with a sane man. He would have no inducement to commit so grave a crime, at the constant risk of detection and ruin, unless we suppose the very improbable one of

bribery and corruption. But while we think the panics which occasionally prevail as to the danger of being shut up in a madhouse while sane are to be classed with the fears of being buried alive or murdered to supply subjects for the dissecting-table, we do opine that some more careful provision should be made by law for ascertaining the mental condition of apatient before committing him to an asylum.

TABLE CONVERSATION.

You will find that a great deal of character is imparted and received at the table. Parents too often forget this; and therefore instead of swallowing your food in sullen silence, instead of brooding over your business, instead of severely talking about others, let the conversation at the table be genial, kind, social and cheering. Don't bring disagreeable things to the table in your conversation, any more than you would in your dishes. For this reason, too, the more good company you have at your table, the better for your children. Every conversation with company at your table is an educator of the family. Hence the intelligence and the refinement and the appropriate behaviour of a family which is given to hospitality. Never feel that intelligent visitors can be anything but a blessing to you and yours. How few have fully gotten hold of the fact, that company and conversation at the table are no small part of education!

VALLEY OF JEHOSAPHAT.

The efforts the Jews have made, and sufferings, losses and humiliations they have borne for the purpose of obtaining sepulture in the Valley of Jehosaphat, form a singular feature in human history. No other nation has ever thus struggled, not to live in their own land, but to be suffered to lay their dust therein. Many descriptions have been made of this marvellous place; but I confess none of them ever afforded me a notion of its actual appearance. Wandering alone past the fountain of Siloam and by the arid bed of Kedron, it suddenly opened on me a perfect mountain of graves—a hillside paved with sepulchral slabs. Each stone is small, so small as to lead to the conclusion that the bodies must be buried perpendicularly. At all events, if the multitude there interred were simultaneously to arise they would form a crowd as dense and compact as it would be enormous. Short Hebrew inscriptions—some evidently of great age—are on all the stones; and these are laid together, with intervals of only a few inches, as in our oldest churches. The slabs are almost on the level of the ground, and of equal height, so that it is literally one large pavement of death—an appalling, almost an overwhelming sight.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

A HELPING HAND.

Mr. Wakeman had been sick all the spring, and as a consequence, all his farm-work was behindhand. There seemed a poor prospect, indeed, for his sickly wife and little ones for the coming year. Anxiety for them doubtless made his recovery still slower. He had managed to get a few things planted in the garden, but the exertion had brought him down to his bed again. Now he could only look out of the window and sigh at the encroaching weeds and the barren fields, he should reap nothing from in harvest time. It made him groan to see his delicate wife trying to cut off some sticks of wood to boil her kettle, and he knew that was only a little of the hardships she had been obliged to endure.

A new neighbor had just bought a farm in the vicinity, and he chanced to be passing when Mrs. Wakeman was thus employed. It was the work of a moment to enter the little gate and respectfully take the axe from her hands, with a cheery "Let me help you," and then, with a hearty good-will, he proceeded to pile up enough wood to last her a day or two. It required but a little effort of his strong arms, but oh, what a world of hard labor it saved her!

Mr. Bryant called for a few minutes on his sick neighbor. There was such a pleasant, cheerful air about him, that he unconsciously raised and invigorated the sick man's spirits as a bracing sea-breeze might his body. His quick eye took in at a glance all the difficulties which surrounded him, and his mind was at once made up. Deciding and acting always went hand in hand with John Bryant. That day he spoke to a little knot of farmers he chanced to meet, about each of them giving a day's work to help Mr. Wakeman on in his affairs. All knew of his illness, and thought what a pity it was, but never considered that they had any responsibility in the matter. Mr. Bryant, in his sturdy, straightforward way, now put the case in a different light. Mr. Crabbe, it is true, remarked, with a coarse laugh, "It's none of my business if he is sick."

But a word and look of withering sarcasm sent him muttering on his way.

The result of that little chance gathering, as it seemed, was the assembling of quite a number of farmers, with their boys and teams, to try and put the Wakeman place a little "to rights."

The poor man, in his weakness, watched them with dewy eyes as they plowed and hoed and planted, while two young men gave him a day's chopping on some loads of wood

they had hauled for him. At noon all repaired to Mr. Bryant's hospitable dining-room, where a feast was spread for them, and after a short nooning, all returned to their work of benevolence again. Never had they worked with heartier good-will, nor with lighter hearts. Charity brings its own reward with it.

By nightfall the place had assumed a different aspect, and a little attention for a month or two, until Mr. Wakeman was quite restored to health, insured him good crops and a comfortable prospect for his family. Indeed, he began decidedly to mend from the day that this heavy burden was lifted from his heart. How gratefully he always remembered that act of neighborly kindness in his hour of need! How much misery it had saved, and yet how little it had cost! No one ever missed the day, and God rewarded them all doubly for all they had done for their neighbor. We may learn the mind of the Lord in this matter by the directions which he gave to his ancient people:

"If thy brother be waxen poor, and fallen in decay with thee, then thou shalt relieve him; yea, though he be a stranger or a sojourner, that he may live with thee. Thou shalt surely give him, and thy heart shall not be grieved when thou givest unto him; because for this thing the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thy works, and in all that thou puttest thy hand unto."

—*Cultivator and Country Gentleman.*

The Treasurer of "Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen" has received during the month:

From City contributions		$101 00
"	Friends of Bristol, Pa	11 00
"	Concord, Pa	7 00
"	Mullica Hill, N. J.	7 00
"	Makefield Monthly Meeting, additional	23 00
"	A Friend, N. J.	10 00
"	A Friend, Ohio	30 50
"	Susan Pusey, Maiden Creek, Pa	5 00
"	Thos. Woodnut	10 00
"	A. S., Fairbury, Ill.	11 00
"	Mary D. Brown	100 00
		$315 50

HENRY M. LAING, Treasurer,
PHILADA., 2d mo. 27, 1869. 30 N. Third St.

"No life is pleasing to God, that is not useful to man."

ITEMS.

SCIENCE is daily growing more audacious. The engineering feat of springing mines in the army, which was generally followed with but limited success, pales before the attempt to overturn mountains in some of the mineral regions of the West. This introduction of miniature earthquakes into hills and mountains, by means of tunnels and powder, is an accomplishment which belongs to the latest science. The Smartville (Cal.) blast, so long in preparation, has been fired, and the results singularly coincide with the calculations. A tunnel was bored 570 feet in length, in which were placed 1,200 kegs of powder. An electric wire threaded the mazes of the tunnel and tapped each keg. At a distance of 600 feet the battery stood, connected and charged. After public notice, in pursuance of which the inhabitants of the surrounding valleys left their homes, and at a stated hour, a romantic young lady applied the lightning. The mountain rose some fifteen feet, burst into atoms, and settled back a pulverized mass. Water will do the rest. It can be washed now from summit to base. Thus man tears down what nature has built and through scienae gives us gold.—*Philadelphia Press.*

MICA is now used in Germany in the preparation of a beautiful, lustrous bronze paint. The raw mica is prepared for the purpose, partly by cleaning it mechanically, partly by boiling and by hydrochloric acid. The acid is then washed off and the mica is heated to a red heat, until it assumes a beautiful silvery appearance. It is next ground up wet and rolled, and then assorted by a seive into different degrees of fineness. The mica coloring matter thus obtained can be mixed in various ways for practical applications.

THE *American Journal of Horticulture* states that a lady correspondent destroyed the insects which infested her rose-bushes by the use of quassia, and that they thrived better after its use than before. In the report of the Alton (Ill.) Horticultural Society quassia is recommended for destroying black and green aphis in cherries. Quassia may be found in any druggist's establishment. Use two ounces to a gallon of water; boil fifteen or twenty minutes. It will also be found effective in destroying many kinds of insects which infest the flower garden.

CALMING EFFECT OF FLOWERS.—It is reported from the Michigan State Lunatic Asylum that some of the severest cases of insanity in men brought to the institution in irons, and manifesting the most violent symptoms, have been suddenly calmed down to a condition bordering on sanity by the presentation of a bouquet gathered from the greenhouse.

EACH ant in an ant hill, it is said, knows his companions. Darwin, the naturalist, several times carried ants from one hill to another, inhabited apparently by tens of thousands of ants; but the strangers were invariably detected and killed. Thinking that there might be a family odor by which they were recognized, he put some ants from a very large nest into a bottle strongly perfumed with assafœtida, and restored them after twenty-four hours. At first they were threatened by their companions, but soon recognized, and allowed to pass.

THE LAWS OF STORMS are subject to so many exceptions that the careful observer is very often almost reduced to the confession that he is entirely ignorant of the principles involved in the disturbances of the atmosphere. The winter now passing away has been remarkable for its unseasonable mildness on land, and has been attended with unusual disaster from tempest on the sea. All the ocean steamers have had long passages, and been baffled by the winds and waves beyond any former experience. And the question is asked, What connection can there be between the tranquil continent and the stormy ocean? Severe winters, however, accompany hot summers, and it is asserted that an average temperature is preserved throughout the year, on the plan of compensating for a deficiency of heat in the winter by an excess in summer. In the same way, an average over the whole world may be preserved by calm on the land and storm on the water, or the reverse. - *Philadelphia Ledger.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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Wm. H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
T Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

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From "Formation of Christian Character."

MEDITATION.

BY HENRY WARE, JR.

This is a great and essential means of improvement. It is essential to self-examination and self-knowledge, without which the hope of progress and of virtue is vain. No one can know his own character, or be aware of the dispositions, feelings and motives by which he is actuated, except by means of deep and searching reflection. In the crowd of business and the hurry of the world, we are apt to rush on without weighing, as we should, the considerations which urge us; we are liable to neglect that close inspection of ourselves, and that careful reference of our conduct to the unerring standard of right, which are requisite both to our knowing where we are, and to our keeping in the right way. It is necessary that we sometimes pause and look around us, and consider our ways; that we take observation of the course we are running, and the various influences to which we are subjected, and be sure that we are not driven or drifted from the direction in which we ought to be proceeding. Without this there is no safety.

Meditation, too, is necessary in order to the digesting of religious truth, making familiar what we have learned, and incorporating it with our own minds. We cannot even retain it in our memories, much less can we be fully sensible of its power and worth, except through the habit of reflecting upon it. We cannot have it ready at command, so as to defend it when assailed, or state it when inquired after, or apply it in the emergencies of life, unless it be familiar to us by habitual meditation; so that even reading loses its value if unaccompanied by reflection. The obligations and motives of duty, the promises, hopes and prospects of the Christian, the great interests and permanent realities by which he is to be actuated, are not visibly and tangibly present to him, like the scenes of his passing life; and they must be made spiritually present by deliberate meditation, if he would be guided and swayed by them. Indeed, without this, he must be without consideration or devotion, ignorant of the actual state of his character, and in constant danger of falling a sacrifice to the unfriendly influences of the world.

In attempting, therefore, the acquisition of a religious character, it is important that you maintain an habitual thoughtfulness of mind. It has been said, and with perfect truth, that no man pursues any great interest of any kind, in which important consequences are at stake, without a profound and settled seriousness of mind; and that a man of really frivolous disposition never accomplishes anything valuable. How especially true must this be, in regard to the great interests of religion and eternity! How can you hope to make progress in that perplexing and difficult work,

the establishment of a religious character, the attainment of the great Christian accomplishments, without a fixed and habitual thoughtfulness? — a thoughtfulness which never forgets the vastness and responsibility of the work assigned to man, nor loses the consciousness of a relation to more glorious beings that are found upon the earth. This must be your habit;—something more than an occasional musing and reverie at set times, when you shall force yourself to the task. It must be the uniform condition of your mind; as much so as solicitude to the merchant, who has great treasures exposed to the uncertainties of the ocean and the foe;—a solicitude, in your case not gloomy, or unsocial, or morose, but thoughtful; so that nothing shall be done inconsiderately, or without adverting to the bearing it may have on your character and final prospects.

Then, besides this general state of mind, there must be, as I have said, allotted periods of express meditation. As the precept respecting devotion is, "Pray without ceasing," and yet set times of prayer are necessary: so also while we say, "Be always thoughtful," we must add, that particular seasons are necessary on purpose for meditation. You must set apart certain times for reflection, when you shall deliberately sit down and survey with keen scrutiny yourself, your condition, your past life, and the prospect before you; inquire into the state of your religious knowledge and personal attainments; and strengthen your sense of responsibility and purposes of duty, by dwelling on the attributes and government of God, the ways of his providence, the revelations of his word, the requisitions of his will, the glory of his kingdom, and all the affecting truths and promises which the gospel displays. These are to be subjects of distinct and profound consideration, till your mind becomes imbued with them, and until, filled and inspired by the spiritual contemplation, you are in a manner "changed into the same image as by the Spirit of the Lord." The proper season for this is the season of your daily devotion; when, having shut out the world, and sought the nearer presence of God, your mind is prepared to work fervently. Then, contemplation, aided by prayer, ascends to heights which it could never reach alone; and sometimes, whether in the body or out of the body it can hardly tell, soars, as it were to the third heaven, and enjoys a revelation to which, at other hours, it is a stranger.

This, however, is an excitement of mind which is rarely to be expected. Those seasons are "few as angel's visits," which lift the spirit to anything like ecstasy. They are glimpses of heaven, which the soul, in its present tabernacle, can seldom catch, only frequently enough to afford a brief foretaste of that bliss to which it shall hereafter arrive. Its ordinary musings are less ethereal; happy, undoubtedly, though oftentimes clouded by feelings of sadness and doubt, and by a sense of unworthiness and sin. But however mixed they may be, they are always salutary. If sad and disheartening, they lead to more vigilent self-examination, that we may discover their cause, and thus rekindle the watchlight that is so essential to right progress. If serene and joyous, they are a present earnest of the peace which is assured to the righteous, and the joy of heart which is one of the genuine fruits of the spirit. Be not, therefore, troubled or cast down (indeed never be cast down, so long as you can say to your soul, Trust in God); be not, I say, disquieted or cast down, because of the inequalities of feeling with which you enter and leave your closet, and the changes from brightness to gloom, from clearness to obscurity, which often pass over your mind. This, alas! is the inheritance of our frail nature. An equal vigor of thought, clearness of apprehension, force of imagination, fervor of devotion, always perceiving, feeling, adoring, with the same vividness and satisfaction, are to be our portion in the world of spirits. Here we see all things, "as in a glass, darkly;" there we shall see "face to face." Here the truths we rejoice in are too often like the images of absent friends, which we strive in vain to bring brightly before the eye of our minds; they are shadowy, indistinct, and fleeting. But there they will be like our friends themselves, always present in their own full form and beauty, to dwell in the mind unfadingly, and constitute its bliss. Be satisfied, then, if you sometimes arrive, in your meditations, at that glow of elevated enjoyment which you desire. What you are rather to seek for is a calm composed state of the affections, an equanimity of spirit, a serenity of temper;—like the quiet which an affectionate child experiences in the circle of its parents and brothers, where it is not excited to ecstasy by the thought of its father's goodness, but lives beneath it in a state of equal and affectionate trust. Like this should be the habitual experience of the Christian, and if it be thus with you, let not occasional dulness or darkness coming over your spirit in its religious hours, dishearten or distress you.

This I say, because many persons of truly devout habits have unquestionably suffered much from this cause. In the natural fluctuations of the animal spirits, or the nervous system, or the bodily health, they sometimes find themselves cold at heart, and seemingly insensible to religious considerations. It

seems to them that their hearts have waxed gross, that their eyes are closed, and their ears become dull of hearing. In vain do they read and think; they cannot arouse themselves to anything like a "realizing sense" of these great objects; but regard with a stupid unconcern what at other times has been the source of their chief enjoyment. But let the humble and timid believer be of good cheer. This is not always the sign of guilt, or of desertion by God. It may be traced to the original and unavoidable imperfection of human nature; it is to be lamented as such, but not to be repented of as sin; and one may not expect to be relieved from it, till the soul is freed from the body. Let him watch the course of his mind, and he will find the same inequality of feelings to exist upon other subjects. He does not at all times take an equal interest in his ordinary concerns, nor does he at all times feel the highest warmth of affection toward his parent, friend or child. Let him observe others, and he will discover the same variations in them. They will confess it to be so. The oldest and most established Christians will describe themselves to have passed their whole pilgrimage in this state of fluctuation. Read the private journals of distinguished believers, and you find in them frequent complaints of lukewarmness, indifference, and deadness of heart. They mourn over it, they bewail it, they strive against it, and yet it adheres to them as long as they live. It is not, therefore, your peculiar sin, but a common infirmity. Regard it in this light; and do not let it destroy your peace of mind, or lead you to overlook the rational evidence that your heart is right with God.

But also, on the other hand,—for the Christian's path is hedged in with dangers on every side, and in trying to escape from one it is easy to rush into another,—take heed that you do not unwarrantably apply this consolation and make this excuse to yourself in cases in which you really deserve blame. Do not let this apology, which is designed only for the comfort of the humble and watchful, be used by you as a cover for negligence and sinful self-confidence. Remember that your unsatisfactory state of religious sensibility may be possibly your fault; and you are not to presume that it is otherwise, until you have faithfully searched and tried. Have you not, for a time, been unreasonably devoted to amusement or engrossed by unnecessary cares, so as to have neglected the watching of your heart? Have you not for a season been thoughtless, light-minded, frivolous, and careless of that devout reference to God, by which you should always be actuated? Have you not engaged in some questionable undertaking, or allowed yourself in sloth or self-indulgence, or cherished ill feelings towards others or permitted your temper to be kept irritated by some unimportant vexations, or let your imagination run loose among forbidden desires? Ask yourself such questions; and perhaps in the nature of your recent occupations you may detect the cause of your present listlessness. If so, change the general turn of your life. In the words of Cowper's hymn, it is only "A closer walk with God," which can bring back "the blessedness you once enjoyed." Now, your heart is desolate and unsatisfied; you find in it "an aching void, which God alone can fill;" and it is only by renewing your acquaintance with him, that you can renew your peace.

But, after all, remember that you are to judge of the real worth of these seasons, not by your enjoyment of them as they pass, not by the luxury or rapture of your contemplation, but by their effect upon your character and principles, by the religious power you gain from them toward meeting the duties and sufferings, the joys and sorrows, the temptations, trials and conflicts of actual life. Meditation is a means of religion; not to be rested in as a final good, nor allowed to satisfy us, except so far as it imparts to the character a permanent impress of seriousness and duty, and strengthens the principles of faith and self-government. If it add daily vigor to your resolutions, and secure order to your thoughts, serenity to your temper, and uprightness to your life, then it has fulfilled its legitimate purpose. If, on the other hand, it end in the reverie of the hour, then, however fervent and exalted, it is, comparatively speaking, worthless to yourself and unacceptable to God. Its permanent influence on the character is the true test of its value.

It is easy to see, therefore, that there are three purposes which you have in view; the cultivation of a religious spirit, the scrutiny of your life and character, the renewing of your good purposes.

By the first of these, you are to insure the predominance of a spiritual frame of mind, a perpetual, paramount interest in divine truth, and its incorporation with the frame and constitution of your soul; so that you shall be continually enlarging your apprehensions concerning God, his providence and his purposes, and shall at the same time make them part of the very substance of your intellectual constitution, the pervading and actuating motives of all your life.

By this means religion becomes to the Christian what the spirit of his profession is to the soldier,—the one present thought, motive, and impulse, absorbing all others, and urging him to his one great object by its mastery over all other thoughts, principles, and

affections. The other two purposes of meditation which I mentioned, may be described as the surveying and burnishing of the warrior's arms, in preparation for the summons to actual combat; or as the act of the mariner in mid ocean, who every day lifts his instruments to the light of heaven, and consults his charts and his books, that he may learn where he is, and what has been his progress, and whether any change must be made in his course in order to his reaching the intended haven. The warrior who should allow his arms to rust for the want of a little daily care, and the mariner who should be shipwrecked from neglect of taking seasonable observations, are emblems of the folly of the man who presses on through life, without ever pausing to scrutinize the principles on which he acts, and rectify the errors he has committed.

This self-examination must be universal; embracing alike the conduct of your external life and the habitual tenor of your mind. You must survey the train of your thoughts, the temper you have sustained, your deportment towards others, your conversation, your employment, the use of your time and of your wealth; you must consider by what sort of motives you are prevailingly guided, what is the probable effect of your example, and whether you are doing all the good which might be reasonably expected of you; you must compare yourself with the example of Jesus Christ, and measure your life by the laws of holy living prescribed in his gospel. And in order that these and other topics may all have their place in the survey, it may not be amiss to keep them by you on a written list. Cotton Mather adopted and recommended the practice of assigning to such inquiries each its particular day of the week; so that every day might have its own topic of reflection, and every topic its due share of attention. Others may find this a useful suggestion.

A renewal of your resolutions is to follow this inquiry. Knowing where you are and what you need, you are to arrange your purposes accordingly. It is a sad error of some to fancy that seeing and acknowledging their faults is all which is required of them. They sit down and bewail them, and in weeping and sorrow waste that energy of mind which should have been exerted in amendment. But it is surely far better, with manly readiness, to rise and act without a tear, than to shed torrents of bitter water, and still go on as before. Regret and remorse naturally express themselves in weeping; but repentance shows itself in action. It may begin in sorrow, but it ends in reformation. And you have little reason to be satisfied with your reflections and your penitence, if they do not issue in prompt and resolute action.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

DUANESBURG QUARTERLY MEETING.

Duanesburg Quarterly Meeting, held in Albany, 22d of Second month, 1869, was considered a favored one. Being easy of access, there was rather a large attendance of its own members, and five of the Yearly Meeting's committee were also most acceptably with us. As the Master gave them bread, they brake it, gave it to those assembled, and we were refreshed together.

When friends met, hand clasped hand, and spirit seemed to unite with spirit, binding us more closely into one body; and "we felt it was good for us to be there."

We deeply realized the loss of some who had long been accustomed to meet with us; but their memory is precious, and we would "follow them as they endeavored to follow Christ." Besides the usual business of the meeting, in which there seemed to be a general interest, we had a beautiful tribute to the memory of our esteemed friend, Martha Rushmore, deceased, from Rensselaerville Monthly Meeting, portraying her many virtues and humble life.

By such we are frequently reminded that the fathers and mothers are passing away, but it is encouraging to see some of our younger members willing to advocate the "law and the testimony;" and if obedience keeps pace with knowledge, we may hope for a succession of standard-bearers. E. H.

EXTRACTS FROM "EVENINGS AT HOME."

BY JOHN F. W. WARE.

(Concluded from page 7.)

The great difficulty is to know what to do with the boys. The girls are more easily controlled, because there are sedentary pursuits and household occupations to which they are used. From nature they take to indoor life. Inclination and habit lead them toward, rather than from home. With the boy it is different. His first manliness is asserted in his demand to go out and play in the evening, and in the permission begins a host of evils without name or number,—evils most pernicious to the individual, the home, and society at large. I do not know a single good result that by remotest possibility can result from allowing boys in the street at night, and I could not name the sins and crimes which have been traced back to it. Go on to the main street of any considerable town or village in an evening. There you may see and hear, under its most favorable aspect, what goes on when boys are out at night,—rudeness and noise, vulgarity and profanity, that would start a blush upon the cheek of many an older sinner, and do send many of us shuddering on our way; and just this same

thing happens wherever boys are thus suffered to run at large. Why shouldn't it? What is there to prevent? Darkness favors that which could not face the day, and many a boy becomes hopelessly depraved under its cover, who would go free if only his exposures were those of daylight. There are sins which, like foul birds, rejoice only in the night; and in dank dells, unvisited by sunshine, the poison-flower exhales its baleful breath. You wonder that your boys get such manners, grow so unruly at home, become indifferent to you and callous to every good impression. You marvel that they have learned to smoke and swear; you are shocked when you find that they have begun to gamble and to drink; you cannot understand these nightly fires, these street and store and house robberies, and the many other deeper crimes; and yet the prime cause lies just by, where you do not suspect it,—in the loosing your boys into the streets in the evening, because they want to go, and you do not know what else to do with them. I know how it is,—for I have been a son, and I am a father, and have already had to meet my own son on this point,—and I know, too, that it is not easy to satisfy a child of your greater kindness in your seeming injustice. But I would sooner put my boy into the cage of maddened serpents and beasts, than send him out from his home nightly, I know not where nor to what. At best, they could but kill his body; but the street at night,—after it has killed the body, it has the power to cast the soul into hell! The ranks of the drunkard, the thief, the incendiary, the murderer, are recruited from the street.

But it is of no use for you to tell your boys to stay at home, or compel them to do it, unless you are going to do so yourself. No boy will treat a home otherwise than as he sees his father treat it. He may stay in because he must; but you may be sure that he will pant for the time when he shall be his own man, and do as father does, not as he says; you may be sure that he will grow up with no desire to form a home of his own, or will form one merely as a selfish convenience. The home you make for him will be his ideal of home when he comes to fashion one for himself.

Here, too, let me say that I feel that many parents, who in many respects are just to their home duties, err in "going out" too much. They are too easily and too often tempted away from their homes, by things innocent enough in themselves, which yet, as conflicting with parental duty, they should deny themselves. There may be no harm, now and then, in leaving the child to be put to bed by a faithful domestic; but what a homesick feeling lies upon that little heart as it lays its head upon its pillow, with no sweet good-night kiss, and the childish prayer unsaid! There are many graver trials, as we men judge, but we have forgotten our own child-heart when we think so. The question coming nightly from a little crib I know is, "Good-night; *are you going out?*"—and never anything but duty compels the answer, "Yes." There may be no harm, now and then, in leaving the older children to themselves for the evening. They may learn self-restraint and self-reliance so; but when this is repeated and re-repeated for no good cause,—when children see parents greedily seizing any pretext to get away from home, allowing some selfish desire to get the better of their duty,—when they find themselves second, and other things always first, a serious and lasting evil is inflicted upon the home. The constant and needless "*going out*" of parents is an example and an influence they shall in vain endeavor by other things to counteract. It leaves an impression on the memory unfavorable to the child, unfavorable to its future home. All honor to them that stay by the house for the sake of the children; and blessed be the children whose evenings are made happy by the genial, it may be self-denying, companionship of father and mother.

The mere staying at home, however, is not enough. The negative influence of your presence is not what your children want, but the positive influence of your interest. They want to feel your sympathy, and to know that you and they have but a single purpose for the time. What good does your sitting with them do, if they see you absorbed in your own affairs, noticing them only as in some way they interfere with or disturb you? The father and mother who are only a restraint upon their children add nothing to a home evening. They must do something directly and systematically for their children. I insist upon it, that we err in not thoughtfully and seriously planning for the profit or the pleasure of our children's evenings, suggesting, directing, if not participating in, work and play, ever ready, when the spirits flag or the zest is gone, to propose a change. I know what all this involves,—a little mother-love and a little mother-wit, that's all. It does not require large wisdom, much learning, or the many appliances money can buy or ingenuity contrive. . . . .

I grant that it will require thought and time, and some perplexity and failure; and what one thing in life that we do does not involve these? And if you are willing, for the sake of some lesser success to subject yourselves to these, if you contrive and toil and

persevere for other things, why shall you complain, or halt, or refuse here? Your homes and your hearts will receive the exceeding great reward of your endeavor. Finding their pleasure and their joy and their profit in their homes, your children will be saved from depraved tastes and guilty pleasures; and when they come to leave you, the new home will not find them restless and craving for the higher flavoring of other scenes and pleasures. Of the many things warring against the home, open and disguised, nothing wars more successfully than the little pains taken by parents to make the evenings pleasant and profitable to the children.

But how are we to accomplish this? What are the means possible in every household?

Do we not mistake in not having some instruction at home, aside and separate from that of school, less formal, more genial,—the sort of education for which the home is pre-eminently qualified,—the drawing out of the child the impressions and opinions received at school, which, as left by school, have always more or less that is crude about them? Do we not divorce the home and the school, when the home should in some direct way be made to bear upon the school, broadening and deepening that which it marks out? You expect impossibilities of your teachers and your children if you look for a thorough furnishing without your help. How much good it would do, how much pleasant occupation it would afford, how much valuable information would you receive, from ferreting out together with your children the hints or facts brought home from school, and with how much more zeal would they take hold of studies which they saw interested their homes! Collateral information, always valuable, oftentimes is of more importance than that which is direct. Nor is this less possible where the parents have had no early advantage. How many through interest in their children's studies, studying with or taught by them, have been able to supply the early deficiency, and through loving interest in their offspring, though late in life, have acquired, not knowledge merely, but a love for knowing! They are very few who, if they have the will, cannot find the way to a mutual intellectual benefit in the evening hours of the home.

The evening may still further be used for moral instruction,—not the dull, prosy, set inculcation of morals, but that incidental teaching for which every home furnishes sufficient material and opportunity. The fireside morality of which the more advanced so frequently speak, which they allude to as the influence of home, was of this nature,—the chance culling from every fact and incident, and the apt impressing at the moment of the best lesson that the moment taught,—a thing done oftentimes in utter unconsciousness by the parent, the inevitable welling over of a spirit that was full of the purpose of blessing and sanctifying home. At home, I remember that this was constantly going on, and the little chance—let me rather say *providential*—seeds which fell at the evening fireside were the seeds full of the life that ripens for the harvest. I have no sense of the "too much" there, but of a constant, yet largely unconscious, evening influence,—influence of silence sometimes, eloquent and effective as that of lip. It gave our home its grace and joy, and made its power.

I now come to touch the home in one of its most difficult relations. Next to religion I know no one subject more important, more easily to be mistaken in, more conscientiously to be decided upon, more resolutely to be met, more judiciously to be carried out, than the subject of the evening amusements of the home. It is a subject I cannot here go so thoroughly into as I should like, and I know very well that what I may say will shock the prejudices or the principles of some, while I shall fail of the sympathy of others, and perhaps peril my reputation with many. But I have something to say under this head which is not the birth of the moment, and may, therefore, perhaps be worthy a hearing.

The care of the parent should be not only not to repel, but to win. Without abating one whit of its authority, home should be a place every way genial to the growing spirits in it. Its orderings should change and keep pace with the development of the natures it enfolds. In the home, and from earliest existence, you detect the spirit of play. In the frolic laugh of the baby, in the merry and perpetual gambol of the child, in the restless noise of the boy, and the matronly propensity of the girl, you see how early and how large a part in every life is the element of play. In the earlier years the parent has little to do but to control it, to keep the rollicking exuberance within due limit.

But as the years roll, and the child grows, there comes the necessity, not merely for controlling, but directing. And here I think the first grave task of parentage begins. As home inevitably ceases to be the only law, and each young person becomes more and more law unto himself, some judgment and some tact will be requisite that this critical period be passed through without alienating the child. Some homes, disregarding a law that speaks as plainly in our natures as the law that was spoken from the mountain, shut off the still jubilant spirit from enjoyment which one portion of his being craves, as

much and as rightly as another portion craves bread. . . . . Some homes make no effort, or but feebly set themselves against the torrent of young will that sets itself against every remonstrance. They offer no counteracting home inducements, and tamely yield to the pressure they should control, and you find the home deserted for a round of senseless outside frivolities, interrupted now and then by some sharp, sudden pulling up, as an awakened sense of parental responsibility for the moment demands. What real good that does, you may see by dropping in some time where pouting daughters and irritated sons tell of some coveted indulgence forbidden by parental freak. In other homes you find the parent spurring the child by precept and example, feeding its growing love for dress, for pleasure, for excitement, converting life into mere enjoyment, wasting the present, and insuring a future of utter uselessness. As I judge, neither of these should be the pattern for our homes.

I am convinced that we do not make enough of the child-relish for listening to conversation. If a neighbor or a friend comes in, we are apt to think the child must go out. And yet a wide-awake child will sit all the evening, drinking in at eye and ear the intelligent talk of the elders. Not merely is it a wise and gentle mental stimulus, not merely may it instruct, or introduce to new knowledge, or provoke inquiry, but it draws out the heart toward the elder, establishes a much-needed, much-overlooked sympathy. The child looks out beyond its own thought and life, feels itself admitted into the high places of other men's experience, comes to have a personal interest, property, in its father's or its mother's friend. Ah! how many in this world there are, the echo of whose voices, once familiar about the home-hearth, friends of the dear ones gone, linger still, twined inseparably with old home memories! Let the children stay and hear the talk, and do you talk wisely for their profit and blessing!

There was in the days of my boyhood *a book* called "Evenings at Home;" and there was in the days of my boyhood *a thing* called "Evenings at Home." I miss them both now; and society, which thinks it has grown so wise, has lost two things which did much toward making the men and women of to-day. Too much the old spend the evening from home, in stores, in clubs, in secret societies, in concerts, and in theatres and balls. Too many things have been devised away from home, which draw the men away, and make them associate exclusively with themselves. Our young people follow where the elders lead. I may be unfortunate, but it is very rarely that I find a young man at home with the family in my evening calls. With both sexes there is a restless craving for outside amusement, as if the evening were for nothing else. I have desired simply to hint at that wealth of occupation, improvement, happiness, which there is in our own homes, which it lies with parents to evoke and recommend, neglecting which they have recklessly thrown their children into contact with evils against which they are neither forewarned or forearmed. God placed the inexperienced soul within a home, that about its inexperience a father's and a mother's love might throw their protection. For watch and ward were they set over it. And God made the day for labor, and the night for rest; but where these joined—when the one was ended ere the other begun—His dear love interposed a precious neutral season, and sanctified it to the hallowing associations and influences of home. Let us feel God's command upon us in this precious season; let us neglect neither its responsibility nor its privilege. Let us trim anew the flame of the evening lamp, let us draw in closer circle round the evening table, and let the joy of our present and the blessing of our future come from the holy and happy EVENINGS AT HOME!

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

How fares it with thee, my dear ——. "Is it well with thee,"—is it well with *all?* I know thou might answer it *is* well with *all* who abide in the true Vine, and draw their sustenance from it. Such will not be left comfortless, though all men should forsake them. If this be their experience, they are but drinking of the cup of which the Divine Master drank, and if they would reign with him, they must suffer with him. These things included in the Christian life, thou hast in thy measure realized; and may we "hold fast the beginning of our confidence steadfast to the end in faith," then "shall we reap in due time, if we faint not."

There is much to lament in the "signs of the times"—abroad the sword devoureth. The arm of the law destroyeth; at home there is death, and the result is only known to Him who sees the "end from the beginning."

If the proud Ninevites once averted an impending doom which hung over them, by humiliation, fasting and prayer, surely there is need for our, in many respects, favored nation to put on sackcloth and sit in ashes, and cry mightily to God that preservation may be

ours. "Verily there is a reward for the righteous, verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth." And "He will not give his glory to another, nor his praise to graven images."

How very sudden was the death of thy sister M. How she will be missed among the poor as well as at home, for the "outcast" have indeed lost a friend! I deeply sympathize with her family; may they be consoled with the belief that she is gathered with those at the Father's right hand. She had not eaten her morsel alone. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."

I feel bound to an early acknowledgment of thy kind interest for me. I had had a poor night,—awoke very early, and was feeling much, with the prospect of presenting myself before our Quarterly Meeting for its decision, when *this proof* of the sweet unity of thy spirit came. Beside desiring just such an evidence, the feeling which prompted thee, and thy love for the cause, were so manifest that my heart overflowed with gratitude to Him who never fails in any of his promises, but his reward is sure for every act of obedience. My soul can abundantly acknowledge this, for surely every mountain of opposition which had been reared in my view has been brought low, hard things have been made easy, and even *bitter* things sweet; and it will always be so to the faithful, though it is sometimes hard to believe it. It has been so with me in the conflict through which I have been passing, not only from a feeling of my own entire insufficiency for the work, but from the doubts which seemed difficult to set at rest, between the feelings of *maternal* tenderness, and what I believed to be requisitions of duty; but the unity and sympathy expressed by my dear friends have tended to strengthen the little grain of faith to "go in this thy might," and though this is small, I fully believe he that is not willing to be faithful in the little will never be made ruler over more. I am a full believer in the communion of spirits, and I felt it in a remarkable degree with thee in thy last visit, or I should not have opened my feelings to thee as I did. I was then laboring under many *doubts* and *fears*, but am willing to tell thee the manner in which thou met them was a strength to me whenever I recurred to it. Nothing can be more grateful to parents than to know that the dear children can feel with them. The unity and sympathy of those who are as fathers and mothers are very desirable and necessary, but the precious youth who are bending their necks to the yoke are very clear sighted, and they do not know how much the sympathy of their spirits tends to our support.

I note in thy letter an acknowledgment of inability to express the feelings of thy heart, as thou hadst hoped to do; and I was reminded when I first read it, as I am again on its re-perusal this morning, of the signified fact, that the soul is deeper than words, and no language can portray it, or fully reveal its affections and sympathies. But the interesting *compensating* fact is, that the utterances of a soul under feeling awaken in another soul similarly circumstanced corresponding feelings, like deep calling unto deep, far beyond what the mere words would convey, and thus stir up and animate the entire consciousness, bringing both into harmony with that Divine Fountain from which the pure feelings in both spring. Intercourse between those whose spirits are thus harmonized is profitable, whether there be much vocal utterance, or whether the deep feelings of the heart are mostly unexpressed. Ah we do not lack opportunities for improvement and an increase of our store of knowledge, but I am impressed with the belief, that what is wanted at present is not knowledge, but faith and an humble practical obedience to what we already know. As I used to hear it expressed from the galleries, when I was young, "Let obedience keep pace with knowledge."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 13, 1869.

In number 45 of volume 25th, a selected essay, headed "Loving Words from Life," is accredited to J. G. Hine. He informs us he only revised and published it. The author is an English woman.

CHARITY.—An excellent heaven-born virtue, the extension of which we ask toward ourselves as Editors, and also toward our correspondents, in greater measure than is often meeted. Some of our readers appear not to recognise the many difficulties necessarily connected with the passage of our periodical through many hands, while it is in the course of preparation; they therefore judge us harshly, when blunders, sometimes ludicrous, sometimes serious and often annoying, are manifest in our issue. We are not unaware that these frequently occur, though perhaps not oftener than in other journals, and we ask that they shall be judged of charitably,

rather than with severity and without due consideration.

We will state a case. A severe criticism, impugning the consistency of a correspondent, has been received over an assumed name, which criticism the writer has since acknowledged was penned "from the best of my recollections, not having the paper before me." Recollection in this instance proved faulty, and there was no tenable ground for the criticism. Is this kind, reasonable or just?

WILLIAM PENN.—There are perhaps few historical names invested with more interest to our readers generally, than that of William Penn, who was distinguished not only for rare mental endowments, but who was eminent both as a gospel minister and a Christian legislator. As an author, he was less ambiguous in expression than many of his contemporaries. Some of his views giving offence to the Clergy, the Bishop of London procured an order from the Government for his imprisonment, and he was confined in the Tower of London with great severity, his friends not being allowed to see him. During this incarceration, which occurred in 1668, he wrote "No Cross No Crown," which was afterward reprinted with additional matter. This work is practical in its character, and is intended to illustrate the influence of vital religion, which leads out of the vanities of the world into the performance of deeds of justice, mercy and humility, whereby men are brought into a closer companionship with the Author of all good. In allusion to the publication of the book, William Penn says, in the preface, it is "that thou, reader, mayst be won to Christ, and if won already, brought nearer to him. It is a path God in his everlasting kindness guided my feet into in the flower of my youth, when about two and twenty years of age; then He took me by the hand and led me out of the pleasures, vanities and hopes of the world. I have tasted of Christ's judgments and of his mercies, and of the world's frowns and reproaches; I rejoice in my experience, and dedicate it to thy service in Christ."

We commend this book to the perusal of our young Friends especially.

As the founder of Pennsylvania, William Penn is regarded with reverence not only by "Friends," but others treasure his memory, as has been manifested by several articles which have recently appeared in the "Delaware County Republican" and "Philadelphia Press," in relation to the "Grave of William Penn" and the "Treaty Tree." In the belief that these articles will interest many who have not previously seen them, we give them a place in our paper. The memorable treaty ratified with the Aborigines of our country cannot be too prominently kept before us. The pacific relations, for so many years preserved inviolate between the Indians and the descendants of Penn, together with the influence which Friends possess over the tribes who have been under their fostering care, is a powerful argument in favor of the peace-principle advocated by the Society from its beginning. The facts connected with "Penn's Treaty" are worthy indeed the consideration of the whole world, and well would it be if the spirit of the gospel of Christ which was at that time exemplified could be more trusted in by the rulers of the people. Let not the conclusion be that it is not adapted to the affairs of this life, for it remains to be true that "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

MARRIED, At Fall Creek Meeting, the 19th of Eleventh month, 1868, SOLOMON F. HARDY and REBECCA P., daughter of Joshua P. James, all of Fall Creek, Madison County, Indiana.

——, At Fall Creek Meeting, the 18th of 2d month 1869, WILLIAM C. FRAMPTON and ANNE S., daughter of the late Thomas and Martha Cockayne, of Fall Creek, Madison County, Indiana.

DIED, 2d month 23d, 1869, in the 22d year of her age, EMILY R., daughter of Pemberton and the late Anna W. Borton, of Evesham, N. J.

——, on the 30th of Eighth month, 1868, at his late residence near Fallsington, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, JOHN G. BURTON, in his 82d year, a member and elder of Falls Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 13th of First month, 1869, ANN ELIZA, daughter of the late John G. Burton, in the 41st year of her age.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

Executive Committee meets on Sixth-day next, 19th instant, at 3 o'clock.

THOS. GARRIGUES, *Clerk.*

FREEDMAN'S ASSOCIATION.

Stated Meeting on Fourth-day evening, 17th instant, at 7½ o'clock, at Race Street Monthly Meeting Room.

JACOB M. ELLIS, } *Clerks.*
ANNE COOPER, }

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

The committee for obtaining subscriptions to the stock of Swarthmore College by conferences and otherwise, will meet at the Monthly Meeting Room, 15th and Race Streets, on Sixth-day evening, the 12th instant, at 7½ o'clock.

From the Delaware County Republican.

THE GRAVE OF WILLIAM PENN.

In a spot, almost as solitary as that on which he first set foot in the New World, repose the ashes of William Penn. It is in the shire of Buckingham, in a deep gorge, among the famed Chiltern Hills, scant twenty miles from the outskirts of London. At such short distance from the noisy metropolis, you could scarce fancy a scene so tranquil. An American approaching it can hardly believe he is treading the thickly populated soil of England.

The direct way to it would be along the old coach-road, from London to Oxford, formerly travelled by forty stage-coaches; but although still kept like a park drive, with the grass edges constantly trimmed, it is now given up to the hay-wagon of the farmer, or the cart of the chairmaker, bringing his beech-wood chairs from Wycombe and Stockenchurch beyond. But neither the crack of the carter's whip, nor the "wo-ha" of the wagoner are loud enough to wake the echoes of that quiet graveyard, where the great peace-maker sleeps. It is two miles from the main road, approached by one of those woodland lanes for which England has obtained a just celebrity. In truth, a woodland lane; for all the way leaving the turnpike road, you pass under the umbrageous beeches, under whose shade Tityrus could have tranquilly reposed. You may not meet a soul, unless some woodman engaged in chopping the "lop and top" into fagots, or perhaps the velveteen-coated game-keeper of our friend to whom the woods belong. Just outside the grounds of this grand old mansion—older than the time of Penn himself—stands the little Quaker meeting-house, in the graveyard of which you will find what you are seeking. It is on the edge of what, at first sight, appears to be a deep gorge in the side of the hill; but it is only a big clay-pit, whence came the bricks out of which the mansion is constructed. The building is upon the brink, its rear wall extending down into the bottom, making two stories, while its front shows only one. The basement on the pit-side is a stable, said to be capable of containing over a hundred horses, but on measuring we found it intended for but one-fourth of the number. These are the horses of the "Friends," who once a year, and only once, from a circle of twenty miles around assemble in this solitary spot to hold their quiet meeting. At all other times "Jordan's"—for so is the place known—is left to its peaceful repose, except when its single aisle echoes the tread of a stray traveller—in most cases an American—who soon directs his steps to the soft turf of the cemetery outside. There he sees an inclosure, not over a rod in extent, with a thorn hedge around it, and a row of linden trees along one side—the trees of themselves a rare species in the neighborhood. He sees neither monument or mausoleum—not even a tombstone—not even the simplest recording slab! Only a few score graves covered with green grass, without tree, shrub, or flower, not even the lamenting willow. One of these, in no way distinguished from the rest, is pointed out as the grave of the great colonist, and three others alongside it are those of near and dear relatives. After contemplating this, the American turns away with wonder—the Pennsylvanian, with a feeling akin to shame. He is perhaps a little comforted, on being told, that the absence of a tombstone over his great ancestor, arises from no disrespect, but merely because such adornment of the dwellings of their dead is opposed to the sober sentiment of the Quakers—in fact, contrary to their creed.

He has more reason to feel dissatisfied, when, on inquiring from the peasant outside—be he farmer, or wood-chopper—to find the latter scarce knows the name, much less the history, of him whose resting-place he has come so far to visit. All these are likely to tell him is "that the place be called Joordan's. It bee a Quaker meetin'-house, whare them people cooms wuns't every yeer—most o' them in theer carriges."

The pilgrim is perhaps more shocked on learning, that among a still higher class, and in great London itself, he would scarce meet a hundred people who could guide him to the resting-place of Penn! This great good man was not among the things England delights to honor.

We have ourselves conducted many Americans to the spot—for our own pleasant home, of many long years, now forever forsaken, was not far from it. And it was gratifying to witness the enthusiasm of these Transatlantic pilgrims, while standing by the grave of their illustrious ancestor; and not the less so, that we knew it was not because he was their ancestor; for with equal respect did they stand uncovered by the door of a humble domicile, in the village of Chalfont St. Giles, scarce two miles off, where Milton had taken refuge from persecution. It was amusing to see the way they collected plants, stones, and pieces of lime mortar, loading our barouche almost to the draught capacity of a pair of strong well-blooded horses. We were less pleased

when they showed equal affection for relics gathered near Gray's tomb, in the churchyard of Stoke Pogis, some five miles across the country. It is a splendid mausoleum, such as in England was sure to be erected over the man who wrote:

"Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood."

When our American friends wished further to load the carriage of this one-poem poet, we could not help crying out: "Please spare our horses!"—*Onward.*

THE GRAVE OF WILLIAM PENN.

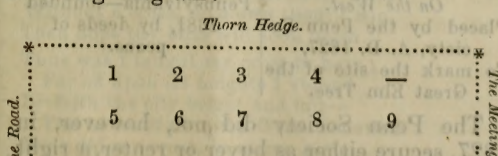
[*Contributed to the Delaware County Republican.*]

I was greatly interested in reading in your last issue, the brief and graphic history of "The Grave of William Penn." It was indeed truly refreshing to read so truthful a delineation of a spot near which I spent the first twenty-four years of my life. Permit me, therefore, to add a few more items to those already given, by way of supplement or appendix.

First, then, the spot where this secluded graveyard is located is on the road leading from Beaconsfield to Amersham, about two miles from the former, and four from the latter place, one of the most retired and picturesque spots of which it is possible to conceive. The meeting-house is of the most humble pretensions, standing back a short distance, leaving the space occupied by the yard between it and the road, and enclosed on either side, when the writer saw it last, by a low thorn hedge. This place is called "Jourdan's Burial Ground." But though no monumental stone attracts attention, and the sunken graves hidden in the tall grass, it well deserves to be recorded as the resting-place of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania.

An entry or record is made of this place in the church books of the parish of Penn, a village not far from Chalfont, and deriving its name from the ancestors of William Penn, who possessed the manor of Penn, at a very early period, presenting a curious record of the occupiers of the principal graves.

It runs thus, and may be illustrated by the following diagram:



No. 1. Letitia, daughter of William Penn.
No. 2. Springett, son of William Penn.
No. 3. Margarette Frame (and her son Thomas in the same grave), daughter of William Penn.
No. 4. John Penn, son of William, Governor of Pennsylvania.
No. 5. The great William Penn, with his second wife upon his leaden coffin. Prince Butterfield remembers his second wife being buried, and seeing the leaden coffin of William, whose head lies contrary to the rest, with his feet to the north.
No. 6. Giulielma, daughter of Sir William Springett, first wife of William Penn.
No. 7. Isaac Pennington's wife, widow of Sir William Springett, of Darling, in Essex.
No. 8. Isaac Pennington, an able lawyer, who married the widow of Sir Wm. Springett, mother of William Penn's first wife.
No. 9. Joseph Rule, a man that used to go about London preaching, in a white coat, and a long white beard.
Nos. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, are graves of William Penn's younger children.

Seven graves from the hedge, in a line above William Penn, lies Thomas Elwood, who used to read to John Milton, and lived on Hanger Hill. On his left hand, nearer the hedge, lies his wife.

Extract from the church register, September 12, called by the Friends, "eighth month," no date: "Our friend, William Penn, of Walthamstow, in the county of Essex, and Giulielma Maria Springett, of Tylersend Green, in the parish of Penn, county of Bucks, proposed their intentions of marriage at the monthly meeting at Hanger Hill."

Prince Butterfield, the person already mentioned as having seen Penn's leaden coffin at the burial of his second wife, was the man who had the care of the burial-ground at the time. Many Friends have been interred here, beside those here mentioned, but about forty years ago it was found too full to admit any others, and the ground has remained undisturbed.

In the history of the life of Thomas Elwood, published in London in 1714, is an account of his great services to the Society of Friends. It is added that he departed this life on the 1st of Third month, 1713, and was honorably buried in the Friend's burying-place at New Jourdan, on the way to Chalfont, in the county of Buckinghamshire.

Secluded as this spot is, it is nevertheless one of considerable note, as near this place both lived and died some of England's greatest worthies. At Chalfont, a small village near this place, the poet Milton retired during the great plague in London, in 1665, where he wrote his admirable poem of "Paradise Lost." The idea of his "Paradise Regained" is said to have been suggested by a conversation which passed between the poet

and Thomas Elwood. The house in which Milton resided is ocupied by a rustic farmer; it was built by some of the Fleetwood family, as appears by their arms over the door. Amersham, also before alluded to, was the birthplace of Edmund Waller, the celebrated poet; and Beaconsfield, also spoken of, the place of his burial. Amersham also is the seat of the far-famed family of the Drakes, whose illustrious ancestor circumnavigated the earth. In the parish church are several marble monuments of his descendants who lie buried there. W. D.

THE GRAVE OF WILLIAM PENN.

To the Editor of the Press:

SIR: The statement which has been widely circulated that no stone marks the grave of the founder of Pennsylvania is an error. I have in my possession a photograph of Jordan's Meeting House, and the graveyard adjoining, with a number of stones upon which the names of William Penn, Isaac Penington, and Thomas Elwood, and their families appear with great distinctness. It is between twenty and thirty years since a question was raised among Friends in England as to the propriety of reversing a rule against the admission of tombstones into their burial grounds, which was originally adopted in consequence of some of the relatives of the earlier members of the Society having gone beyond the practice of simply inscribing name and date upon the stone. Indeed, it may not be generally known that the grave of George Fox himself was furnished not only with a head-stone, but his coffin was provided *with a plate engraved with his name and age.* The same is true of William Meade and other leaders in the Society.

Tombstones are now permitted under certain restrictions, and such graves as could be identified from the registry at Jordan's have been thus marked for a number of years.

To American tourists the locality is so retired that it is seldom visited and almost unknown. It seems highly proper that the final resting place of the founder of a great Commonwealth should be upon the soil which bears his name, and our learned societies and State authorities should take measures to have the remains removed to this State.

William Penn was buried in a leaden coffin, and its removal would, no doubt, be entirely practicable. England as a nation glories in such a multitude of great names that her people would willingly acquiesce; and if the descendants of Penn, the only survivor of the name, would raise no objections, it is highly probable that such an undertaking could be successfully accomplished.

Philadelphia, Feb. 11, 1869. DERAS.

THE TREATY TREE.

To the Editor of the Press:

SIR: A floating paragraph now going the rounds of the press tells us that William Penn lies buried in a country churchyard in a little village a few miles from London, without a stone or mark of any kind above his grave to tell the story of its illustrious occupant. This is a reflection both on his family and our State, but is our neglect at home any less?

Out Third street, on the site of the famous old treaty with the Indians, a stone stands, it is true, but surrounded with every evidence of carelessness and contempt.

Can you inform me who is charged with the care of the Shackamaxon Monument? In whom is vested the title to the ground on which it stands?

If there is no special trust, will you not urge the city to assume the trust and take decent charge of this old historic spot?

Philadelphia, February 5, 1869.

THE TREATY TREE MONUMENT.

To the Editor of the Press:

SIR: A correspondent in a late issue of your paper asks who is charged with the care of the "Shackamaxon Monument," and in whom the title to the ground is vested. In reply I would say that the "Penn Society," which was established nearly half a century ago, to commemorate the landing of William Penn, determined to rescue from oblivion the site of the old "Treaty Tree." Accordingly, in 1827, a committee was appointed, consisting of Roberts Vaux, Joseph Parker Norris, and John Bacon, with authority to cause a suitable memorial to be placed there, if the proprietor of the soil would grant permission. The consent of the heirs of the late Matthew Vandusen having been obtained, a monument bearing this inscription was erected.

On the North. Treaty ground of WILLIAM PENN and the Indian natives, 1682. Unbroken Faith.	*On the South.* WILLIAM PENN, Born 1644. Died 1718.
On the West. Placed by the Penn Society, A. D. 1827, To mark the site of the Great Elm Tree.	*On the East.* Pennsylvania—founded 1681, by deeds of peace.

The Penn Society did not, however, in 1827, secure either as buyer or renter, a right to the ground upon which the monument had been placed. The Society held the ground upon mere sufferance. At various times efforts were made, not only by the members of the Penn Society, but by others interested in preserving ancient landmarks, to raise the necessary funds to purchase the property.

As the money could not be raised by contributions, it was deemed expedient and proper that the treaty ground should be purchased by the county. In December, 1848, the County Board appropriated $4,500 for that purpose, and the heirs of Matthew Vandusen deeded the Shackamaxon ground to the county. The site of the old treaty tree, therefore, belongs to the city of Philadelphia, and as the Penn Society is no longer in existence, it is manifestly the duty of the city to prevent the desecration of the monument, and to see that the grounds are properly enclosed and taken care of. Your correspondent locates this monument "out Third street." He should have said on the bank of the Delaware, near the intersection of Hanover and Beach streets. SHACKAMAXON.

Philadelphia, Feb. 11, 1869.

CROSS-BEARING.

BY M. A. F. WYCKOFF.

"He that taketh not his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me."

Aweary, and with aching heart,
Beneath a heavy cross I bent;
'T was one from which I could not part,
And by a loving Father sent;
I sank soul-crushed beneath its weight,
Bemoaning deeply my sad fate.

Not only heavy was my cross,
But oh! 't was hard and rough to bear;
And as my spirit mourned my loss,
I vainly plead that God would spare;
In agony this prayer went up—
"Oh! take from me this bitter cup."

"Not so, my child,"—I seemed to hear
This answer coming from above—
"Not so; the cross you so much fear
Is sent by me in tenderest love;
Wilt thou not bear it for my sake?
Though it may bend thee, 'twill not break."

"Dear Father," then did I reply,
"I know full well thou lovest me;
Oh! *lighten* thou my cross, that I
May bear it patiently for thee;
In mercy hear and grant my prayer,
And leave me not in dark despair."

"The burden must be borne, my child,
But look to me for strength to aid;
Rise by thy cross, above the wild
Care storms, to joys that never fade.
Without a cross, no c.own thou'l't win,
Then hope thy bliss will soon begin."

Thus was I taught my cross to bear;
Far off upon its heights I viewed
By faith the city bright and fair—
The home of those by Christ renewed.
Thus did my cross, in mercy giv'n,
Raise every thought still nearer heav'n.

Since then, it oft has been my lot
To feel the cross upon me laid;
That lesson I have ne'er forgot,
And grateful, look to God for aid;
Knowing that mercies from the skies
Not seldom come in dark disguise.

Steubenville, Ohio.

ONLY.

Only two little darlings
Welcome me home at night;
Only two little prattlers
With faces sweet and bright.
They are very tiny creatures
In this big world of ours,
But the chirp of their merry prattle
Gladdens the evening hours.

So many wondrous stories
To pour in papa's ear,
So many wants to care for,
Such boundless faith to cheer.
Confiding joy of chilhood,
With hopes so pure and bright;
This is the happy greeting
Welcomes me home at night.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb., 1869. E. M. B. H.

—*The O'd Oaken Bucket.*

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.—NO. XIV.

Aristocracy.

The accumulation of wealth has sometimes been mentioned as one of the causes which led to the decline of religious life and interest among Friends many years ago; and there was doubtless good ground for the supposition.

At the first rise of our organization its proselytes were for the most part confined to a class of trades-people and small farmers, generally of limited means. As time passed on and generation succeeded generation, by the very thrift which arose from the habits and modes of life, incident to their religious testimonies, they became in a pecuniary sense prosperous; and many of them engaged in mercantile and other pursuits commonly esteemed of a more honorable nature, and felt a degree of importance attaching to themselves from these causes, and became absorbed therein to an extent which very naturally led to indifference and neglect as to religious duties. Many of these, too, were doubtless assigned to places and accorded influence in the church, according to their standing and position in a worldly sense, rather than for their goodness or intelligence.

It was therefore with good apparent reason, at least, that the deficiencies which arose among our ancestors simultaneously with the growth of wealth among them, were ascribed to wealth as the cause. A more careful analysis will, however, it is believed, lead to the conclusion that the evil was attributable not, properly speaking, to wealth, but rather to an aristocratic feeling founded upon wealth. The possession of wealth when accompanied by an unpretending simplicity of manners and style of living, and when diffused with a liberal hand for worthy and beneficent objects, can have no evil tendency, but, on the contrary, may be made the means of much good.

It is only when wealth is sought after and hoarded for its own sake, or presumed upon as conferring claims to superior consideration,

or when used for display and made a test of social position, that it becomes hurtful. As similar claims and pretensions are often founded upon supposed superior parentage, family connexions, intelligence, refinement, social or religious standing, &c., is it not to this tendency to exclusiveness, and to arrogate superiority over one another, other than that silently and voluntarily awarded to individual merit, that is to be ascribed the evil influences that have been attributed to wealth?

It is obvious that there must and ever will be in society, even within the pale of the same religious organization, different classes, more or less distinctly defined, founded upon diversities of condition, character, taste, inclination and pursuit. But the evil is when these classifications are carried to extremes, and permitted to run into aristocratic exclusiveness, and to over-ride even the ties of religious fellowship. It was not so with Friends in the beginning. The pressure of persecution from without, and a live and aggressive spirit for the diffusion of their doctrines for the general good, bound them together by ties superior to all social distinctions. While we have no reason to regret that the day of persecution has passed away, we may well regret that condition of ease and self-satisfaction, which has so much weakened the bonds of religious brotherhood, and exposed us, it is to be feared, to the blighting influence of aristocratic rivalry.

The prevalence of this tendency to csate and exclusiveness, is due not only to the pride and pretension of individuals or particular circles, founded upon wealth, family or whatever it may be, but to the readiness with which such claims are acceded to; and this simply for the want of a general acknowledgment of some purer and more exalted standard. It is pre-eminently an obligation resting upon Friends, from the simple and practical nature of their faith, freed as they are or ought to be from the entanglements of priestly theology, to have and maintain such a standard, not only for their own good, but as a light and example to others—a standard by which unpretending simplicity, purity of life, zeal for the right, and the cultivation and right use of the faculties and powers divinely bestowed upon us, shall be regarded as the chief good and highest perfection.

If the feeling of aristocratic exclusiveness exists among the members of our Society one toward another to such an extent as to weaken the ties of fraternal unity, so essential to our welfare as a body, does it not also exist on our part toward those not of our persuasion, and more especially toward those who are regarded as the lower classes, and with equally deleterious results to us? Few may be willing at first to admit the existence of such a feeling in either case, but a careful self examination will nevertheless detect it. As it relates to those not of our fold, it has been fostered and encouraged by the prevalence of a disposition to regard ourselves as a chosen and favored people, and an over-anxious desire to keep ourselves aloof from the world around us.

No society formed for so high a purpose as the worship of the Divine Being can be upon the right foundation, or prosper in its work, if it ignores in any degree the common brotherhood of mankind, or looks down upon the lowly and humble, instead of seeking their elevation by extending to them the hand of equal fraternal fellowship.

Philada., 3*d mo.* 1869. T. H. S.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

The following letter from a Friend in Central New York, addressed to the President of Swarthmore College, has been handed us for publication:

Respected Friend.—The Minutes of the Fifth Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of Swarthmore College are before me. I have perused them with much interest, as I do all notices of its proceedings, and always wish I could be present at your weekly gatherings, if only for my own gratification. The cause lessens not in interest because of the obstacles to its completion, but rather, as to a dear friend whose life seems vacillating, the interest in its welfare increases.

I rejoice to find so many tangible proofs of the realization by our Society of the need of a literary institution under our own supervision, in which its members can enjoy all the advantages of other colleges without the objections to *them*. To mourn over the loss of the youth of our Society, and at the same time place them where they will be likely to lose their attachment to it, is like neglecting our friends in life, but mourning their loss when gone.

If we have the present and future prosperity of Society at heart, will it not be as dear to us as ourselves or families, and when called upon to contribute to its support, will we not *ungrudgingly* give our mite, even if it be but one dollar? If such were the general manifestation, I believe we should see more of the life and spirit of our ancestors; and the rising generation, seeing our earnestness and sincerity, would walk hand in hand with us, and we should no longer have to fear the want of a succession of standard-bearers.

Then let us pray for the completion of Swarthmore before those who are so anxiously waiting for its doors to be opened are com-

pelled to go elsewhere. Cornell University is holding out great inducements; and it is truly a noble institution, but shall Friends send their sons there to have a gun put in their hand and be taught military tactics? If so, let them not afterwards complain if they deem it a duty to place it on their shoulder and go to the battle-field.

In regard to the expense of the building, to which some object, do Friends consider that it is not like a family dwelling designed to last for one or two generations only, but a durable legacy to Society for *all* generations? Under such a consideration, it should be massive, of the best material, and sufficiently large for the noble purpose intended. Then we shall not soon be called upon for repairs or additions.

But to the point. I find you solicit a contribution to your library. I have a few books in reserve, if acceptable: an entire set of "Wilkes' Exploring Expedition," first edition, and two volumes of "Lardner's Popular Lectures on Science and Art." They are ready to be forwarded at thy direction. I would gladly forward the $10 on my *one* share; it is possible I may in Seventh month.

CROWS—THEIR USE AND ABUSE.

A writer in the last number of "Hearth and Home" gives some information in regard to crows, which we quote:

"There is, however, much to be said for, as well as against, the crow, and though the evidence be sufficient to condemn him in one locality, or at a particular season, it does not necessarily follow that he should be condemned in all places, and at all times.

"The crow is, by his anatomy and physiology, about as nearly omnivorous as any bird can well be, and we find him appropriating almost any kind of food, whether animal or vegetable, that he finds. At this season he leads a somewhat precarious life in the interior. At times he picks up kernels of corn, or other grain in the roads, or scratches over the manure-heaps; occasionally he breakfasts, at an early hour, upon some frozen carcass, and very likely he will get bold enough, or hungry enough, to attack small living prey. He has been known to carry off stray chickens, and to rob the nests of smaller birds of eggs or young. Most of the crows, however, seek the sea-shore in winter, and there live luxuriously upon shell-fish, crabs, sea-urchins, and the like, which are thrown up by the waves. In very severe weather, they frequent the floating blocks of ice in the open channels, and pick up what they find drifting in the water. It is not uncommon to see them engaged thus, in great numbers, about the harbor of New York.

"As spring opens, they gradually go northward, and to the interior, and by the middle of March, in the more southern parts of the country, or by the 1st of April in the more northern, they begin to make arrangements for raising a family. To this end, they select as secure sites for their nests as the country affords, usually preferring the shelter of the dense branches of tall evergreen trees. While building their nests, and during incubation, they are extremely watchful and jealous of all intruders, while, in going to and from their nests, they are unusually silent. The nest is large, and usually composed externally of sticks, pieces of bark, moss, &c., and lined with horse hair, wool, and other soft materials. There are generally four eggs, pale green, and more or less blotched with brownish olive.

During early spring, they are positively beneficial, their food consisting largely of insects. For these they visit newly-ploughed fields, manure droppings, fallen leaves, etc. But they are most useful in destroying immense numbers of young grasshoppers, which abound as soon as the snow leaves the ground. In search of these, they visit pasture lands and meadows, usually in small flocks, for greater safety; for even when thus engaged they are not safe from the farmer's gun. A little later their real crimes commence. They have a special fondness for corn, not only scratching it up from newly-planted fields, but at a later day, pulling it up by the blades and devouring the grain. Even at this time, they consume many kinds of destructive larvæ. If allowed their own way, however, there would be very little corn left. Even now, in spite of all devices to drive him away or destroy him, great loss frequently is occasioned by his depredations.

Farmers naturally forget (if they ever knew it) all the good work done by the crow in the spring, and wage war on the "black thieves." But the marauders are especially vigilant at this season, and have their sentinels out on the tall trees. Their quickness in distinguishing a person with a gun is proverbial among sportsmen, and their knowledge of the power and range of firearms is quite as remarkable. But this knowledge has been acquired only by sad experience, for in localities where they are rarely hunted, as, for instance, along the sea-coasts of Maine and the British Provinces, where little or no corn is grown, and where their food is derived from the sea, they are as little suspicious of man as most other birds, and may be as readily shot.—*Boston Transcript.*

Do but the half of what you can, and you will be surprised at the result of your diligence.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

SECOND MONTH.

	1868.	1869.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours.....	0 days.	5 days.
Rain all or nearly all day.....	1 "	4 "
Snow, includ'g very light falls	11 "	6 "
Cloudy, without storms	6 "	5 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	11 "	8 "
	29 "	28 "

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1868.	1869.
Mean temperature of 2d mo., per Penna. Hospital,	26.65 deg.	37.68 deg.
Highest do. during mo., do.	51.00 "	61.50 "
Lowest do. do. do.	5.00 "	19.00 "
RAIN during the month, do.	2.52 in.	4.76 in.
DEATHS during the month, being five current weeks for 1868 and four for 1869.	1298	1018

Average of the mean temperature of 2d month for the past *eighty* years.....	30.71 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1857.....	41.03 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1815, 1836, 1838.....	24.00 "

WINTER TEMPERATURES.

Mean temperature of the three winter months of 1867 and 1868.....	29.52 "
Mean do do do 1868 and 1869	35.62 "
Average of the winter temperature for the past *seventy-nine* years.....	54.75 "
Highest winter mean occurring during that entire period, 1827-8 and 1850-51	38.33 "
Lowest do 1814-15 and 1835-36	26.66 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.	1868.	1869.
First month.....	3.62 inch.	4.28inch.
Second month.....	2.52 "	4.76 "
Totals.....	6.14 "	9.04 "

The month we have just passed through has certainly been a remarkably mild one, and yet *exceeded* since 1790 *eight* times, in *four* of which the mean reached 40 deg. and upward, viz: 1828, 1851, 1857 and 1867.

The same remark will apply to the entire winter, though exceeded *seven* times since the beforementioned year 1790, viz: in 1844-5, 1847-8, 1849-50, 1852-3, 1857-8, 1858-9 and 1862-3; *two* of which, viz: 1849-50 and 1852-3, attained a mean of 37 deg. and upward.

While as to the winters, it was not until that of 1844-5 that a mean of 36 degrees was obtained; previously taking a range of from 27 to 30 degrees, with occasionally a winter above these figures.

From all this we may reasonably conclude, judging by the more recent past, that co'd winters are likely to become the *exception* in the future, and not the *rule*.

The writer in examining his own records, commencing with 1834, and those of "PEIRCE" from that time backward as far as 1790—not forgetting the valuable record at the Pennsylvania Hospital, finds this important fact is developed, viz:—That these excessively warm winter months and winters were of very rare occurrence until, comparatively speaking, within a very few years. For instance, 1828 is the first year when Second month reached a mean of 40 degrees, 20, 27 and 28 being the usual figures.

In reference to deaths, deduct one-fifth from last year's record for the extra week, and the comparison will then stand 1039 last year, against 1018 the present. The quantity of rain this year appears to be on the increase.

J M. ELLIS.

Philadelphia, Third month, 4, 1869.

ITEMS.

THE FAMINE IN INDIA.—The journals from the British East Indies assert that the famine so long dreaded in that country is spreading rapidly through the largely populated districts. The Government is making every effort to relieve the common distress, but the assistance of private charity has been called in. The really helpless are at present supported by the authorities, and food and employment are furnished to suffering people. One native province has been loaned $50,000 on the security of the revenues. The scarcity, it is stated, will not reach the Punjaub and Oudh, which is in a high state of cultivation, and is exporting large quantities of grain to the afflicted districts. It is, therefore, hoped that the people whose crops have failed will not suffer the last extremity of famine.

THE FREEDMEN'S SAVINGS BANK, in Baltimore, it is reported, has been exceedingly useful to the colored people of that city. An instance is given of an emancipated slave, who, by depositing in the bank, accumulated in a few years the sum of $600, which had been earned by carrying baskets of marketing.

SLAVERY IN CUBA.—Marshal Serrano, in his address to the Constituent Cortes, speaking of the insurrection in Cuba, and of Cuban affairs, asserted that the revolution in Spain was not responsible for the rising in Cuba, which was due to the errors of past governments, and expressed the hope that it would speedily be put down, and that tranquility, based upon liberal reforms, would then be durable. Slavery he said would be abolished, but without precipitation, and without compromising the prosperity of the Antilles.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

CEMENT.—A correspondent communicates a recipe for a cement used in the kingdom of Tunis for lining water cisterns, and remarkable for its firm and compact character. The Tunisian masons take two parts of wood ashes, three of lime and one of fine sand, which after being well sifted and mixed together, they beat for a long time with wooden mallets, sprinkling the composition alternately and at proper times with a little oil and water, until it becomes of a due consistence. This cement is chiefly used in arches, cisterns and terraces. But the pipes of the aqueducts in Tunis are joined by beating tow and lime together with oil only, without any mixture of water. Both these compositions, it is stated, quickly assume the hardness of stone, and suffer no water to pervade them. Our correspondent states that he prepared this mixture sixteen years ago, using hickory ashes and linseed oil, and that the cement has remained hard and unimpaired during that period of time.

THE weight of a gross of steel pens is but a few ounces, and it is not difficult to believe that it would take a good many boxes to make a ton. The largest pen factory in the world, on the French coast, uses sixty ton of steel a month in this manufacture, and there are a dozen other houses whose product is not very much smaller.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Henry Haydock, *Brooklin, N. Y.*
Benj. Strattan, *Richmond, Ind.*
Wm. H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
T Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

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"*Speech of* HON. WALTER A. BURLEIGH, *of Dakota, on the subject of Indian Affairs in the United States and Territories, delivered in the House of Representatives, Februaru 9th*, 1869."

Mr. Speaker, the proper management of our Indian affairs has become so important to the country, and is so imperfectly understood by many members of this House, that I have ventured to bring before this body my views upon the subject.

Since I first entered the Thirty-ninth Congress we have had no well-defined, settled line of policy for the government of the two hundred and fifty thousand Indians who are scattered over the western third of this continent. For every Indian outbreak there have been a dozen plans for pacification. For every fraud upon the Government there have been as many remedies proposed; for every imaginary and real disorder of this department of the public service a multitude of sovereign panaceas has been prescribed. Congress has been taxed to its utmost for some plan by which a permanent and lasting peace might be secured, the Indians subsisted, and the Federal Treasury protected. And, I regret to say, that from our whole past experience in the management of our Indian affairs little appears to have been learned, and quite as little accomplished in the settlement of this vexed question.

When a scientific physician is called in to prescribe for a patient laboring under disease, his first effort is to discover its true character and its cause, in order, if the malady be curable at all, that he may act understandingly and apply his remedial agents for the restoration of his patient. If, on the contrary, the medicine man be a quack, the character, the cause, the pathology of the disease are entirely neglected, and the batteries of the charlatan's drug shop are at once levelled at the citadel of life, and the patient, if he survives the disease, does so in spite of his doctor.

Now, Mr. Speaker, I do not mean to accuse any member of this House of being a quack, professionally or otherwise, for I believe that every one here has done the best he could, with the knowledge he possessed, to settle our Indian troubles. I believe Congress has acted with the utmost wisdom so far as it has had accurate information to guide it; but, sir, there has been a sad deficiency and want of actual practical knowledge regarding our Indian tribes, their habits of life, their customs, the relations which they sustain to each other, and to the white population which surrounds them, and with which they are thrown in contact.

Let us go back a few years and review a little of the past, for by this light we may better judge the future.

For a whole generation, at least, our country has been agitated in all its ramifications, civil, political, social, and religious, by a

lively concern for the African race, not an indigenous, but an imported race, brought hither by our fathers for reasons which the circumstances, if not the nature of that degraded people, seemed to suggest and approve. The admitted evil of domestic servitude, the motive of this compulsory immigration, and all the wrongs and cruelities incident to it, have not yet settled the great question of the ultimate good and beneficent effect of the movement. . . . . The issue of the "irrepressible conflict," although nearly completed, still leaves in our bosoms a feeling of solicitude for the future, while we boastfully rejoice at the present measure of our success. But, sir, there is an interest of greater moment, involving mightier considerations and more dreadful responsibility which imposes upon our Government and our people more serious obligations than were ever demanded by the enslaved condition of the African race among us. This interest, notwithstanding its paramount importance, and its constant and accumulating claims upon us, has, from the very settlement of the country, been practically overlooked or neglected or tampered with, or perverted, from considerations of temporary policy, or from the basest and most sordid and sinister motives. Jefferson's famous exclamation that in view of the injustice of African slavery this nation had occasion to tremble at the justice of the Almighty, has a twofold significance when applied to the glaring injustice which the aboriginies of this country have received at the hands of our people. True, there are many noble private examples of religious and moral regard for the Indians, who were the primitive and rightful 'lords of the soil," Christianity and benevolence have from time to time devised the worthiest, and, so far as human foresight could reach, the most practicable schemes for the amelioration of the miserable condition, and for the advancement of these "sons of nature."

I think it must be admitted that the policy of the government toward them has not been wise or humane. Its professions, to our shame it must be said, have been merely nominal.—The fate of the poor Indians, from the origin of our contact with the race to the present hour, illustrates the truth of the adage that wise and good professions may exist with cunning and cruel practices. Private enterprises, however well devised and zealously pursued, have failed of success through the demoralizing influences of public faithlessness and wrong doing, until the public sentiment has settled down upon the unchristian and inhuman hypothesis that the Indian tribes are doomed by their Creator to extermination from the face of the earth, in the midst of their ignorance and barbarism, and before the very eyes of a people who pride themselves upon their peculiar enlightenment, and who boast of an especial mission to "extend the area of freedom," and to fill the world with the truest ideas of an exalted humanity and the highest standard Christian civilization. The hearts of our people have become callous under the hardening influence of this misguided theory. The continued dropping of falsehood and deception has worn away the faith and extinguished the hopes of the sincere friends of the Indian. The fatalism with which we regard the race, and the arrogance of our cherished theory of "manifest destiny," have affiicted us with a fatal blindness and deafness as to the real condition of this people and the loud calls upon humanity and justice in their behalf. Who now so bold as to lift up his voice in defence of the just claims of the American Indian, once so full of the enjoyments of the natural rights of man? Where are his advocates; where the societies organized to redeem him from the bonds of public injustice and the cruelties of private rapacity? Where are the orators, the lecturers, and the editors, to "cry aloud and spare not" in the exposition of his wrongs, and the denunciation of his oppressors?

The cruelties of African slavery are tender mercies when contrasted with the hardships endured by the Indians under the nominal protection of our laws. The chains of domestic servitude are silken threads when compared with the fetters which hold the Indian in brutalizing bondage. African slavery has passed away; its foul blot upon our nation has been washed out in the best blood of the land. May we not now indulge in the hope that the time has come when the national conscience may be awakened, and the public sentiment aroused to the obligations which rest upon us to protect the remnants of the scattered Indian tribes which still linger among us, and advance them as far as possible in the arts and comforts of civilized life? We owe them a debt which, do the best we may, we can never fully discharge. Our treaties with them are full of unredeemed pledges. The demands of public faith and justice and the dictates of common humanity alike require that this subject be no longer delayed.

We have driven the Indians from their homes without compensation and without mercy. We have wrested from them the title to their lands by pretended, or at least ostensible purchase. We have withheld the payments until they were comparatively valueless, or refused them altogether upon unfounded pretexts. We have paid them in

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depreciated currency, when we agreed by solemn treaty to pay them in gold and silver; we have paid them in worthless trash, when we promised them the money for their lands; we have defrauded the Indians in the fulfilment of our stipulations for their clothing and food, and their agricultural, mechanical, and educational advancement; we have failed to afford them our promised protection against the worse than barbarous whites who infest their settlements; we have hunted them down and murdered them like wild beasts of the forest; and, what is worse than all these, our people have polluted every tribe in the land by poisoning the very fountains of life, from which the Indian springs, with the most loathsome of diseases, more poisonous and destructive to the race than the sting of the scorpion, the bite of the serpent, or the leprosy of old; we have, in a word, violated every feature of our plighted faith in regard to them, and have seen them degenerate, suffer, and perish under our positive oppression or cruel neglect, while we have held them to the severest accountability for all the pledges of obedience and good behaviour which we have extorted from them in our treaty negotiations. Our official records will fully substantiate all these allegations, disgraceful and humiliating as they are to our national pride and honor.

Let us go back for a few years, and review some of our Indian transactions, and see if we cannot discover a rational cause for our past and present Indian difficulties. The whole country has been shocked with the reports of Indian wars and outrages. Let us look back and see if the sin or any part of it lies at our door.

The Creek treaty, the first in magnitude and importance under the removal system, was justly charged with being negotiated without the authority of the Creek nation. Mr. Benton, who, in his published memoirs, has elaborately considered the subject, and was scrupulously anxious to screen the Government from imputations of injustice, says:

"The treaty was adopted as an act of justice to the South. The rights and the welfare of the Indians were minor considerations."

Justice to the South was a concession, without regard to public justice, to the demands of Georgia and other Southern States who coveted the rich lands then in rightful possession of the Indians, for the avowed purpose of extending the area of slavery. Mr. Benton calls it a southern question, and lauds the magnanimity of northern men, by whose votes the treaty was carried in the Senate. The removal of the Indians from the Southern States at that time, nearly or quite doubled the area of slavery.

The Creek treaty was signed at Indian Springs in 1825; McIntosh, a chief without due authority, being the principal negotiator on the part of the Indians. He and the chief with him, who was foremost in making the treaty, were justly execrated by the disaffected party of the Creek nation, as soon as the existence of the obnoxious instrument became known. The disaffected Indians were open and bold in their opposition to the treaty, and determined upon forcible resistance to the execution of it. Georgia resolved, without waiting for the action of the General Government, to take forcible possession of the territory ceded by the pretended treaty. John Quincy Adams, who was then President, became satisfied that the treaty had been made without due authority, and that its execution ought not to be enforced. He interposed the power of the General Government, therefore, and sent General Gaines with Federal troops to Georgia to arrest the proceedings, and finally assembled the chiefs and head men of the tribe at Washington, and concluded a new treaty, which annulled the first one and changed some of its features most objectionable to the Indians. This second treaty was carried in the Senate with considerable difficulty, being opposed by the Southern Senators, who objected to the clause which amended the McIntosh treaty on the ground that it implied a censure upon its authors.

This second treaty, however, was anything but satisfactory to the Creek nation; but being ostensibly concluded by authority, was submitted to—as such treaties are generally submitted to on the part of the Indians—as a necessary evil. It was obtained as Indian treaties usually are obtained, by fraud, the foulest bribery having been resorted to to achieve the inglorious triumph. Out of $217,600 the amount stipulated to be paid to the Creek nation immediately after the ratification of the treaty, the modest sum of $160,000 was by secret agreement to be retained as a private fund and divided among the chiefs or certain of them who had negotiated the treaty. The discovery of this fraud was made after the treaty was ratified and before the appropriation to carry it into effect was made. Measures were taken, but whether they were ever carried out or not is unknown, to defeat the fraud by making a distribution of the corruption fund among the Creek nation. He must be an incorrigible confidence man who believes that this was ever done.

Again, the treaty under which the Cherokees were removed from Georgia and Alabama was a still more glaring instance of injustice. Its history is a foul blot upon the annals of our Government. From its inception to its consummation it was a monstrous fraud upon the Indians.

If nations under a just Providence are to be rewarded or punished in this world according to their deeds—and we have no authority in Revelation or reason for presuming upon national accountability in a future state—we may regard all the massacres, outrages, troubles, and expense which have been entailed upon us by our Indian policy as but insignificant items to our credit in the retributive account which must sooner or later be made up between us and the red man.

(To be continued.)

Religion is love. It does not destroy what is tender and affectionate, it only refines and sanctifies it.—*Archbishop Chevereaux.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—NO. II.

While it is earnestly desired that the women of our religious Society, as well as the sex at large, should recognize their responsibility in regard to the question of Capital Punishment, the subject is not fully presented until the legal grounds on which our present law is based have been examined.

That communities have a right to protect themselves from the violence of the corrupt and malicious, requires no argument. The necessity for such protection lies at the root of all the organic laws by which nations are compacted. There could be no safety to the State, no security to the individual, without the restraints of the law, so long as vice and immorality abound.

Now, what should be the nature of that punishment by which an enlightened Christian commonwealth vindicates itself, and dispenses justice with an even hand to all its constituents. This is the question that comes up before us to-day, and for the proper answering of which we stand accountable to the tribunal of that law which commands, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

In the earliest or Patriarchal Governments, the followers of the Prince or head of the tribe led a free, roving life, with little restraint and few laws. The subjugation of these tribes to the rule of a dominant chief or sovereign imposed new obligations without corresponding privileges. These new obligations required more complex laws, hence the advancing light of civilization tended rather to increase than to diminish the autocracy of power, which being unlimited, claimed the most abject servitude, leaving no ray of hope for the toiling millions that bowed the neck to the yoke of the oppressor. It was the boast of one of these earlier civilizations (that of the Medes and Persians,) that their laws were unchangeable.

Long, however, before the permanency of the Persian code had been proclaimed, or the Macedonian conquerer marched his victorious army to the gates of their royal city,—long before the Roman eagle had spread his protecting wing over the "city of seven hills,"—before Confucius had uttered his wise saying among his contrymen, the Chinese,—while England, France, Spain, and nearly all the nations of Europe were living in the most abject barbarism,—in a little corner of Asia Minor, occupying an area not larger than one of the smallest States of our Republic, the Jewish nation was working out the problem of human rights, under the laws which, by divine authority, Moses had been commissioned to proclaim for its government, and which for the space of four hundred years acknowledged no king but Jehovah Himself.

It is a significant fact in regard to those laws, called the "Table of the Ten Commandments," which the Jews accepted as coming directly from Jehovah, and which in their perfection bear the Divine impress, that no punishments were annexed for their violation, clearly foreshadowing that advancement in the social condition of the human race, which would lead to a higher interpretation of their several requirements, than was then understood by the people to whom they were given. The nation of the Jews grew and flourished under the administration of those wise laws as enforced by the penalties which Moses, under the guidance of Divine authority, affixed.

There can be no reasonable objection to the severities imposed. They were the best that could have been provided for the people at that time, as an impartial examination of the Hebrew Code will convince the candid inquirer.

It was of these the learned Apostle Paul spoke when he declared, "The law is a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ;" leading, as he would imply, through obedience thereto, the world upward, and preparing for that higher elucidation of the moral law as taught by Jesus.

I marvel that his followers have clung with such pertinacity, to the effete interpretation of the Decalogue. It may be said of our nation as the Master said of Philip, "Have I been so long time with you and yet *thou* hast not known me?" How shall we meet this inquiry? If it is a crime to send *one* individual uncalled into the presence of his Judge,—and the holy law says, "Thou shalt not,"—where, in the higher interpretation of that law taught by the blessed Jesus, shall we, the Christian people of these United States, find authority for the legal murder of the culprit. *Are we not every one of us, who,*

without protest, are living under that old Jewish law of life for life, guilty of the blood of the victims of that law?

For nearly nineteen centuries the words of love that flowed from the lips of "the Master" have been pleading for mercy towards the wrong-doer. The priceless value of one human soul has been read and commented upon by his followers through all those centuries, and yet how slow are we in comprehending the significance of his teachings.

Judging in the light of that truth which declares, "Whosoever *hateth* his brother is a murderer," how can any of us hope to stand acquitted before the Searcher of hearts. Let us seek by every means that position or time or ability gives to assist those in authority to so revise and amend the laws of this Commonwealth, which, for the most part, are wise and equitable, that protection shall be guaranteed, not by adding murder to murder, but by such restraint as will give time for repentance to the unfortunate and guilty offender. L. J. R.

"I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to any fellow human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it, for I will not pass this way again."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

SOME REMARKS ON THE SUBJECT OF PRAYER.

In a late number of the *Intelligencer*, the question with regard to the origin of the form of rising in time of prayer was answered in an editorial article, and the explanation as far as it goes may be generally satisfactory. The object of the present article is to invite to an examination of the true ground of prayer and the supposed connection which outward observances may have with this religious service, as admitted amongst us. The poet has beautifully described prayer as

"The soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;"

and while we acknowledge a divine truth in the declaration, "The effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much," surely we cannot suppose by any act of vocal supplication the purposes of Deity are changed, as with Him there "is no variableness, neither shadow of turning"—much less that he requires in the act any peculiar attitude of the body to complete the work of required dedication. The form of rising on such occasions, taking off the, hat, covering the face, which is frequently done, (though not so much as formerly,) bowing the head, &c., appears to many a lifeless form, at variance with the profession we make, *of being a spiritually-minded people;* and had Friends continued faithful in the support of their testimonies, uncompromisingly, against practices which belong only to an outward, ceremonial religion, this form long since would no doubt have been abandoned. In what consists the difference, whether the practice still continued among us be observed, or, as is the custom in church-service of some other religious denominations, for all the members, by a simultaneous movement with the bended knee and clasped hands, to participate in this devotional exercise? Such participation implies, if each be clothed with the spirit of prayer, that there is with all the hearers a unity of action in offering the petition on these solemn occasions; but it is hardly admissable that all present, especially in large gatherings where there are so many different states and degrees of experience, should at the same moment feel prepared for such a public avowal; and under these circumstances an observance of the form, without the qualification for prayer, could scarcely be regarded in any other light than a lifeless formality. It is true, we have the authority of Barclay that "it becometh those who approach before God to *pray*, that they do it with *bowed knees* and with their *heads uncovered*, which is our practice." Admitting this view to be tenable on Christian ground, if in its full signification it has reference to all the male portion who are present on the occasion, should not the observance of the form as an obligatory requirement be equally applicable to the female part of Society, since it is our settled belief that male and female are *one in Christ* whom all acknowledge as the only true Head of the Church? But in whatever light our early Friends may have viewed the practice as a conformity to the prevailing custom of the age which they did not as a body feel prepared to relinquish, the query arises, are we to rest satisfied with what they have done, under an impression that it is impossible to advance beyond the limits that may have been prescribed for them? Practices have been *permitted* in our Society, now regarded as *not* consistent with our profession, and which are testified against. This is an evidence that there has been advancement, and there surely can be no limit to progress short of Christian perfection. Our early predecessors were doubtless obedient to the truth as it was opened to their understandings, and a corresponding faithfulness and dedication of soul may to their successors reveal greater truths and more enlightened views than the preceding generations were prepared to receive. There is therefore a work (may we not say a *special* work) for every generation. We cannot stand still. There must either be advancement or retro-

gression; and the history of the past abundantly proves that whenever any people have rested satisfied with what their predecessors achieved for the cause of truth, co-ordinate with that acquiescence has been the decline or subsidence into outward forms and observances which are destitute of the spiritual life of religion.

With regard to the discontinuance of the practice of rising and uncovering the head in time of prayer, it is not very probable sufficient unanimity for its general adoption in Society could be obtained, or even to incorporate in the Discipline anything on the subject of an advisory nature. There are many Friends deeply concerned upon this subject, who feel that they have, from conscientious motives, a testimony to bear against the form by remaining quietly in their seats; and this deviation from established custom, if accompanied by the evidence of sincerity, is not generally regarded as any breach of Christian order. The query then presents, How or in what manner may this object be attained, and yet maintain harmonious action in the body, granting to each individual freedom to act in the light of conviction, and the unity of the Church still be preserved? There appears to me one way to move in this concern, which, pursued with the clear evidence of truth, will meet the approbation of all. That is, if those in our assemblies who feel at times clothed with the spirit of prayer would *rise* instead of assuming the *kneeling posture*, the others would remain in their seats, and the solemn quiet on these occasions, so often momentarily disturbed by the act of rising, would be preserved. Frequent instances of supplication being offered under such circumstances are known, and as far as my own knowledge extends, have always been crowned with that solemnity which, to be profitable, should ever prevail during these religious opportunities.

These observations, intended rather as suggestions, may, I hope, by stimulating to inquiry, point to a more intimate acquaintance with our testimony to the efficacy of true spiritual prayer—that it has no real dependence upon outward forms instituted through human agencies—that these forms may have had to some extent their origin in a traditionary mode of worship—and to the consideration whether a precedent proceeding through the ministry might not become the most effectual means of bringing about a change considered of such vital importance. As each one should be left to act in the openings of truth, the exhortation of the Apostle becomes applicable, "Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind." H. J.

West Chester, Pa.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

ANOTHER QUERY.

The numerous answers to the inquiry concerning John xiv. 13 shows the ability of many Friends to enlighten others. To these I am disposed to propound another query.

Why do you keep your "light under a bushel?" Why confine it to where, perhaps, what is wanting is obedience rather than knowledge?

There is a world of wickedness around us, and many perish yearly for lack of knowledge; not because there is not a divine illuminating Principle in every soul, but in many minds its appearances being small and simple, it is not heeded, especially among those who are taught from childhood to look somewhere else than in themselves for that which shall make them wise unto salvation.

Our spiritual experience is not to be attained all at once. We have to proceed step by step, even as little children, who first learn the A B C, and then learn to combine sentences.

Those who are but children in spiritual things can be helped by those of more experience. True they should be taught not to depend upon outward teachers; but nevertheless there should be a willingness to aid each other in spiritual as well as in temporal affairs. Those who are not called to preach the gospel to large assemblies, may, if they have the means, do much by circulating the truth in a printed form.

It seems strange that any should expect by prayer to change the purposes of Deity. My view is, that when humbled under a sense of my own insufficiency, and feeling a spirit of prayer, it is to me an evidence that what I am thus led to ask for is in harmony with the Divine Mind; therefore I am encouraged to labor more earnestly for those things for which I pray, expecting a blessing to attend my labors. Thus it is that the "prayer of the righteous" often "availeth much." Because, if truly enlightened, he sees that God works by means; and he being a passive instrument in the Divine hand, works faithfully in accordance with the law of Divine love. And if he should be led to pray God to feed the hungry, having food in his own house enough and to spare, he might then have his mind impressed to visit some poor neighbor in distress, and be instrumental in relieving suffering humanity; but if he was a selfish man, not willing to give to him who asketh, then his prayer would be an abomination,—a very different thing from praying in the power and love of Christ.

N. P.

He is well constituted who grieves not for what he has not, and rejoices for what he has.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

To the lover of Scripture history, together with its inspiration, the many touching incidents recorded in the life of the patriarch Abraham must ever be impressive. How he was called out of a land of idolatry, to leave every kindred tie except the companion he had chosen to walk by his side through life, and how willingly he renounced all former possessions for others presented to his spiritual vision! Having faith in Him who had promised, he went forth, not knowing whither he went, obedient to the impressions made by the eternal Spirit. Thus he obtained the name of "Father of the Faithful." The word of the Lord became his buckler and shield,—an invincible armor, as well as a sure guide. All who like him "hear and obey," and grow from stature to stature, will with him inherit the promises and shine with heavenly lustre.

The most affecting part of Abram's history is the offering of his son Isaac for a burnt-offering. How must the heart of the father been moved at the exclamation, "Behold the altar and the wood, but where is the ram for a burnt-offering!" And what an exhibition of faith in the reply! "My son, God will provide himself an offering!" The sequel shows that Abram did as *virtually* offer his son, in his heart, as though he had taken his life and kindled the consuming fire. "A ram was caught in the thicket!" A thicket indeed had to be cleared away ere Abram could see beyond a barrier formed by a time-honored custom in which the people were encouraged as a mark of devotion to sacrifice their offspring to appease the wrath of their deities.

The great end a merciful God had in view in thus proving his servant, was to show him that human sacrifices were not required nor accepted, and so to manifest His power as to establish beyond all doubt in Abram's mind the superiority of the one true and living God, and that adoration was due only to Him.

Our meeting was eminently crowned with heavenly good. The Gospel Spirit shed its benign influence over the assembly, and under this precious covering the state of Society was considered, some of its weaknesses felt, and salutary counsel was given. It was evident that we were owned, notwithstanding all our shortcomings. May we thank our heavenly Father and take fresh courage! May we never cast away our confidence in His mercy and superintending care!

This morning is beautiful in the country. The earth is covered with a mantle such as no man could spread over it. This is my Father's work; and in robes as pure will He clothe His children if they will passively endure His refining, with all the changes necessary to accomplish His gracious purposes concerning them. Then shall not the language of the Spirit be, "Let not thine eye pity nor thy hand spare." The Christian's prayer is comprised in few words, for all must centre in "Thy will be done."

Every thing that was capable of feeling was awakened into sympathy with thee when I parted with thee in T——. I was sensible thou wert stripped, but felt confident that strength would be furnished thee, for this language presented: "The Father" is in thee doing the work. Those who are faithful to manifested duty, however humbling to the creature, will be enabled to perform the divine will and know "their peace to flow as a river and their righteousness as the waves of the sea."

Thou hast known by experience that when there has been a full surrender, thou hast mounted on wings as eagles, thou hast run and not been weary, thou hast walked and not been faint.

Our Quarterly Meeting occurred last week, and we felt it to be a favored season. Several strangers were present whom I thought ministered in the ability which Truth gives, and while listening to their exhortations and counsel, I felt how great would be our accountability if we did not profit by them.

It would indeed be a privilege to commune in sisterly freedom with thee of all that is in my heart; but alas! I am so much like the faded leaves I see around me, that I feel I have a very slight hold on anything earthly, and but little claim on the sympathy or fellowship of the truly engrafted members of the Church of Christ. I will, however, try to keep near the *Head*, and, if possible, abide under the shadow of His wing, believing it to be sufficiently broad to cover all who turn to Him as their only helper. Will He not prove to be to such "the wonderful Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace?" Ah yes! and of the exaltation of His kingdom and government there shall be no end.

INNOCENCE.

The innocence of spiritual life is distinct, both in its origin and in its character, from the innocence of childhood. It is an innocence that is begotten, and exists not in ignorance but in wisdom; an innocence that does

not precede the dawn of the passions, but asserts dominion over them, and holds them under habitual control. It grows out of experience, and is the essence of virtue.—*Rays of Light.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 20, 1869.

Social and Religious Intercourse a Duty.—The social and moral obligations devolving upon the family of mankind are by no people more fully recognized than by Friends, and yet, while their hospitality is proverbial, their intercourse in some respects is more limited. In many particulars they differ from other religious denominations. Led by their views of the spiritual character of vital religion to rely upon individual communion with the Father of Spirits, they are not as communicative in regard to their experience as those who hold meetings for the special purpose of unfolding to their brethren the work of the heart,—a practice that superinduces close companionship and familiarity, but which, if not carefully guarded, may lead into the disclosure of the "King's secrets." For there are still dispensations to be passed through wherein the command is, "Tell no man," and there are others, when, in conformity with the faith of the individual, the language may be, "Go show thyself to the priest." There is a wide difference also in relation to the ministers of other societies and our own. The former assumes the duties of a pastorate with a monied consideration; and prominent among their parochial obligations, are visits to their parishoners. We would not infer that no higher motive prompts them to look after their flock, but if there *should* be felt no religious obligation, in *some* instances there is still that of a salaried one.

Within the pale of our church we see verified, that "not many high nor noble" are called to minister to the people. By far the larger portion who exercise this gift are among those who labor with their hands for physical sustenance, and are among their brethren as those "who serve," rather than as those who "sit at meat." There is consequently much less time for them to devote to social interests and pleasures; and but little or no more is expected of them than from other members of the Society, obligations of this nature being considered mutual. Our attention has been directed to this subject by a contribution from "An interested Friend," who feels that a manifestation of interest in the spiritual well-being of our members generally, and especially the young, is too much withheld. That an interest *exists* there can be no doubt, and what is needed is a greater demonstration of it. The deficiency in this respect may partly arise from an educational influence, which induces a care not to appear as "busy-bodies," or to improperly "meddle with other men's matters." The confidence felt, too, in the saving operations of divine grace upon *every* heart that yields submissively to them, may have an effect to prevent the expression of words on the part of individuals who feel their "own nothingness" and inability to "do any good."

The covering which often overspreads our religious assemblies, proves that love exists in the body; but we are aware that this does not wholly satisfy the mind that has become discouraged, and that wants a tangible manifestation of individual regard. It is consistent with the ministrations of Truth that we not only "bear one another's burdens" by kindly remembrance, but that, in view of our social needs, we also mingle personally, and thus become better acquainted with each other's wants, and the way in which to relieve them.

While there is undoubtedly a remissness on the part of some of the older members of the Society, we feel that the difficulty or fault complained of does not rest entirely with them. Is there not a deficiency with those who are younger, and who not unfrequently close the way for a friendly recognition from those who are thereby esteemed by them rigid and cold, when, if they could read the passing thought, they would find it tender and warm with affectionate regard! It may be from thoughtlessness that these young people, whom we love too much to harshly criticise, sometimes turn the head or avert the eye, and thus prevent such as are sensitive, through fear of intruding, from pressing themselves into notice. But we are

glad to say that this is not the case with all. There are not a few who appear to appreciate a friendly greeting, and who cause the hearts of those to rejoice who "have no greater joy than to see the children walking in the truth."

We wish to encourage Friends in every neighborhood to endeavor to overcome the hindering things which have prevented social intercourse; and let those who have physical ability go from house to house in the spirit of brotherly kindness and love. The advantages which would arise from the removal of unmeaning but habitual, unsocial barriers, we believe cannot be estimated.

Some young friends who have left our fold for one of a more outward faith, and who have been gratified with the attention which they have received from both pastor and people, have termed ours "a cold and lifeless religion;" but is it not the reverse of this? If in unison with our profession it springs from the heart, the seat of the affections, and as these affections are purified by Divine Love, they not only minister to the enjoyment of the individual, but naturally flow out in active desire for the good of the whole human family.

Jesus said to his disciples: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." In no more forcible manner can we show our allegiance to the Divine Mind than in obeying this commandment. It may be gratifying to our correspondent to learn that a concern for their members in religious fellowship induced some of the Monthly Meetings of Friends in this city, to appoint large committees for the purpose of visiting in a friendly and social manner all in membership with them, which has been productive of pleasant and beneficial results. With a little more effort on the part of Friends generally, we think the cause for censure in regard to the want of social intercourse among them may be removed.

THE INDIANS.—The wrongs of the Indian, and the injustice of our Government toward them, are so ably portrayed in a speech recently delivered in the House of Representatives, that we have taken the greater part of it from a late number of the Delaware Co. Republican. Those who desire a full knowledge of the subject will be deeply interested in its perusal.

MARRIED, on the 18th of Second month, 1869, at the residence of the bride's father, according to the order of the Society of Friends, ISAAC L. GARRETT, a member of Goshen Monthly Meeting, to MARY SKELTON, a member of Fallowfield Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania.

DIED, on the 6th of First month, MARY A. YOUNG, aged 49 years. She has passed from earth to a better state, to receive the reward of faithfulness. She had been head teacher in the Colored Orphan Asylum, in the city of New York, for sixteen years.

——, in Baltimore, Md., on the 30th of First month, 1869, after a lingering sickness, LYDIA H. wife of Richard H. Townsend, in the 54th year of her age.

——, on the 4th of Third month, 1869, MARTHA MENDENHALL, aged 52 years; a member of Kennett Monthly Meeting, Hamorton, Pa.

She was first taken with pneumonia, which terminated in congestion of the brain. A few days before her death, she remarked that there were many pleasant things in this world to enjoy, but the glory of God had come, and she felt that her stay was short. During her illness not the slightest murmur escaped her lips.

——, after a lingering illness, on the 13th of Second month, 1869, JAMES BLACKBURN, in the 72d year of his age; a member and elder of Dunnings Creek Monthly Meeting of Friends, Bedford County, Pennsylvania.

——, at Richmond, Indiana, on the 21st of Second month, WILLIAM NIXON, aged nearly 94 years, a member of Whitewater Monthly Meeting of Friends. Through the various periods of the life of this beloved Friend, there were beautifully and unobtrusively exemplified the Christian traits—*love, meekness, patience, submission, gratitude and resignation.* The afflictive events that marked his course were met with a becoming, cheerful acquiescence, which, with his daily walk and disposition of mind, clearly evidenced that he was being "led and guided by the living Principle of Wisdom and Power."

His faculties remained nearly unimpaired to the close of life. Frequently during the last few months his physical sufferings were extreme, but he *calmly, sweetly and peacefully* waited the summons to "come up higher." A short time before his pure spirit was released, he thrice clapped his hands as if in rapture at the sight of the glories of the spiritual world he was about entering.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

A Stated Meeting of the Board of Managers will be held on Third-day, the 6th of Fourth month, at half-past 3 o'clock P. M., at the College building. Cars leave station, 31st and Chestnut streets, at 2.30 P. M.

EDWARD PARRISH, *Clerk.*

FRIENDS' CHARITABLE FUEL ASSOCIATION

Will meet on the evening of the 20th inst., at 8 o'clock, in the Monthly Meeting Room, Race Street Meeting-house.

WM. HEACOCK, *Clerk.*

There is nothing so tender, so frank, so mild, so amiable, as a heart filled and animated by a friendship purified by religion.—*Fenelon.*

HOW INSECTS PASS THE WINTER.

You have doubtless heard how the bear, grown fat on the fruits of the fall campaign, retires to some hole in the rocks, where the softly-falling snow, by degrees, makes a beautiful ermine counterpane, which protects him from the cold during his long winter sleep. The fat, which lies in great folds just under the skin, is gradually absorbed into his system, and as he takes no exercise, it requires but little fuel to keep the spark of life glowing. Occasionally he sucks his paws, and seems to derive much comfort therefrom.

When the spring comes, and his icy roof melts and runs away to fill up the little brooks that babble of strange things as they go leaping down the hill-slopes, he comes out, and a very lean and hungry bear he is for a few days. Then there is the snail, who, when he feels the first approach of cold weather, retires into the innermost chamber of the wonderful house he always carries about on his back, and there turns mason, and by means of a cement which he manufactures, builds up a strong wall to keep out the chilly air of winter, and so goes to sleep, caring not a whit for the howling winds which torture the sturdiest trees, till they groan again with anguish.

There are few insects—that is, full-grown insects—that pass their winters thus. Most insects are at that time still in the egg, undeveloped, and waiting for warm weather to hatch them out; many species are in the grub, or baby state; many more in the pupa, or chrysalis stage; whilst a few, arrived at maturity late in the fall, are carefully hidden away in cracks and quiet nooks, only to be tempted out from their seclusion by one of those rare, but delicious winter days, when the sun shines bright, and the glittering icicles drop tears, wrung from their very hearts.

How hard it is to realize, as we walk about on a bleak winter's day, well protected from the stinging cold by innumerable wrappers, that this poor white shroud of snow serves also as a warm counterpane, and that under its folds are hidden the germs of millions of future insects, friends and foes. All about us, in the ground under our feet, in the trees, swinging their gaunt and naked limbs about over our heads, in the holes and countless cracks in our walls and fences, in every corner and crevice in our houses, in the very stubble which crackles so crisply under our tread, where the wind has blown the snow away, are lying hidden from our gaze myriads of insects in all the various stages of their existence. Although we may not see them, still we may be as certain that they are there, as we are positive that the seeds of the many thousand plants which will next season delight our eye, or please our other senses, are now concealed in the bosom of mother earth—this same snow a mantle to protect them from the cold.

Although but few come flitting or running across our path, yet if we search for them diligently, we shall find them in great numbers on every hand. Let us take a trowel, and go down into our orchard, and dig down among the roots of the trees, and many strange forms of insect life will reward a careful search—little mummies wrapped in thick shrouds, queer little babies in close-fitting swaddling clothes, some sound asleep, others with just animation enough to wriggle their tails feebly, and then go off again into their deep sleep. Take your trowel, and dig into the mound in this hollow of a tree, and other little sleepers come to view; twist off this ragged piece of bark, and whole colonies get their first glimpse of the sun—to be sure, as though seen through a glass dimly, but nevertheless their first peep at daylight; around these twigs we find strange bracelets of eggs, here and there collections of egg-like clusters of seed-pearls; swinging on the end of branches, swaying to the music of every passing breeze, we find the cradles and hammocks of many moths and butterflies; on the bark strange warts disfigure the trees, whilst in the very grass under our feet, if we pluck it up and examine it closely, we shall find tiny babies snugly laid away in satin-lined apartments.

The heat of our houses and stables keep the household insects partially awake during the winter, whilst in their nests and hives the ants and bees quietly sleep most of the time, till the bright sun tempts them to leave their homes, often to meet their fate by the wayside, where, half-frozen, they fall, and soon die.

The lady bugs that have survived the first sharp attack of Jack Frost, like to creep into out-of-the-way corners, and there huddle close together like a flock of sheep facing a Norther, only to leave their winter quarters occasionally on a foraging expedition among the cows of the Ants. One observer found, on a cold day in November, no less than fifteen of these little red jackets together in a hole in a post sound asleep. The grub of the stag beetle lives in the ground in winter in a sort of a cave, hollowed out, and polished very smoothly. The grubs of Dor bugs live in the summer just below the surface of the ground, but as the season advances they descend into the depths of the earth, and go to sleep.

The weevils pass their winters in different ways. One kind lives in peas, and you can find them in dry peas in winter time, getting ready to creep out in the spring. If you examine these same peas early in the spring, you will find in nearly all little black beetles,

their heads just peeping out of small holes they have made with their teeth.

On the branches of many of our trees we shall find their delicate limbs encircled by armlets made up of many scores of beads, each bead in time to produce a caterpillar. These bead bracelets are protected from the damp and rain by water-proof coating, which puts our best roofing material to the blush. These are the eggs of lackey moths, and are found on the plumb, pear and hawthorn. Another moth plucks off the hairs from her body till she is nearly stripped naked, and with these covers up the eggs. The vaporer moths lay their eggs upon warm, silky beds, using the identical cocoons, out of which they themselves once crept, when first coming into the world as moths.

The eggs of insects are able to withstand an intense degree of cold. The same temperature which would immediately kill the tiny inhabitant of the egg, if once hatched, seems to have no effect upon him in that safe retreat.

Some caterpillars are hatched from the eggs in the autumn, and pass the winter quietly dozing upon the twigs and branches of their favorite bushes, so closely resembling their habitation, that only the shrewd eye of some hungry bird spies them out. We find thus on currant bushes the caterpillars of the Magpie Moth, perfectly torpid all winter and frozen quite stiff, but yet ready to thaw out when the weather moderates. They are sometimes perfectly brittle, and will snap like glass between the fingers, and yet, if suffered to thaw out, all this freezing does not seem to have injured them in the slightest.

Up in the oak trees we can find whole colonies of little caterpillars defying the cold, whilst they lie snugly wrapped up in warm counterpanes of silk that they have woven themselves, sleeping spoon fashion, two or three in bed together. Most of our butterflies and moths, however, pass their winters in the chrysalis state. Those little mummies are to be met with on every hand. Down deep in the earth myriads of them are packed away, patiently awaiting the warm spring day, which will urge them to struggle out of their cases, and fly away to accomplish their destinies.

It is a very curious sight watching caterpillars preparing for the chrysalis stage. Many are hung up in the open air, some merely kept in place by a slight net-work of threads, whilst others are suspended in delicate hammocks of stout silken shrouds. Some caterpillars build for themselves little winter palaces about the size and shape of half a walnut, of chips and bits of bark, glued together by a natural cement which they manufacture. Other chrysalids, like Mohammed's coffin, swing in mid air between heaven and earth, suspended by a delicate thread.

Mason Bees build for their babies nurseries of mud and small stones, or lumps of clay, and after laying eggs, and leaving a little pollen for each grub to eat when hatched, close up the entrance.

Carpenter Wasps dig galleries in timber, and partition them off—flees and gnats having been stored away for future use of the young grubs, who, after eating their fill, pass their winter in a dormant state.

The female Humble Bee passes the winter quietly, dozing under the moss or in the old homes under ground. Of Hive Bees, in the autumn the lazy drones are nearly all killed off by the workers, and the rest remain partially stupefied all through the cold winter months, not entirely asleep; for if any hive is examined in winter, many will be found wandering about in its almost empty corridors, tasting the honey which they prudently stored away in the autumn for this expected winter imprisonment.

One Gall Wasp lays its eggs on the branches of rose bushes, and the result is that the branches swell, and little spines shoot out here and there, sometimes green, at others red, until the homes of the little ones are completely covered with fibrous moss-turfs which are very warm, and protect the young grubs from the cold.

Ants, contrary to general opinion, do not lay up any stores for winter, but are benumbed through the whole of the cold season, although warm sunny days in the early spring, even before the snow has left the ground, will tempt them from their snug winter quarters.

Grasshoppers generally winter in the ground, in the egg, although some species are hatched out late in the fall, and conceal themselves during cold weather, in the stubble and dry grass. Crickets, for the most part, die on the approach of cold weather, although a few survive, and hide themselves under rocks and boards, and occasionally appear. Those that live in and about houses are to be found all winter in various stages of existence, their growth hastened by the heat of the fire-places which they especially haunt.

The full grown Squash and Clinch Bugs conceal themselves when winter is near at hand, the first named in crevices of houses, walls and fences, the latter on sundry plants, or on the ground under dry leaves, &c. The females of the Barklice, after laying their eggs, die, but remain affixed to the bark, their backs forming roofs, the better to protect the eggs from the storms of winter.

Two winged flies generally pass the winter in the pupa state, ready for work when the sun bids them push open the tops of the barrel-like coffins and creep out. Mosquitoes and gnats do the same, although even in the depths of winter specimens can be found sporting by the frozen edges of quiet ponds, wakened, as it would seem, somewhat prematurely from the general sleep.

I have now given you a general idea of what our insects are doing in the winter, and I hope you will look about you when the snow is on the ground, and all things appear dead or asleep, and see what you can find for yourselves, and I think your exertions will be well repaid, and your curiosity satisfied by many strange, and perhaps hitherto unknown facts.

If you will take a cigar box, or better a soap box, and fill it partly with fresh earth, and put a little vegetable mould and moss on the top of the earth, and place in the earth a number of grubs and chrysalids, putting them about as far down below the top as when you found them, taking care to keep the moss and mould moist and damp, not wet, the heat of the house will hasten the delivery of many beautiful and strange insects from their queer coverings. The top of the box must be covered with muslin, so that when they come up out of the grounnd they will not fly away.—*Riverside Magazine.*

From the Cultivator and Country Gentleman.

LETTERS TO FARMERS' DAUGHTERS.

Every-day Matters.

"An ounce of common sense is worth a bushel of learning."

"That is often lost in an hour which cost a lifetime."

My Dear Girls,—I propose to talk to you in this letter upon housekeeping, and matters in general. How much easier and less distasteful household duties might be made if they were entered into more heartily!

To see a young girl washing dishes, dressing vegetables, sweeping and dusting, with the ends of her fingers, and disgust marked upon every feature, does not give one an agreeable impression of either her temper or good sense. I do not deny that their is much in domestic work that is far from agreeable, but so there is in every department of labor. Therefore it becomes the part of wisdom to study dispatch, neatness, energy and cheerfulness; also the very best method of performing these duties.

All labor is performed with much better grace with some definite object in view. If you do it for *love's* sake, to lighten the load for a patient mother, or to save the expense of an additional girl to an already overburdened father—this might make you sing while you work. If you are hurrying through the morning duties, to get time for study, drawing, recreation, or to earn something towards some long-cherished plan—*this* will give alacrity to your step and courage to your heart.

If you will study *system, order* and *punctuality* in your household arrangements, you may save much time, strength and worry. As far as possible, certain days should be allotted to certain duties, such as cleaning paint and cupboards, brightening the silver and glass, sorting and mending the linen, &c. An abundance of holders, both for ironing and handling wood and cooking utensils, will save time and your hands. A mitten made of stout woolen cloth, kept hanging by the stove, is invaluable, if you care to keep your hands nice and comfortable. A sensible girl will not hesitate to put her hands to anything that may be needed, yet she is right in trying to preserve their beauty and neatness. A little Indian meal rubbed upon the hands when washing, with the aid of a nail brush, will do much towards keeping them nice.

Farmers' girls are expected to understand housekeeping, but sometimes a hard, barren life of toil begets in them a disgust, which leads to extreme carelessness and indifference in the nicer parts of home duties.

Beware of this, I pray you. Study grace and beauty in the folds of a curtain, the arrangement of a table, the position of a chair, —the amount of light and shade to give the right effect to all. Take the *prettiest* way of doing things, and you will soon discover a charm in toil, and the effect on your own natures will be ennobling. . . . .

Whatever your difficulties, *battle* with circumstances—work good out of ill. *Do* good, if you expect to receive good. Be faithful to every duty, and gather the sunbeams, which break through the rifts, that you may be prepared to receive the blaze of noontide happiness. . . . . .

Body and mind both require rest and relaxation at intervals, in order to maintain their full vigor. A *change* of employment will often afford rest, when entire inactivity would not. This is especially true with nervous, restless minds.

The gambols of animals, insects and birds remind us of the innocence of play.

A cheery laugh helps digestion, and brightens those that hear it. A half hour's exercise in the gymnasium is a rest to muscles overtaxed by one position; and any out of door employment, to those confined by sedentary habits to the house, is an amazing rest. I once heard an esteemed clergyman say that he cured himself of an alarming attack of dyspepsia and hypochondria by sawing wood daily for about six weeks!

Cheerful society and argumentative conversation brace and invigorate a debilitated mind.

Parents and husbands do not know they are sapping the vital energies when they discountenance all recreation, and would confine themselves and families to one weary round of toil.

Home amusements, pleasant surprises, material for a happy evening, should be as carefully studied and planned for as any department of labor.

Upon the daughters of a home falls a large share of obligation and privilege in this respect. Whether there shall be a happy evening at home, or an exciting one at the dance or billiard table, may be very much as the sisters say. Of course, I do not mean in words, but as you shall have strength and tact and influence to control.

See to it, my dear girls, that you are not casting shadows to darken both your own path and that of those you love, by indifference, thoughtlessness and selfishness on this subject; and when you go forth into new homes, resolve that there shall be *play* as well as *work*, if you would accomplish much and have fine spirits and firm health.

Yours for play and work too, T. S. H.

HOWARD AT ATLANTA.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Right in the track where Sherman
Ploughed his red furrow,
Out of the narrow cabin,
Up from the cellar's burrow,
Gathered the little black people,
With freedom newly dowered,
Where, beside their Northern teacher,
Stood the soldier, Howard.

He listened and heard the children
Of the poor and long-enslaved
Reading the words of Jesus,
Singing the songs of David.
Behold!—the dumb lips speaking,
The blind eyes seeing!—
Bones of the Prophet's vision
Warmed into being!

Transformed he saw them passing
Their new life's portal;
Almost it seemed the mortal
Put on the immortal.
No more with the beasts of burden,
No more with stone and clod,
But crowned with glory and honor
In the image of God!

There was the human chattel
Its manhood taking;
There, in each dark, bronze statue,
A soul was waking!
The man of many battles,
With tears his eyelids pressing,
Stretched over those dusky foreheads
His one-armed blessing.

And he said: "Who hears can never
Fear or doubt you:
What shall I tell the children
Up North about you?"

Then ran round a whisper, a murmur,
Some answer devising;
And a little boy stood up: "Massa,
Tell 'em we're rising!"

O black boy of Atlanta!
But half was spoken:
The slave's chain and the master's
Alike are broken.
The one curse of the races
Held both in tether;
They are rising,—all are rising,
The black and white together!

O brave men and fair women!
Ill comes of hate and scorning:
Shall the dark faces only
Be turned to morning?—
Make Time your sole avenger,
All-healing, all-redressing;
Meet Fate half-way, and make it
A joy and blessing!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Selected.

SPRING.

BY ELLWOOD ROBERTS.

The birds, with voices glad,
Rejoicing as they sing,
The fields, with verdure clad,
Proclaim the welcome Spring.

Old winter is undone,
His stormy reign is o'er,
The sun, the sovereign sun,
Asserts his power once more.

The icy gates unbarred,
The streamlets dance along;
Creation's joy unmarred
By one unthankful song.

We feel thee near, O God!
The doubter, where is he?
The man who looks abroad,
Looks, and perceives not Thee.

The man, if such there be,
Who in the Winter drear
Might fail to bow the knee,
Must surely worship here.

Lord, as Spring's blessed light,
Dispelling winter's gloom,
Clothes earth in garments bright,
Restores her youthful bloom;

So, let thy boundless love
Illumine every mind,
Doubt, selfishness remove,
Banish each thought unkind.

Gwynedd, 4th mo. 17th, 1868.

THE TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

Two gardeners had their crops of peas killed by the frost, one of whom, who had fretted greatly and grumbled at the loss, visiting his neighbor some time after, was astonished to see another fine crop growing, and inquired how it could be.

"These are what I sowed while you were fretting," was the reply.

"Why, don't you fret?"

"Yes, but I put it off till I had repaired the mischief."

"Why, then there's no need to fret at all."

"True, that's the reason I put it off."

RAW SUGAR—ITS IMPURITIES.

[The following article, written for the Wilmington "Daily Commercial," was read on Monday evening before the Friends' Social Lyceum, by Ferris Bringhurst, of this city, a practical chemist, who has lately investigated the subject and knows whereof he speaks.]

A few months since the attention of the writer was called to an extract from a paper on the "Acarus Sacchari," or Sugar insect, by Robert Niccol, Esq., of Greenock, Scotland; the reading of which excited the writer's interest in the matter, and induced him to obtain various samples of raw and refined sugars from our grocers, and subject them to microscopical examination, the results of which may not be without interest to the public.

The refined sugars of even the lowest grades, when mixed with water, made clear solutions of pleasant odor, containing little or no foreign matter save a very few woody and other fibres, derived from the barrel, or the dust of the shop, while the *raw* sugars, made solutions somewhat opaque, with decided odor of fermentation and containing considerable portions of cane, starchy and albuminous matter and a greater or less number of "Acari," or Sugar Insects.

The Cuba sugars seemed the most bountifully supplied with these insects, and the writer taking ten grains by weight from one sample, mixing with a teaspoonful of clear water in a wine glass and subjecting successive portions of the syrupy solution to examination with a low power (50 diameters) counted upwards of three hundred, leaving a goodly number on the sides of the glass still uncounted, and feels perfectly safe in saying that each pound of this sugar contained 250,000 (quarter of a million) of these insects.

Any one curious to see them, may readily do so by throwing a teaspoonful of *raw* sugar into a wine glass half full of clear water, when the "Acari," being air-breathing animals, will rise to the surface, looking like specks of dust, and being vigorous swimmers, the motions of the living may be seen by close observance under a good light with the naked eye.

The "Acarus Sacchari" or Sugar Insect is a very minute animal, having an oval body about thirteen-thousandths of an inch long and eight-thousandths of an inch broad, eight legs with hooked feet and a long proboscis, terminating in a kind of scissors with which it seizes upon its food.

It is closely allied to the "Acarus Scabiei" or Itch Insect, and like it has burrowing propensities, producing what is known as the "Grocer's Itch," which is mostly confined to the backs of the hands and wrists.

The animal enters the skin and at once begins to breed there, forming watery pustules accompanied by an excessive itching sensation. The patient naturally scratches the affected parts, when the pustules mostly become more or less inflamed and encrusted with scabs.

The new animals if not destroyed soon spread to other parts of the body or to other persons, thus communicating the disease as in the case of ordinary itch.

The two best known remedies for the disease are Sulphur and Carbolic Acid, either of which destroys the insect, and its effects soon disappear.

The writer has observed a greatly increased demand for and sale of itch ointments since the first year of the rebellion, and attributed the spread of it partly to the accumulation of large masses of men in the field without home comforts and cleanliness, and necessarily deprived of the accustomed change of clothing, and partly to the vastly increased circulation of paper money, but now also looks upon the extensive use of *raw* sugar as a prolific source of the disease.

If grocers are affected by handling raw sugar, the possibility of its introduction into families who use this variety is quite apparent; at any rate the reflection is by no means a pleasant one that from each teaspoonful used one swallows several thousand "acari," dead or alive, according to the temperature of his tea or coffee.

The acarus is never found in refined sugars of any grade: first, because it cannot pass through the charcoal filters of the refinery, and second, because it requires a nitrogenous (albuminous) diet, of which the sugar is deprived during the process of refining.

In view of the fact that raw sugars, now selling at 15 to 16 cents per pound, contain a large per centage of moisture, vast numbers of these disgusting insects, and a considerable portion of other impurities, the false economy in their use is quite apparent when the refined article free from all objectionable matter may be obtained at 17 cents for brown and 18 to 20 for white, the recent advance in prices being due to the revolt on the island of Cuba, which is perhaps the greatest sugar producing district in the world.

So long as children, whether young men or maidens, ever come with unhesitating confidence to their parents, and tell them all their troubles and temptations, the parents can keep them under a guiding and controlling hand; but as soon as they begin to conceal their offences, and especially their temptations, from their parents, they are in great danger of being overcome by evil.

LIFE AMONG OUR ANCESTORS.

The customs, manners, literature, architecture, history, everything, in fine, pertaining to England, previous to the seventeenth century, may be regarded as the common ancestral property of all John Bull's progeny, wherever scattered over the world. To a large majority of our readers, therefore, whatever throws light upon the olden times of Great Britain can never cease to be of interest.

The whale was eaten by the Saxons, and when men were lucky enough to get it, it appeared at the table late in the fifteenth century. In 1246, Henry III. directed the Sheriff of London to purchase one hundred pieces for his table. Whales found on the coast were perquisites of royalty; they were cut up and sent to the king's kitchen in carts. Edward II. gave a reward of twenty shillings to three mariners who caught a whale near London Bridge.

Those found on the banks of the Thames were claimed by the Lord Mayor, and added to the civic feast. Pieces of whale were often purchased in the thirteenth century for the table of the Countess of Leicester. England was supplied with this choice dainty by the fishermen of Normandy, who made it an article of commerce. The Normans had various ways of cooking it; sometimes it was roasted and brought to the table on a spit; but the usual way was to boil it and serve it with peas. Epicures looked out for a slice from the tongue or the tail. The grampus or sea-wolf was also highly esteemed; but of all the blubber dainties the porpoise was deemed the most savory. The Saxons called it sea-swine, and the ecclesiastics of the middle ages porco-marino. Porpoises were purchased for the table of Henry III. in 1246.

In the reign of Henry II., the whole stock of a carpenter's tools was valued at one shilling, and consisted of a broad-axe, an adze, a square and a spoke-shave. "There were very few chimneys; the fire was laid to the wall, and the smoke issued out the roof, or door, or window, and the furniture and utensils were of wood. The people slept on straw pallets, with a log of wood for a pillow." Even as late as the time of Elizabeth, 1558, it is stated that apologies were made to visitors if they could not be accommodated in rooms provided with chimneys. They had few glass windows, and when glass was introduced, it was for a long time so scarce, that when people went away they would order the windows taken out and laid up in safety.

In the fourteenth century none but the clergy wore linen. The household furniture, among the wealthy, consisted of an occasional brass pot, a brass cup, a gridiron, a rug or two, and perhaps a towel. Of chairs and tables we hear nothing. Even the nobility sat upon the chests in which they kept their clothes. If a man in seven years after marriage could purchase a flock bed and a sack of chaff to rest his head upon, he thought himself as well lodged as the lord of the town.

In addition to this poverty of what seems to us absolute necessities, the houses and the people were exceedingly dirty. Erasmus, a celebrated scholar of the land, who visited England, complains that "the nastiness of the people was the cause of the frequent plagues which destroy them;" and he says their floors are commonly of clay, strewed with rushes, under which lay unmolested a collection of beer, grease, fragments, bones, spittle, excrement of dogs and cats, and of everything that is nauseous.

Their tables were as miserably supplied as their dwellings. They had little fresh meat, but salted most of their cattle and swine in November, upon which they mostly depended through the winter. Very few vegetables of any kind came upon their tables. It is stated that in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII. not a cabbage, turnip, carrot or other edible root grew in England.

The average duration of human life was, at that period, not one-half as long as at the present day. The constant use of salted meat, and a few or no vegetables, contributed to the shortening of life, to say nothing of the large number swept away by pestilence and famine. —*Evening Bulletin.*

LEARN A TRADE.

Why is it that the proportion of young men in this country, who turn out badly, is so much larger than it used to be? Every moralist, and in fact every close observer, knows that the proportion of shiftless, good-for-nothing young men has largely increased within the last few years, particularly in this and other large cities, but those who discuss the subject seem to be at a loss for the true explanation. In our judgment the question is one of very easy solution. We attribute it to the spirit of false pride which induces parents to put their boys into stores and offices, rather than to apprentice them to good trades.

In this city, at the present time, merchants, bankers, insurance men and others of this class, are overrun with applications from parents who want situations for their boys, but manufacturers find it almost impossible to get apprentices. It was not so in former times. Fifty years ago—much later, in fact—parents generally regarded a trade as something essential in the preparation of their boys for the battle of life. Even men whose circumstances did not require them to do

manual work, made it a point to have their boys learn trades, in order to give them practical ideas about business, to make them industrious, and also to furnish them some thing to fall back upon in case of adversity. How is it now? Mechanics, and laboring men, even, have too generally imbibed the idea that they ought to place their boys a peg above the drudgery of manual labor. They seem to think that they are not doing justice to them unless they place them in positions where they can wear "nobby" clothes and keep their hands white. There never was a greater mistake.

Look at the leading men in our country, from the President down, and you will see that as a rule it is the men who learned trades in their youth who have become foremost in every branch of progress and enterprise. The boy who is placed in a store or office usually gets his head full of vanity and self-conceit before he has been long in his position. He acquires an inordinate love of dress, and soon becomes so puffed up in his own estimation that practical common sense can find no lodgment in his brain. His aim is to dress as well and live as high as those with whom he comes in contact, and he is quite likely to go from habits of extravagance to habits of dissipation.

We do not wish to be understood as saying that this is the road which all boys travel who do not learn trades. We simply say that such is the tendency, and it requires a boy of good mind, fortified by good early training, to resist the temptation. The boy who is put to a trade, on the other hand, gives vanity but little chance to get hold of him. He acquires practical ideas about business; his habits are moulded by frugality and economy, and he lays the foundation of a good, useful and industrious citizen. The idea that manual labor is not respectable is one of the absurdities. No person with good reasoning brains will say anything of the kind, and those silly creatures who do say so, are generally the degenerate scions of hard-working mechanics. Boys, whether rich or poor, high or low, ought to learn a trade—not that they should always work at it, but that they may have it as reserve capital, together with its influence in forming their character.—*New York Sun.*

We have received from the Provident Life and Trust Company a "Comparative Statement of Mortality in the Society of Friends and that of the General Population of the city of Philadelphia from 1800 to 1869."

Omitting the full tables, we publish the deductions which accompany them:

	Friends per 1000.	*Philada. per* 1000.	*Advantage of Friends.*
Proportionate Mortality (in 1st year)	124.66	180.38	44.70 p. ct.
Average Proportionate Mortality, from 20 to 60 inclusive, (the term during which insurances are most frequently effected)	14 25	17.58	23.37 "
	Years.	*Years.*	
*Probability of Life (vie probabie)	48 08	33 44	43 78
†General Expectation (at birth)	43.73	35 09	24.62 "
Greatest Vitality. Age 12	310.56	257.74	20.49 "

If no diminution of vitality occurred in those existing at that age, the above is the term of life that would be reached by some one of those living.

ITEMS.

The focus of the earthquake of August 13th was near the Peruvian city of Arica. The first shocks were felt at a quarter past five P. M. The earthquake wave reached the harbor of Lyttleton, New Zealand, at a quarter before five on the morning of the 15th. Making the allowance of time required by a difference in longitude of 243 deg. 18 min., we find that the wave was 19 hours and 17 minutes in making a distance of 7,200 miles. This makes 368 miles per hour, or 540 feet per second, or about half the velocity of a cannon ball. Such a wave is called a wave of translation, in which the water moves bodily forward and backward like the air in sound waves, in distinction from ordinary waves of oscillation. The velocity of earthquake waves gives us the only known method, besides that of actual soundings, for discovering the depth of the ocean, as the depth is one element in the mathematical formula which governs the velocity of waves of translation. These observations show that the depth of the Pacific Ocean has been greatly overestimated. Soundings are liable to be very unreliable, from the existence of deep currents, which may carry the line a great distance from the perpendicular.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Envelope Room of the Treasury Bureau.—Here a steel cutter, like an inverted tin dish with sharp edges, is placed on a pile of paper under a press. One turn at the lever and it has cut out 500 envelopes. Next, still open, they are spread 100 upon a board, each lapping over the others, so that a strip of one-eight of an inch along its upper edge is left exposed. Over this a girl, with a brush spreads the mucilage which the writer is to moisten at last when ready to seal his letter. Then the board with a score of others, is placed on a frame and exposed to the air. After this gum on the upper flaps grows dry, the envelopes, while yet without a fold, are laid in thick bunches on a magical, voracious, impatient little machine. It seizes them with hungry teeth, instantly brushes mucilage upon each end and the lower flap, folds the four flaps in, tightly seals the three lower ones, leaving the other unfastened for the reception of the letter, and there is your envelope! This cunning, wonderful automation, no longer than a sewing machine, thus folds, seals and flings out 2,000 per hour.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

* Probability of Life.—Out of 10,000 born in the Society of Friends, nearly 5000 die before reaching the age of 48; that age is therefore the probability of life; the probability of any one dying before reaching that age being as great as of surviving it.

† General Expectation.—Out of 10,000 born under same conditions as above, the 5000 dying under 48 will attain an average of about 17 years.

The 5000 dying over 48 will attain an average of about 71 years. The mean between these two, to wit, 44 years, is therefore the *general expectation.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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"*Speech of* HON. WALTER A. BURLEIGH, *of Dakota, on the subject of Indian Affairs in the United States and Territories, delivered in the House of Representatives, Feb.* 9, 1869."

(Continued from page 36.)

The Cherokee treaty was concluded at New Echota, in 1835, notoriously without authority on the part of the Indians. The chiefs who negotiated it, or, to speak more plainly, from whom it was extorted, were few in number and not recognized as such by their people, but acted without authority, and in direct opposition to a vast majority of the Cherokee nation. The treaty conceded to us about eleven million acres of the best land in Georgia and Alabama, then held by this semi-civilized people, and to a great extent cultivated by them. The consideration was merely nominal. Every student of American history must remember the excitement which this treaty produced throughout the country and the influence it exerted upon our national politics. When the treaty was presented in the Senate, Mr. Clay offered a protest against its ratification, and proposed to adopt in its place this resolve:

"That the instrument purporting to be a treaty concluded at New Echota between the United States and the chiefs and head men of the Cherokees was not made and concluded by authority of the Cherokee nation competent to bind it, and therefore the Senate cannot consent to advise the ratification thereof."

The treaty was confirmed, however, after a long discussion—by a strict party vote and by a majority of one only—unjust and fraudulent as it was. Its execution was decreed and insisted upon by the Government in spite of the continued remonstrances and determined opposition of a vast majority of the Cherokee nation. This majority maintained that they were not in any manner bound to the fulfillment of the treaty to which they had never assented, and resolved that they would not remove from their country in compliance with its stipulations, if it were possible to avoid it. Government decided to effect the removal by force, if necessary, and Georgia raised a large body of volunteers to aid in the ignoble design. General Scott was ordered to New Echota to accomplish the removal, peaceably if possible, but at the point of the bayonet if need be. The inflamed and greedy volunteers were already on the ground, with claims in their pockets for the land, which had been divided in advanee between them by a sort of lottery. A gentleman who was in Georgia at the time, and had an opportunity to hear General Scott freely express his sentiments upon the subject of his mission, was curious enough to reduce his remarks to writing immediately after they were uttered. The memory of General Scott deserves that these words should be made public; they were literally as follows. He said:

"I am charged with the execution of the treaty with the Cherokees, by which they are to remove on the 23d of the present month, (May, 1837.) I am to cause the treaty to be carried into effect and the Indians to remove, peacefully if possible, but forcibly if necessary. I shall make the bayonet the very last resort, and shall consider it very unfortunate for the country if blood is shed in enforcing the treaty. Georgia, Alabama, South Carolina and Tennessee are impatient for the execution of the treaty, but it must be remembered that there are twenty-two other States in the Union, and the whole Union is committed in this thing. If there be butchery in the business depend upon it there will be a cry of horror throughout the country. It will be a stain upon the annals of our country—a damning disgrace. There is a very strong feeling in a large portion of the country of injustice in compelling the Cherokees to remove under this treaty, and I repeat it, should there be butchery in the matter we shall be damned to everlasting fame in a large portion of the country, in Europe and throughout the civilized world, in song, in poetry, in oratory, in the pulpit, and in the lasting records of history; and who would wish to connect himself with such infamy?

"The treaty was made by about three-tenths of the Cherokee nation and seven-tenths are in opposition to it and will not go till they are carried away. The President says the treaty is the supreme law of the land, and Congress says so, too, and it is not for me, a soldier, to disobey their orders in regard to it."

Those who had been the active parties in making this treaty were already on the ground "with their patents in their pockets," "eager to seize the land." The cupidity of our own people had conceived and completed this wholesale act of robbery upon these poor Indians. With the Cherokees and kindred tribes about this time our wholesale system of national rapacity towards this people was thoroughly inaugurated. These and kindred acts of disgraceful injustice were construed by many of our people into a national license to the commission of every act of cruelty and wrong toward the whole Indian race, and from that time to the present have served as a pretext or excuse for any and every act of fraud toward this people. But, sir, the commission of this great crime on the part of our Government was followed by others of a similar nature. Old treaties were abrogated by the arbitrary and despotic mandates of Federal authority, aud new ones prescribed and forced upon the poor Indians at the point of the bayonet whenever their lands were wanted, and the Indians refused to surrender their right to them peaceably.

By the treaties between the Government and the Creeks of 1790, 1796, 1802, 1805, 1814, 1818, and 1821, the United States, by its commissioners, guaranteed to the Creek nation the perpetual right to all the lands occupied by them in the State of Georgia. In the ratification of these treaties, the Senate of the United States, as a part of the treaty-making power of the Government, indorsed the bond and affixed the seal to it! The House of Representatives gave its sanction by making the necessary appropriations to carry each of these successive treaties into effect. By these negotiations the Government not only bound itself to secure to the Indians the peaceful and undisputed possession of their lands, but obligated itself to protect them in their full and free enjoyment. (See Statutes-at-Large, vol. 7, page 35, articles five and six of treaty.) And not only this, but they guaranteed them full and ample protection against the rapacity of all white intruders who should attempt to invade their country.

By seven solemn treaties with the Creeks, by eleven equally solemn negotiations with the Cherokees, and as many more with the Chickasaw and Choctaw nations, between the years 1785 and 1825, the Government of the United States, in consideration of the cession of a part of their territory, guaranteed perpetual possession and perfect security in the enjoyment of their rights. To these Indians national faith was plighted, and so often broken. National guaranties of security were given to the Indian without the intention of keeping faith. A system of robbery, rapine, and murder was here inaugurated by Federal sanction and by Federal action, which has resulted in degrading brutalizing, and annihilating the Indian race.

But there is another example still more striking than these. In the darkest hour of our revolutionary war with Great Britain, when our forefathers were struggling for life against the gigantic power and vast resources of the mother country, the proud mistress of the ocean, a flickering ray of hope was shed on the gloom overshadowing their cause by two treaties of alliance made with the United States, one on the part of France and the other on the part of the Delaware nation, both of them concluded with great solemnity and ratified by acts of Congress in 1778. Great Britain had subsidized the Six Nations, the Mohawks, the Iroquois, and other tribes, and armed them to aid the troops of the Crown in their efforts to defeat the colonial forces. The emissaries of George III had circulated reports among the Indian tribes that the United States designed to extirpate the Indians and take possession of their country; and it was necessary to pledge the faith

of the Government to the Delawares by that solemn treaty so as to arrest the disasters of the war, and secure the aid and co-operation of that powerful nation. On the 17th of September, 1788, the said treaty was concluded at Fort Pitt under the title of "Articles of agreement and confederation," made and entered into by Andrew and Thomas Lewis, Esqs., commissioners for and in behalf of the United States, of one part, and Captain White-Eyes, Captain John Kill-Buck, Jr., and Captain Pipe, deputies and chief men of the Delaware nation of the other part. By this treaty all former offenses were mutually forgiven, and perpetual peace and friendship declared to subsist between the United Stated and the Delaware nation from thenceforth through all succeeding generations; a perpetual alliance, offensive and defensive, declared; an engagement on the part of the Delawares to aid the United States by furnishing their best and most expert warriors; to permit the United States troops to pass through the lands of the Delaware nation; to supply the colonial troops with corn, meat, horses, and everything else within their power. And in order that the old men, women and children of the Indians should be protected while their warriors were battling for their own liberties and the liberties of our fathers, the United States agreed to build a fort to shelter and defend them against the dreaded attacks of the Mohawks and the Six Nations, and garrison it with United States troops if any could be spared.

The fourth article provides for the administration of justice by impartial trials before judges or juries of both parties, according to the laws, customs and usages of the contracting parties, and for the surrender and delivery of criminals, fugitives, servants, and slaves escaping from the respective States of the Delaware nation and the United States.

The fifth article declares that the confederation entered into by the Delaware nation and the United States renders the Indians dependent on us for clothing, equipments and munitions of war; to provide for which an Indian trading agent is to be appointed by the United States, with an adequate salary, whose chief aim is to be the advancement of the mutual interests of the confederating parties.

The sixth article recites that—

"The enemies of the United States have endeavored by every artifice in their power to possess the Indians in general with an opinion that it is the design of the States aforesaid to extirpate the Indians and take possession of their country; to obviate such false suggestions the United States do engage to guarantee to the aforesaid nation of Delaware and their heirs all their territorial rights in the most ample manner, as it hath been bounded by former treaties, as long as they, the said Delaware nation, shall abide by and hold fast the chain of friendship now entered into. And it is further agreed on between the contracting parties, should it be found conducive for the mutual interest of both parties, to invite any other tribes who have been friends to the interest of the United States to join the present confederation, and to form a State whereof the Delaware nation shall be the head, and have a representation in Congress."

By the law of nations this treaty bound the United States to protect the rights thus guaranteed to the Delaware nation. The territorial right to a State as large as Pennsylvania was expressly conceded to the Delawares as a nation by this treaty. It was under these promises and guarantees that the most expert and best warriors of that nation went forth to battle for the cause of liberty for themselves and our forefathers. Many of the best scouts were drawn from the warriors of the Delawares. Six hundred effective warriors were furnished General Washington by this devoted tribe during one season. The United States and the Delawares were both fighting on the same issue—for independence of the British Crown and of all the world. The brave warriors of the Indian nation fought our battles; the tribe supplied our troops with food and horses; we paid them in continental money, unredeemed specimens of which remain among the Delawares to this day; the war of independence closed with a halo of glory; the celebrated Delaware chief, Hengue Pushees, had won the rank of Lieutenant Colonel for his courage, daring and efficiency as a scout. He was gratefully thanked by General Washington for his invaluable services in the war of the Revolution; and this red hero, with his brave followers went home to their wigwams to prepare for the admission of their State into the Union.

Where are they now? Alas! their braves are no more; their hearts have been broken by our ingratitude, by our base refusal to keep our treaty stipulations. On the 21st of January, 1785, (see Indian Treaties, page 16,) they are removed with the Wyandotts to Ohio and Indiana; this is to be the new State promised them. On the 9th of January, 1789, (page 28,) a part of the land ceded is taken away; on the 3d of August, 1795, (page 49,) many other Indian tribes are placed on the Delaware lands; in June, 1803, (page 74,) their boundaries are diminished; on the 18th of August, 1804, (page 81,) they surrender more of their lands; on the 4th of July, 1805, (page 87,) a new boundary is es-

tablished, and on the 21st of August, 1805, (page 95,) the Delawares released to the United States a portion of their lands; on the 30th of September, 1809, (page 113,) another cession is made to the United States, and the United States commissioners pretended that the lands allotted to the Delawares and Wyandotts belonged to the Miamis; on the 22d of July, 1814, (page 118,) the war with Great Britain induced us to make a second war treaty with the Delawares to procure their aid, and to make a second faithless promise to establish the boundaries of their lands forever; on the 8th of September, 1815, (page 131,) the United States recognized the fidelity of the Delawares in taking up the tomahawk and going on the war path in defence of their unselfish allies, of the pale faces; on the 3d of October, 1818, they ceded all their lands in Indiana, the Ohio lands having been ceded before; they removed to the White river in Missouri and Arkansas, and on the 24th of September, 1829, (page 236,) they are removed to the lands between the Kansas and Missouri rivers, and a broken fragment of the nation that had gone to Cape Girardeau, in 1793, where they had received a grant from the Spanish governor for lands west of the Mississppi, was also driven west of Missouri into Kansas. But they are to hold these Kansas lands forever; this was to be their last removal; the boundaries were fixed by two large rivers, and the other two lines made the square complete which they were to hold forever. They were now happy; they had made great progress in agriculture and manufactures, in the rasing of horses, sheep and cattle; and another fragment of the nation had been removed from a fertile, beautiful tract of land on the Sandusky river to a permanent home in Kansas, under the promise that the Delaware nation should thereby be united under one head, and that thirty-six sections of land should be appropriated for the establishment of schools for the education of the Delaware children.

(To be continued.)

PERCEPTION.

To know from perception is entirely other than to learn from doctrine; they who know by perception have no need of the knowledge acquired in the way of systematized doctrines; as, for the sake of illustration, he who knows how to think well has no occasion to be taught to think by any rules of art; for hereby his faculty of thinking well would perish, as with those who abide in the scholastic dust. To such as proceed by perception, it is given from the Lord to know what is good and true by an internal way; but to such as proceed by doctrine, knowledge is given by an external way, or that of the bodily senses; and the difference is as between light and darkness.—*Rays of Light.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

NOTHING TO DO.

We not unfrequently hear expressions of this kind by way of excuse for leaving the simple faith of the Society of Friends, adopting the formulas of the day, and giving strength and support to those things for which our forefathers suffered the loss of earth's choicest comforts and most desirable possessions. "The Elders," say they, "do all the work; they open no avenues for the exercise of youthful ardor and energies." I would say to all disposed to take this view: One higher than man stands at the door and knocks, and if admitted He will tell thee what to do,—when and how to do it. If we set each other to work, we may mistake the calling or the ability, and impose burdens heavy to be borne. Not so with the Head of the Church. He knows exactly what part belongs to us, and where our right place is; and if we come to Him, He will fit us for it, and place us in it, and help us through and over all the difficulties we may have to encounter. This sentiment has been so fully established among Friends as to induce a care not to urge any forward into active service, lest the branches outgrow the root and cause it finally to wither and die. But I cannot think for a moment that there is one among those advanced in life, in our organization, that would not hail with delight the least manifestation of interest in the young and in the children, to lend their aid in any way to strengthen the good. There is work enough for all; our Father's vineyard is very large; many kinds of service are needed; some that is not very pleasant, but to complete the work it all has to be done: to root up the plants He has not planted, to stir the soil, to guard from all that would destroy, to watch the times and seasons, to prune away the luxurient offshoots, leaving the residue open to sunshine and shower, that it may flourish and bear fruit. "For herein is our Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." We read in the parable of one that waited for men to hire him. How long he had stood a mere looker on we are not told; his time was wasting away, when in mercy a summons came that dissipated the stupor and roused him to action. The Lord of the vineyard came and supplied what men had left undone. Let none say there is nothing to do. The command is imperative now as in days of old, "Go ye into my vineyard and labor." We are not invited to eat the fruit without the labor, and if we were, it would not be so

sweet to the taste. Seek not for great things, but willingly embrace the least opening for usefulness. The cup of cold water given in the love of discipleship has its reward. May all be so wise as to cultivate the little seed of divine life and love that is sown in the heart by the Father of mercies, who calls all to glory and to virtue, not doubting but that He will give to each his due, even a place in His house, and a name better than that "of sons or of daughters," yes, an everlasting name, that shall not be cut off: a membership in that Church of which it is written, "I have graven thee on the palms of my hands, thy walls are continually before me." To look after the lonely and desolate in their secluded abodes, is a ministration of kindness and mercy our Father in heaven will bless,—to cast a silent glance around and see what is wanting that we have power to supply. If we can do no more, we can certify the fact that our hearts beat with tenderness and love toward all, especially the children of affliction, penury and want, not forgetting the poor convict in his cell, withering in agony with a guilty conscience. O! let none say there is *nothing to do* here in this world of sin and sorrow. Let young and old unite and work while we may. Dig up the buried talents and put them into the exchange ere we are called to a final account.

"Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate,"—yes the very lowest,—and offer a helping hand to these, for so did the highest of all God's messengers, the despised Nazarene. He always found enough to do, from early morn till evening called the multitudes to their homes to seek refreshment and rest. And when exhaustion came upon them too overpowering to accomplish this, he exerted the power given him to multiply the little and satisfied them ere they dispersed. Many are the ways open by which we too may bless each other and add to the general welfare, if we will lift up our eyes and see "the fields already white unto harvest." Then never again need the words pass our lips, "There is nothing to do."

3*d mo.*, 1869. S. HUNT.

Boasting of the past is a poor way to achieve success for the future. He who rests satisfied with a victory will soon experience a defeat. Christians especially must never relax their zeal; for if they suspend their toils, and begin to recount their triumphs they have won, they may shortly lament their hasty exultation, and repent their failures and their sins. While we go forward, we are safe; when we stop, we are preparing to turn back.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

OUR NATURE IN HARMONY WITH THE DIVINE WILL.

Of more importance to a human being than aught else is a knowledge of himself and his relation to the Infinite Mind; and nothing is more conducive to the growth and advancement of the intellectual and moral powers, than a just conception of the rich gifts with which man has been endowed. In order to become acquainted with these spiritual possessions, it is of great moment that the knowledge be sought through the proper medium. In this way conflicting theories are avoided, and through the unfoldings of heavenly wisdom there is a clear perception of the capacities of thought and action, and man, by an acquaintance with them, is led to honor and reverence the Author of his being. It is only in proportion as the mind progresses that it receives a knowledge of itself, for the clearest expositions of its powers cannot be understood unless they are interpreted through experience. As we are impressed with the magnitude of our subject, we are ready to adopt the language of the Psalmist, "I will praise Thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made—marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well." Truly, a human being, viewed as consisting of a body as well as mind, is a beautiful whole. In the lowest as in the highest capacity, there is an important use. The principle usually denominated self-love or self-regard is not to be crushed out. The inclination to excess is the chief moral danger, which requires the balance of a well-regulated mind to keep it in check. "What I say unto one I say unto all, Watch." If this watch be maintained, we shall find that the propensities of our nature are not hostile to our good—it being only when they obtain the ascendency, and are not subject to the controlling influence of the good spirit, that they become the source of guilt or misery. The desire is that we should not fall into the error of disparaging the gifts with which we have been endowed by a beneficent Creator, and which form so important a part of our being as inhabitants of this lower sphere. The doctrine of original sin has had an extended influence in creating almost a contempt for self, an evil perhaps as pernicious as its opposite pride; and it is for those whose faith perceives the perfection of innocence and purity in the infant as it comes from the hands of the Infinite, to counteract the evil by acknowledging more fully the image in which man was created. This subject, properly regarded, will not create a false estimate of the human powers, inducing a "*creaturely activity*" adverse to the regulations of the spirit, but will have the

effect rather in the more intimate acquaintance with ourselves, to bring us into a realization of our dependence upon the Author of our being for temporal as well as spiritual blessings. After alluding to the difficulties of bringing men to a more just conception of their "inward gifts," because of the incredulity of many minds in relation to these latent powers, one of deep religious experience has written. . . . "Still we do not despair of meeting some response, though faint, in multitudes. Such a spirit as God has breathed into man, cannot easily exist, without giving some signs of its divine original. In most men there are some revelations of their own nature, some beams of a light which belongs not to the earth; some sympathies with what is good and great in character, some perceptions of beauty, some gushings from the deep fountain of love in the soul, some thirstings for a purer happiness, some experience of the peculiar joy of a disinterested deed, some dim conceptions at least of their intimate relations to God. Most men understand through experience these testimonies to the secret wealth and immortal destination of the soul; while in not a few, such a measure of intellectual and moral power has been called forth, that nothing is needed but a wise direction of their thoughts upon themselves, to open to them the magnificent prospect of their own spiritual energy, and of the unbounded good into which it may be unfolded. Faith in what man contains as a germ in his own breast, faith in what he may become, in what he was framed to be, in that state of power, light, purity and joy to which Jesus Christ came to exalt him,—this faith seems to us the quickening, saving, renovating principle which God sent his Son to revive in the soul, and happy are they who can spread its empire in the world. It is God's pleasure, in his provisions for the mind, as well as for the body, to give us in a rude state the materials of good, and to leave us to frame from them, amid much conflict, a character of moral and religious excellence; and in this ordination we see his wise benevolence; for by this we may rise to the unutterable happiness of a free and moral union with our Creator. We ought to add that the obstructions to the love of God do not lie wholly in ourselves. Perhaps the greatest is a false theology. This interposes thick clouds between the soul and its Maker. It darkens and dishonors God and his works, and leaves nothing to sustain our trust and love. Religion, if it be true, is central truth, and all knowledge which is not gathered round it and quickened and illuminated by it is hardly worthy the name. To this great theme we would summon all orders of mind,—the scholar, the statesman, the student of nature, and the observer of life. Men of the highest intellect should feel, that, if there be a God, then his character and our relation to Him throw all other subjects into obscurity, and that the intellect, if not consecrated to Him, can never attain its true use, its full dimensions and its proper happiness."

Philadelphia, 3d mo., 1869. T.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

INAPPROPRIATE LANGUAGE.

Very many people, and not unfrequeutly those designated Friends, make use of language to children that requires more mature age and a riper understanding to comprehend. Common among these expressions, and some that has caused me not a little uneasiness, are the words "devil" and "hell," uttered without the accompanying definition to render their meaning clear to the young mind.

We may be reminded that the Saviour and many of the ancient worthies used such language,—which is true; but they were addressed to a people who had not emerged from under a shadowy dispensation; a people for whom it was expedient that some outward manifestation should be used to convey an idea of the inward teachings of the Spirit. With the Jews, who were to be led from the observance of shadows to the substance, a shadow must be used. Thus the term "devil," to represent the evil spirit or fallen nature in man; and if a being and iudividualized, he must be located; so the term "hell or hinnum" for his place of abode was appropriate and comprehensible.

But why continue these terms when shadows are no longer requisite to direct to the substance? Why should we not abandon the use of such illustrations, and give the plain and unmistakable language, as the evil spirit, the disposition to sin, the inordinate desire after things that lie without the path of rectitude?

Early impressions are very properly said to be the most lasting; then how important that they should be correct. Not only does this great duty devolve upon parents, but it should rest heavily upon the shoulders of publishers of primary works.

How many there are in this enlightened country (as we are pleased to call it) who believe in the existence of a great lake of burning brimstone as a place of future punishment. Is not this the effect of early impressions originating in ignorance, and those who thus imbibed the idea having failed to receive the truth?

Milton, Ind.

Take heed of thine own heart; there thou wilt find all evil; there only canst thou meet with God, and with all good.—*Wm. Law.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

DRESS.

Some time last autumn, there was published, in one of our best weekly papers, a letter from its editor, who was then recreating amid the beautiful scenery of the White Mountains. Amongst other things he wrote in substance as follows: "We have staying here a pleasant company of *'Friends;'* and although I cannot endorse all their peculiar views, I hope they will long be preserved as a Society, if for no other reason than to bear their testimony in regard to plainness of dress. The attire of those here is so neat and beautiful, that it is indeed in pleasing contrast with the gaudy butterflies of fashion by whom they are surrounded."

I thought upon reading it I would like to call the attention of our dear young people to the fact that it is not alone in the view of Friends that a plain dress is pleasing. The extent to which rich and costly dress and profuse trimming are now carried, are certainly alarming enough to awaken concerned minds in regard to its tendency. Not that I would wish to see every one attired in the peculiar garb by which members of our Society are recognized; for in times past no doubt harm has been done by enforcing too strict an adherence to it; but simply to call attention to the great importance of *simplicity.* There are so many avenues for the right use of money, that even if blessed with abundance, are we doing right to spend so large an amount upon dress? Certainly much might be saved after *good taste* was gratified, that might do so much good if applied to charitable purposes. I know we differ as to what constitutes beauty, but a *refined mind* cannot fail to see beauty in simplicity. And has it not been well said, that the best evidence of being dressed with good taste is, that the observer does not notice what is worn.

Let those of us who are mothers encourage our daughters to make little sacrifices from their wardrobes to be bestowed in some good cause; and, above all, let us not by *our own* example show them that *we* attach an undue value to personal adornment.

As a Society, we do not *give* enough. Surely our early Friends, whom we so love to quote, did not scruple to use of their money to promulgate their testimonies. Let us follow their example, and deny ourselves luxuries to elevate the people. Our Publication Society is crippled for want of means,—Swarthmore College wants funds to push it to rapid completion; and if these are not objects of interest to some, let each one give of his abundance to that charity which in his view is most beneficial. But let us not become a rich people, living luxuriously, unmindful of the many useful objects that are calling for aid on every side. The mention of Swarthmore College calls to mind a concern felt by many Friends who are anxiously looking towards it for their children. They are querying, "Can we afford to dress our children to go there?" It is earnestly hoped that those having in charge the framing of rules to regulate the establishment, while not proscribing any *uniform* dress, will at least discourage the wearing of costly dresses and *jewelry,*—and, may we not add, *excessive trimming.*

In conclusion, I would say to those of our young people who *do* practise self-denial in dress, that if they only knew how much influence they thus exercised over those of slender means, they would feel amply repaid for the sacrifice.

* * *

A GOOD RULE.

A gentleman, who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied: "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money till I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in a day, I must do that the first thing, and in an hour. And after this I was allowed to play; and then I could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I easily formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became easy to do so. It is to this I owe, under God's blessing, my prosperity."

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Since it was my privilege to unite with thee and our dear friends in Western New York in harmonious labor, my mind has often recurred to it with thankfulness for the Master's help; for although bowed under the feeling of being a stranger in a strange land, yet His presence was near to aid in the occupancy of the talents conferred by Him. The right use of these gifts is the only way to peace; and in order to perceive what is required, it is necessary that the spiritual eye be kept single and the servant be often found dwelling alone with God. Each one thus centering to the gift, the heart becomes filled with divine love, and in its aboundings, patience, forbearance and charity are exercised by one towards another, and the disposition to judge our brethren is removed. In this way we deepen in the root of true religion, the love of the world being also overcome. I believe the trial of the faith of ministers of the gospel is more

precious than "fine gold;" and I feel the language applicable to me—Watch, keep the word in patience, that thou may be kept in the hour of temptation. In the engagement to visit the families of our Monthly Meeting, I have felt my own nothingness to an extent that my "judgment has been taken away." In this passive state I have been led many times, as one both blind and deaf, but blessed be the name of the great I AM, He has been near not only to open the eye and unstop the ear, but He has also been "mouth and wisdom, tongue and utterance." Let none fear to make a full surrender of their all to Him who continues to fashion his own instruments, and to send by whom He will send.

This new year has not dawned upon *us* joyously or cloudlessly. The wishing of "A Happy New Year" has fallen like a weight upon my spirit the past five years, *every one of them* having brought to me some *great affliction* or sore trial: and now I look no longer hopefully on the future of this present life. Beyond in the higher and brighter sphere I have faith and hope that "the wicked will cease from troubling and the weary be at rest." I desire to possess my soul in patience, and not give way to repining; for although my sensitive heart has had much to suffer, my path has had blessings innumerable of which I was never worthy.

A visit from thee is anticipated with pleasure. None but an invalid can fully know the invaluable blessing of an evidence of interest from those who are gratified to feel with the afflicted. In my case it has imparted strength to a degree that has enabled me to adopt the language, "Magnified and adored be the name of Israel's Shepherd." When the waves and billows have threatened to overwhelm me, such seasons of spiritual refreshment have occasioned me to ascend on the wings of faith and love, and in humble confidence to say, "Though thou hast afflicted, yet will I trust in Thee."

Great is the sympathy my spirit feels for thee in the service called for at thy hand, yet I believe that commensurate with thy dedication will be thy reward. I believe there must have been an entire surrender of the *natural* will ere thou couldst have made the sacrifice. He who can not only equip for every service, but who goes before those whom He puts forth, will doubtless strengthen thee by His presence; and though thou mayst feel as "the least in the Father's house," and as one of the "hindermost of the flock," yet if faithful in all things, it is my belief that thy returning experience will be that thou hast "lacked nothing."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 27, 1869.

Friendly Hints.—We receive from time to time communications on various subjects, the sentiments in which cannot be objected to, but which are expressed in a manner unsuitable for publication. These essays are sometimes accompanied by the request that the Editors would correct errors. As regards mistakes in spelling and grammatical errors, we are willing to do so; but to prune redundancy of expression, to substitute fitting for unfitting words, to break up long and confused paragraphs into short and clear sentences, involves an expenditure of time and labor which would be more profitable to the writer himself. The maxim contained in the old writing is applicable here: "Whatsoever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well;" and we cannot do anything well without attention. When writing for publication, it is well as a general rule, especially for those unaccustomed to composition, to lay aside the first draft for a week or two, then go over it again, omitting all unnecessary words, and substituting more expressive ones, until it seems to convey clearly what is intended, and then re-write it. Reading the essay to a judicious friend, and profiting by his criticisms, is also improving.

While we should be careful to avoid falling into a criticising habit of mind in regard to words, remembering that the "body" (the idea intended to be conveyed) is more than "raiment," (the words in which it is clothed,) yet precision and clearness in the use of language are so connected with truth-speaking, that they are well worth cultivating. A friend once commenting on the care with which in our meetings for business the language of our minutes and epistles is often weighed and pondered, remarked, that she did not regard it as proceeding from a carping and critical spirit, but simply from a love of truthfulness; and that the tendency of this care upon the young people who heard these discussions was to foster truthfulness in them. In the flow of conversation it is not easy always to select right words; though much might be done by early training and atten-

tion to the various shades of meaning conveyed by them to make this selection habitual. But in writing, it is well to bear in mind that there is in our copious language some word which will better than any other express our meaning, and that word we should endeavor to find.

These remarks are not intended to act as a discouragement to any who feel like putting their thoughts on paper for the benefit of others, but merely to suggest that they make the effort to correct their own defects. If Demosthenes became a renowned orator by overcoming physical defects which to one less determined would have seemed incurable, it is a far more easy task to acquire a clear and correct manner of expressing one's thoughts in writing.

MARRIED, at the house of the bride's parents, in accordance with the order of Friends, Third month 4th, 1869, CHARLES TEMPLE and PHILENA MARSHALL, of Concord, Delaware County, Pennsylvania.

——, on the 13th of Third month, 1869, with the approbation of Danby Monthly Meeting, at the residence of the bride's parents, in Greenville, Washington County, New York, ANSON ROGERS, of Coose County, Oregon, to ELIZABETH K., daughter of Otis Dillingham.

——, on the evening of the 23d of Second month, by order of the religious Society of Friends, at the residence of the bride's parents, THOMAS W. STAPLER to LIZZIE G. HOPKINS, both of Philadelphia.

——, on the 3d instant, at the residence of the bride's father, with the approbation of Little Falls Monthly Meeting, CHARLES RUSSELL, son of Thomas Russell of Baltimore City, to ANNA T., daughter of Thomas Kemp, of Harford County, Md.

DIED, on the 2d of Third month, 1869, at his residence, Blackwoodtown, N. J., JOHN L. COOPER, in the 73d year of his age, a member of Gwynedd Monthly Meeting.

The thread of life has thus been broken in one whose correct judgment, combined with a quiet spirit, rendered him eminently useful in society, and a void is thereby created that will not readily be filled. His character was so identified with strict integrity that his words, though not many, were those "fitly spoken," which "are as apples of gold in pictures of silver."

For many years he was a cripple. His health was also frail, and several times during his life he had attacks of severe illness, in which he was brought very near the grave. Though his sufferings were great during his last sickness, yet he bore them with true Christian resignation. He expressed no desire that these might be lessened, nor their season shortened; but his constant prayer was for patience until his Heavenly Father should be pleased to end his sufferings. His mind continued clear and accompanied with a serenity and cheerfulness which furnished a conclusive evidence that his work was done, and he was only waiting for the translation from this sublunary sphere unto the realm where the spirits of the "just made perfect" are in near companionship.

DIED, at her residence in Chatham, N. Y., on the 12th instant, JUDITH, wife of Henry J. Powell, aged 67 years; a member of Chatham Monthly Meeting.

Though words may not add virtue nor eulogy increase the peace of the dear ones removed from mortal vision, yet a tribute to purity of life and correct example often appears fitting for the encouragement of others.

Joining in membership with Friends, at an early period of life, her love for their testimonies and concern for the welfare of the Society remained unabated, though deprived of the privilege of attending meeting for a number of years. She possessed a cheerful, loving spirit, and amidst infirmities of body often expressed gratitude to her Heavenly Father that she had the care of a kind and devoted husband and affectionate family. She submitted patiently to her afflictions, appearing happy and at peace with all. Kind and hospitable, her heart was ever open to the wants of the needy and the entertainment of her friends; and though called suddenly away, her composed, peaceful countenance in death spoke a "rapture of repose," enduring and eternal. M.

——, on the 5th instant, ELIZABETH R., wife of John Sellers Bancroft, of this city, and daughter of Samuel Richardson, of Wilmington, Delaware.

——, at her residence in Waynesville, Ohio, on the 27th of Second month, 1869, JANE M. KEEPER, daughter of Aaron and Martha Hibberd, of Martinsburg, Va., in her 71st year.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

A Stated Meeting of the Board of Managers will be held on Third-day, the 6th of Fourth month, at half-past 3 o'clock P. M., at the College building. Cars leave station, 31st and Chestnut streets, at 2.30 P. M. EDWARD PARRISH, *Clerk.*

UNDEVELOPED POWERS.

Men are often called upon to perform tasks for which they appear to possess no ability; and yet, when all are anticipating failure, sufficient power will be developed to meet the exigency. The body, unlike even the most perfect machinery, gains strength by use, and is able to endure and conquer, because it has endured and conquered. In great emergencies, men will exhibit a muscular strength and fortitude that would have been pronounced impossible under the ordinary routine of life. The stimulus of danger or the impulse of humanity will so excite the nerves of action, that an apparently preternatural strength will be exhibited. Even the coward may become a hero for the moment, and the most timid women be nerved with firmness. The fact of such powers being brought out even once, and but for an instant, proves that they existed before, though undeveloped by circumstances.

The same is true of the intellectual faculties. Tax them and they grow efficient. Their force in any man can never be discovered, nor their capacity measured, except by the difficulties overcome and the labors endured. Probably no great man in any

sphere at first conceived that he possessed even the germs of the powers that were gradually developed during a life of strenuous effort. The moral abilities that lie latent in the heart are equally capable of great development. The power of doing good exists in some measure in every individual. By use and habit it is strengthened, and lives permanently in the breast of him who cherishes it, investing him with a character for integrity and goodness that dignifies his most common actions, and gives him an unmistakable influence over the hearts and lives of others. A species of momentum is thus created by keeping in exercise the moral nature.

Though these varied latent abilities exist in mankind, two things are needed to develop them in any useful direction, outward circumstances and internal effort. No plant can grow healthfully by inherent ability, without light, soil and moisture. No animal with lungs ever so perfect can breathe without air. No man can walk without the external solid ground. So no mental or moral faculties can be developed unless occasions and duties are presented that are calculated to draw them out. The chief reason why so much talent and so many powers of body, mind and soul are undeveloped and unproductive is not always the lack of outward opportunities, but the absence of internal effort. If physical power and vigor be the reward of continued and steady exertion, it is also true that this power can be obtained in no other way. The most favorable occasions for cultivating the muscles will bring no strength to him who folds his arms in idleness. So if, through faintheartedness or lethargy, we shrink from duties demanding energy of action, we shall remain incapable. It is chiefly from this lack of effort, this want of faith in our own powers, that so few rise to positions of high mental and moral ascendency. We look up to heights of attainment with a despair of ever reaching them, forgetting that none ever trod the mountain top without climbing step by step its rugged sides. Humility is a virtue, but carried to excess, and united with laziness, it may sink a man into imbecility, and destroy all possibility of his elevation or usefulness. In the steady and energetic pursuit of duty, and in striving to attain higher standards of excellence, courage, confidence and personal efficiency of every kind are stimulated and new powers are continually evolved, sufficient for all emergencies, and increasing with all future needs. All the master-spirits of the world have been made strong by effort, and each one, however humble or feeble he may be, can develop the powers now latent within him until present impossibilities are vanquished, and new attainments opened to his extended view.—*Public Ledger.*

From "Good Words."

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE OF FIRE-DAMP.

Some time since I paid a visit to Staffordshire, and one of the entertainments by which my host sought to make the time pass pleasantly was a descent into a coal mine. I rather liked the idea, as I had never been down one, and at once agreed to go. The mine that was to be honored with our inspection, was that of West B——. It was an old mine, of considerable size and depth—the depth of the shaft being, if I recollect rightly, about 960 feet. There were some six or eight in our company, among whom were two young men, the sons of the owner, and a superior workman—I do not know his proper technical designation—perhaps underground bailiff; at any rate, something equivalent to what we above ground call the foreman.

I expected that we should go down in a bucket, or box, but there was nothing of that sort; we stood upon something like a small platform and clung to the chain by which we were lowered. I rather repented of my readiness to join the party when I saw the means by which we were to descend, but I had not courage or time to dissent from what seemed the recognized mode of procedure. No one else seemed to mind it, and two or three who were familiar with the ways of the place stuck out one of their legs at right angles to stave off from the sides of the shaft as we descended. "All right," said some one, and away we went. My first sensation was that sort of delirium or swimming in the head that the reader may have experienced when he dreams that he is falling down a precipice. Fortunately it did not relax the muscles, for as it passed away I found myself clinging to the chain like grim death; probably it was only momentary, as I had time to observe the rapidity with which we passed into total darkness. The story about seeing stars at noonday from the bottom of a coal pit cannot be true, at any rate if the pit is what is called an up-cast shaft. We went down the up-cast shaft—that is, the shaft by which the air which has entered the pit by the down-cast shaft returns to the upper regions, after having circulated through the mine; and looking upwards through this air, we could see nothing of the opening of the pit almost immediately after beginning to descend. I suppose the air was so loaded with impurities, coal dust, vitiated vapors, &c., that, seen in quantity, it was as muddy and impenetrable to light as the river Thames at London Bridge, although on the small scale both appear transparent. Down, down, we

went, and presently we became aware of a little drizzling rain. It was the water, which, pouring or trickling from the sides of the shaft, sparked off from every projection. As we went deeper this got worse, and by the time we reached the bottom we were in a heavy shower.

Suddenly we stopped; we had reached the foot of the shaft. We found ourselves in the midst of a group of horses, one of which, a blind old beast, I remember, came knocking up against me and nearly upset me.

Some of us were then furnished with lights. I was one of those that were not. When I say that the lights were all naked and without protection, the reader will see that my visit must have been made a good many years ago. Under the guidance of the foreman we then set out on our tour. The main passage, along which we went at first, was what I imagine would be considered a lofty and spacious gallery, laid with rails. It was comparatively broad, and seemed to my eye about nine or ten feet high. We proceeded along this, for I dare say, a quarter of a mile. By-and-by our leaders turned into an apparently unused side gallery, narrower than the main passage, in which the foreman had something about the ventilation to point out to the owners. Hitherto we had seen no men mining; we had met men with horses drawing trucks, and others going about their occupations, but no men working. We proceeded along this smaller gallery for about 150 yards or so. The place was dirty, sloppy, and wet, and, of course, dark; and feeling no particular interest in what the foreman was desirous of pointing out to the owners, I lagged behind a little. I might have been twenty paces behind the rest of the party, when a sudden light started up among them —I can compare it to nothing but the flash with which lightning is imitated in the theatre. The reader knows (or if he does not know, I will tell him) that this is done by placing a lighted taper-end between the middle and ring finger of the hand, held out with the palm upwards. Into the palm a quantity of powdered resin is poured, not spread out but piled up around the taper. The resin is then chucked into the air, and is ignited in passing through the flame, which then spreads out like a large mushroom. The whole is over almost instantaneously, and the resemblance to sheet lightning, to those who do not see the operator or the mushroom, but merely the flash of light, is very perfect. Well, this is exactly what I saw—with a difference. The difference was, that when the light flashed up to the roof and assumed the mushroom shape, it did not disappear like the other. Instead of being extinguished as instantaneously as it arose, it continued extending and spreading out along the roof on every side. My first idea when I saw the light was, that this was some civility on the part of the owners to show off the mysteries of the place to their visitors, as I had seen the Blue-John Mine, in Derbyshire, and other stalactitic caves, illuminated by Roman candles and other lights. That idea only lasted for a second. As the light extended, every one rushed panic-stricken from it as fast as they could run. I guessed the truth in a moment, and turned to fly. There was no difficulty in finding my way, the whole place being illuminated. After flying along for some time, I looked back; the whole of the gallery where we had been was one body of fire—not a bright lambent blaze, but lurid, reddish, volumes of flame rolling on like billows of fiery mist. Their form was like that of the volumes of black smoke which we may see at times issuing out of large factory chimneys, than anything else I can compare it to. My notions of explosions of fire-damp were, that they took place with the rapidity of an explosion of gunpowder. But it was not so in this case, at any rate. I do not mean that it was slow, but that its speed was no greater than that of a man. All those who were at the end of the gallery where it took place, did, in point of fact, outrun it. Neither was there any noise or sound of explosion; at least, I noticed none, and if there had been I think I must have observed it, for, all things considered, I was tolerably collected. The report must have taken place at the pit-mouth, as from the mouth of a gun. The fire rolled silently along in great billows of reddish flame, one wave tumbling over another, in quick succession. And a curious and very beautiful thing was the edges of these billows; they were fringed with sparks of blue flame, dashed off like sparks from a grind-stone. Even at that dreadful moment I could not avoid being struck by their beauty.

All this I must have gathered at a glance —in an instant of time. In front of the billowy mass of fire rolling on towards me I saw the dark figures of my companions tearing along at headlong speed. Then turning, I again dashed on. When I came to the loftier main passage I heard a voice behind me cry out, "Down on your face!" and by-and-by one figure after another sprang past me and dashed themselves headlong on the ground. I can liken the reckless, frantic way in which it was done, to nothing but boys when bathing, taking "headers" into a stream. Without reasoning about it I followed suit, and flung myself into a puddle, and then peering backwards under my arm, waited the ap-

proach of the sea of flame, the wall of fire, which was approaching. It had not yet come out of the side gallery, but the glare of its light preceded it. Presently it rolled into sight, filling the whole mouth of the side gallery, from top to bottom. Had it overtaken us in it, not a soul would have escaped alive; but when it entered the larger gallery it lifted, just as one sees a mist lifting on the mountains, and then rolled along the roof, passing over our heads. How much space there was between us and it, I cannot say; I imagine it filled the upper two-thirds, leaving a space of perhaps two or three feet free from flame. Nor can I well say how long we lay below this fiery furnace; it might have been five minutes or a quarter of an hour. Judging from our sensations it must have been hours, but we did not experience so great heat as I should have expected. We felt it more afterwards; probably the anxiety of the moment made us insensible to its intensity.

After the lapse of some time the volume of fire above began to diminish, the stratum got thinner and thinner; it eddied, and curled, and streamed about, leaving the more prominent parts of the roof exposed like islands; then it wandered about like fiery serpents and tongues, licking a corner here, or flickering about a stone there, but ever moving towards the shaft. As it thus abated, presently one head was raised from the ground, then another, until we all began to get up. We then gathered together, but there were no mutual congratulations, nor external acknowledgment of thanks to God, however much some may have felt. But I doubt if there was much feeling of that kind, the sense of peril was yet too strong; we had escaped one great danger, but we knew that we were still exposed to the risk of many others which often followed such explosions. The first danger was want of air; the fire had used what was in the mine almost wholly up, and we might perish from want of it. "Follow me," said the foreman, and he started off, not for the mouth of the mine, but for some part of it which, from its connections or position, he knew to be better, or more likely to be supplied with air, than any other part. The miners knew this too, doubtless, for on our arrival at the place in question, we found them trooping in from different quarters, until there might be above a hundred present; and I was much struck by one thing in them which was not according to my anticipations. I thought that men who were habitually exposed to any danger became callous to it, and faced it with indifference. It was not so with these miners; we, who scarcely understood the magnitude of the danger through which we had passed, were far cooler and more collected than they. Almost every one of them was thoroughly unmanned, and shook in every fibre. I know the ague well (*experientia docet,*) and the uncontrollable shaking which bids defiance to the strongest exercise of the will, but I never saw a worse tremor in ague than in these men. While gathered together in this part of the mine, a loud crack ran through the roof above our heads, which so alarmed the already nerveless miners that some of them actually sunk upon the ground. The explanation of this anomaly in men's courage is, I think, that where they see their danger, and can exert themselves to ward it off or escape it, familiarity with it will produce contempt for it; but where they are utterly helpless, and know that they are so, familiarity with it only adds to its terrors. This is the case with earthquakes. No familiarity with them enables a man to meet them with composure; the more he has felt, the more frightened he becomes. I remember seeing another instance of the same kind on board the *Tyne*, when she was wrecked on the rocks of St. Alban's Head. The sailors on deck were as cool as cucumbers, but the stokers and firemen below were unmanned exactly in the same way as the miners at West B——. They could not see their death, and they could do nothing to save themselves if the ship had foundered.

After waiting a considerable time in this part of the mine—perhaps an hour—we again started, and made for the mouth of the pit. As we approached it we heard shouts, and presently came upon a body of men, who, having heard the explosion, had been sent down to see what mischief had been done. Although the explosion had travelled so deliberately when it passed over us, it had had sufficient violence when it reached the shaft to blow the roof of the building adjoining the pit-mouth clean off. Fortunately, it had not destroyed the gear there, and we were able to ascend without delay. Right glad was I to find myself once more in the open air. The explosion had drawn a crowd of agitated men and women to the mouth of the mine. Alas! the meaning of the dull report, and the cloud of smoke, and the fragments of the building at the pit-mouth flying in the air, were too well kown in th e neighborhood, and many an anxious heart found relief in a burst of tears when we were able to announce, on our appearance at the surface, that no lives had been lost. We escaped with almost miraculously slight injury for men who had gone through an explosion of fire-damp. I saw one man, who had got a lick from the flame, having his shoulder

treated with oil, or some such application, but that was the only casualty that came under my notice.

I have never been down a coal-pit since.

ANDREW MURRAY.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE GOURD AT THE SPRING.

In my travels through a glen,
Far beyond the haunts of men,
Burst a spring, whose waters pour'd,
And close beside it hung a gourd.

Some thoughtful one, who knew the need
Of thirsty travelers, who speed
O'er woods and wilds and through the ford,
Had cleaned the spring and hung the gourd.

Useful should that lesson be
To all who claim humanity;
For every need we can afford
To clean the spring and hang the gourd.

To suffering ones, soft words and kind
Will festering sores with healing bind,
And raise their hearts to the Adored,—
By the same means that hung the gourd.

Where'er on earth we chance to be,—
Where'er beside us suffering see,—
Still bear in mind, we can afford
To clean the spring and hang the gourd.

If we would *childhood's love* obtain,—
And add to *manhood's trust* again,
Kind words and *deeds* we all must *hoard*
For *constant use*, as hangs the gourd.

Pipe Creek, 3d mo., 1869. N. H.

SOME PLACE FOR ME.

What if a little ray of light,
Just starting from the sun,
Should linger in its downward flight,
Who'd miss the tiny one?
Perhaps the rose would be less bright
'Twas sent to shine upon.

What if the rain-drop in the sky
In listless ease should say,
I'll not be missed on earth, so I
Contented here will stay;
Would not some lily, parched and dry,
Less fragrant be to day?

What if the acorn on the ground
Refused its shell to burst?
Where would the stately tree be found?
Or if the humble dust
Refused the germ to nestle round,
What could the sailor trust?

I am a child. It will not do
An idle life to lead,
Because I'm small—with talents few—
Of me the Lord has need,
Some work or calling to pursue,
Or do some humble deed.

I must be active every hour,
And do my Maker's will;
If but a ray can paint the flower,
A rain-drop swell the rill,
I know in me there is a power
Some humble place to fill.

—*Congregationalist.*

The kind man speaks of his friends; the proud man speaks of himself; the bad man speaks of his enemies.

From "Quiet Hours."

A LITTLE BIRD'S SERMON TO A SERMON-MAKER.

I was in the act of kneeling down before the Lord my God, when a little bird, in the lightest, freest humor, came and perched near my window, and thus preached to me, all the while hopping about from spray to spray: "O thou grave man, look on me, and learn something, if not the deepest lesson, then a true one. Thy God made me, and the like of me, and if thou canst conceive it, loves me and cares for me. *Thou* studiest Him in great problems, which oppress and confound thee: thou losest sight of one-half of His ways. Learn to see thy God not in great mysteries only, but in me also. His burden on me is light, His yoke on me is easy; but thou makest burdens and yokes for thyself which are very grievous to be borne. I advise thee not only to see God in little things; but to see little, cheerful, sportive things *in God*, as well as great, solemn, awful things. Things deep as hell and high as heaven thou considerest over much; but thou dost not 'consider the lilies' sufficiently. Every priest should put by his awful robes, &c., &c., sometimes, and go free. If *thou* couldst be as a lily before God, for at least one hour in the twenty-four, it would do thee good: I mean if thou couldst cease to will and to think, and *be* only. Consider, the lily is as really from God as thou art, and is a figure of something *in Him*,—the like of which should also be *in thee*. Thou longest to grow, but the lily grows without longing; yes, without either thinking or willing, *grows*, and *is* beautiful both to God and man. Think of that."

"In conclusion, I remind thee that God has 'many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them is without signification.' But I perceive that thine ear is open only to voices of one kind. Thy danger is, under the conceit of being the more godly, of becoming monstrous, and not quite Godlike. Excuse a little bird, I am but one of the many kinds of voices which God has in this world."

NEVER RUN IN DEBT.

Horace Greely says: "Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach, are disagreeable, and debt is infinitely worse than them all. And if it had pleased God to spare either or all of my sons to be the support and solace of my declining years, the lesson which I should have earnestly sought to impress upon them is:—"Never run into debt! Avoid pecuniary obligation as you would pestilence or famine. If you have but fifty cents, and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn, parch it, and live on it, rather than owe any man a dollar.'"

HOW TO READ A NEWSPAPER.

There is art in reading a newspaper. This is not surprising, because there is an art in doing anything as it ought to be done. But it is surprising that nine out of every ten never think that reading a newspaper is a matter of art.

How much of an art you should make it depends on the object in view. If you only intend to glance at its contents you need nothing more than a running eye—such an eye, for instance, as most editors use on most manuscripts. It ought to be, however, a sharp eye, lest you miss something of special value to yourself. And it should be a well-practiced eye, since no man can afford to do anything rapidly unless he has habituated himself to the exercise. But you would do well to remember that this sort of reading is like fast travelling—the objects seen are merely seen, not looked at. Moreover, this incontinent hurry is pernicious to the nervous system and especially to the brain. It injures the mind by weakening the perceptions and the memory. If you have taken hold, firm hold, of your facts, you may indulge this quick-going impulse, but never under other circumstances.

Should you propose to read the newspaper for information touching some subject of particular interest, you should put yourself in the attitude of a sensible man who is honestly seeking knowledge. This attitude requires an open mind. It involves large sympathies. It demands sensibilities keenly acute to truth of fact and still more of truth of principle. If you read from an imaginative point of view, you will be intent on gratifying your wishes; the arguments will be what you desire, since the imagination reads, not you yourself. Reading for information is entirely inconsistent with partisanship and bigotry; and so then, if the newspaper is to instruct you, it must be treated with that courtesy of intellect which is the unvarying sign of high-bred honesty. A caution, too, is necessary. To read for information only is not the healthiest regimen of the mind. Say what you will, it is a sort of semi-starving diet. Memory is fed; personal inclination is fed; and passion is sometimes fed; but the true soul in you is half famished. Information should be speedily transmuted into intelligence if you are solicitous to be a wiser man.

A good newspaper gives the foremost thoughts of the day. It is not so much a record of the hour as a reflex of the times; and in this respect it is very serviceable. A servant it is, not in the kitchen sense but in the court sense. Those old publications like *Niles' Register* were chiefly memoirs of the public, a nascent biography on an abbreviated scale, and for a past age were very admirable. But the times have changed; society is much more complex; trade is more hazardous; government has more intricate and diversified tasks; and, therefore, thinking newspapers are in great demand. A photographic copy of the day is not the business of the newspaper. All such copies are dull, phlegmatic, dropsical. Nor should they be fancy portraits of the day. Such portraits mislead; they are elegant cheats. But newspapers should paint the day as it is rather than as it appears. Unless they do this they give you a skeleton of bones when you wish flesh and blood. Certain newspapers present the mere facts that happen to exist, leaving their readers to draw their own inferences. This is somewhat like asking a party of friends to dinner, and when they come requesting them to do their own cooking. Such facts are to most people dead phenomena. The province of a real newspaper is to digest, arrange, elucidate these facts, and in this chiefly consists the art of editorial. Understand, then, that the editor of your newspaper is one of your educators, who does not indeed think for you, but who does think to spur you to think. For our part, we prefer a fine editorial to anything in a paper. The ideal of editorials is thought as the offspring of facts, and that is the perfection of wisdom although, like other ideals, it is rarely realized. But unrealized ideals are much better than lower standards even if fully reached.

A man may very properly study that portion of a newspaper bearing on his own business. He should not forget, however, that his business is a part of the commercial world and with it rises or falls. Often he may get most useful hints outside of his own trade. Inventions not directly connected with his department of life; advertisements on other branches of business; changes in the course of commerce; investments in new manufactures, may be of moment to his welfare. Cotton-buyers have an interest in guano and other commercial fertilizers. Paper-makers are parties to the poor rag-gatherers. The refuse of the streets and the luxuries of fine mansions have lately come into alliance. A mind of wide range, if it use a good newspaper rightly, is often helped in most unexpected quarters; many of its indirect aids prove the most direct; and so a Scripture fact comes to a new application, viz. "Thereby some have entertained angels *unawares*." If you are a large merchant a first-class newspaper is your encyclopedia, or, in the freedom of hyperbole, a cosmopolitan library wherein the world is daily exhibited. Nor indeed can one see how mercantile life could have risen to be a profession witho

the auxiliary of the newspaper. A great merchant is now a student of geography, of political science, of statistics, of sociology, of education, of science and art. All these bear closely and vitally on his interests. The more he expands his trade the more is he dependent on newspapers. And this truth applies to all forms of business and social connections; and hence, since we must know the world in order to work advantageously for its well-being and for our own, we should learn *how to read a newspaper.—Harper's Bazaar.*

Many possessing advantages to which poor "Bet" was a stranger, may receive a lesson upon gratitude from the following simple history taken from an Exchange.

BET'S RELIGION.

BY M. E. M.

Poor old Bet! She was sold away to Texas when she was sixteen; and last year back she came to her Virginia home. She wanted to find her Mammy, who had loved her in her happy childhood, and her brothers and sisters, who had thought her dead so long. A bent, bowed woman, who had seen hard times in cabin and in field, she made the long journey as best she could, with her children clinging around her. "Part de way," said one of her little ones, to me, "we came in ke-ars, and part de way on de water, and part we scrambled along on our feet." All Bet had when she got here were the rags that covered her and her little flock, her two plodding feet, and her two hard hands. All? Nay, she had more! A will that bondage had not broken; a heart that troubles could not break; and a patient, hopeful spirit, that made the darkest places light. When I first saw her, she was gaunt, and thin, and almost as old in appearance as Mammy herself; who, with erect form and smiling face, laughed at the oncoming of her eightieth year.

"Ah! Bet, chile!" said Mammy, for the twentieth time, "I feel like de patriarch Jacob, when he look on de face of Joseph, his son, and his son's sons. He went down to Egypt, honey, to fine his chile; but my chile have come up out of Egypt to de lan' of Canaan, to fine me. Dere's de difference—and a bressed difference too!"

After this climax, the older woman would gaze on the face of the younger, in a sort of rapture, broken by ecstatic "Bress de Lords!" One day she said:

"Bet, you was a torn-down (wild) gal when you went away. Has you ever got religion, honey?"

"Once I thought I had, Mammy, and I wanted to be baptized; but Marse Tommy objected. So I gin it up, and I'se done forgot it long ago. When my ole man died, and it seemed like all my comfort gone, I tried to get it back; but I'se done forgot it all." And Bet rocked herself to and fro. Presently Mammy said:

"But, honey, don't you ever see Jesus a lookin' and a lookin' at you, till you love him so you want to get right up and fly to him? Don't you ever think how his hands and his feet have got de print o' de nails in 'em now, and how he's a lovin' us jes' as much an more dan we loves each oder?"

"I'se had it once, Mammy," said Bet; "but lately I'se had so much on my mind I'se done forgot. But de name is sweet yet—Jesus! Jesus! When I'm mighty tired, I think 'bout it, sometimes. And dere's dem chil'en, always in mischief. It's hard to keep de satisfaction of things, Mammy."

Kind friends were found for Bet, and she and her children were helped to a way of earning their living. Homes were provided for the elder children, and the old grandmother relieved Bet of the care of the little ones. One of the boys, who had always worked in the fields, was taken into a family. Rude, uncultivated, and ignorant, he formed a complete contrast to the manner of servants brought up in the house. It was amusing to watch the awe upon his face as he looked at household objects, familiar to most people, but new and strange to him. He would steal about the house on tip-toe, with eyes and mouth wide open, touching this and that thing, and receiving new impressions every day. After infinite pains on the part of the lady of the house, he became a tolerable waiter; but often, when he thought himself unobserved, he would open the door between dining-room and kitchen, and telegraph to the cook in a loud whisper:

"They've taken another plate!"

The quantity of dishes required by "white folks" was a never failing source of wonder to him, and doubtless of disgust, as to him fell the task of washing them. "Certainly do use a heap!" he would be daily heard to say.

But I've strayed away from Bet and her religion. She had been sold when she was a merry, happy girl—sold away from all her friends, that her price might buy the trousseau of her young mistress. She came back in her broken middle age; and the first person after Mammy that she visited was Miss Mary. She hugged her, "took her right in my arms, de darlin'," as she said; and the ready tears came to her eyes when she heard Miss Mary tell her troubles. God's balances are even; and the mistress's life had been darkened as well as the slave's. One fair-haired infant after another had gone from her arms to heaven; and now, widowed and childless, she

dwelt in her solitary house. She, too, was poor; and, in one sense, poorer than her old servant, for she could do little to help herself. Her early training and her delicate health alike stood in the way of her earning her own support, and of the accomplishments she had learned in her girlhood she remembered too little to teach any of them.

Bet surprised her friends one day by saying:

"I'm going to live 'long with Miss Mary!"

"But Miss Mary can't pay you much, Bet. I doubt whether she'll be able to give you more than your food. Let her work for herself."

Such a look as came into Bet's black eyes!

"Miss Mary work! La me! She's not fit for it! Ef she'll give me part her bacon an hominy, I'll stay with her. Me and Miss Mary were chil'en togeder."

"But Miss Mary's father sold you, Bet."

"That he did. An' it was right down cruel of old Marse. But didn't Jesus say, 'Father, forgive dem; dey know not what dey do?' *Jesus said dat!*" with emphasis.

"Why, I thought you had forgotten."

"I'se done forgot a great deal dat I ought to 'member, and sometimes 'members what I ought to forget; but I know Jesus would never want me not to stand by Miss Mary."

So the poor handmaid is standing by her mistress. That is Bet's religion.

Shun the tale-bearer. Whoever entertains you with the faults of others, will entertain others with *yours*.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The undersigned acknowledges the receipt of the following since last report:

Friends of Darby	$11 00
" Concord, per L. Palmer	5 00
A Friend in New York	1 00
Friends at Macedon, N. Y., per G. O. Fritts	5 00
C. M. Reeves, Richmond, Ind	10 00
B. Borton, West Unity, Ohio	5 00
W. Cornelius, Adrian, Mich	5 00
Friends in Philadelphia	31 00

Contributions are much needed, and it is urged on Friends to forward them to

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., *Treasurer*,
717 Willow St., Phiada.

ITEMS.

THE Suffrage Amendment has been ratified by the Legislatures of Missouri, West Virginia, Nevada, Maine, Georgia, Arkansas and South Carolina.

THE INDIANS.—President Grant has written letters to certain Friends in this city, announcing his desire "of inaugurating some policy to protect the Indians in their just rights, and enforce integrity in the administration of their affairs, as well as to improve their general condition." A request is made for a list of names of members of the Society of Friends who can be endorsed as suitable persons for Indian Agents. The President says that he will encourage and protect any attempt which Friends shall make for the improvement, education and Christianization of the people.—*Phila. Ledger.*

PRESIDENT GRANT has appointed Colonel Parker, who is an actual chief of the Oneida tribe, as Indian Commissioner. An Indian to treat with the Indians is the greatest innovation yet made in the administration of our government.

ENGLISH SPARROWS.—One thousand English Sparrows were brought to this city recently, having arrived at New York on the steamship City of Baltimore. They were procured for the city, and as soon as boxes can be prepared the birds will be placed in the public squares. These sparrows are very effective in ridding trees of worms.

THE results of the Swedish Arctic expeditions of last year lead its projectors to regard the idea of an open and comparatively milder polar basin as quite chimerical; on the contrary, from 20 deg. to 30 deg. north of Spitzbergen a region of cold begins, which probably stretches far around the Pole. They also believe that the only possible plan of attaining the Pole consists in going northward in sledges in winter, either from Smith's Sound or Seven Islands.

EXTRAORDINARY activity, it is reported, is prevailing in middle and south-western Georgia. Every hand, it is stated, is employed and paid liberal wages. Every acre will be planted which can be properly tended. A Georgia newspaper says: "We think ten thousand more hands could now obtain employment in the black belt of Georgia, but they are nowhere to be found, and we must go forward with what we have. About as much cotton will be planted this as last year, but four times the amount of grain will be used; so that if the season is favorable, a much larger crop will be raised. We are afraid the area sown in small grain will be less."

THE discovery of the fossil animal named *Eozoon* in the Laurentian rocks of Canada was of great interest, as it carried back the introduction of animal life for an immense period of time beyond its previously known earliest forms in the Silurian. The existence of an animal implied the existence of plants, but none were discovered. But the remains of a plant, a kind of water grass, have been just discovered in some Swedish rocks of the Lower Cambrian age, which are of a similar antiquity. The name *Eophyton* has been given to this earliest known plant. And yet this plant is not probably the first that was introduced, as it is by no means of the lowest vegetable structure.

THE SOLAR ENGINE, invented by a Frenchman named Mouchot, it is reported, has proved successful. The apparatus is described as follows: A concave reflector is used to concentrate the sunshine on a boiler blackened with smoke, and it is computed that in the latitude of Paris the heat reflected from a surface of a square metre, or 10.75 square feet, will make a quart of water, taken at the freezing point, boil in ten minutes. By the same calculation, it is asserted, that an area of 100 square metres will furnish as much heat in ten hours as can be got from burning sixty pounds of coal. In tropical regions, it is believed, the amount would be still greater.

THE DUST from the macadamized streets of Paris, it is stated, yields an income of $2000 per annum to an ingenious individual of that city. He collects the mud from the streets, which near the houses in course of construction contains so much stone-dust, he then places it in large tubs, pases the deposit through seives, allows it to form a concrete, which he then forms into the long yellow bricks for knife-cleaning. The material costs nothing, the labor is insignificant, but the bricks sell for twenty cents each.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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"*Speech of* HON. WALTER A. BURLEIGH, *of Dakota, on the subject of Indian Affairs in the United States and Territories, delivered in the House of Representatives, Feb.* 9, 1869."

(Continued from page 52.)

Where are these brave Delawares now?—They have been driven from this last permanent home down near the Canadian river, and a pitiful tract of eighteen miles square is all the territory that remains for this once mighty nation which was to form a State; to have representation in Congress; to hold the vast lands held by them in 1778 by fixed boundaries as an independent State. That pitiful tract of eighteen miles square of land would hardly furnish sepulture for the heroes of that nation who have sacrificed their lives in battle in two great wars, and for the martyrs of that nation whose blood has been shed and whose hearts have been broken by the tyranny, ingratitude and cruelty of this magnanimous Government, whose Christian mission has been proudly proclaimed to the world to be to protect, nourish, cherish, civilize, educate and defend these wards and pupils of American civilization! With the history of this Indian nation before us, these friends of William Penn, these allies and soldiers of George Washington, these allies and soldiers of General Harrison, will not be disturbed in their new home until some adjoining marauding band of pale-faced robbers covet it and apply to the Government of the United States to further protect, cherish, and befriend their ancient allies, the Delawares, by driving them back to the waste of the American desert, where they will perish of hunger and furnish a poor repast for the prairie wolves!

. . . . . .

The confiding Indians believed in the sincerity, the lasting good faith of the Government when they made these first treaties. I now ask this House and the nation if their loss of all faith and confidence in this Government and its people is not as just as it is here easily accounted for? Every one of these treaties was made with the most solemn assurances on the part of the Government that all of their provisions should be fulfilled, knowing at the same time and intending, without even suggesting it to the Indians, that they were to be violated by this moral, Christian nation, whenever a profitable opportunity should present itself.

I have dwelt thus long upon the dealings of our Government with the Indian tribes of the country to show that our past and present wars and disturbances with these people are justly chargeable to heartless usurpations, national bad faith, and cruel treatment toward them, and not to the faithlessness of a few Indian agents, about which we have heard so much of late;—especially from the chairman of the Military Committee of this House, who appears to be the champion of the measure which proposes to turn the man-

agement of all our Indian affairs over to the War Department.

Never before were such insignificant causes assigned for such terrible consequences. A nation scourged with war, robbery, and murder for three-fourths of a century, for the crimes of an exceptional few of its people, while the most flagrant wrongs are allowed to go unpunished! Who so unmindful of the teachings of history, who so blind to the dealings of God with the nations of the earth, as to believe that the terrible war, the fiery trials, the fearful carnage, the wide-spread desolation, and all the horrors from which our nation is now emerging, crippled, impoverished and demoralized, have been caused by the cruelty of a few hard task-masters to some of the four millions of poor downtrodden slaves, whose shackles and chains, if not literally riveted upon them, have been sanctioned by the Federal Government and recognized by the Constitution and laws, from the first dawn of our national existence.

. . . . . .

It was the violation of the laws of humanity, the laws ordained of God for the preservation of the human race, to break the bonds of sin and elevate the souls of men, that has in all ages drawn down his vengeance on guilty nations. In the exercise of this divine retributive justice we see by the light of history such exhibitions of His irresistible power, of His unfailing justice, and of His eternal judgments, that I tremble in view of the terrible record of my own nation, which must be judged before "the high Court of Heaven."

Where are the Assyrians, the Egyptians, the Persians, the Greeks, and the Romans? Where are the cities of Babylon, Nineveh, Tyre, Thebes, Jerusalem, and Tadmor of the wilderness? Rome, once the mistress of the world, captured savages from the Briton and the German tribes, more barbarous and untutored than our own, and used them to grace her cars of conquest and furnish combatants in the arena of the Coliseum, where they were matched in deadly strife against their fellow-savages or ferocious beasts of prey, Where are the descendants of these savages now? Where are the descendants of their Roman oppressors?

Are we imitating the examples of the pagan Romans? We do not capture our red brethren and exhibit them in mortal combat with each other or beasts of prey in our public theaters and parks for the amusement of the populace, but we are, and have always been, engaged in robbing them of their lands, in degrading, murdering, and exterminating them without regard to age or sex. This is the direct effect of the past and present Indian policy of this Government. While the Christian philanthropists are offering up their supplications and making every effort to send the gospel to distant heathen lands, there are to be found not only self-styled philanthropists and professed Christians, but ministers of Christ even, who openly advocate the extermination of their Indian brethren with the same tongue that preaches the divine doctrines of love to our neighbor and "peace on earth and good will toward men."

These shameful transactions have not been confined to the poor Creeks, Cherokees, and Delawares alone, but they have extended to every tribe in the country which is under the control of Federal authority, and the man who cannot see other and more potential causes for our Indian wars than the dishonesty of agents, of which we have heard so much of late, is as ignorant of their true cause as he would be of the contents of a volume by the character of its binding. I tell you, sir, it is for the sins of the nation, for its cruelty to these people, that we are, and have been for years atoning.

The failure of Congress to make timely appropriations, and the holding back of supplies, have done much to irritate the Indians, who, in many instances, have starved and frozen to death on account of the delay in their delivery. The failure of the Government to afford protection to their lives and property upon their own reservations, where they have been guaranteed perfect security and uninterrupted tranquillity, has also had its influence in destroying the confidence of the Indians in our sincerity. But, among other existing causes for our troubles, there have been unprovoked, cold-blooded murders of peaceable Indians by roving adventurers in the West, and the indiscriminate slaughter of individuals, families, and whole camps even, by the Federal soldiery; to a few instances of which I will call the attention of the House.

An outrage so horribly cruel as to exceed almost the bounds of belief was committed upon the Indians at Fort Kearny in 1856. The facts were substantially as follows: two young Indians belonging to a party of Cheyennes were sent to the road to beg some tobacco of the driver of a mail wagon. The driver fired upon them, whereupon one of them, as the Indians themselves afterward said, "being a fool and mad," shot an arrow and wounded the white man. The chief of the Cheyenne party, on seeing this, ran out with others to the protection of the mail driver, and punished the young Indian who had shot the arrow by whipping him according to the Indian laws. But this whipping did not wipe out the Indian boy's offense. An "Indian outrage" must, of course, be

made out of the case and the military be called upon to avenge it. The next day, accordingly, the troops from the fort variously sallied forth and attacked the Cheyenne party, who refused to fight them and ran away, leaving their horses, bows and arrows, and robes in camp. Six young braves remained behind to make something like a formal surrender. They went up to the soldiers, threw down their arms, and held out their hands in sign of submission, and were mercilessly shot down in cold blood when only a few yards from the troops.

During the summer of 1854 some bands of Sioux were encamped within six miles of Fort Laramie. They were regarded as friendly Indians, and were on terms of friendship with the officers of the fort. A man from a neighboring tribe, whose relations had the year before been slaughtered by the troops of the fort, happened to be among these bands of Sioux. Some Mormon emigrants passed by the Indian camp, and a cow escaped from them and ran toward the Indian village. The Indian whose relatives had been killed, by way of revenge for the loss, killed the cow. Complaint was made at the fort, and the chiefs, on being called upon, said they would see that reparation was made for the damage which had been done. But this was not satisfactory to the commanding officer. He detailed a brevet lieutenant with a company to arrest the Indian. The company proceeded to the Indian Camp with two pieces of artillery. Demand was made of the chiefs; but the offending Indian said to them:

"I have taken a lodge here. I am willing to die: you have nothing to do with the matter; the responsibility is not upon your people, but upon me alone."

This remark was no sooner made to the lieutenant than he fired, killing one man and crippling the principal chief. The chiefs rallied and exhorted the men to commit no outrage. Their influence controlled the action of the Indians; but a drunken interpreter excited the lieutenant and caused him, perhaps, to fire his cannon. The next thing was the sounding of the war-whoop, and the lieutenant and some of his men were killed. The others ran and were pursued by the Indians, and every man of them was slaughtered.

Who will say, reasoning from analogy and common sense, and especially from a philosophical view of Indian character, that the whites were not to blame in this case? And yet, concealing or distorting the facts, the ears of the public were made to tingle with the report of "another Indian massacre," and an official announcement from the War Department deluded the Government and people into a belief that the affair was an ambuscade and part of a deliberate plan on the part of the Indians to massacre the troops and plunder the fort. . . . .

The massacre by Chivington at Sand creek, in Colorado, by which hundreds of men, women, and helpless children were butchered in cold blood, is another striking instance of our cruelty.

During the massacre in Minnesota, in 1862, several white women and children were taken captives and carried to the Upper Missouri. Through the interposition of Colonel Galpin and a number of friendly Sioux, who exchanged their own horses for them, two women and five little girls were ransomed and returned to their friends in Minnesota. The Indians who had performed this act of humanity traveled down to the Yancton agency, a distance of four hundred miles, where they were to be reimbursed for this act by the Government. Week after week passed away, and neither clothing nor food came to the relief of these faithful friends. Despairing of early relief, one morning ten of their number came to me for a letter, stating who they were, and obtained permission to go out and hunt for the support of themselves and families. The third morning out, and when on Ponca creek, about twenty miles back of Fort Randall, which post was then garrisoned by the Sixth Iowa cavalry, a Captain Moreland, in command of some twenty men, overtook them. They presented him with the letter I had given them for protection, whereupon the captain requested them to leave their arms and go with him to the fort for food. The Indians obeyed, but had not proceeded eighty rods when the brutal captain ordered his men to fire upon the Indians, who were in advance; and murdered nine out of the ten in cold blood on the spot. The tenth member of the party escaped and bore the horrible tidings of this damnable tragedy to his kindred far up the Missouri, while the bones of his comrades still remain on that fatal spot to chronicle the foul deed and point unmistakably to the cause of the Sioux war which followed with fearful and just retaliation, and cost the Treasury of the nation more than $30,000,000 and the loss of hundreds of innocent lives.

These and other outrages of a kindred character, added to the causes heretofore named, are the sources of all our difficulties with the Indians of this country, while most of the tribes located on reservations with annuities, and under the control of agents, have remained peaceable and friendly in spite of the oft-repeated declaration that the dishonesty of these agents has been the sole cause of our difficulties with the people. The only Indian tribes that have been properly protected in the peaceable possession of their

reservations since the adoption of the Federal Constitution are those that have been under State and not under Federal rule. In no instance have these tribes commenced any hostilities against the State or Federal authority. The New York and New England Indians, members of the most warlike tribes in colonial times, have never exhibited a single act of hostility during the past eighty-five years; and as the cordon of civilization has been drawn more closely around them, they have abandoned their nomadic and savage habits and adopted and cultivated the arts of civilized life.

In view of these facts, which are the result of eighty-five years' experience, and in view of the utter failure of the Federal management of Indian affairs and the destruction of the noblest of the tribes under its charge, it is a question for the gravest consideration of Congress whether it would not be better to turn over to the States and Territories the future management and control of the Indians within their borders. Such a change can by no possibility place the Indians in a worse situation than they are now under the control of the General Government. It might save them from further wars and desolations, and the national treasury from the enormous drain produced by fraud, military ambition, lawless rapine, and interminable wars resulting therefrom.

The Federal power is too far removed from these helpless children in the far West to be able to defend them against rapacious frontiermen, who seek incessantly to destroy them and to possess their property while the State and the territorial authorities are on the ground, ready and willing to do justice. None are so well fitted to take charge of our Indian tribes as the people who reside with them, whose lives and property, whose wives and children are within the reach of the tomahawk and scalping-knife; who are themselves always vitally interested in maintaining peaceful relations with the Indians by a uniform course of just, fair, and impartial dealing. No people are so susceptible to and more permanently affected by generous and kind treatment—none more proud, vindictive, and resolute in avenging their wrongs—than North American Indians.

(To be continued.)

WHAT A USELESS LIFE I LEAD!

With mournful tone this was uttered by one of the humblest and best Christians we ever knew. She believed this, but she was mistaken. She was a cripple, and had been so from childhood. Condemned to a fixed position, and seeing others going about on their mission of love and good works, she sighed and thought, what a poor, useless being I am! But no; God had assigned to her a lot which she had accepted with resignation to His will; and all who saw her, and marked the sweet, submissive spirit with which her afflictions were borne, felt that this was her mission of love and good to those around her, and doubtless it was blessed.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THY BIRTHRIGHT.

"What profit shall this birthright do to me?"—
GEN. XXV. 32.

There seems to be a tendency in the minds of many of our young people to undervalue the advantages accruing through a birthright in the Society of Friends.

Like the fainting Esau, weary and without spiritual strength, they are ready to exclaim,

"What profit is this birthright to *me?*"

Some of the *older* members, seeing in *their* children and others this feeling manifested, are almost ready to acknowledge that our ancestors made a great mistake, and to question, whether the time for such a change in discipline as will release our children from its obligations, is not near at hand.

Before, however, we decide, let us consider what are the rights conferred? and what the requirements imposed?

The birthright is older than history. It is the earliest manifestation of that precedence which *one* exercises over others, dating back to the foundation of human institutions and combinations.

In its first application, it defined the Patriarchal Successor,—the eldest son—who, by virtue of being first-born, became heir at the death of the Father or Patriarch to all the authority with which he had been clothed, to all the treasures collected—with the flocks and herds, and the men and women servants belonging to the family. The entire control remained his during his life, and at his demise the next eldest born son in direct line became the successor.

In some instances, by treachery or fraud, the elder, as in the case of Esau, was supplanted by the younger; and further, in process of time, as tribes and races of men increased and kingly forms of government were instituted, the widow of a deceased monarch would sometimes seize the reigns of powers and control national affairs. The right entailed by birth has continued down to the present time; all monarchies observe it, and landed estates are transmitted by the law of primogeniture.

That which was adopted as best for civil society, was not slow in being engrafted on religious organizations, though in a fuller acceptance, embracing all the children born

to the parents. Thus we see Abraham separating himself and family by circumcision from the Pantheistic creeds that surrounded him, and erecting his altar to the one, true and living God.

There has been much written for and against birthright membership. I might say the subject has been exhausted by such able minds, that it were vain for me to attempt to add any thing. Yet as we come to a better understanding of our religious duties, and, in obedience to the injunction of the Apostle, "prove all things, holding fast to that which is good," examination may not be altogether useless. Whatever there is pleasant in life, and precious to the heart, the tender parent seeks to confer upon the child; hence that anxiety to accumulate property, to add house to house, and field to field, for these bring physical comfort and well-being to the offspring. So well established is this fact, that the man or woman who by profligacy or mismanagement squanders the means, either earned or bequeathed, of living, and reduces helpless children to beggary and want, is censured and frowned upon by the whole community.

Now, my dear young friends, for it is *your* attention especially that I desire to obtain, if your parents are so careful to surround your lives with outward comforts and enjoyments,—and any who are not making every laudable effort to do so are open to censure—how much greater, think you, must be their anxiety to bring you within the compass of those unfading treasures, which are beyond the reach of moth, or rust, or corruption, and to surround your *spiritual* lives from earliest infancy by the gentle influence of a faith, so simple, so easily understood, and withal so comprehensive, that its sweet lessons are as equally applicable to your infantile minds, as when the rolling years have matured your thoughts and shaped your actions.

This brings us to the question of the famishing Esau, "What profit shall this birthright do to me?"

O soul! fainting and weak, asking for bread, what is it thou wouldst take as a compensation for thy birthright? Art thou willing to part with it for a morsel of pottage? a crumb of earthly comfort?

Within our enclosure, planted by the great Husbandman, and watered by the blood and tears of holy men and women, who counted not their lives dear unto them, that they might win for themselves, and all who should come after them, freedom to worship God, there is bread enough and to spare. The waters of life flow freely. The fountain for sin and uncleanness has never yet failed. The throne of mercy has never withheld the sceptre of love from any who, like the weeping and sorely tried Esther, in utter self-abnegation is ready to exclaim: "I will go unto the king, if I perish, I perish."

Young aspirant for the royal favor, examine well thy position, count the cost, see whether the privileges of this birthright have been rightly measured. Say not, "No man careth for *my* soul," "I am ready to perish—what good will it do me,"—and thus despise the inheritance.

Look over the whole religious world; see by how many and various forms and ceremonies divine clemency is sought,—all the paraphernalia by which the soul hopes to find favor with its Maker,—that Being, whom Scripture testimony affirms to be "not very far from every one of us."

"If a man have the *reality*, what need of emblems?" was the query of an enlightened Persian, on whom the missionary, Henry Martin, was endeavoring to enforce the necessity of the observance of the sacraments of Baptism and the Supper.

Let me persuade any who may be looking for help through these means,—seeking the bread of life and the water of regeneration in these outward rites,—to turn to the testimony of the Blessed Jesus on this very point. "It is the *spirit* that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing." (John vi. 63.) All the observances that have been foisted in the profession of faith in God through his dear Son, are but parts of those old forms and ceremonies which Christian truth declares, "Could never make comers thereunto perfect."

Now, my young friends, it is from trammels such as these that your brithright is designed to preserve you. The *willing heart* is what our Father asks! The washing of regeneration and renewing of the spirit is His Baptism! The bread of life coming from God out of Heaven is His holy supper, and of this, they who have known of His washing are made partakers, as the dear Son declared, "We will come in and sup with him." How desirable is the condition of that soul for which the gospel feast is spread!

With all the rituals, all the bowings before the altar, all the consecrations and confirmations, there are none so wedded to outward observances as to claim for them any efficacy only as they profess to help the weaknesses and infirmities of the flesh, and bear testimony to a faith in the living, saving power of God, as manifested in His Son, Jesus Christ.

Now, as I read the revealings of truth, recorded in the experiences of the past, and exemplified in the living instances of the present, I must bear testimony to the earnest conviction, that, instead of being helps,

every observance tending to draw the soul away from the "reality" to the outward semblance is a let and hindrance, and weakens the spiritual life.

"Come unto *me*, all ye ends of the earth, and be saved," is the invitation. "My yoke is *easy*, and my burthen is *light*," is the inducement, and the promise of "good gifts to him that asketh" is the reward.

Will you come to the great salvation? Will you bear the burthen? Will you claim the good gifts laid up in store for you and all who love His blessed appearing?

3d mo. 24th, 1869. L. J. R.

(To be continued.)

Past deliverances do not secure us from future trials; but they should strengthen our confidence and reliance on God.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE GOOD OLD WAY.

The extracts from Fox and Kersey, noticed in the Intelligencer, gave rise to reflections on the proper method of advancing reformations in society. Isaac Pennington remarks in his writings, "Truth is weighty and will bear trial, and the more it is tried in the balance, the more manifest its nature and ways appear." And again; "the last thing which I have now to mention is tenderness, meekness, coolness and stillness of spirit. These are of a uniting, preserving nature. He that differs and divides from the body cannot be thus, and he that is thus cannot rend or divide."

We will find in the history of our Society that when any member or members presented views or practices in advance of those commonly held, if this state of mind was maintained, (as noticed by I. Pennington) love and harmony prevailed, and in due time an enlargement was experienced. Our testimony against slavery advanced slowly against much opposition; but as these benign influences were maintained by concerned Friends, way was opened in the minds of all to come out from this evil. Likewise our testimony against intemperance; being pressed forward in this "sobriety of judgment," as I. P. terms it, advanced to its present high position among us. We may also note the example of John Woolman, when he felt it to be his duty to wear cloth differing in color from that which was generally worn at that time. By abiding in Christian meekness and stillness, way was made for him, and those who at first opposed became his loving friends.

In the separation of John Perrot from the Society, we discover no such spirit. He appears to have been fond of contention and of an ambitious disposition; hence the views he and his party held of the impropriety of rising when vocal supplication was made in meetings, not being maintained in accordance with moderation, forbearance and brotherly kindness, were of no avail. Had our early Friends treated the question of human slavery with the same fiery zeal and the same contentious fault-finding spirit, the good cause would have been greatly hindered, and perhaps a separation might have ensued. So it will be in this day. If those Friends who feel it a duty to act differently from the customs of our fathers, maintain their views in quietness and brotherly kindness, others, seeing their sincerity, may be induced to examine the subject more closely, and in time truth will prevail, and a harmonious practice will take place amongst us. The advice of Gamaliel to the Sanhedrim is as proper a course to pursue now as it was then. "If this counsel or work be of men it will come to naught; but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God." It is of the greatest importance in our journey through life, that we remain open to conviction, believing that we have not yet attained to the highest degree of knowledge, human or divine. Being ever willing to be taught, we shall be preserved from self-conceit and an obstinate adherence to our opinions, which often obstruct the rising of Divine truth. S. H.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

CONCHOLOGY IN PHILADELPHIA.

Philadelphia is the recognized Conchological centre of the world. This may not appear true to those unacquainted with the history of conchology; but notwithstanding the vast opportunities for collecting in Europe, owing to the number of learned scientific men who devote their lives to this branch of natural history, no institution in the world, perhaps, not excepting the British Museum, which is supported by Government patronage, contains a collection of shells that can compare with the one in the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia.

The number of described species of shells, excluding those fossil, is estimated to be not less than 26,000; and of this number the Academy possesses about 20,000 species, numbering many hundred thousand specimens. This collection is made more valuable because it contains the original types of most of the early American Conchologists who were its first contributors. In 1849, the hitherto small collection was enriched by the presentation, by the late Dr. R. E. Griffith, of nearly 5000 species of shells.

Dr. Thos. B. Wilson, of Newark, Del., now deceased, who was a liberal donor in all the

departments of the Academy, presented about 1700 species of many rare and valuable shells. The donations from 1850 to 1866 were mostly in small lots from numerous persons. At this time the collection numbered about 15,000 species. The labor of arranging these was principally performed by Dr. Griffith and Wm. G. Binney, of Burlington, N. J., the latter gentleman devoting several years to the work.

In the winter of 1866, a special department of the Academy was formed for the study of Conchology. About this time, Geo. W. Tryon, Jr., a well-known Philadelphia Conchologist, deposited his entire collection of shells numbering 10,000 arranged species and over 100,000 specimens, in the museum. His fine conchological library was also added to that of the Academy. Thus at one meeting the cabinet was increased by not less than 5,000 new species, and the library made the most complete on Conchology in the world. We understand the duplicate books and shells are for sale by the librarian. Shortly after this the museum was again enriched by the addition of the entire collection of Wm. M. Gabb, Palæontologist of the California Survey. This numbers about 3,000 species, and is noted as containing the most complete and valuable collection of West Coast land shells ever made by any one. About 1,000 species were also added by purchase, &c. Thus it will be seen that the Philadelphia Academy, in a quiet way and with very little pecuniary aid, has been steadily increasing until it has become the leading museum, of conchology at least, in the world. This fine collection is but poorly arranged, owing to the limited space which it occupies. To exhibit it properly would require a space three times that at present used, which cannot be done until a new building is furnished.

S. R. R.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

When I reflect upon heavenly things and the simplicity of the Truth, the feeling of gratitude flows freely that my lot was cast among those whose faith in the immediate operations and saving effects of the life of God in the soul was a living one, and that I had not to contend in early life with educational prejudices and the strong bias of sect before I was able to receive and understand for myself the glorious Truth. May the strong convictions arising in my own mind be always so heeded, that the language of my daily life will be, "Let others do as they will, as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

While it is not in our power to give grace to our children, I know very much depends upon their having before them an example consistent with our profession. We are told, "My grace is sufficient." I desire to be always ready to receive this help, that so I may go in and out before my little flock in such a manner as to draw them nearer and nearer to the Fountain of purity and excellence.

Our friends at —— are very sick. The Great Father worketh by means that are not to be fathomed by finite man, and we know not how deeply He may be stirring the inmost recesses of the heart by this protracted season of trial and anxiety. Surely we can acknowledge that His continued visitations to the children of men are all in love. He is good. He is merciful and greatly to be praised, honored and adored.

Though it be true that the best and purest feelings of love and interest prevail, yet an evidence of it furnished with life, quickens the heart and causes it to rejoice in the certainty. Such an evidence was thy note, received last evening; and I thank thee for it; and still more do I thank the Good Spirit that inspired it. Such ties as these dissolve not in time nor in eternity. They strengthen as we verge towards that "city whose walls are salvation and whose gates are praise." Thitherward are my thoughts tending, and all my desires bending; yet not to the exclusion of an earnest solicitude to fill up my measure in this life, both of labor and endurance, or whatever may be requisite to prepare me for an admittance into the heavenly mansion where all tears are wiped away. The past winter has been a season of sadness, but my refuge has been the Almighty wing; under its shadow have I reclined. Yes, my heavenly Father has upheld me by the right hand of his power, so that even severe trials have not been permitted to destroy. Shall "heights or depths," tribulations or persecutions, "things present or to come," be able to separate the soul from His love?

I have often mingled with you in spirit with feelings that cannot be expressed, but have felt too low and too poor to attempt to pour out of the heart's fulness. May the precious children who have assumed new responsibilities choose Wisdom for their guide, for "her price is far above rubies." "In her right hand is length of days, and in her left hand riches and honor. She will give them an understanding with power to resist the temptations of a vain world, and they will find to their joy that "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and her paths peace."

I esteem —— as one of the brightest ornaments of our age and country. His mind expands beyond the narrow limits of self-interest, and embraces the broad domain of mind, which by culture originates ideas that tend to the advancement of the general good. No gift is like a master-mind intent upon usefulness; and more among us would shine as the polished diamond, were they rightly to engage in the same field of labor.

I greatly desire to come to your city; but how can I bring my mind to bear the desolation I must feel by the removal of the loved and honored elders with whom for many years I have taken sweet counsel, and with whom I have "walked to the house of God in company!" How stripped we shall feel if favored to attend the approaching annual assembly!

From the length and breadth of the land the burden-bearers have been gathered, and *who* have been watching for the falling mantle, ready to bind it around them, and prove its sufficiency by active service? The great and good Being only knows, and to Him we must commit all things!

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 3, 1869.

Book of Discipline.—We are requested to announce that the Representative Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting have published another edition of the Discipline from the stereotype plates belonging to that body.

Notwithstanding the edition of 1000, which was recently published and distributed gratuitously among the Monthly Meetings, there is still a large demand, and we should be glad to see every family within our limits supplied with a copy of the rules which have been wisely adopted for our government. The edition is sold at about the cost price (35 cents,) and the publisher informs that he will send a copy to any part of the United States for 12 cents additional. (4 cents.) The advertisement issued by the Representative Committee will be found in another column.

The Indians.—It may be proper at this time, in view of the interest taken by the members of our Religious Society in whatever concerns the welfare of the Indians, to give publicity through the columns of the Intelligencer to the following circular, which has been prepared under the instruction of the Representative Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and a copy therof forwarded to the correspondent of each Monthly Meeting throughout the Yearly Meeting.

We have not before made public the offer of the then President elect, because we thought it not right to do so. The subject is one of great importance, and it received weighty consideration previously to a determination to act. We look upon the opportunity thus offered as one that may be embraced by our members who may be conscientiously led to the service, and we trust it may prove a providential means whereby our early concern for these children of the forest may be righteously promoted.

A conference with the Indian Committee of Baltimore Yearly Meeting was held by some Friends from New York and Philadelphia on the 6th of last month, wherein the subject was fully examined so far as their information enabled them to do so. An efficient committee was appointed to attend at Washington, and we learn that their efforts thus far have met with the kindest reception. We hope to be able as the matter progresses to give further information upon this interesting and absorbing subject.

By direction of the Representative Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, the Committee on Indian Affairs furnish the following information, in order that the members of our Religious Society may understand the disposition of the Executive head of the Government towards the Indians, and ourselves, in relation to this suffering race.

As far as appears, we believe that our members may accept the appointment of Indian Agent without a compromise of our testimonies.

Friends who may feel their minds drawn to engage in this service are desired to forward their names to either of the undersigned for consideration, with such promptness as is compatible with the seriousness the subject demands, in order that the President may be as early as possible apprised of our conclusions. Upon personal application to the committee such further information as may come to their knowledge will be given.

Nathaniel Richardson, Byberry, Pa.,
William Dorsey, 923 Market Street, Philadelphia,
Joseph Powell, Darby, Pa.,
Richard Moore, Quakertown, Bucks County, Pa.,
Joseph C. Turnpenny, 813 Spruce Street, Philada.,
Barclay White, Juliustown, Burlington Co., N. J.,
William Hawkins, 107 North Fourth St., Philada.,
Elias Hicks, Chatham, Chester County, Pa.,
Isaac C. Parry, Horsham, Pa.,
Daniel Foulke, Spring House, Montgomery Co., Pa.,
David Ferris, Moorstown, N. J.,

Indian Committee.

Philadelphia, Third month 18th, 1869.

The annexed is a copy of a letter addressed to Benjamin Hallowell, who was one of a Committee representing the Conference on Indian Affairs, held in Baltimore one year ago last fall, to present a memorial to the government and the heads of department at Washington, setting forth the wrongs and injustice to which the Indians have been subjected, and seeking the favor of our rulers in their behalf:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES,
Washington, D. C., February 15th, 1869.

BENJAMIN HALLOWELL,
Sandy Spring, Maryland.

SIR: General Grant, the President elect, desirous of inaugurating some policy to protect the Indians in their rights, and enforce integrity in the administration of their affairs, as well as improve their general condition, and appreciating fully the friendship and interest which your Society has ever maintained in their behalf, *directs me to request that you will send him a list of names, members of your Society*, whom your Society will indorse, as suitable persons for Indian Agents.

Also to assure you, that any attempt which may or can be made by your Society for the improvement, education, and Christianization of the Indians under such Agencies, will receive from him, as President, all the encouragement and protection which the laws of the United States will warrant him in giving.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,
E. S. PARKER,
Brevet Brig. Gen. U.S.A., and A.D.C.

We refer the writer "On the character of Wm. Penn" to some of the early numbers of Friends' Intelligencer, where Macaulay's charges were fully discussed. We also refer him to "S. M. Janney's History of Friends," in which several pages are devoted to this subject.

MARRIED, on the 11th of Third month, 1869, according to the order of Friends, at the residence of the bride's uncle, Jacob Price, M.D., in West Chester, Pa., JAMES M. GOOD, of St. Louis, to Alice J., daughter of Josiah and Mary P. Wilson.

DIED, on the 14th ult., DINAH H., wife of Charles Moore, in the 61st year of her age; a valuable member and elder of Uwchland Monthly Meeting.

——, at her residence near Newtown, Bucks Co., Pa, on the 18th of Eleventh month, 1868, HANNAH, wife of Samuel Buckman, aged about 71 years; an elder of Makefield Monthly Meeting. Truly a mother in Israel has been taken from our midst; a sweet and loving spirit is added to the celestial band. Her life was an example to all who claimed the privilege of her friendship, and the "end that crowns all" was calm and beautiful, leaving the assurance that she has entered the pearl gates to receive the reward of "well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

——, of consumption, on the 25th of Eleventh month, 1868, LYDIA FARQUHAR, aged about 39 years; a member of Pipe Creek Monthly Meeting, Carroll Co., Md.

——, at New Rochelle, on the 17th of Third mo., 1869, after a lingering illness, HANNAH BURLING, in the 78th year of her age. She was an elder and overseer of Purchase Monthly Meeting for a long series of years. When prostrated by sickness and in extreme suffering, her patience and resignation were remarkably exemplified. She frequently repeated, "The Lord is my Shepherd," and other Scripture passages. At her funeral, many living testimonies were borne to her exemplary life by those who had long known her as a mother in Israel.

——, on the 5th of Second month, 1869, at the residence of his brother, William B. Steer, in Waterford, Loudoun County, Virginia, JONAH STEER, in the 81st year of his age.

——, on the 5th of Third month, 1869, in the 67th year of her age, PHEBE WATSON, a member of Abington Monthly Meeting, Penna.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

The Annual Meeting of the Association of Friends for the promotion of First day Schools within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, will be held at Friends' Meeting-house, Darby, on Seventh day, Fourth month 17th, at 10 o'clock A. M., and hold two sessions. Reports are desired and delegates invited from all Schools, First-day Reading Associations, and kindred organizations, in order that a full report may be forwarded to the Annual Conference. All who feel interested are invited to attend and participate in the proceedings.

Market street and Walnut street Railways convey passengers to Darby Road, from whence cars leave every 50 minutes for Darby.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., } *Clerks.*
LYDIA H. HALL, }

To facilitate business, please forward reports to the clerks by 14th instant, directed to 717 Willow street, Philadelphia.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

of the First-day School Association will meet on Seventh-day next, Fourth month 10th, at 10 o'clock, at Race Street Monthly Meeting Room. Matters connected with the First-day School paper and other business for the Association will be acted on.

PHEBE GRIFFITH, *Clerk.*

CIRCULAR MEETINGS,

At Frankford, Pennsylvania, to-morrow (First-day) afternoon at 3 o'clock.

At Camden, New Jersey, to-morrow (First-day) afternoon at 3 o'clock.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

A Stated Meeting of the Board of Managers will be held on Third-day, the 6th of Fourth month, at half-past 3 o'clock P. M., at the College building. Cars leave station, 31st and Chestnut streets, at 2.30 P. M.

EDWARD PARRISH, *Clerk.*

TRUST IN GOD.

O for the blessedness of that man who has been enabled to realize the most entire conviction—and that not as a theory, but as practical truth—that God doeth all things well, and that his work is perfect!

The grinding of low cares of this life have no place with him. He knows that all his affairs are guided by one who cannot err—that he is watched over for good by one who is never weary. Human friends may weary of him and shake him off, if he becomes troublesome by his wants, but he heeds it little—

his God invites, solicits, is gratified by the entireness of his dependence and by the full and undivided burden of his cares.

Strange it is that we are so slow to claim the rights thus given us, and which we ought to regard as inestimable privileges. Yet how few are known to any of us, who do truly realize the many promises and gracious invitations to do that which can alone make this life tolerable!—*Kitto.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE FROGS AND TOADS OF OUR COUNTRY.

We are aware that these amphibious reptiles generally meet with little favor, and are often considered disgusting and repulsive. The idea has arisen from an education which is not founded on correct knowledge of their habits and value, and of what these terms really mean. It is true that they are among the lowly members of an infinite creation, yet to me they are highly interesting; for they perform an important part in the economy of the world.

I have often watched the movements of these creatures, and noted that every part of their organization was as nicely and wonderfully adapted to the station it is designed to fill as is the higher type of the human frame. Those that live on trees are colored much like the bark on which they rest, and change color to suit their position. The frogs that live mostly in the water are web-footed, and can swim with great rapidity in pursuit of their prey; they have powerful hind-legs, to enable them to swim and to make enormous springs to avoid danger. The toad-frog has a peculiar foot, by which he easily buries himself to wait for his prey; and our particular friend, the domestic toad, (as he may be properly called,) is the very ideal of patience and quietude. Two varieties of frogs frequent the ponds early in spring; one is called the wood frog, and is about two inches long, reddish brown above and yellowish white beneath, and the head has a dark-brown stripe on the side. With this species I am not familiar. I have heard its note among the trees in the fall, but could never detect it. The other species is called the Pickering's frog or toad; but the terms are indiscriminately used, and both kinds are generally known as the "peepers." In my youthful days I was very curious to ascertain what these little musicians were, and as my inquiries of my associates were of no avail in revealing the mystery, I resolved to find it out myself. I watched by a pond where these little creatures were making melody, but my presence disturbed them, and for awhile all was still. Presently one at a distance piped, another joined in, and soon a little fellow close by me essayed to blow out his throat, and I caught him. He was a tiny frog, about an inch long, of a yellowish brown color, with small spots and line of a dusky hue. The abdomen was flesh color and the throat yellow. This species is found in the woods skipping about on the ground, and sometimes on the plants that grow near the water.

We confess a love for the tree toad, called the Hyloid versicolor, from its habit of changing its color, which varies at different seasons; some say it is to accommodate itself to the color of the bark of the tree on which it lives. All inhabitants of rural districts are acquainted with the noisy manifestations of these toads, especially towards evening and before a rain. Late in spring or early in summer they resort to the water to lay their eggs. While we must all admire the beautiful marbled skin of this variety, always bright and clean, and the innocent, happy look that beams from the prettiest of eyes, we will also observe the curious form of their delicate feet. The extremities of their toes have a little cushion, covered by a sticky substance, which enables them to cling to the limbs of trees and smooth surfaces very much as flies walk on walls and glass. Suppose we take a look into his mouth and examine that swiftly moving organ, the tongue. It is fixed in the parts of the lower jaw, and folded back upon itself so that its point is lodged in its throat. Thus provided, the tongue can be thrown out with great ease and rapidity. The tongue is bifurcated, that is, divided at its tip, and it opens like forceps, to seize and hold its prey.

Early in summer, and frequently after a shower, our ponds echo the coarse and disagreeable notes of our common toads. These resort to ponds and collections of water to lay their eggs, and in a few weeks after the edges of the water are literally alive with the young. The young of both toads and frogs are called tadpoles; their lives in the water and transformations are phenomena resembling the changes of the sluggish worm and caterpillar to the gayly-painted butterfly. The tadpoles have no bones; they have an appendage like a tail, by which they swim—only rudiments of feet—and breathe through gills on the side, similar to fishes. Gradually the tail is absorbed into the system, the gills close, the blood changes its course and flows through the lungs, and the little frogs and toads are then prepared to enjoy a new life and seek other means of subsistence.

It is amusing to watch the motions of the toad when his appetite calls him forth to procure a meal. See how intently he views surrounding objects, when presently a fly makes

its appearance; nearer it comes, and the toad moves about cautiously, so as to keep the fly in range, and when it is near enough throws out its tongue, and the poor fly vanishes with the quickness of thought. They are said to live over thirty years, and generally stay at their old homes for many years. A neighbor once thought a very dark-skinned toad, long a frequenter of the strawberry patch, took rather more than his share of the fruit, (for toads, like robins, cannot resist taking a few berries for a lunch.) So one day Jupiter, as they named him, was carried to a remote part of the farm, with the expectation that he would stay there and eat insects for his living, as toads should do; but in a day or two Jupiter was again in his old home in the strawberry bed.

We have heard of gardeners collecting toads from the fields and putting them in the garden to lessen the hosts of flies, beetles, and other insects that destroy the gardener's hopes. They love to retire to a shady place in the heat of the day. I have left old boards laying in the garden, that they might resort to them for protection, and upon turning over the boards felt amply repaid when I saw them enjoying themselves in the shade.

It is believed that toads are more numerous than formerly, owing to the decrease of their enemies the snakes. Laboring men are almost universally enemies to snakes, and kill them whenever they can. Although I would rather "tread aside and let the reptile live," I am not sorry for their decrease; for, notwithstanding they, to some extent, consume mice and insects, the toads they destroy would be much more serviceable than themselves. We may observe on each side of the toad's back, a little below the eyes, a kidney-shaped gland or wart, which secretes a milky, acrid juice that is given them for defence. Dogs will sometimes seize a toad to play with, but this milky fluid soon makes them sick, and they learn to let the peaceful toads alone.

There is a dull-looking toad *with a dark-brown skin and yellow stripes from the eyes down the back.* It is called by some the spade-footed toad, because of its habit of digging a hole with its hind feet in order to conceal all but its nose, so that it may catch insects for food as they come within its reach. It is also termed the solitary frog. It is very sluggish in its movements, and its croak on going to the water to deposit its eggs is the most inharmonious of all. The eyes are the only striking or attractive feature that we notice, and they are most curious and beautiful. The accounts we occasionally read of toads being found imbedded in rocks for centuries require confirmation, and are generally regarded by scientific men as fabulous. Animal life must exhaust itself after a few years under any circumstances, and experiments of confining toads and reptiles to test the possibility of such long seclusion from air and light have shown that it was unsustained by evidence.

Among the frogs of this country the bull-frog has pre-eminence both for size and voracity. He is not a favorite with farmers. Although the bull-frog will eat bugs, crickets, and other insects that are injurious to us, the balance is against him; for he is a bold carniverous fellow, and will pull a young duck under water and swallow it with great relish. He will also snap up any little bird that comes near him. He will catch the young tadpoles, and will swallow a spring frog or one of his own species half as large as himself. The hind quarters of these frogs are excellent food, and many ponds have been depopulated to furnish this savory dish for the epicure.

Frogs can frequently be caught by approaching them slowly and without perceptible motion of the arms or body, as from the small amount of brains they possess they are low in the scale of intelligence, and their muscles are to a certain extent controlled by knots or ganglions of nerves in the body that seem to act independently of the brain. The most interesting class of frogs to the writer are those called spring frogs, and known in some places as the shad frog, leopard frog, pickerel frog, and green frog. Leopard frogs are most beautiful creatures, being green above and prettily spotted with dark brown, margined with yellow; beneath they are yellowish white. They are very active, and leap sometimes eight to ten feet at a single bound, and when frightened are easily caught. Their length is about three inches.

The pickerel is somewhat smaller,—very long and slender, its thighs are of a bright yellow mottled with black. The title of pickerel is derived from the custom of using these frogs for pickerel bait. We may notice them, when swimming on the surface of the water, making a peculiar clucking or grating sound unlike any other frogs or toads.

The green frog is larger than the others, and being of a stouter form cannot make such leaps. This is the kind we frequently see presiding in quiet dignity ensconced beneath the ferns over the springs of the farm-house. All frogs are beneficial to us in purifying the water, by preying on water insects and land beetles or crickets that may fall into the springs. A few years ago a spring frog was found in a can of milk in New York. Quite an excitement was made by the newspapers, as furnishing proof that the milk had been diluted with water. But this was soon explained as a frequent occurrence of frogs

living in and near springs. They always jump when disturbed, and, frog like, this one jumped without looking, into a can of milk.

The skin of frogs and toads is exceedingly porous, and imbibes water like a sheet of blotting paper. They are very susceptible to the substances with which they come in contact. We have seen experiments made by ignorant persons of putting pepper and salt mixed together on frogs backs, and it soon caused their death. This was done by superstitious persons, in order to prove that they were poisonous. We rejoice that such ideas are passing away, and that these most interesting and to some of us beautiful members of the animal creation are not considered disgusting or unclean. I. H.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

EVER NIGH.

Still as the silent hours of the midnight passeth by,
And the hosts of starry sentinels move upward through the sky,
Still turns my musing spirit in calm and sweet accord
To the glory and the beauty of the promise of the Lord,

"Lo! I am with you alway," though the night be chill around,
Or the day-star rise in brightness, or the evening mists abound,
Though the heart-pulse throb with anguish, or up springeth light and gay,
The Master, "Lo! the Master," is with us still "alway."

Back through the misty dimness of our glad youth's opening hours,
When the life that beckoned onward seemed enwrought alone with flowers,
Goes now the pained memory, and the weary years between
Look all so dark, I scarce can see their fitful shades of green.

The untried paths, where Faith and Love went with us day by day,—
But, in our darkness, did we know the Master by the way?
As all unseen he led us by the waters still and clear,
Oh heart! how little knew thou that Christ, the Christ was near.

"God heedeth all, he loveth all," our infant ear was taught,
But the far-off great Creator, in wondering weakness sought;
How could he hear our simple prayer, 'mid all the good designed,
That met our gaze as science oped her grandeur to the mind?

Oh human wisdom! sad and lame are all who rest in thee,
The deepest learning earth can give, is learned at Calvary;
The purest truth, the loftiest light, the soul's supremest dower,
Comes to us in the humblest tears of Christ's accepting hour.

Oh world! so lovely as thou art, around, beneath, above,
They read thee rightly who can see in *all* things "God is love;"
So stamped in exquisite beauty thy day, thy night, thy morn,
So full of that rich "joy in life," in each thing inly born.
And *all* is meant, as journeying on our pilgrim pathway here,
And slowly opens unto us the actual, pure and clear,
To bring us lowly at the feet of *one* the staff, the stay,
Who, ever blessing, ever nigh, "is with us still alway." L. P. Y.

Kennett, Chester Co., Pa., 3d mo. 11th, 1869.

SCRIPTURE SONNET.

BY ANNE W. MAYLINE.

"Correct me, but not with anger, lest thou bring me to nothing."—JER. x. 24.

We need not *ask* for suffering; when its test
Comes, we may prove too faithless to endure.
We need not *ask* for suffering; it were best
We wait God's holy ordering, to ensure
Our highest good. But we may ask of Him
That not one throb of grief, one dart of pain,
One burning pang of anguish, pierce in vain
This feeble being, in its faith so dim,
This fainting frame, or this o'erburdened heart;
We *may* implore Him, He would grace impart,
And strength to suffer still as the beloved
Of his own bosom. For of all below,
The *one* affliction in this world of woe
Most sad,—is an affliction unimproved.

FRANKLIN'S WIFE.

To promote her husband's interest, she attended in his little shop, where she bought rags, sewed pamphlets, folded newspapers, and sold the few articles in which he dealt, such as ink, papers, lampblack, blanks, and other stationery. At the same time she was an excellent house-keeper, and besides being economical herself, taught her somewhat careless, disorderly husband to be economical also. Sometimes, Franklin was clothed from head to foot in garments which his wife had both woven and made, and for a long time she performed all the work of the house without the assistance of a servant.

Nevertheless, she knew how to be liberal at proper times. Franklin tells us that for some years after his marriage, his breakfast was bread and milk, which they ate out of a two-penny earthen vessel, with a pewter spoon; but one morning, on going down to breakfast, he found upon the table a beautiful china bowl, from which his bread and milk was steaming, with a silver spoon by its side, which had cost a sum equal in our currency to ten dollars. When he expressed his astonishment at this unwonted splendor, Mrs. Franklin only remarked that she thought her husband deserved a silver spoon and china bowl as much as any of his neighbors.

Franklin prospered in his business until he became the most famous editor and flourishing printer in America, which gave him the pleasure of relieving his wife from the cares of business, and enabled him to provide for her a spacious and well-furnished abode. She adorned a high station as well as she had borne a lowly one, and presided at her husband's liberal table as gracefully as when he ate his breakfast of bread and milk from a twopenny bowl.—*Parton's Life of Franklin.*

From the Living Age

TWO GIRLS OF THE PERIOD.

[The two following papers have come into the hands of the Editor of *Macmi'lan's Magazine* at the same time. He has reason to know that both are genuine; and as they are written with reality and earnestness, and describe with apparent fidelity the wants and complaints of persons at opposite ends of the social scale, he has ventured to print them together, in the hope that they may prove not uninteresting or uninstructive illustrations of one of the great social problems of our day.]

I.

THE UPPER SIDE.

OUR OFFENCE, OUR DEFENCE, AND OUR PETITION.

By a Belgravian Young Lady.

May we be allowed to say a word in our own defence? We have been silent long enough under the torrent of abuse which has been poured upon us from Pulpit and Press during the past two years. These powers are almost equally in the hands of men, and it is against this formidable array of enemies that we now for the first time take the field.

We wish to state our case fairly, without exaggeration and without partiality: we are too much in earnest to desire either. The question, which is an easy subject for an occasional article or sermon, is to us one of vital importance. It may be pleasant to write a pointed, stinging satire on the frivolity and the vices of women, seasoning it with that flavor of impropriety which the public takes for wit, and then to hug oneself with the feeling that a duty to society has been performed; bnt the matter changes its aspect altogether when looked at from *our* point of view. What is sport to others, is death—moral and intellectual—to us.

We are not going to discuss here the whole question of the rights and position of women. We stretch out the right hand of sympathy to all those who are working earnestly and wisely in the cause of our poorer sisters, but at the same time we ask a patient hearing of our own case.

We wish to say something on the position and opportunities of English ladies. We use this word in no invidious sense, but take it in its usually accepted meaning of non-professional women. Ruskin, in an eloquent passage, derives "Lady" from "Loafgiver," and this derivation will exactly suit our purpose here—a distributor of, not a seeker after, the good things of this world. It is against this class that all the abuse has been of late directed, and it is this class alone which has hitherto found no opportunity of public defence. The grievances of laboring women—of female artisans, artists, and governesses—are constantly being brought before the public; ours alone have hitherto been passed over in silence.

Let us first state plainly the whole charge brought against us; and here we shall tread well-worn ground. Young ladies, then, are said to be wholly given up to a mad search after pleasure; to care for nothing save dress, extravagance, and the vanity of personal appearance; to sacrifice modesty, nay, decency itself, in their endeavors to secure what is said to be the only object of their lives, a rich or a noble marriage; to have abandoned the decorous feminine ways of their ancestors, and to have adopted a style of life and conversation unbefitting womanhood—to sum up everything, to have ceased being "ladies," and to have become "fast girls of the period." A heavy accusation truly, and one which weighs none the lighter upon us because we confess that there is much of truth in it. We know—none better—the deep degradation of the life we live; but none but God and our own hearts can tell how bitter is the struggle in most cases before we submit in utter hopelessness to the yoke imposed upon us by fashion.

It would be easy to prove that in the present day there is scarcely any alternative for a girl in fashionable society, between reckless dissipation and a convent life. The latter is becoming oftener chosen year by year; but the many hindrances which English feeling throws in the way of it makes the world still the commonest choice for those whose eyes are open to the dangers and the evils of both. It seems the wisest course to choose the evil you can abandon rather than that from which there is no withdrawal. We ask all those—and their name is legion—who are terrified out of all common sense, by the rapid spread of monastic institutions in this country, to follow us for a few minutes while we point out the reason of their sudden growth. There is no smoke without fire, no effect without a cause; and the cause of the success of Church of England convicts is to be found in the frivolity of the life which custom now enforces on most of us. To minds not wholly broken-in to the customs of society, it is refreshing to turn from a life the purpose of which is entirely selfish,—in which the adornment, comfort, and amusement of the great idol Self is the only duty,—to one from which

self-indulgence, luxury, and vanity are (theoretically at least) banished. Yet, strange to say, the very writers who inveigh the most bitterly against our useless lives are the same who the most eagerly oppose the establishment of convents.

To make our meaning clear, we will now briefly sketch the usual course of a young lady's life. We will leave out of the question the many cases when the death of parents, or some similar misfortune, throws definite duties upon a girl's shoulders. Circumstances such as these sometimes form noble women; they have never, in our experience, resulted in the production of a "girl of the period," so we pass them by.

Let us, then, imagine the case of a girl who at seventeen finds herself a member of a prosperous and wealthy family, with a father and mother still in the prime of life. Let us also suppose her (and we trust no Englishman will think it too great a strain on his imagination) to be by nature intelligent, high-minded, and warm-hearted. A desultory education has shown her glimpses of much that is interesting in the world around her, and probably the poetry of three or four modern languages has left the traces of many a noble thought and aspiration in her mind. The newspapers lying on her father's table shows her each morning the great world with all its sorrow and all its needs. The religious revival, too, affects her powerfully, as in sermon after sermon she hears the preacher extol the merits of self-denial and the glories of self-sacrifice. She is stirred with enthusiasm, and she looks about her for her own personal duties, and asks to have a post assigned her in the battle-field of life. Strange, while all around are up and stirring, there seems to be no place left for her. She reads in stilted phrases in many a "good" book that woman's work is home work and home influence, but this is scarcely applicable to herself. Her home is a luxurious one, and servants are at hand, often in unnecessary numbers, to perform every household duty; and her mother, blessed with many daughters, only asks for her occasional society. She has a great deal of leisure, and all the more time to think. We must not forget also the change which has taken place in the physical training of girls. In the days when Lord Byron "could not endure to see a woman eat," fashionable ladies lived, or tried to live on next to nothing; robust health was vulgar, and exercise never dreamt of by those who did not wish to be supposed capable of doing anything beyond lying on a sofa, pretending to read the "Corsair." Our modern young lady, on the contrary, has been taught to ride, drive, walk, skate, &c., and from thence results a decided increase in muscular powe and energy, which in their turn demanc exercise.

Finding no field for the exercise of he energies inside her father's house, she wil probably direct her first attempt towards th parish-school. Often, however, she finds i well supplied with trained teachers, who lool upon her amateur labors with contempt, mor or less disguised, and she perceives that a sub scription would be much more acceptabl than a visit; or, in other cases, when her ser vices might be of real use, her mother find out that "the school is close," or that scarla tina, measles, or whooping-cough are preva lent, and forbids her attendance on that score The same objections are raised against he visiting the poor, even if she feels that he youth and inexperience fit her to comfort th misery and cope with the vice of which sh knows nothing. And now that severa schemes have been found to be impracticabl she begins to feel life rather dull and uninte esting. She finds no beaten track, and her happens not to be one of those extraordinar characters which can carve out a path fo itself in spite of every obstacle. Feeling however, that she must do something, sh pulls out her old schoolbooks, and determine to study by herself, but she presently become dissatisfied with her work, discovering he original grounding to be so indifferent tha she is building on very insecure foundation Her family discourage her in every way, d riding her as a "blue," and interrupting he studies continually. Lastly—and this di courages her more than anything—she reflect that her education and her accomplishment can never be of the slightest use to any on save herself, and she cannot see clearly tha they will even help her. Her mother, di tressed at perceiving in her the germ of suc unorthodox and troublesome tastes, calls he "morbid," and thinks it right to "rouse her by a course of gaiety, probably beginnin with a ball at home. A first ball is a plea ant prospect to every girl, and she flings he self energetically into the work of prepar tion. The mere physical exertion of dancin for five hours together is a pleasant chang from the listless torpor of her life. She en joys it thoroughly, and when it is over fin it has left a hundred amusing reminiscence The little trivial flatteries and compliment which she received would not hurt her if sh had anything else to think about; but, as is, she finds that she dwells more upon the than she at all desires. She begins to despi herself. Perhaps she hopes that the Churc may restore her to her better self, and sh flies thither. We believe we may say, wit out any want of charity, that the real reas

why church-going has become so popular of late is, because it supplies an imaginary duty to fill up hours for which girls really can find no other harmless occupation. Then, again, this reacts with deteriorating influence upon her character. The contrast between the life of active charity and self-denial preached, and the useless self-indulgent one she is compelled to live, first startles the conscience and then kills it. What shall our heroine do? Some of her friends fly for refuge to the bosom of the Romish or extreme High Church, and recover from self-contempt behind the veil which marks their death to the world. Others—and these are by far the most numerous class—outlive their better feelings, or drown them in the flood of fashionable life. Let us imagine that the girl whose life we are sketching chooses to remain in the world: in many instances she would have no other choice.

The pleasures of society soon pall upon her. From week to week, and month to month, there is no cessation from the weary, purposeless round of gaiety. She has been forced to drink too deeply of the stimulating draught to be able to do without it now. Society is odious, but a quiet life is unendurable.

She no longer cares for dancing for its own sake, she must relieve its monotony with flirtation. Then gradually as she feels herself falling farther and farther away from her own girlish ideal, she clings the more desperately to the only excitement with which she can kill time and smother conscience. Hence arises all the evil against which the moralist and satirist alike inveigh. . . .

And yet perhaps at the bottom of it lies a better feeling. She sees some of her friends saved all this degradation by a happy marriage, and wishes to change her lot for one in which she might have some object to live for besides herself, some purpose in life not wholly selfish. Hence proceed many unhappy marriages, when the bride only flies to marriage to save her from the insipid uselessness of her life. Hence also many mercenary marriages which often tempt girls by offering them a larger sphere of action. We think if men oftener had themselves the chance of winning power, wealth, independence, and rank, by a flattering word or an expressive smile, we should hear fewer hard words on this subject. They would then learn the severity of a girl's temptation; especially when it is contrasted with the alternative of an unmarried life, soured by the recollections of a wasted youth, and the prospect of a purposeless old age. We ask any intelligent man to put himself for a moment into the place of any unmarried woman of his acquaintance. Treated up to the very confines of middle life as if still a child, with no more liberty or independence than at sixteen, obliged to conform to the habits and practices of her father's house, whether congenial or not to her own temper and principles, with no definite object in view, and no prospect of being able to form larger interests till the breaking up of her home (often late in life) leaves her even more desolate than before, can we wonder that with many fear overcomes delicacy in their struggle to escape? Far be it from us to say that an unmarried woman's life must be an unhappy one; we only maintain that any intelligent being must find an existence without duties and without cares very monotonous, and consequently very dangerous. She may devote herself to wood-carving, illumination, or lace-making, and with these pursuits she may kill a certain amount of time, but they never can satisfy the conscience or give sufficient employment to the mind when followed merely for the sake of amusement. It is idle to say that this state of things lasts but for a few years, and that in most cases she is her own mistress after thirty. Granting that this were true, which we do not allow, is it not adding insult to injury, after keeping her for ten or twelve years in forced and demoralizing idleness, to bid her then set to work and begin a new life when she feels years have consumed all her energy and enthusiasm, without giving her any compensating experience?

This then is the life which the world has hitherto thought fit to impose upon the daughters of the rich; and now that the world itself is dissatisfied with the result, may we not ask for a reconsideration of our sentence?

(To be continued.)

A SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

We noticed last week that the Earth Closet had been introduced into the Pennsylvania Hospital, at Philadelphia. George E. Warring, Jr., of New York, while on a recent visit to the institution, saw a number of cases of flesh-wounds dressed with dry earth from the Closet, the result of which are published at length in the New York Tribune, and from which we make an extract:

"There was lying in the ward a patient suffering from a very severe compound fracture of the lower leg. The wound was in an unhealthy condition, and its exudations, amounting to a pint in 24 hours, were so offensive as to cause a sickening and even dangerous stench, that the excellent ventilation of the ward and the use of the usual disinfectants were hardly able even to mitigate. It occurrred to Dr. Hewson to test the power of dry earth to absorb this odor, as it had that of excrement.—The effect was magical. Not only was the

offensiveness entirely overcome, but the effect on the character of the wound itself was such as no previous treatment had been able to compass. The suppuration was, within a few days, so reduced that the daily dressing of a single half pint of earth was not even saturated; the edges of the flesh-wound lost their inflamed character; the intense pain of the sore was entirely relieved, and a healthy granulation had ensued.

A railroad brakeman whose hand was—a year and a half ago—crushed between the coupling heads of two cars, and who has never been free from pain, and seldom from intense pain; whose hand, from the wrist to the knuckles, was a festering mass of carious bones and inflamed flesh, and whose system had been so reduced that he could not have survived the amputation which alone can entirely relieve him, is now happy in freedom from pain. His flesh-wound has taken on a healthy character, and his strength is fast returning. He even hopes to save his hand, but the long continued decay of the bone makes this impossible.

On Saturday last a laborer, engaged in breaking up condemned shells, exploded one that was charged. The powder burned his face and arms, and (seriously) one of his knees, which was struck by a fragment of the iron that completely shattered the knee-pan. His burns and the fracture were immediately dressed with dry earth, and the freedom from pain and the absence of inflammation have been as marked in his case as in the others. Without this dressing the knee-joint must inevitably have become involved, and the leg must have been lost. Now, the wound is evidently healing, and (although it is too early to speak positively) there is every reason to hope that the result of the injury will be only a stiff knee.

Last Wednesday an entire breast was removed for cancer, and the wound was dressed with dry earth. It is now healing rapidly. There has been no inflammation and no suppuration, and this woman too—calm and happy looking, with a healthy color and a steady voice—spoke far more than her cheerful words in thankfulness for her relief."—*Delaware co. Republican.*

"Thou shalt not curse the deaf." (Lev. 19: 14.) Those who are absent are deaf—they cannot right themselves; therefore say no ill of them.

ITEMS.

The first bill signed by President Grant was the one in favor of sustaining the public credit; the second which received his signature, was the one securing rights to blacks and whites in the District of Columbia. Both of these measures had been defeated by President Johnson.

A late delegation of citizens of Philadelphia has presented a proposition to the President and Congress with a view to break up the present system of cheating, plundering and inflaming the Indians. The plan is a simple one. It is to place the conduct of Indian affairs in safer hands, by the following amendment to the Indian Appropriation bill: "For promoting the civilization of the Sioux nation of Indians and other Indians, and for fulfilling the obligations of the Government to them—the sum of three millions of dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary—to be expended by the Secretary of the Interior, *with the joint approval and consent of himself and five Commissioners, to be appointed by the President of the United States*, who shall receive no compensation, nor be in anywise interested in any transaction under this appropriation." This solution of the Indian problem has the sanction of the President, the Secretary of the Interior, and leading Senators and members of the House of Representatives.

The Ocean.—According to the results of late recent deep sea soundings, it is announced that the bottom of the sea, at great depths, is covered by a continuous mass, extending over miles in extent, of what may be considered as one single animal. It is thought to form the lowest stage of animal life on the globe, and is supposed to derive its nourishment directly from the mineral world, as in case of plants. The new animal has been baptized by the euphonious name of *Bathybius.*

The following important document is a proclamation of liberty to all the slaves, and is addressed by a Convention of a number of the leading insurgents of the Central Department—that of Camaguey, or Puerto-Principe. Its main features are the same as the proclamation of Cespedes; but it is very significant now, because it shows that the rebellion, with every step it takes of advance, is more and more determined in its measure of Abolition.

DECREE OF ABOLITION.

The institution of Slavery, brought to Cuba by the Spanish domination, ought to be extinguished with it. The Assembly of Representatives of the Center, having in consideration the principles of eternal justice, decree in the name of liberty and of the people:

1. Slavery is abolished.

2. Opportunely will be indemnified the masters of those who till to-day were slaves.

3. All those who by virtue of this decree are freed will contribute with their efforts to the independence of Cuba.

4. To this end, those who may be deemed apt and necessary for the military service will be mustered into our ranks, enjoying the same fortune and consideration as other soldiers of the Liberating army.

5. Those who cannot serve in the army will continue during the war dedicated to the same labor in which they are now engaged, in order to sustain the productiveness of the land, and to contribute to the supply and support of those who offer their blood for the common liberty. This obligation belongs in the same manner to all citizens who to day are free whatever be their color or race, excepting those in the military service.

6. A special ordinance will prescribe the details of the fulfilment of this decree.

Country and Liberty!—Camaguey, February 2, 1869. Signed for the Assembly, Salvador de Cisneros, Edward Agramonte, Ignacio Agramonte, Francisco Sanchez, Antonio Zambrano, Gen. Antonio Castillo.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXVI. PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 10, 1869. No. 6.

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"*Speech of* HON. WALTER A. BURLEIGH, *of Dakota, on the subject of Indian Affairs in the United States and Territories, delivered in the House of Representatives, Feb.* 9, 1869."

Concluded from page 68.

But, sir, we have exhausted our theories and must face the practical question which now presents itself to us, and from which there is no escape. Aside from the humane and Christian view of the subject, which appears to have been utterly disregarded by our Government in all of its recent dealings with the Indian tribes of the country, we are met here to-day with the earnest, practical question of peace upon the terms of returning national justice and good faith, or of a long and bloody war, waged and prosecuted by the poor, neglected, starving tribes for the God-given right to live. War, with all its cruelties and the lasting train of more destructive evils, has been resorted to and failed. Hundreds of millions from the Treasury of the nation have been expended in trying to exterminate the Indian race by our system of military murders. But, sir, thus far our force has proved unavailng. Our army, when marshalled against these people by our most renowned leaders, has been shorn of all its power and its glory save that which crowns the murderer's efforts and entwines itself in serpent coils around the assassin's brow. Some inscrutable power nerves the arms and fires the hearts of the race in its apparently unequal struggle for existence; and, judging from the past, our national Treasury will be bankrupt and our country disgraced long before the Indian tribes of the West will be forced into submission by the military power of the Government.

Our Indian wars are costly. The interest of the money expended in the Florida war exceeds double the amount required for our whole Indian service. The Sioux war cost more than thirty million dollars, the bare interest of which is sufficient to subsist the whole Sioux nation through all coming time. Since that time our Indian wars have cost tens of millions, and are still costing many million dollars a year, every dollar of which is voted by this House without a word of complaint. But, sir, let some member get up here and venture to ask an appropriation of the interest of the amount annually expended in keeping up our western armies, to clothe and provision the Indians, and a cry of opposition will be raised that knows no bounds.

But gentlemen ask what line of policy do you propose? How are we to reunite the broken cords of friendship and maintain friendly relations with our Indian tribes? There is nothing easier than this. We have but to reverse our past method of dealing with them, treat them kindly, deal justly, and convince them by our acts of humanity and justice that we sincerly desire to befriend and save them. Extend the warm hand of a

brother and raise them from their low estate to a position where life will be a blessing, and not a curse. Then will the Indian whom we have alienated and driven away, lift up his drooping head; the long lost smile will again lighten up his countenance, and he will meet us more than half way in our work of pacification, justice and humanity.

Instead of sending soldiers armed with instruments of death and munitions of war to demoralize, degrade, and murder them, let us send philanthropists laden with food and clothing to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, and all the implements of peace necessary for their physical, mental, and moral advancement. Make comfortable homes for the poor, wandering tribes, feed and clothe them until they become sufficiently advanced in the arts of civilized life to provide for themselves. Teach the rising generation to till the soil, instruct them in the mechanic arts, in all the varied duties of domestic life, and raise them as rapidly as possible toward our own standard, thereby fitting them for a better mode of life, and their incorporation as citizens into the States and Territories of the Union.

No class of men are so easily managed, more harmless and reliable, than the North American Indians when once you possess their confidence; none more unmanageable, relentless, and cruel than they, when that confidence is destroyed by wrongs and oppression.

But we are told that the expense to the Government of feeding, clothing, and providing homes for our two hundred and fifty thousand Indians will require an enormous annual expenditure. Let it be remembered that nearly or quite one half of them are already on reservations of some sort, and that they have given us very little trouble. The cost to the Government of keeping the peace and supporting them does not exceed $2,000,000 a year. If this policy is adopted and put into practical operation it will be found that for every dollar expended in support of our Indians we shall save five times this amount, which now goes to support the army in the Indian country.

I am informed that there are now two deficiency appropriations asked for—one of $500,000 for feeding and taking care of some twelve thousand Indians for eight months, under the charge of Gen. Harney, in the Sioux district; the other for $13,000,000, for carrying on our present Indian war in the southwest for the last six months against a much smaller number of Indians. I have learned to-day that there are now engaged in the Indian country and on our western frontiers about forty regiments of troops, including one regiment of cavalry raised in the State of Kansas, which has been in service since last October. The expense to the Government in carrying on this war will exceed $40,000,000 a year if allowed to continue. Instead of protecting the inhabitants of the frontiers they increase their danger; more than two hundred and fifty having been murdered within the past few months. I do not wish to be understood as imputing to the War Department either dishonesty or extravagance. It is the policy alone that I object to. War is at all times costly, especially when carried on as this one is in a country so remote from the source of supplies that the expense of transportation doubles, trebles, and in many cases quadruples their original cost.

If this house would take the trouble to ascertain the annual cost to the Government of keeping up the military establishments of the west, which can have no other object than to operate in the Indian country, it will be found to exceed their conceptions so far as to overshadow the comparatively insignificant amount now expended for the civil Indian service of the country, and stop the cry of extravagance whenever an appropriation is asked for feeding and clothing these people. Three years ago I proposed a plan to this House which looked to the setting apart of a large reservation in the northwest for the exclusive use and occupancy of all of the Indian tribes north of the Platte and east of the Rocky Mountains; also, another reservation in the remote southwest for the Indians south of the Platte and east of the Rocky Mountains. I am still of the opinion that this is the true policy so far as the unlocated tribes are concerned; and that one or two other reservations should be set apart on the Pacific coast for the location of the tribes west of the Rocky Mountains.

Upon these reservations all of the tribes should be located except those now provided for and which are advancing in civilization and toward citizenship. This course will close our Indian wars forever; this will restore peace, permanent and enduring in its character. It will do away with the necessity for at least two-thirds of our army. It will save from fifteen to thirty million dollars annually to the national Treasury. It will save hundreds of valuable lives every year. It will obviate untold miseries, atone for our national injustice, and reclaim the poor neglected, down trodden Indians from their present state of abject misery and restore them to the enjoyments of life and its attendant blessings, which are the free gift of God to all of his children.

Nearly two years ago Congress authorized and sent into the Indian country a commission composed of some of the first men in the

civil and military service. After a thorough investigation had in the heart of the Indian country, and after having sought all the information which promised to throw light upon the subject, these commissioners were forced to the conclusion that the principal cause of our troubles with the warlike tribes is due to the invasion of their country by the whites, our cruelty toward them and the bad faith manifested on our part in not fulfiling the treaty stipulations which exist between them and the United States.

It was agreed by the commissioners that good faith on the part of the Government toward the Indians, whose means of subsistence we have destroyed and whose homes we have invaded, as well as economy in carrying on the Government, demanded a radical change, and that a pacific policy was the only one which held out a promise of success. Accordingly, treaties were negotiated with most, if not all, of the hostile tribes east of the Rocky Mountains, and although the stipulations for food and clothing were long delayed by the Government, the thirty thousand Sioux who were parties to the treaty remain perfectly friendly to-day, and will continue so as long as the United States fulfils its part of the said treaty.

General Harney, an officer of the regular Army, who has seen more than fifty years of honorable service, much of which has been in the Indian country, was selected as one of the commissioners. He was present and took part in making all of these late treaties. He knew just what they contained, what they meant, and was wisely selected to take charge of the large district which had been set apart for the sole use and occupancy of the Sioux nation. It was late in the season when this veteran officer undertook the herculean task of locating and feeding these Indians through the approaching winter. The only means of transportation in the district was up the Missouri river, the waters of which were so low as to more than double the cost of transportation. There had been but $200,000 placed in his hands to enable him to carry into effect the solemn treaty with the Sioux, who, upon the faith of its guarantees, had just abandoned the war path and pledged themselves to a future life of peace and friendship. The number of Indians who, by the terms of this treaty, were to receive a pound of beef and a pound of flour per day exceeded twenty-five thousand in number. Provision had to be made to feed them for at least six months. After making allowance for those who could not get into the reservation before spring, it was estimated that fifteen thousand would have to be subsisted for at least six months before supplies could reach them in the spring. This alone would require three million six hundred thousand pounds of beef which, at a cost of—

Twelve cents per pound, amounts to	$432,000
And 3,600,000 pounds of flour, at ten cents per pound	360,000
Total	$792,000

In addition to these articles it was provided by treaty that houses should be built, sawmills erected, horses and cattle purchased, farming and mechanical implements supplied for the use of the Indians; for the faithful performance of which General Harney was provided with the insignificant sum of $200,000. He went forward, encountered the difficulty, and overcame it. He realized that the issues of peace and war were in his hands. To fail to carry out the letter and spirit of the treaty was to rekindle the flame of a long, cruel, and costly Indian war throughout the Northwest, while the discharge of the national obligation promised the enjoyment of peace and tranquillity throughout that entire section of the country which had so long been the scene of savage warfare. By the honest, fearless, and determined efforts of this just man, this true patriot and philanthropist, the peace and safety of our frontiers have been secured, a long and cruel war arrested, and millions of dollars saved to the Treasury, while the warmest gratitude of unnumbered thousands of our citizens in the northwest attest the value of the meritorious services which he has rendered to them and the country.

But two methods for the adjustment of these difficulties are now thought of. That proposed and so successfully inaugurated by the peace commission commends itself to the favorable consideration of the Christian statesman, the philanthropist, and the true economist. By its adoption the Indians will witness our returning good faith and rejoice; they will abandon the war-path and settle down upon their reservations; peace and safety will reign uninterruptedly throughout our entire territorial domain; hope will once more be lighted in the red man's heart, and the spirit of his brave progenitors will again elevate his depressed nature. On the contrary, if war, murder, robbery, and rapine are to be persisted in, and the policy of extermination, or subjugation even, is to be carried out, our frontiers are doomed to a fresh baptism of fire and blood unparalleled in the history of Indian warfare, and our national Treasury will be doomed to inevitable bankruptcy.

Mr. Speaker, I have entered on the last month of my congressional duties. I neither ask nor desire political honors. A sense of duty alone has prompted me to the consi der-

ation of this subject. On the page of my country's history these feeble utterances in behalf of this downtrodden race will stand as a lasting admonition of past cruelty and neglect toward all the Indian tribes of this country; and as a warning of judgments to come, if time continues and God reigns, unless we discharge the obligations which He has imposed upon this Government toward this oppressed and persecuted people.

THE UNION OF BODY AND SOUL.

The body is more than a shell, more than a garment, more than a house: it is the married, co operating partner of the spirit. As the soul is fitted to be a habitation of God, so is the body fitted to be the habitation of the soul. The soul is no sooner affected by the presence of God, than the body also is affected. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the body takes on the conditions of the spirit. If the soul be in distress, the body also is in distress and refuses food, or if food be taken, the stomach has not spirit enough to digest it. In hours of social delight, the body is as much helped and comforted as the spirit; all its senses become keen, the appetite is lively, digestion is vigorous. Every hour of life the body is receiving its condition from the spirit. If you pray, not only the soul, but the body also receives the Divine influence. If you sin, the course fulfills itself in your soul and body, at the same time.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THY BIRTHRIGHT.

No. 2.

"The mission of the Society of Friends," said a late writer, "is not to compare different forms of Church government, but to call all men to the Shepherd and Bishop of souls, to whom the gathering of the people must be, and by whose Spirit they will be led and guided into all truth."

This embodies the fundamental belief held by the Society. That God is the Teacher of His people, and that His saving Light as manifested in His dear Son, is sufficient to redeem every seeking soul. This brings us to the inquiry, what does this Birthright require of those who, without any will or consent of their own, (being born into membership), have a place in the ranks of the Society, growing up from infancy with a knowledge of their right, but often with no clear understanding of what it bestows or what it claims in return. And here is the labor of the parent most needed. In the tender years of childhood, the mind is easily influenced; there are few lessons more readily impressed on the plastic understanding, than the simple, practical truths underlying our holy profession, provided a beginning is made with the first dawning of intelligence.

The parent stands in the same relation to the young child as does the Father above to his accountable children. Desires must be restrained, dispositions controlled, and obedience required long before the mind is capable of reasoning, or of comprehending the extent of its accountability. The child must be encouraged to confide in his parents, and they in turn, not unmindful of the compassion which they crave for themselves, should be careful to exercise the same towards the precious charge committed to their care. Many, very many of you, dear young people, can bear witness to this tender, guarded care on the part of your parents. You have come to that period in your lives, when the responsibility rests with yourselves. Sooner or later, *that voice* which is *heard in every soul*, will address to each this momentous query, "Where art thou?" The answer marks a turning point in spiritual life. The *awakened* soul hastens to acquaint itself with God, that it may be at peace. This leads to examination, and we come to appreciate what are the requirements of this Birthright.

Dear friend, to whom this call has been extended, cast not lightly aside thy claim to the inheritance of thy fathers. Weigh its demands, measure its privileges, not in a spirit of criticism, but with an earnest desire to discover, whether they are adapted to *thy* individual wants. Be fully persuaded in thy own mind, was the injunction of an eminent apostle. This is the part of wisdom; to disregard would be wronging thyself, and the Society which has extended its fostering care over thy infantile years. There are no unfathomed mysteries in the brief creed which it offers. Its first obligation is an acknowledgment of a belief in the existence of one living and true God, the Creator and upholder of all things. In the revealings of truth, we behold Him as a loving Father, bestowing his bounty on all the creatures He has made, dispensing blessings with an unsparing hand, and claiming in return a filial obedience,—patiently bearing with the failings and departures of his finite children,—ever ready to welcome the prodigal, hearing, even when afar off, his hungering cry for the bread of his father's house. It teaches that "God has not left himself without a witness"—but in every age of the world, at various times and under widely differing circumstances, has sent his chosen servants,—adapting to the wants of his creatures the messages of love or of warning which they have been commissioned to bear to the children of men. It asks you to accept the lessons of wisdom and truth that fell from the lips of the dear Son, and sent of the Fa-

ther, as the rule and guide of your lives. On these are based *the Testimonies* held by the Society, to which, as heirs of the promises made to the fathers, it claims your earnest adherence. Would we be the disciples of Him who sealed his testimony with his blood? would we learn the way of acceptance with the Father of mercies? let us copy his example. He was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners. To this purity of life we are individually called, with the assurance that we shall find help in every time of need. None can say they are the disciples of Christ, who are unwilling to follow where he directs; the path may seem thorny, but it leads to a quiet habitation where the soul finds peace and rest. It offers no fig-leaf covering behind which the guilty conscience may seek to hide from the Searcher of hearts, no veil of a shadowy dispensation separates from the Holy of Holies. The Shekina to which it invites, waits no priestly benediction, but fills the "living temple with its holy presence."

The importance of holding the truth in simplicity cannot be too strongly insisted upon. As I look over the troubled waters of doubt and uncertainty into which the rigid dogmas of theologians have plunged the young inquirer, and the abysmal depths through which the arm of Everlasting Love has been extended to save the soul despairing of the mercy and forgiveness so freely offered for its acceptance, remembering the fearful doom of eternal reprobation that haunted my feeble aspirations for a "closer walk with God," through many years of my younger life, I feel it enjoined upon me to warn you against setting any limit to the free gift of the Father's love; and also to assert that all the dark and partial dogmas which disfigure the creeds of men have grown out of their imperfect knowledge of the mission of our dear Lord, which clouded the vision of his immediate followers. In the light of the advancing rays of the Sun of Righteousness these gloomy views are dissipating, and the broader ground of our holy profession, which holds that "God willeth not the death of any," is finding a lodgment in the hearts of his children.

L. J. R.

4*th mo.* 1*st*, 1869.

Few of us perhaps know what exquisite delight we throw away by the thought—What is the harm of *this?* The harm is the harm it does *us*; the use is the good we get by it. A single eye will gather light enough from experience to avoid what is injurious, and choose what is essentially good; and God vouchsafes to our simplicity the guidance He refuses to our frowardness.—*C. Fry.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

PRAYER.

In reading the contribution entitled "Another Query," signed N. P., and published in No. 3 of the present volume, the feeling has arisen that not only a paragraph or two in it, but occasionally in other recent articles, upon the subject of prayer, may tend to cloud the minds of inquisitive, though earnest and sincere seekers after truth. Portions of the article we would probably all unite with, and it may be that N. P. holds views identical with those I am about to express—but to me the language is at least open to a misconstruction that may prove a stumbling block.

"It seems strange that any should expect by prayer to change the purposes of Deity. My view is that when humbled under a sense of my own insufficiency, and feeling a spirit of prayer, it is to me an evidence that what I am led to ask for, is in harmony with the Divine mind," says my friend N. P. That by any means we, the finite, should overpower or change the will of the Infinite, is, I suppose, not believed by any one; but that God has appointed prayer—true and faith-born prayer, as a means of changing results, as a means by which we may attain ends otherwise unobtained, many certainly do believe, and the reading of language similar to that quoted revives the uncomfortable feeling attending the view sometimes held forth, that God seeks to glorify himself through our nothingness and self-abasement, and demands that we shall supplicate him with the certainty that the results will remain as though we had not thought of supplication.

I believe God created us rational beings, and our chief end is to glorify him, not by self-abasement, but by so living that our happiness here and hereafter may prove the wisdom of his laws, obedience to which results in this happiness; self-abasement comes as a result of departure from his law, and the consequent failure and disgrace following the preferring of our wisdom to His. The moment we recognize this result, and pray to be forgiven, asking for strength to return to him, we again enter the domain of love; even the humiliation of acknowledged error being changed to a chastened happiness, and a fear of our own strength, lest we fall again.

I believe that Prayer is the duty and the pleasure of every true Christian, and I cannot think that being so, it accomplishes nothing. The entire life and teaching of Jesus breathes love to man, and makes love to God and man a Christian's highest duty; can *Love* demand that we ask, and yet say "it will in no wise change my purpose?" We do not understand the things of God except by inspiration,

yet I think we may rest assured that true prayer availeth much, not only in bringing us into harmony with Christ our Master, but in bringing the desired result, if it would be best for us, and in bringing us into a truer and better knowledge of God's purposes, and of what *would* be desirable, if our prayer is amiss. True and helpful prayers are often offered, that ask for that which is not best, and therefore not granted; these are not in the name or power of Christ, but may be in the best light of him who prays, and be as freely and as lovingly answered *to his condition*, as when he grows into the knowledge and strength of grace, and asks not amiss.

In No. 1 of the present volume, under the head of "Prayer," occurs the sentence "The higher man's conceptions of God become, the less he prays, but the more he is influenced by the spirit of prayer;" while doubtless not changing the sense of the writer at all, I would change the words, so as to say "The higher man's conceptions of God become, the more constant is his prayer, until it becomes almost an atmosphere, in which he lives and has his being."

I am glad T. added his very acceptable article, alluding to a state in which Prayer is so peculiarly strengthening and soothing, and also the Extract above quoted from.

While recognizing and rejoicing in the awakening of a desire within our Society to re-investigate the grounds upon which we stand, and bring our principles and professions again to the test of "the Light," let us be careful that we say what we mean, speak of what we know, and shed light rather than darkness upon the subjects we deal with, for, as N. P. says, many perish for lack of knowledge—and I might add lack knowledge, because they look to outward teachers, and the blind lead the blind till both fall into the ditch. P.

Richmond, Ind.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

STANDARDS OF DUTY.

No one ever yet attained to greatness, who imitated the faults as well as the merits of others. There never has been such a thing as a perfect man of business, one who has not sometimes come short of complete success, when by greater diligence and prudence, or by more energy or accuracy, he might have done better. There never was a perfect poet or painter, or sculptor, or physician or lawyer. No one would attain to eminence in any of these pursuits, by imitating the failings as well as the excellencies of even the most distinguished, in their professions. The wise man studies the points of excellence in each, and marks their various approaches to perfection, and how they were acquired, and if he studies their faults, it is only to avoid them. The man who aims most earnestly at a perfect standard, will make the nearest approach to it. Though he may fall far below his mark, yet his progress will be rapid, his attainments great, and thus trained and disciplined, he may even appear to others to have attained to that for which he still labors and hopes.

The same truth applies in matters of the heart and life. Those who are aiming at a perfect standard of excellence in social, moral and religious life, following it, though it may be at a distance discouraging to themselves, are really making the greatest approach to what they seek, and are daily improving and progressing in excellence and virtue. It is true that such a life requires constant watchfulness, but this will soon become easy and instructive. Habits of untiring vigilance, difficult and painful at the outset, when once formed, yield a compound interest in their results. The formation of good habits is like the planting of an acorn, which, in that form, is so feeble that an infant's foot may crush it, but ultimately becomes an oak which giants cannot shake. A life aiming at perfection requires attention to minute duties that are in constant danger of being overlooked. Little things form the character, little virtues practiced faithfully make great ones easy, and make up in number what they seem to lack in importance. Just as all the daily drilling of troops in time of peace enables them to face the enemy with confidence in the day of battle, so meeting and overcoming the little temptations and difficulties that daily beset mankind, are the best means of acquiring those virtuous principles that will support them in the hour of greatest danger. The little duty is a stepping-stone to the higher. As he who should despise the simpler problems of Euclid, because they seem so meagre in their results, could never reach the higher mathematics, or make those far-reaching calculations upon which so much of practical science depends, so he who despises the minor virtues and duties of life, which are the foundations of nearly all practical good, can never attain to an experience of the higher.

The man who is scrupulous in honesty to a fraction, and steadily resists every temptation to overreach in the smallest matters, will gradually acquire a principle so firm, that no opportunity, however alluring, could for a moment even tempt him to sacrifice his integrity. And the same is true with all the virtues. High aims and constant minute endeavors to follow up the standard of perfection in everything, are the great means of progressive improvement. It is true that this

implies a daily struggle and effort that may seem hard to many. If an inward love for excellence and a strong will to pursue it do not enter into this struggle, no progress in virtue will be made. In making perfection their aim, they must daily strive to live up practically to what they hold theoretically. When they become conscious of any duty it must be done fearlessly, thoroughly, and at whatever sacrifice. In every part of their conduct, their company, their reading, their habits of any kind, in the health of their bodies, the improvement of their minds, and the fulfilment of every social and religious duty, while they aim at a perfect understanding of the most excellent way, they must accurately practice each new lesson as fast as they gain it. It is thus that all advances in knowledge become vitalized.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

If thou could trace the ebbings and flowings of the tide of feeling, thou would, my beloved friend, view my little bark often floating upon an unstable element. Some ability has been witnessed to exercise a care to keep it from foundering, although it has cost considerable effort to preserve a proper balance. Thou gave evidence in thy truly welcome fold, of having a just sense of my experience since our separation—"working among the rubbish;" no language could have better expressed it. The cares of the world and the deceitfulness of riches were represented in former times as obstacles to the growth of the good seed, and do they not now as effectually choke and prevent the free budding of the heavenly plant in many minds where the gracious Husbandman hath a right to expect even *much* fruit? How bountifully hath He, in many instances, dispensed his choicest blessings, and alas for the increase! Thus *I feel*, and thus I speak to *thee*, who will not, I am sure, suspect me for a moment of assuming the judgment seat toward my brethren whom I love in the truth—kind hearts and clear intellects—but that which is lacking cannot be numbered. Perhaps I ought not to have put this on paper, but thy just appreciation of the "mingled cup" seemed to open the way for a little freedom of expression. We have had several silent meetings as to vocal testimony. Last First day week, —— gave us a short *lively* communication near the close of the meeting, on the necessity of minding the restrictions of Truth, and attending closely to its limitations in our own breasts; it seemed to me "a word in season." Near the hour of closing last First-day, there was spread before us a clear view of the all-sufficiency of the principles in which we *profess* to rest our faith and the necessity of strict watchfulness to its teachings, but, notwithstanding the evidence that the testimony was even eagerly received by many, I could but remember the instructive parable wherein we are told, that many received the "word gladly," but for want of *root* it perished.

The shadows have not passed away—the morning dawneth not yet—but it was comforting to have thee reiterate what had consolingly presented itself to my mind—that the covenant of the Lord is as sure with the night as with the brightness of day—and yet how ardently we watch, and almost impatiently too. This appears to have been experienced also by those who have gone before us. The illustrious Paul, when upon the tossing element, and fearing shipwreck, signified they "cast anchor and wished for the light," and he further says "it is given us not only to believe, but also to suffer." Oh! then, for ability to obey the injunction "in patience possess ye your souls." It is cheering—yea it is enlivening to my drooping spirits, even to hear of the resurrection, and though I receive the tidings not as some formerly, yet will thou be surprised and consider me censurable, when I acknowledge I would rather put my finger to the print of the nails and the hand into the side, than that faith should be weak. Thy present state of enjoyment renews the recollection of what the master said, and which situation I have oft looked desiringly toward—that there be some present who should not taste death until they know the kingdom to come with power. Continue, therefore, my precious friend, to be a waymark—a confirmation—a testifier in this our day, to the truths spoken aforetime. In the mouth of many witnesses all things shall be established.

COMMERCIAL MORALITY.

The commercial morality of this nation is corrupt to a fearful extent. If I make any allusion to this melancholy fact, people say: "Oh you do not understand business." Now, if business were a correct thing, I think I could understand it if it were conducted upon perfectly honest and straightforward principles. I am not such a simpleton as not to be able to see when a thing is honest or dishonest; and if there be a mode of conducting business which is so intricate, shuffling and complex that I cannot understand whether it is honest or not, then I say it is something which needs looking into and re-

quires alteration. When a common-sense Christian man cannot understand business, it is time that business should know that it has no business to be such business as it is.—*Spurgeon.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 10, 1869.

THE DEATH PENALTY.—It appears strange and inconsistent that in the 19th Century of the Christian era there should be a necessity to appeal to the better judgment of the people on account of a penal statute so much at variance with the Christian Code as that of Capital Punishment. But from the indifference manifested by some of the leading minds of the age in relation to the subject, we fear that the present Legislature will adjourn without repealing this unrighteous law, and removing from the statute book this crimson stain. By the recent contributions of our friend L. J. R., the subject has been brought before our readers, and while within the limits of the Society there may be no special need of argumentation, yet it is well for us to inquire whether we are doing our part in aid of this momentous reform. If men could be impressed with a consciousness of the holy germ that lies within them, which constitutes them temples of God, it certainly would render more inviolate human life by increasing a reverence for it. We believe there is a growing disposition to entertain the view that it is better to save life than to destroy it. Justice and humanity forbid the infliction of needless punishment, and all beyond what is requisite for the preservation of Society, must be regarded as criminal and therefore reprehensible.

The offender already within the grasp of the law, and powerless within the prison cell, being guarded with a vigilance calculated to remove all fear, what is our duty toward him? Shall we not remember that the Almighty delighteth in "mercy and not sacrifice?" and endeavor to be instrumental by kindly words and deeds, in arousing his latent spiritual perceptions, so that he may take hold of the merciful invitation—"Come now and let us reason together saith the Lord—though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. Isaiah 1.–18.

By appropriate means the most reckless and depraved *may* become virtuous. The murderer is not always among the most degraded, nor is he a sinner above all men. Circumstances may greatly modify though not excuse guilt. Like Cain, he may feel that his punishment is greater than he can bear, and like him he should be so protected as to live the full time assigned him by the great Arbiter of men.

To say that he who has committed murder cannot be reformed is at variance with divine testimony, and is questioning the power of boundless grace. One instance which has occurred within a few years, we will narrate, it being among the strongest arguments in favor of repealing the death penalty which have come under our special notice. It is that of a poor ignorant woman whose temper when excited knew no bounds. In a fit of passion she struck her husband with so much force as to kill him, and then attempted to conceal her guilt by burning the body. This terrible deed would seem too revolting to be recited but for the sequel. In the County where it occurred, there was a strong opposition to Capital Punishment, and rather than hang a woman, the prisoner was convicted of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to the Penitentiary for twelve years. When she was received into the Institution her appearance and manner were anything but promising. Her heart appeared as impenetrable as the "nether mill-stone." But, in process of time, she was not so indifferent to kindness, and received her visitors, if not cordially, with less apparent repugnance. The change was gradual until she became as one "clothed and in her right mind."

In turn, it was hers to manifest a desire for good, and for the visits of those who could speak to her of spiritual and heavenly things. Yes, this depraved creature became a Christian in the true acceptation of the term. With humility and meekness she acknowled the Power which had redeemed her from sin and transgression, and had given her a foretaste of heavenly peace and joy. After a few years her health declined, and within the

prison walls, but with a freed spirit she bade adieu to those around her, with a triumphant faith in the love and goodness of Him whose "mercies are from everlasting to everlasting."

The language of the Psalmist is not inapplicable to the wonderful change wrought in poor Maria. The Lord "brought me up out of an horrible pit—out of the miry clay and set my feet upon a rock—and He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God." Isaiah 40 c. 2–3 v.

The following letter from John Bright, M. P., addressed to one of our countrymen who is deeply interested in the abolition of the death penalty, is forcible and to the point:

M. H. Bovee, Esq.

Dear Sir: I do not think the punishment of death is necessary to the security and well-being of society; and I believe its total abolition would not tend to increase those crimes which it is now supposed by many to prevent. The security and well-being of society do not depend on the severity of punishments. Barbarism in the law promotes barbarism among those subject to the law; and acts of cruelty under the law, become examples of similar acts done contrary to law.

The real security for human life is to be found in a reverence for it. If the law regarded it as inviolable, then the people would begin also so to regard it. A deep reverence for human life is worth more than a thousand executions in the prevention of murder, and is, in fact, the great security for human life. The law of capital punishment, whilst pretending to support this reverence, does, in fact, tend to destroy it.

If the death penalty is of any force in any case to deter from crime, it is of much more force in lessening our chief security against it, for it proclaims the fact that kings, parliament, judges, and juries may determine when and how menmay be put to death by violence, and familiarity with this idea cannot strengthen the reverence for human life.

To put to death for crimes, civil or political, is to give proof of weakness rather than strength, and of barbarism rather than Christian civilization.

If the United States could get rid of the gallows, it would not stand long here. One by one, we "Americanize" our institutions; and I hope, in all that is good, we may not be unwilling to follow you. I am, very truly yours, John Bright.

Correction.—The initials appended to the article entitled "The Good Old Way," in last week's issue, should be I. H., instead of S. H.

Married, on the 18th of Third month, 1869, with the approbation of Horsham Monthly Meeting, William H. Vandegrift, son of Jesse and Susan Vandegrift, of Byberry, to Sarah T., daughter of John M. and Mary Ann Comly, of Upper Dublin, Penna.

Died, suddenly at Bloomfield, county of Prince Edward, Canada West, of heart disease, on the 2d of Second month, 1869, Catharine, wife of Stephen White, in the 70th year of her age. In her death our Society has lost a valuable member, and the poor a warm-hearted sympathizing friend. She became a member of West Lake Monthly Meeting by convincement, and for many years usefully filled the responsible stations of Elder and overseer, being well qualified for the duties by the adornment of a meek and quiet spirit. She was a diligent attender of meetings, and an excellent example therein, evincing by her solid reverential countenance that her devoted spirit was holding communion with the Father. Although called away suddenly she was found ready. The day before her death, while conversing with the writer, she mentioned the liability of her speedy dissolution with as much composure as though it had been one of the ordinary affairs of the day, saying, "I see nothing in my way." The funeral took place on the 6th, and was attended by a large concourse of near relatives and friends, and proved a solemn favored season, evidently proving that a mother in our Israel was taken from among us. Deeply feeling our loss, we doubt not that her purified spirit received the welcome invitation of "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world, for I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; thirsty, and ye gave me drink; a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; sick, and ye visited me." C. B.

——, in Lampeter, at the residence of Mark P. Cooper, on the 22d of Third month, 1869, after a short illness, Lydia P. Brinton, widow of Samuel Brinton, in the 71st year of her age; a member of Sadsbury Monthly Meeting.

——, at her residence, in the county of Prince Edward, Ontario, of paralysis, on the 30th of Third month, 1868, Elizabeth, widow of the late Stewart Christy, in the 75th year of her age. In her death society has lost a worthy member, and the poor a sympathizing friend, whose heart and hand were ever open to relieve their necessities. She was a valuable member of West Lake Monthly Meeting, one of those humble unassuming Christians whose virtues were best known by her most intimate acquaintance. She was, in a true sense of the word, "a mother to the motherless," treating the orphan children under her care with the same tenderness as her own, as was testified to by one who was under her parental care from two years old to manhood. Truly she was a rare example of the Christian virtues, observing the golden rule of doing unto others as she would that they should do to her.

——, at Moorestown, N. J., Third month 22d, at the residence of her son, Robert E. Evans, Alice, widow of the late Joseph Evans, in the 85th year of her age.

——, Third month 21st, Rebecca W. Hillborn, in her 40th year, a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia held at Race street.

CORRECTION.

In marriage notice of Anson Rogers and Elizabeth K. Dillingham, contained in *Intelligencer* of Third month 27th, 1869, it should read in *Granville*, instead of *Greenville*, N. Y.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The executive Committee will meet Sixth-day afternoon next, at 3 o'clock. Business preparatory to the Annual Meeting.

THOS. GARRIGUES, *Clerk.*

The Treasurer of "Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen" has received during the month:

From City contributions	$ 58
" L. P. Yeatman, Hockessen, Del.	5
" Confidence, Penna	5
" Friends of Wilmington, Del., add.	101
	$169

HENRY M. LAING, Treasurer,
PHILADA., 3d mo. 31, 1869. 30 N. Third St.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

The Annual Meeting of the Association of Friends for the promotion of First day Schools within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, will be held at Friends' Meeting-house, Darby, on Seventh-day, Fourth month 17th, at 10 o'clock A. M., and hold two sessions. Reports are desired and delegates invited from all Schools, First-day Reading Associations, and kindred organizations, in order that a full report may be forwarded to the Annual Conference. All who feel interested are invited to attend and participate in the proceedings.

Market street and Walnut street Railways convey passengers to Darby Road, from whence cars leave every 30 minutes for Darby.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., } *Clerks.*
LYDIA H. HALL, }

To facilitate business, please forward reports to the clerks by 14th instant, directed to 717 Willow street, Philadelphia.

A RULE FOR TALKERS.—No one who wishes that conversation should be pleasant to his neighbors, as well as himself, should speak more than two or three sentences at once. However much he may have to say, it will be all the more agreeably said for giving others the opportunity of assenting, illustrating, qualifying, or even contradicting. The ball needs to be returned by the opposite player to make a lively game.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.
No. 21.

In introducing the following extracts from letters recently received from our Teachers, our comment is simply the old story over again—*their* untiring fidelity to the trusts confided to them, and the anxiety of the objects of these exertions to profit by them. In view of which the query arises again and again, *can Friends* permit this good work to fall to the ground for want of means? The *transition* of these poor people, so often alluded to, is still *progressing*, and not yet attained; a few years of fostering care and it is hoped the work will be measurably accomplished.

JENNIE SPEAR, located at *Manassas*, in alluding to the number in attendance, writes: "They keep me very busy, and I am afraid I can hardly do justice to so many; but I call on some of my advanced scholars when I need assistance, and so get along very well. Although the school house is very uncomfortable and inconvenient, as it has not yet been plastered and is minus two doors, with a great scarcity of desks and benches, still, as we have got along so far during the winter, I think we will have to be satisfied still longer. I know the children cannot learn *as fast* as they would in a good comfortable school room, but I know they *do* learn, and think it severe punishment to be kept from school even for a single day. Some of them are *great grown men*, and they manifest the same interest in study as the younger ones. Many of them come four or five miles to school, and are amongst the most punctual.

"The Sabbath school is quite large, and I can see an increasing interest in it. I am not tired of *the work*, yet every day I see new responsibilities—there are so many wrong feelings to overcome, so much that is contrary to the teachings of the gentle Nazarine, and sometimes the fruits of our labor are so long being manifested—but then I try to remember their early training and consequent disadvantages. The children seem to want to *do* right, when convinced which course of conduct *is* right. I send a specimen of writing, by a good boy who tries to improve all his time."

Miss Jennie Spear.—"I take my pen in hand to inform you how long I have been going to school. I started last January (1868) and have lost six or seven weeks between the time." (In addition of course to the summer recess of several months of which he takes no account.) "I dont know whether I have learned fast or not, but I have *writen* severl letters to my brother in Texas and have *reseived severl* from him, and have read them. And I have also *writen* to my uncle in New York city, and have *reseived ansurs* from him. I can also read his letters, and I am glad that I can read and write, it gives such satisfaction to father and mother. I am in hopes that our school may continue, and I would like to see the rest of the scholars come in. I would like to see as many as we had last winter, if no more, and that was thirty-four. And I would be glad if our parents would see to bringing wood to this school. Now, my dear school-mates, now is the time for us all to *larn* all we can and improve our time as well as we can, and mind what our teacher says. No more at present.

"From your scholar,
"CHARLIE GERMAN."

[The above letter is given "verbatim et literatum," minus of course the penmanship, which is *more* than creditable.]

Benjamin F. Grant, the colored teacher at *Manassas, Va.*, returns grateful thanks for the kindness shown him, and informs us he purposes going to school himself the coming summer. He speaks very encouragingly of both the Day and Sabbath school under his care, the latter numbering from 30 to 35 scholars; closing with one of his hearty "Lord bless you, and the good cause in which you are engaged."

Sarah E. Lloyd writes from *Waterford, Va.*, "I have had a large attendance this winter, though it will probably be much less next month, as spring work will oblige many of them to leave school. I am obliged to call on some of the more advanced ones every day for assistance, and I have been very much pleased with the manner in which most of them manage the classes of which they have the charge. There are several of the girls who would make good teachers, and I regret *so much* that they cannot come more regularly to school.

"The *fifty cents* per month is paid cheerfully by those who feel able, still in the four past months we have collected only *thirty dollars*." She goes on to narrate a new mode of giving the *Freedmen* business ideas, stating—"We have three '*Directors*' to collect this money and attend to all the *business* of the school. They meet once a week, and after they have attended to any business which they may have on hand, J. M. Wood and myself read to them, and generally some of them read or recite selected pieces. They are learning to do business in a much more orderly manner than at first."

The school of Harriet Jenkins, our colored teacher at *Falls Church*, has increased wonderfully. In the Tenth month last she had only thirty-eight pupils, with an average attendance of twenty-one. *Now*, she reports seventy, with an average attendance of forty-five! None of these are in the alphabet—45 *read*—65 *write*—55 are in *arithmetic*, while of the entire number 48 are between 6 and 16 years of age.

Mary E. McBride, at *Fairfax Court House*, has still a flourishing school. She has a large class advanced to the "*Fourth Reader*," and some in "*United States History and Scholars Companion*." With her school, as with others, *irregularity of attendance* is the greatest drawback to advancement.

"*Maggie Lewis*," who has often been spoken of in this school and who has been studiously endeavoring to fit herself for the position of a teacher, has for some time been receiving a moderate compensation as an *assistant*, appears very grateful to us, and in a recent letter remarks, "I will try to be worthy of your confidence by doing all I can to assist Miss Mary in her work of education," closing with the words, "With a heart full of gratitude to the kind friends North, I remain," &c., &c. This letter is admirably written.

We have cheering intelligence as to the condition of our *four schools* in *South Carolina*. A letter from one of our teachers there says:

"Government has offered to build a Schoolhouse here, if any person, or association will secure a piece of land on which to erect it. Land is selling here for little or nothing. I hope there may be some one or more who may feel like securing a small piece so that a *permanent* building may be erected, so as firmly to establish a school here which will be a monument of your love for these people."

Our corps of teachers in that locality as well as elsewhere is working nobly. *Isabella Lewis* (colored) still has charge of the primary department very satisfactorily.

It may be well to add, that, *in the full belief* that "some one or more" friends will feel the importance of securing the *permanency* above alluded to and cheerfully advance the funds requisite for that purpose, some steps have been taken *individually* towards its consummation. Friends here have doubtless heard with extreme regret of the recent illness of *Cornelia Hancock*, our pioneer teacher in South Carolina, but we are glad to announce that she is now convalescent.

Catharine E. Hall writes from *Vienna, Va.*, "I sometimes think I am accomplishing wonders in my little kingdom, my pupils seem to improve so fast; but then just when I feel the proudest, I hear of some other school, where the children are making such rapid strides in learning, that I get discouraged. It seems impossible to keep my scholars any length of time. Families will occupy for a short time one of the little cabins close at hand, so that their children may have a few weeks schooling before they are hired out, or while they have nothing to do.

"They come to school—learn to read and write a little, and the next thing I know, they are gone, father, mother, and all; and others have come to fill their places. Mary K. Brosius, the former teacher of this school spent a portion of one morning with me lately. She was surprised to see *only one little girl* who came to her. However, there are but few of the children who leave school before they can read tolerably well in the *First Reader*, write short words and make all the figures.

"Thirteen of the pupils I now have came to me when I taught at Andrews Chapel, and although they walk *nearly five miles, they are*

never late! The day must be terribly stormy indeed, if it prevents them from being present."

In reply to this letter, and to meet the discouragement apparent in the forepart of it, words of cheer and encouragement were dispensed, and reference made to what had been accomplished by her exertions, as being the germ of a future growth in intelligence, that nothing could prevent.

Sarah Ann Steer, located at *Waterford, Va.*, makes some interesting statements; she says: "I have been kept pretty busy this winter; nearly all of my old pupils are again in attendance, and seem to have lost none of their interest in their studies. I feel sometimes as if I had not time to devote as much attention to each one as I ought,—but I give them all that I can. I have some girls that can assist me with the spelling classes, and I try to manage that they need not miss any of their recitations. The colored people here seem desirous to improve themselves in every way, are anxious to do all they can to help support the school, and are willing to pay *fifteen dollars* per month towards that end. I seldom hear of one being drunk, and I think their Temperance Society has been the means of reforming some who were addicted to drinking. One of my scholars is very much interested in *Friends' Intelligencer*, and would like to subscribe for it, so he can have one all to himself. He is a worthy man, and if the price could be reduced to him, I think he would like very much to become a subscriber."

She pays a merited tribute to *Captain Smith*, who has recently been "relieved" as agent for the Bureau. "He was such a good friend of the colored people in every respect."

Isadore Brinkerhoff, at *Herndon Station, Va.*, has only twenty-seven pupils. She attributes the small number in attendance to the open winter; which has given opportunity for these poor creatures to work; and we know they cannot afford to set this aside. She speaks encouragingly, however, of those who do attend regularly, remarking, "they are progressing finely."

Helen A. Hurley, at *Gum Springs, Va.*, writes: "My school continues much as usual, with the exception of not quite so good an attendance. As the weather has been so mild, the farmers are commencing their spring work, which I am sorry to say deprives me of some of my best scholars. Still, a few of these pursue their studies of evenings, and come to me when they are at a loss how to proceed, and on stormy days. With a very few exceptions they all take a great deal of interest in their studies, and really try to improve the advantages they have, to the best of their ability. I have one scholar about 18 years of age, who, when he first came to me, *three weeks ago*, did not know a single letter of the alphabet, but who now spells quite nicely. It is really a pleasure to teach him, he is so anxious to learn, and his whole face beams with joy when he is called to say a lesson."

She also states, "that an effort is being made by the colored people, to comply with a suggestion forwarded to them by me, that they should collect money enough to pay the teacher the last month of this season, and call it '*their month.*' They are pleased with the idea, have already subscribed twenty-six dollars towards it," and she thinks there will be no difficulty in collecting the remainder. In fact, some who were absent at the meeting held for the purpose, have since sent word that they "wish to do their share towards it."

H. F. Highgate (a colored lady) and her two daughters were furnished by our Association with funds to proceed to *Canton, Miss.*, their purpose being to establish schools in that district.

Some months have elapsed since these voluntary missionaries commenced their labors, and an interesting letter from them has recently been received by the Association, in which they say:

"We arrived in a worse than *new place*, in the rainy season, and found a people characterized by great improvidence, swayed hither and thither by divers political doctrines. Other teachers there, (being Southern volunteers,) had succeeded in neutralizing their enthusiasm by infusing into the Freedmen a distaste for Northern people, and their example and influences. This had to be dispelled, and correct views as to the *motives* of their Northern friends implanted into the souls of these poor boys and girls. Perplexities that baffle description, constantly environ our way, and absorb our energies and ingenuity. The social evils, which are so much more glaring in Cotton and Sugar growing States, are here confronting us in all their enormity. I might give you illustrative proofs that would startle moral communities. My youngest daughter and myself have a school of upwards of *one hundred*. My other daughter joined my oldest daughter (a pioneer from Louisiana) in an important and prominent work at the capitol of this promising, yet greatly impoverished State. We feel fully devoted to this great work. It employs our every thought, and we are greatly cheered by kind assurances from our Northern friends. But for the kind aid rendered us by your Society we would not now *be enjoying the priv*

lege of this work. Notwithstanding the prevalence of considerable sickness for four months or more, we have been favored with excellent health," &c., &c.

Many friends doubtless remember CAROLINE THOMAS, formerly located at *Leesburg, Va.*, which school was abandoned by us in consequence of the impossibility of having a School-house fit to teach in, and the unwillingness on our parts to risk the health, and probably the life, of any teacher under such circumstances. Having at the time no other opening, we were *very reluctantly* compelled to part with her. She is now in another field of labor under the superintendence of a few Friends of Long Island, N. Y. It is always very pleasant to hear from her, and from a recent letter dated "*Springvale*," &c., we quote:

"I have a large school, and am fully satisfied with regard to numbers, having about fifty pupils, the majority of them *men*, anxious to learn all they can, occupying all the time they can spare to come to school, and I feel I must do all for them that lies in my power to advance them as fast as possible in the shortest space of time. Teaching thus, I sometimes find it exhausting, for there is an anxiety of mind attending it, which certainly has that effect. Nevertheless, *I love my work* and would not change it for another; daily do I have reason to feel this to be one of the noblest works in which we are permitted to engage.

"I am often led to question my own heart, whether I am good enough to fill the responsible position of Teacher—to stand up as an example for these people. In the morning, standing before my desk, my eyes run over the school-room, filled to its utmost capacity with children of all sizes, and large men willing to sit at my feet (if need be) to learn; is it to be wondered at if my heart goes up in prayerful supplication to the throne of the Most High for true wisdom and knowledge to instruct them, and that I may not grow lukewarm or arbitrary? for I have but to say to this one—*do this*, and he doeth it; to that, come hither—and *he cometh*. I have an assistant now, in the person of an intellectual colored man, and we get along very nicely," &c.

. . . . . .

To show how the efforts for the Freedmen are appreciated by such of the "*officials*" as put their hearts into the work, it may be well to give an extract from a letter addressed to a member of the Old Abolition Society, by *J. S. Schaeffer*, recently of the Freedmen's Bureau, who says, under date of "January 8:"

"The last of the books so kindly secured through your generous co-operation, for the use of county schools established amongst the Freedmen under my charge, have at length been distributed, and with other donations from these friends have proved of inestimable benefit to the recipients. At least *twelve schools* have been thus assisted, and hundreds of children can bless God for the light you have thus dispensed to them. The garden seeds also proved a great help to this people, and though winter is far advanced, they are still being fed by the crop secured to them through your kindness.

"I am now about closing up my work among the Freedmen, (except the *educational* department,) on account of the discontinuance of the Bureau, and expect to start for my home on the 17th proximo. However, should our Heavenly Father open the way for my return to labor for the interests of this people, I shall feel it my duty to start out again, and *give myself up* to the work," &c., &c.

. . . . . .

Upon closing our quotations, it may be well to call attention to the increase of colored teachers and assistants, in this educational field of labor, as one of the most encouraging features of the work.

"*Elevation*" must follow this consciousness of their own powers, and its gradual, though sure, diffusion amongst the masses, will soon work wonders. The last report of the Education Committee makes the following exhibit: Of 632 pupils reported in 13 schools, 467 *read*; 535 *write*; 373 are in arithmetic; *only thirty-four* are in the alphabet; while 459 are between 6 and 16 years of age. To the above total of 632 add 100 in the school of *H. F. Highgate* and daughter, at *Canton, Miss.*, of which we have no classified report, and we have a grand total of 732, who are the recipients of our care and attention, *mentally*, independent of any other assistance that may have been rendered. J. M. E.

Philadelphia, Fourth month, 1869.

THE DARKENED NURSERY.

There's room enough in the nursery now,
'Twas crowded a little before;
For when the crib in the corner sat,
The rockers came close to the door;
But the light was sweet and the air was soft,
And the room was filled with cheer;
For we all were charmed to the chosen spot,
By the voice of the baby dear.

Where is the sunshine?
Where is the noise?
Where are the playthings gone?
What shall I do with my empty arms?
Sitting alone, alone!
What shall I do with the vacant crib?
Where shall I set his chair?
Must the little one's clothes come down?
O let me leave them there!

Fold the little garments,
Lay them softly by;
Put away the playthings,
Check the choking sigh.

Turn thee to thy duties,
Take up life again,
Newly consecrated
By this precious pain.

Work—thy face full heavenward;
Give thy life to God,
His sweet peace shall keep thee,
If thou "kiss the rod."

—*Evangelist.*

THE WISH OF TO-DAY.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

I ask not now for gold to gild
With mocking shrine a weary frame;
The yearning of the mind is stilled—
I ask not now for Fame.

A rose-cloud, dimly seen above,
Melting in heaven's blue depths away—
O, sweet, fond dream of human Love!
For thee I may not pray.

But, bowed in lowliness of mind,
I make my humble wishes known—
I only ask a will resigned,
O Father, to thine own!

To-day, beneath thy chastening eye
I crave alone for peace and rest,
Submissive in thy hand to lie,
And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the Universe,
A miracle our Life and Death;
A mystery which I cannot pierce,
Around, above, beneath.

In vain I task my aching brain,
In vain the sages thought I scan;
I only feel how weak and vain,
How poor and blind, is man.

And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see,
And, like a weary child, would come,
O Father, unto thee!

Though oft, like letters traced on sand,
My weak resolves have passed away,
In mercy lend thy helping hand
Unto my prayer to-day!

From Macmillan's Magazine.

TWO GIRLS OF THE PERIOD.

The Upper Side.

(Continued from page 79.)

Up to this time the only employment in which a girl is not hindered is the pursuit of pleasure. We now ask for more liberty of choice. It is strange that while no thinking man can look without anxiety on the future of a boy who is brought up without any profession or occupation, hundreds and thousands of girls should without scruple be abandoned to that condition. Do the good folks think that Satan is not ingenious enough to find mischief for our idle hands and thoughts, as well as for those of our brothers? Formerly, perhaps, it was otherwise, when the hands of the daughters of even the greatest houses were fully occupied in household work, and spinning, preserving, and general housewifery filled up the days of those to whom education had never given more intelleetual aspirations. Some men may pretend to deplore the change, but, whether they approve it or regret it, they must accept it as an established fact. We have now women authors, artists, doctors; and, having these, we cannot expect to keep our particular class uninfected by the atmosphere around them. And surely no one could desire such an anomaly,—that the daughters of our middle classes should beuseful beings, contributing to the advancement of literature, science, and art, while the girls of the higher ranks of society should be ignorant, useless, and frivolous?

It is a question worthy of consideration, and never more so than now. History has repeated to us over and over again, that in the long run the most worthy class will obtain and keep political power. Woe betide the nation when any class has the right to despise those above them in social rank! The French Revolution did not take place till the *bourgeoisie* was more worthy—more intelligent and more moral, that is to say—than the *noblesse*, who had degraded themselves by their self-indulgent luxury and vice.

We have said enough about the working of our present system; let us now glance at the effect we desire to produce. We suppose, then, that it is wished to train these girls as leaders of English society, to be capable of using rightly the wealth and power which will be theirs hereafter; as leaders of fashion, to be refined to the uttermost by the elevating influence of art and literature; and, as the future mothers of our statesmen and heroes, to have their minds enlightened by history and ennobled by patriotism. To be brief, it is desirable that our ladies should be trained to be models of perfect womanhood. A vain wish, we fear—though it is the ideal which lies buried in every right-minded girl's heart; but, though we must wait for the Milennium before we can expect to see it fulfilled altogether, might we not approach somewhat nearer to it than we do?

We are progressing in our ideas on female education, as in all else, but curiously enough we have begun at the wrong end. The first improvement was made in the national schools; then good middle-class schools were instituted for traning the teachers of the poor, and lately we have been busy ourselves with schemes for raising the standard of female education by granting women the advantages of University degrees, in order that they may be better qualified to undertake the instruction of ladies. Our last step will be—what ought

to have been our first—an attack on the careless and inefficient training which is at present all that is bestowed upon girls in the upper ranks of society. An excellent scheme for a Ladies' College has been started, and we only wish its promoters would declare its objects more boldly than they do. The idea of young ladies who have no need to turn their brains into money requiring a first-class education is so novel, that it has to be masked by references to the good that would be done by testing the attainments of governesses. At the same time the committee must guard against the error of exclusiveness, as one of the chief benefits of the college would be the friendly contact into which it would bring the various classes of society. At present a girl has no opportunity of mixing with any but her own peculiar set, and in most cases looks down with Chinese contempt on all the outer world. We believe that few men, with the exception of a certain set of young London dandies who are girls in everything but name, can at all enter into the absurd feeling of "caste" which still exists among us, and which is a great barrier to much that is good. Another benefit would be the formation of real friendships, for at present a girl's choice is so limited that the attachment, being based on accidental circumstances rather than on true assimilation of character, is seldom lasting, but is forgotten with the occasion which gave it rise. We believe that girls would not fly so readily to confession did they oftener possess a real friend, to whom they dared open their hearts and state their perplexities. A friend, with whom respect is a mutual feeling, is the best safeguard that a girl can have. We believe, then, that this college would be a perfect God-send to many who now hate and struggle against the life we have been describing. The emulation and the interests which it would create would fill the void so many have felt, and would give employment to many an active and energetic mind which now, for lack of something better, plunges recklessly into the excitement of dissipation. We know that it is objected by some that the half-yearly residence in college will give young ladies an undomestic character; but this we very much doubt, believing that the exercise of a moderate amount of self-dependence, under proper supervision (which, let us remember, they often do not have at home,) will render them more and not less fit for the management of others in after life.

None can be better aware than ourselves of the dangers and difficulties with which this scheme is beset, but we must always remember that no great work was ever carried to a successful termination by those who were afraid of failure. The present system has not brought forth such good fruit that we need be afraid to try a new one. Much will depend on the choice of the first head-mistress; we shall require a female Dr. Arnold to create the new college. We want something more than a mere learned woman; we must find one whose character and example will create and guide a spirit of enthusiasm among the students, which will raise them into a new and higher region of thought and character. Above all things, we must have one to whom every pupil can look up to as a superior. This has hitherto been the great stumbling-block in the way of a girl's right education. A boy at a public school generally knows that his master is socially his equal, intellectually his superior. A girl, on the contrary, is expected to obey in the school room one who out of it is treated as her inferior, and one whom a clever girl may often without conceit feel to be really such in manners, accomplishments, and knowledge of the world.

The question of what constitutes a really good mental training is one which widens every day. When there is but a small citadel to be defended, those who command the garrison are justly expected to know thoroughly every part of the fortifications; but when the small fortress widens into a great empire, conquering province after province, there must be many generals; and these though required to have a general idea of the state of the frontiers, cannot enter into the details of every portion alike, but each takes a separate post, and is required to understand that thoroughly. So it is now with the conquests of Learning over Ignorance. Three hundred years ago, if a man understood Latin, could converse in French, and translate an Italian sonnet adding thereto a few such accomplishments as riding, fencing, and dancing, he was considered a profound scholar and a most finished gentleman, and the world could not sound his praises with too loud a trumpet. In those days Science was an undiscovered land; History (such at least as we understand it now) was not written; the whole broad domain of modern European literature was not in existence; and Mathematics, Art, Political Economy, were undreamt of. Now it is clear that this programme is far too extensive to be embraced by any single mind, and certainly contains far more than can be crammed into the memory of a boy before he leaves college. So we find ourselves on the horns of a terrible dilemma; for on the one hand we are derided for being superficial, and on the other we are scoffed at if we show ignorance of any of the leading principles of all these branches of knowledge. The difficulty of choosing the most needful out of all these many desirable things is partly in-

creased and partly diminished in the case of girls: increased, because they have no expected profession to guide their choice; diminished, because, if they and their parents so pleased, they might carry on the cultivation of their minds to a mueh later period in life. It will be well therefore to give, as the committee propose to do, a wide range of choice to the students at the college, that each may follow the bent of her own genius, and master one subject thoroughly.

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

THIRD MONTH.

	1868.	1869.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	7 days.	7 days.
Rain all or nearly all day	0 "	3 "
Snow, includ'g verylight falls	5 "	5 "
Cloudy, without storms	7 "	4 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	12 "	12 "
	31 "	31 "

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1868.	1869.
Mean temperature of 3d mo., per Penna. Hospital,	41.12 deg.	39.47 deg.
Highest do. during mo., do.	76.50 "	67.50 "
Lowest do. do. do.	5.00 "	14.50 "
RAIN during the month, do.	3.36 in.	5.30 in.
DEATHS during the month, being four current weeks for each year.	1096	1097

Average of the mean temperature of 3d month for the past *eighty* years	39.09 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1859	48.25 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1843	30.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.	1868.	1869.
First month	3.62 inch.	4.28inch.
Second month	2.52 "	4.76 "
Third month	3.36 "	5.30 "
Totals	9.50 "	14.34 "

But little to remark on the above, except calling attention to a few facts the temperature of the month just closed being almost identical with the *average* of *eighty* years—the variation of *only one* in the number of *deaths* from the corresponding month of last year, and the *great increase*, this year, in the quantity of rain.

Philadelphia, 4th mo. 3d, 1869. J. M. ELLIS.

ITEMS.

THE INDIAN APPROPRIATION BILL was passed with an amendment, providing for ten commissioners, to be selected for their intelligence and philanthrophy, who shall, in conjunction with the Indian Bureau, under the direction of the President, supervise the disbursement of the Indian Appropriations.

WHITTIER is the name of a new first-class ship built by John Currier, Jr., and owned chiefly by the Cushings of Newburyport. The poet who has done so much to enhance the fame of the Merrimac replied thus to the request for permission to pay him this appropriate honor:

In the course of my life I have done something in the seafaring line as well as in Spanish castles, but unfortunately my ships rarely come to port. It is a satisfaction, therefore, to feel that I have now an interest in a staunch craft, substantial as oaken ribs and copper bolts can make her. With renewed thanks to the owners and builders, for the complimentary use of my name,

I am very truly thy friend,
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

If the fine vessel weathers the storms of ocean half as stoutly as the Quaker singer faced the tempest that roared around him and other opponents of slavery in former days, and ploughs the sea before favoring gales as gracefully as he has described the scenery and told the legends of her native river, she cannot fail of making prosperous voyages and finding welcome harbors; and however far she may sail, she will not out-sail his bravely earned fame, as the poet of justice and humanity, as well as of purest beauty and truest sentiment.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE PYRAMIDS.—The accurate measurement of the sides of the Great Pyramid is still attracting attention, and the result of the labors of the party of Royal Engineers of Great Britain, now engaged in this work, is waited for with much interest. The surveys, if correctly made, will settle many interesting points in reference to the units of length used among the ancients. Thus Herodotus states that the Egyptian cubit is equal to the Grecian cubit, and that the Great Pyramid has sides exactly five hundred Egyptian or Greek cubits in length, and covers exactly twenty-five aruræ or Egyptian acres, the arura containing one thousand square cubits. Again, the Parthenon at Athens, according to other historians, gives the Greek units of length, and by modern measurements of this ancient building, the mean length of the Greek foot is 12·149 inches, and of the Greek cubit 18·224 inches. Multiplying the cubit thus ascertained by 500, the length of the side of the Great Pyramid should be 9112 inches. The mean length of the side of the Pyramids as obtained by examining the structure i self, is calculated to be 9110 inches, and thus a reasonably accurate standard of ancient measures has been fixed. The difficulty in the way of arriving at the true result is greatly enhanced by the fact that the casing stones of the pyramid have been removed. The sockets cut in the rock to receive the corner blocks still remain, and the calculations to the actual width of the casing stones are affected by errors arising from this source.—*Phila. Ledger.*

REMARKABLE WORKS.—Nineveh was 15 miles long, 8 wide, and 40 round, with a wall 100 feet high and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was 50 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick, 300 feet high, and had 100 brazen gates. The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 420 feet to the support of the roof. It was a hundred years in building. The largest of the Pyramids is 481 feet high and 653 on the sides; its base covers 11 acres. The stones are about 30 feet in length, and the layers are 308. It employed 330,000 men in the building. The Labyrinth, in Egypt, contains 300 chambers and 12 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles round and 100 gates. Carthage was 23 miles round. Athens was 25 miles round, and contained 350,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The Temple of Delphos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of $500,000, and Nero carried away from it 200 statues. The walls of Rome were 13 miles round.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

CLUB TALK, OR FRAGMENTS OF BARK.

Mosses.

3d mo. 1869.

In these bright, but often chilly, days of the vernal equinox, how inspiring it is to behold the merry Spring unrolling once more her marvellous panorama of life; heralded often by beautiful foreshadows and announced with song. How tenderly her gentle breath warms the earth and lifts the dead leaf from budding germs, all so glad to escape once more from the embrace of Winter, and join again the glad procession—the hosts of growing things—rising each succeeding day a little nearer their perfect state; each sun hastening the full flower, the ripe seed, and the rich autumnal harvest.

It is necessary that Winter should come and take away from us most of our beautiful floral friends. It is necessary our eyes should search the woods and meadows longingly, hopefully, but unrecompensed, before we can entirely enjoy such charming gifts as the flowers. Even so is it a happy thing for a man to feel famished, and that the waters are bitter, for it is the sign of an amending life, and leads him to look upwards, like the flowers, for help. As there can be no flowers, in our latitude, without the ice of winter, so can there be no virtue and gladness without trial and suffering. "There was no buying corn of Joseph till famine came in the land, nor can any man know what are the green pastures and still waters," until he has been with the flowers, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

"The robin is my younger brother,
Blackbird and jay, sparrow and wren;
Each year to greet the dear old mother,
Come all the children home again.
She calls to me, 'I miss no other.
Ah! why so long in haunts of men?'

"She knows my heart could never wrong her,
She calls me so, she draws me so:
I feel the old spells growing stronger,
Aside the heavy weight I throw.
I cannot bide in exile longer,
Home to the meadows let me go."

Every spring nature repeats the marvel of her *first* creation. The little plants that bear no flowers—the lowly cryptogams—come first; and long before the Arbutus or the Violets appear, the modest mosses make contracts for building their curious, untaxed houses. Then follow the flowers, the bright insects, and the singing birds, till man ventures abroad to plow and to sow, while over all, the glad, warm, blue and infinite sky, rejoices in this annual recreation. The principle of life is a wondrous architect, and the grandest of all unwritten poems are the doings of the busy fingers of spring.

Thus did we feel—that is, five devoted friends felt thus, or otherwise—as we took our first excursion of the new year. Just when we went, or whither our steps led, or over

what fences we climbed, what does it matter? We threaded woodland walks, heard the fresh babble of the brook, swollen by the abundant tears of the young year, rippling in suppressed laughter over stones covered with Batrachospermum, and it seemed like the voice of a friend we had lost. Oh! how often nature does speak to us from her great and eloquent heart! We thrust aside the beech tree's arms rustling with dead leaves—the dry bones of a departed summer—in order to get through at mossy patches, fresh and green, and very tempting. We went to gather thoughts, or the emblems of thoughts, for our friends at home, and, like children, to sit once more on the green lap of our "dear old mother," and hear her whisper peace. The first heard and welcome notes of the frogs came to us, mingled with the twitter of the blue bird; these two early and musical foreshadows of the coming tribes, one from death-like hybernation, the other from the glowing South. A curious and stilted beetle, black as a starless night, was pocketed by one of the party. An early snake, like, and as big as a garter, suffered us to lift him from the ground. His motion was beautiful and suggestive, and spiral like, the rills of sap ascending all the tall trees in the forest. His touch was cold, like charity begrudged, for the sun had not yet much warmed him. His darting, defiant tongue was as brilliant as the petal of the Cardinal flower, or stained like the tears of Lachnanthes. Silently glides the serpent over the earth and into the hearts of men, and silently he does his work. Voiceless, but fascinating we admire, but we fear, and reason and instinct try to balance evenly the scale, whenever we meet the serpent in our path, but we always turn away with the mind unsatisfied. Whatever we see *here* that disturbs or annoys—whatever lets fall *one* drop of discomfort into the wide ocean of our earthly enjoyment—will be left behind when we go beyond the next station-house in our great journey, but "whatever is excellent and lovely, we may be sure is only a foreshadow of something in every sense celestial."

Little children build play-houses and put in them toy-furniture, but when they grow bigger they lift the roof higher and make it more ample; and they cluster beneath it all their golden hopes and household treasures. So in early spring the little mosses build their toy-houses, they construct their antheridia and pistillidia, and arrange their antherozoids, toys of very curious nature, but when maturer age comes, they rear loftier and ampler roofs, and cluster beneath them all *their* golden stores and household promises for future time. We were searching for these things, and not without reward, for, growing on a bed of ashes, where often the beautiful abounds, we gathered Funaria in its early stages, and it shall help us in our studies this evening. We shall see how the calyptra is formed before it breaks away forever from the body of the pistillidium, and ascends on the pedicel; we will see too, that it precedes the sporangium in development. From that heap of ashes too, we will learn just what a monœcious moss means, for our Funaria presents both plants still united by the roots, *one* bearing the antheridia intermingled with curious paraphyses—these strange organs, like lower types, as conferva or septate fungi still lingering among higher generations,—shoddy among *true* aristocracy,—the *other* plant throwing up its pedicel from a fructified pistillidium.

Our walk had many phases of interest. The wind in the pine trees moaned its grand old requium over generations of leafy harps that now slept in silence on the ground beneath. There is rare healing in the sad but fragrant sighs of the pines—and all hearts have hurts that need healing. We rested on the soft cushion made by their dead leaves, and the young Violets, not yet in flower, grew all round in the spring sunshine. Blessed is the heart that learns in early life to find self-recreation in the untaxed emblems of nature! Near an old stump a spider had built his fragile house. The web was densely woven, and white like a little patch of summer cloud. There it had been all winter, and surely it was a frail thing to have lived unharmed through ice and snow and all the waning winter months, but it was lowly and near the ground. In its centre a funnel-like chamber led down to his dismal parlor, where doubtless he led his captives to join in dances other than those of revelry and mirth. Juicy, and dark looking cups grew close by its door, and botanists call them fungi, or Bulgaria inquinans, but what the spider used them for we failed to discover. Others of these forest cups we often find in the grass, such as Crucibulum, and Cyathea, and Peziza; and some are brilliant scarlet, but empty; others are arrayed in drab and plainest clothes, and these always have something in them—sacks of spores—ever thoughtful of those who shall come after.

> "These bright chalices are tinted thus
> To hold the dew for Fairies when they meet
> On moonlight evenings in the hazel bowers,
> And dance till they are thirsty."

Promises of things to come were all around us in the budding grass; on the long arms of the trees little green points of growth were waking from wintry naps. Arbutus buds rosy, impatient and beautiful, painted like flowers not yet quite awake—young leaves b

the brook, just born, plump and polished—graceful catkins of the Alder, and countless unnoticed creations of the new year, clustered all round like glad recollections of a more beautiful life; and as our fancy's ear took in the murmur coming from innumerable streams of life in plants and trees, it seemed like that strange echo thrown back from hollow sea-shells when we place them to the ear. It was now time to return, for we saw the declining sun robe himself in fading colors behind cloud-mountains in the west, and though freighted, not with flowers, we brought home rich compensation for reward and abundant material for our evening study.

In the examination of the mosses, then, let us commence with the spore. These little bodies differ from seeds of higher plants in every respect. Neither in structure nor in function does a spore resemble a seed. In the seed one predetermined point called the embryo germinates and gives rise to the future plant, but no special embryonic point appears to exist in the spore, and germination occurs indifferently from its granular contents—in fact several germinating centres may exist in a spore, as we shall see in our specimens, and the spore moreover does not, immediately give rise to the future plant. In size these diminutive reproductive bodies seldom exceed the one twelve-hundredth part of an inch, and most are much smaller than that. Bodies of this size, however, are quite too large to be dissipated very generally in the atmosphere, and springing as they do from so near the surface of the earth. Several days ago we sowed some spores of the Mnium cuspidatum, on a damp stone, and already germination has begun. We can see there are two coats enveloping the green grains in the interior, and the inner coat pushes a portion of itself through the outer one in the form of a little closed cylindrical sack, carrying in its soft interior several of the original granules that were in the spore. These now increase by cell multiplication, and soon a partition is thrown across the end of the little sack farthest from the spore, but enclosing within the new cell thus made several little granules, and this outgrowth of cells from the spore continues, each cell filling with granules as soon as formed. Our moss-baby has begun to thrust out its arms and its legs, and like the little ones of our own kind it seems not to know just where to put them. But its cradle is the soft water drop, it is rocked by the imponderable fingers of light and temperature, and time will teach it wisdom. Like child of our own kind, it has a devious path to follow. Let us go with it.

These cellular outgrowths from the spore resemble confervoid filaments in appearance, and, eventually, have formed on them numerous little aggregations of cells which assume the functions of buds. These buds soon elongate into the proper stems of the moss, and from these stems go off roots into the soil for nutrition, and a green vegetative growth ascends into the light. Our spore has now unfolded its delicate lungs, it has begun to breathe in the fresh, pure air of spring; it grows, and many are the hard rocks and damp spots of earth made beautiful and green, soft and tempting cushions spread generously by the wayside for our refreshment and repose. But time has been dropping his golden sands one by one in among the green leaves of the moss, and we must search carefully now if we would detect traces of his footsteps. On some of the stems packed closely in among special leaves we may find the antheridia or organs analogous to anthers in higher plants. In mosses these antheridia are cylindrical bodies, often half a line in length, and filled with delicate cells, which, at maturity, contain, each one, a motile spiral filament, (the antherozoid,) and these curious organs all escape when ripe from the free ends of the antheridia. Ten thousand of them might freely sport in the diameter of an inch; and our studies here reveal the fact, that truly, now are we among the cryptogams, for we see the strange mystery of life dividing itself among almost innumerable atoms, thronging and countless as the stars of the skies. Sometimes the pistillidia are found in company with the antheridia, and especially in monœcious mosses is this the case; but oftener the pistillidia are on separate plants, as in all diœcious mosses. Enclosed in each pistillidium lies a cell mysteriously endowed with properties differing from all other cells in the plant; it is called the germ-cell, and our microscopes will not reveal the distinguishing marks between this germiferous tissue and structures associated with it. In time, this germ-cell becomes fructified by the action of the antherozoids, but their presence in each pistillidium is essential before this can occur. In the case of diœcious mosses it is inconceivable how these infinitesimal bodies can make the journey from one plant to another. Do they dry up and float on puffs of summer air to their destiny? Or do busy insects have an agency in these mysterious migrations? The books, of course, make all things very plain, after a fashion, but the impression still remains that clearer ideas on the subject would be desirable. These "babes of the woods" refuse to impart all their secrets, but they reveal enough to make their biography very charming.

The germ-cell now enlarges in an upward

direction into a conical body which is borne aloft on the top of the pedicel, until this conical body by a circular fissure tears away the top of the pistillidium and ascends on the pedicel as the calyptra, leaving a circular collar attached to the base of the pistillidium. The calyptra continues to ascend on the end of the pedicel, until, by internal changes, the urn-shaped sporangium is developed within it, having often—not always—in its centre, a cellular body called the columella. But this sporangium is always double; it has within its outer walls a delicate spore-sack, which fits accurately the interior, and is reflected up against the columella. Our little moss now carries in its urn a fairy purse, filled with golden spores, and it guards its treasure often with many glittering teeth, always some multiple of four; and over all these charming and delicate organs fits a lid, the operculum, ornamented with delicate carving, protecting, like some fairy intelligence, all the precious phytological treasures within. At the right moment bands of elastic cells, the annulus, formed for the purpose, and lying beneath the operculum, assume their one life-action, and casting the operculum aside, liberate all the delicate teeth and the family of waiting spores. It is only man who puts ashes in his urns; nature fills hers ot with funeral remembrances, but with ladsome promises, and with hopeful forehadows of another life.

"Oh! sweet-eyed mosses tell me,
For my soul doth long to know,
How you woo our hearts to love you,
More than flowers of brighter glow."

We have now followed the spore through its *essential* stages of growth until it has reappeared as a spore again. Our object has been to study a moss in the most simple way possible, not halting along the road to sport with it in all the curious phases of life it sometimes presents. Only rudely have we sketched the *essential* acts in its life; it is an ancient biography, revealed only in latter times, but, like the Rosetta stone, it speaks of the past as well as the present, and helps us interpret mysteries which have crept through the world's vast and extinguished ages.

Perhaps no one person has seen all the peculiarities or all the beauties of the mosses. Let us now look at some of these—and we shall not employ diagrams. We said little roots were sent down from the filaments which resulted from the germinating spore. On these roots buds are often formed, and as they spread rapidly on the ground these buds grow up and make large patches of moss. Strange things have been observed in these roots. They are filled with a colored protoplasm which often circulates in currents, and fragments of it have been seen to become separated from the mass and acquire the form and motions peculiar to amœba, thrusting out processes in many directions with apparent volition, then resting and acquiring cilia all over their surfaces, and starting off to circumnavigate the hollow root on their own account.

Their leaves are not always simple structures. One layer of cells filled with chlorophyl generally forms these organs, but the shape of these cells are as varied as they are beautiful. Square and small in some, but in Sphagnum and Leucobryum, large and lined with spiral fibres, and opening often into each other, forming passages through which wheel-animalcules roam about at pleasure. Their margins are often serrate, and, in some, a row of thicker cells runs partly or entirely along the middle, forming a rib; Antrichum angustatum, we see, is furnished with five or six ribs. The leaves are named according to position and function; as cauline, radical or perichætial, the last covering in the pistillidium; or perigonial, surrounding the antheridia.

The stems of mosses are without vessels; cells of various *forms* make up their structure. Generally the stems are horizontal, and some terminate with a sporangium—these are the acrocarpous mosses; others elongate year after year, by a terminal vegetative bud, and the sporangia spring from lateral branches—these are the pleurocarpous mosses. Apparent exceptions to these two forms occur in Sphagnum and a few other genera.

In several mosses, as Orthotricum and Aulacomnium, buds form on the leaves or in their axils, and these are capable of giving rise to new plants when they fall off, and "illustrate well the independence of the individual cells forming the organs of the mosses, where, under peculiar circumstances, a single cell of the tissue may be developed so as to lay the foundation for a new plant."

In general terms only can we speak of the sporangium; we would like an entire evening to talk about it, for its anatomy presents perhaps the most charming forms to be found among all our phytological friends. The sphere, the oval and the cube receive their expression in the capsules. Some nod their ripe heads towards the earth, others hold them horizontally, or look towards the stars. There are solemn and sedate heads here too, as well as those more versatile and giddy. Bryum nutans never laughs on its short pedicel, but Funaria, that zany among all the cryptogams, twists its brown locks in tireless mazes, and dances with delight at the falling rain drops. Some sporangia never experience the discomfort of dentition. Thoug

they may bud a little in the gums, teeth never come through, as in Sphagnum, and Pottia, and other genera; but Bryum, and Mnium, and Neckera, and Cynclidium, and others, present double rows of beautiful teeth without help from the dentist, and these are marked with elastic bands and contractile cells to fit them for their function. In those genera where the pesistome appears single or absent, it is probable rudiments of it often might be found; this is the case with the second row in Polytrichum. Some open by four slits in the sides, as Andrea, remaining united at the top, but most remove their opercula from the top, like men do their hats.

The calyptra envelopes and crowns all these miniature glories. One layer of firm but thin cells forms its walls; at the base it is variously cut and fringed, at the top it is firmer and pointed, to split the rain drop, that might crush the little family it protects. We saw it was formed from the upper part of the pistillidium, and in most mosses it is simple; but in Polytrichum there is an internal calyptra, not mentioned in American books, which would indicate that the pistillidium was composed of two coats, at least in that moss.

We have gone over, now, hastily and superficially, a few of the general features of the mosses. It is not our purpose in these club studies, to enter deeply into scientific abstractions, or to burthen our happy hours with ponderous names. Those who seek that kind of diet, must indulge in the pages of Hoffmeister, and it is well sometimes to drink from those deep and crystal fountains. We love osteology, but not in the rainbow, and sometimes we like abstract things, but in our moss studies this evening, fancy, like a little child has placed her warm hand in ours, and together have we rambled over the field, because in such company we always find richest compensation. J. G. H.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"INASMUCH AS YE HAVE DONE IT," &c.

Matt. xxv. 40.

I read the communication of S. Hunt in the Intelligencer of the 27th with the more interest, from the fact of my remembering in connection with it, that on a visit to my former home, *many* years ago, she gave a *practical* illustration of the principle she recommends with so much feeling and interest. She says: "To look after the lonely and desolate in their secluded abodes, is a ministration of kindness and mercy our Father in heaven will bless." This impressive charge brought the circumstance before me of her own ministration to which I now refer. She had visited our Asylum for the poor, then about four miles from town, and had had an interesting opportunity with the family and keepers of the house; but she thereafter told me, a "*further* duty rested upon her." I could not then accompany her, but those who did informed me on their return that "there was *no doubt* she had apprehended rightly."

I remember, too, a visit to the same interesting family of the "poor and unfortunate of earth," with R. W. B. (then of Poughkeepsie, now of Philadelphia,) who at the conclusion of an interesting service, inquired whether "she had seen all the inmates?" and was answered: "Yes, except a very old and deaf negro woman, sitting yonder on the stairs, that I know you don't want to see." The quick, emphatic answer to the keeper told him—"she *was the very one* she *did want* to see;" and suiting the action to the words, the visiter poured the oil of joy into the heart of that poor, lonely, *stolen child* of Africa, which in a few brief months ceased its pulsations of life and being!

The foregoing visits, and others of my beloved relative and townswoman L. M. to the same Asylum, and also to the colored people again and again, I cannot but remember with especial interest, as significant of the mission of Jesus, which "was to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." N. B.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 3d mo. 31st, 1869.

For Friends Intelligencer.

SOME THOUGHTS TOUCHING THE SUBJECT OF PRAYER.

In some of the late numbers of the *Intelligencer*, there are remarks made and views advanced touching the important and solemn act of public prayer *among Friends*, and also as to the form of rising and taking off the hat in time of prayer, and the origin of that form. I have long entertained views and convictions on these points, which I am now made willing, by the example of others, to offer for the columns of the *Intelligencer*, and which I deem of great importance to the best interest and true welfare of our Society, as well as to the members individually. First, as to the true ground of prayer: It has seemed to me, in my reflections upon the subject, that it centers in love and veneration for the Supreme Being, and that it has its origin and true ground herein, and in earnest desires for preservation, for growth and enlargement in the truth, and for a consummation of the great work of sanctification and redemption, in order that immortal souls may come to God, and enjoy Him forever, in company with angels and purified spirits in Heaven. The blessed Jesus, our divine Master, as recorded in the Scriptures of Truth, taught his followers and immediate disciples, and through them the

family of mankind, *how to pray*; after this manner therefore, pray ye, "Our Father which art in Heaven," &c., thus calling attention, *primarily*, to the cause of all causes, the foundation of pure Christianity, and of all true spiritual prayer—God—and to a knowledge of Him, for how can we love and venerate Him, unless we believe in Him and know Him. "To know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent, is life eternal;" it is essential that we come to him in the purity and simplicity of confiding faith, "for he that cometh to God, must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." Now, would the blessed Jesus have given instructions *how to pray*, unless it was an acceptable service in the sight of the divine Father? Surely not for myself, I have ever regarded it as the most important and solemn engagement of our lives. Why should we be taught from the highest and best authority to pray, "Thy kingdom come," if it were not a legitimate and proper object to pray for? and why pray, "Thy will be done?" and why, "Give us this day our daily bread?" and why, "Deliver us from evil?" Are not these, each and all, proper objects to pray for in the true spirit of humility? Surely they must be. What then is the object of prayer? What does it avail? The Scriptures of Truth inform us that the fervent effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much; and I trust we believe it, not merely because it is there recorded, but also, because we have witnessed a realization of it. How does it avail much? Not in that it changes the purposes of Deity, or increases the mercy, the goodness, the justice and love of the Heavenly Parent, but that it melts the heart in tenderness and love, in *deep contrition* and *humility* before the *Highest;* brings it nearer to the Divine Father, the source and centre of all minds, their only point of rest; makes it feel its dependence upon Him more and more for help and strength, even for that daily bread which alone can nourish the soul; causes it to feel that it has a spiritual and divine life, which came from God, and can look up to Him and call Him Father; and *finally*, brings the soul into that near and intimate relationship with the Creator, that gives it a foretaste of Heaven, and the joys of the world to come.

Now as to the form of rising and taking off the hat on such occasions, and also of "those who approach before God to pray, it becometh such that they do it with *bowed knees* and with heads uncovered, which is the practice of Friends;" as Barclay says, it matters but little whether these practices were *instituted* by Friends of that early day, or *continued* by them, the form having been used by other professors of their time, inasmuch as in either case it is and was an acknowledgement that the Deity is approached in the humble and lowly attitude of bowed knees and heads uncovered, in token of deep humility and abasedness of spirit, the audience manifesting their willingness to *join* in spirit in the solemn engagement, by rising with their heads uncovered also, as a mark of love and veneration for Him who fills the Heaven of heavens. In this sense is it a lifeless form, not suited to a spiritually minded people? or is it not rather a Divine order—a most salutary regulation suited to our day, or to any day in the Christian Church, and to a Divinely led and Divinely taught people? It is a form, it is true, but a very simple one, full of significance, and one that implies nothing that any consistent Friend or sincere Christian should reasonably object to. I am therefore opposed to any change of the ancient landmarks in regard to it. And when we take into view that this has been the order of the Society, from the first rise of Friends down to the present time, does it not require great care how we do anything to disturb the *unity* of the *body* in reference to it. Unity is essential to our continued existence as a religious organization; without it there is but little left of any value; therefore, unless society can be brought to unite on any change, whether for the better or otherwise, it is clearly the part of wisdom and prudence to yield a ready acquiescence. T. F.

New York, Third mo. 22d, 1869.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A SUGGESTION.

In No. 2 of the *Intelligencer*, under the head of "Swarthmore College," this remark occurs, "Let us *pray* for the completion of Swarthmore," &c. The expression was probably used without due consideration as to its true import, inasmuch as the word "pray" to every Christian mind can have no indefinite meaning, but refers directly to the *language of the soul* in its silent invocation to the Father of Spirits; and the realization of its effect upon that soul must be in entire conformity to and in harmony with the divine will. There is need to be a watchful care exercised over thought, word and action; for in social intercourse one with another, there is a proneness to adopt expressions which a critical examination might show to be at best but vague and meaningless, however honest the intention to give a correct interpretation of our thoughts. Most words, when used in a greatly varied sense, measurably lose the force of their appropriateness and fail to convey the true meaning intended. The word *pray* has often this misapplication, whence no doubt arises in a considerable degree the

diversity of opinion existing in many minds with regard to the subject; and hence it is often defined in language, though clear to some, yet quite ambiguous to others. Language being intended as the "vehicle of thought," we should aim to make it the faithful exponent of our reflections and feelings whenever occasion calls forth the expression thereof.

Frequently are reiterated in our hearing these expressive words, "Attend to little things;" and it is said if we attend not to the "little," we need not expect to become "rulers over more." The declaration has a wider significance in its practical application to our spiritual as well as temporal good than many suppose: and our advancement in every religious work must be commensurate with unremitting attention to the "little," whatever be the requirement.

With this care in giving utterance to thought we may avoid many blunders, and may lead others to a more strict observance of the truth that, in all things, should ever shine forth in its entire simplicity. H. J.

TRUE LOVE IS ETERNAL.

What God takes from us, it is always gain to lose. He gives back to us our friends more deeply, more tenderly, more sacredly, after they have been taken from us by Death. When they become wholly *His*, they become more intimately *ours*. The intimacy before death, pertains more to the flesh and its senses: after death it pertains more to the spirit and its inmost affections. It is as though God gave them to us, out of His own bosom, with the holiness and fragrance of the Divine Nature, added to them. By death they become too chaste, too heavenly, for our light moods and our common hours; they visit us only in our holiest moments. They act upon us therefore as motives to prayer, watchfulness, and retirement of spirit. They greatly befriend our best interests.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

My mind has been much with thee, with desires that while my feelings of affection were resting upon thee, the *spirit* might be permitted to mingle with thine; that I might be enabled to dwell where I trust thou art dwelling, and that unitedly we might partake of that holy communion which is witnessed by those who are made "one" in accordance with the petition of the blessed Jesus—"As Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us." Nothing short of this is able to uphold amid the trials of life; and being so well assured of this, why does thy frail friend suffer weakness so often to enter, till anguish and sorrow encompass me on every hand? In the depth of my spirit I fervently exclaim, Cleanse me! purify me! and spare not while there is anything remaining that Thy holy controversy is against! After the true polish is obtained, there will be no need of the Polisher's hand. Dost thou remember alluding to this in one of thy visits to me? I have not forgotten it —my mind often recurs to it with the feeling that there is much more burnishing needed.

I hope thou art able to be among those assembled this morning (Quarterly Meeting) in outward dedication, and may it be a season of spiritual refreshment for those who are hungering for the *true bread*. My mind has been there, although for *nine* years the poor body has been absent, owing to physical suffering and inability.

Through a note from —— I have heard of thy dear F.'s illness. I was prepared for some such tidings; yesterday morning and during last night, and again this morning, a feeling covered me which spoke of sorrow. As *thy* note mentioned some improvement, I am willing to hope there is still a change for the better. With my love, tell F. that my thoughts of late have often recurred to former days, when his kind care was freely extended to a *very child*. And if the blessing of heaven *ever* rested upon those who handed "a cup of cold water," surely he will not lose his reward. Ah yes! I feel indeed his reward is sure! A mansion of rest is prepared for him, but will he think some of us *selfish*, if we are not ready to loose him that he may enter therein?

Those who are naturally inclined to look on the dark side of things, are sometimes needlessly and unprofitably afflicted. If our eyes were as wide open to the virtues as to the failings of others, I think we should see much more good in one another than we now often recognize, and some of us need to have more confidence in each other.

I return thy letter. It is indeed a precious evidence of the love and unity of thy parents —doubly valuable as coming from them, who have often proved that "they have no greater joy than to see their children walking in the truth." I have no better wish for thee, my dear ——, than that through simple obedience to Truth's requirements, thou mayst prove thyself worthy of their blessing. My love is to them and to thee. Thou knowest

I love thee, and I trust this love goes forth, because I see upon thee that mark of discipleship which the Truth places upon its votaries —the mark of a meek and quiet spirit. Dost thou sometimes ask for me the blessing of a spirit submissive to the divine ordering? Would it were so. I believe the good Hand is upon me, and I desire to be preserved from thwarting the purposes of Infinite Wisdom.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 17, 1869.

Progress of Swarthmore College.—At the meeting of the Board of Managers, held 4th mo. 6th, 1869, the report of the Treasurer showed receipts during the previous four months of $15,415, and expenditures chiefly upon the building and for materials on hand, of $18,837.43. The Circular soliciting a further contribution of Ten Dollars upon every share of stock previously subscribed, has been distributed to the Stockholders by mail, as far as their correct post-office addresses were known. Replies have been received from a few, declining, chiefly for want of means, to contribute further, more have acceded to the request, but much the largest number have not been heard from. Conferences have been held with considerable advantage in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Wilmington, Delaware; and the local Committee in Philadelphia have not been idle, though the unfavorable season of year, the frail health of some of the members of the Committee, and the numerous engagements of others have as yet prevented so general a canvass as would have been desirable. The funds subscribed and not paid sum up 40,000 dollars. The building Committee reported some unsettled claims upon them for materials. The progress of the building since the annual meeting has been slow in consequence of the unfavorable season of the year, but the Committee is now prepared to push forward the several parts of the work, and if sufficient funds are in hand, can finish it for occupancy before the first of Tenth month next.

The Women's Committee for furnishing the College, has been industriously engaged in collecting means and in sewing; they had collected $3,482.28 to the date of the meeting, and expended $1,093.39 for material, most of which had been already made up without cost. In view of the uncertainty as to the amount necessary to finish and furnish the building, and to grade and plant the grounds, and the probability that during the current month the funds at their disposal may be increased, the Board concluded to postpone the subject of opening the College next autumn, to be considered at an adjourned meeting to be held on the 7th of 5th month next.

Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania.—The 17th annual session of this Institution was held at Concert Hall on the 11th ult., and the degree of M. D. was conferred upon fifteen young women.

The bearing and appearance of the graduates was becoming and interesting. They were from different parts of the country. Canada, California, and several other States west of the Mississippi had representatives in the class.

The 20th annual announcement of this College states that it has received an endowment fund of sixty thousand dollars, principally the bequest of the late Isaac Barton, one of its Corporators, and an excellent and benevolent merchant of Philadelphia.

The Announcement also shows that several of the large clinics of the city have been opened to women engaged in the study of medicine.

The Woman's Hospital of Philadelphia is a kindred Institution, established in connection with the College. The annual report of the Hospital shows that more than 3,000 patients were treated during the past year in its various departments. It has an endowment of more than twenty-three thousand dollars, in addition to a very valuable Hospital property; and among its consulting physicians are several of those celebrated among the medical writers and teachers of the country.

Married, on the 31st day of Third month, 1869, at Unionville, Centre County, in accordance with the order of the Society of Friends, Jesse Cleaver, a member of West Branch Monthly Meeting, to Edith Wickersham, a member of Monallen Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania.

DIED, of dropsy, on the 6th of Third month, 1869, at his late residence in Smithfield, Jefferson Co., O., DANIEL WORRELL, in the 81st year of his age. He was born in Philadelphia, and in his 17th year moved with his parents, Isaiah and Sarah Worrell, to Ohio; and he has been an exemplary member of Smithfield Meeting for more than sixty years. After much suffering he died with a full hope of a blessed immortality.

——, on the morning of the 28th of Third month, 1869, at his residence in Macedon, WM. CLARK, in the 73d year of his age; a minister of Farmington Monthly Meeting. He was one that lived according to the simplicity of the profession he made. His ministry was not in the enticing words of man's wisdom, but at times he was qualified to divide the word aright to the instruction of those who heard him. His company and exemplary life and conversation will be greatly missed by us, but we believe that he hath died in the Lord, and doth rest from his labors. He being dead yet speaketh in the powerful language of a life dedicated to the cause of Truth. "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

——, on the 21st of First month, 1869, CATHARINE MOSHER, in her 74th year; a member of Scipio Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 22d of Third month, 1869, JANE WINANT, in her 83d year; a member of Scipio Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 5th inst., at his residence in West Philadelphia, SAMUEL C. BUNTING, in his 79th year.

——, on the 6th inst., ANN WALMSLEY, widow of Joseph Walmsley, in the 82d year of her age; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends held at Green St., Philadelphia.

——, of typhoid fever, at Clear Creek, Putnam Co., Illinois, on the 9th of Second month, 1869, ANNA MARIA, daughter of Abel and Matilda Mills, in the 18th year of her age. Her school-teacher says she was ever ready to yield quick obedience, cheerful in the performance of duty, of a kind and loving disposition, and an example worthy of imitation.

——, on the 8th of Third month, 1869, RICHARD H., eldest son of Hannah W. and the late John Willson, in the 19th year of his age, a member of Third Haven Monthly Meeting, Talbot Co., Md.

——, on the 6th of Fourth month, 1869, in Howard Co., Maryland, ARTHUR, infant son of Aaron and Emma Chadwick, aged 10 months and 20 days.

FRIENDS' FREEDMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

Postponement.

Owing to Philadelphia Monthly Meeting holding its adjourned session on Fourth-day evening next, the Freedmen's Association will meet on the following Fourth-day evening, Fourth mo. 28th, at 8 o'clock, in the Monthly Meeting Room. Business preparatory to the Annual Meeting.

JACOB M. ELLIS, } *Clerks.*
ANNE COOPER, }

CIRCULAR MEETING.—At Lower Merion, Pa., tomorrow afternoon, 3 P. M.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE CHRISTIAN CASKET, OR PEARL OF GREAT PRICE;—embracing the entire Sermon on the Mount, combined from Matthew and Luke; with a brief Introduction, and a few suggestive Notes.

This brief, yet comprehensive compend of the Christian Dispensation, is presented in a garb suited to the Parlor Centre Table, or the seclusion of the Chamber; to the Child, or the Grandparent; to the Pupils of the First day School, or to their Teachers. Price 30 cts.

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Chester Co., Pa.

The following, from the last number of "Friends' Quarterly Examiner," published in London, we give at the request of a friend. We could have wished that the candid spirit it evinces had been further carried out by the avoidance of the terms "Hicksite" and "Separatists." EDS.

The Separation of the Religious Society of Friends in America in 1827–28. By SAMUEL M. JANNEY. (Pp. 347.) Philadelphia: T. Ellwood Zell.

With considerable clearness and ability, and with a general historical impartiality, the author endeavors to set forth the causes which led to the separation of so large a number of Friends in the United States, more especially in the Yearly Meetings of Philadelphia, New York, Ohio, Indiana, and Baltimore. The day has barely arrived in which we can dispassionately look at the subject; but to those who have gathered their facts and information from the journal of Thomas Shillitoe and other orthodox Friends, the statements contained in these pages will be new and at times startling. It is no business of the reviewer to harmonize conflicting records. We can readily imagine that earnest actors on both sides may have been led away by an intemperate zeal into acts which each would secretly regret, and further, that these actions, computed by the standard of their opponents, would be represented even as of a worse character than they would appear to an indifferent spectator. The subject of religious strife is at all times too painful for the loving disciple to contemplate without emotion, and whenever (as in these cases) it is judged needful to bring religious affairs before a legal tribunal, a deep wound is inflicted upon the well-concerned on both sides, and the cause of truth is greatly harmed. Probably under no condition of human life is the enemy of souls more active in sowing "tares" than when men are engaged in the heat of religious controversy; and the records of this epoch form no exception to this truth.

We admire the general tone of this concluding volume, but it is right that on doctrinal points the reader should remember that the theologian is usually less impartial than the historian. We admit the extreme difficulty of conveying in any creed or form of words our own convictions to minds already

prejudiced against them. As the author remarks in his introduction, the question will arise, even in reference to scriptural phrases, In what sense are they understood? "We know," he continues, "that human language, although admirable in itself, is but an imperfect medium for the conveyance of thought. Words are signs or symbols of ideas, which being held up before us in speech or writing, call up in our minds the images or ideas we have previously acquired by education, experience, or reflection. But the education and experience of mankind are exceedingly diverse, and hence it may happen that some words or phrases will not convey to different individuals precisely the same ideas."

This sentence, we believe, in a large degree explains the strange paradox, that whilst all sects of Christians profess to base their creed upon the text of Holy Scripture, yet each arrives at a different conclusion, with perhaps an equal honesty of intention. When we remember further how easy it is to extract from any writer, sentences which are more in unison with our own object than with the *general* tenor of his opinions, it behoves us to be especially careful how we accept scattered quotations as a fair exposition. This caution is as needful in reference to the somewhat voluminous extracts from the works of the early Friends and J. J. Gurney in this book, as it is to writings of a different tendency published on this side of the Atlantic. He who would know what any writer really believed must go neither to his interpreter nor to his apologist, but to the man's own works for such disclosure.

To attempt a description of the doctrinal views of Elias Hicks and the separatists, would lead us too far, but we cannot accept the author's explanation (p. 147) that "extenuating circumstances" can alter the weight attached to private letters. We believe, on the contrary, that the views of Elias Hicks, which he thus communicated "in the confidence of friendship," must be held as the truest exposition of his own views at the time he wrote, however justly the receiver may be blamed for publishing them without his sanction. Few of our readers can realize the devastating effect of this wide separation. According to the evidence produced by S. Janney, but which he says has in part been disputed, we find that the approximate numbers of "orthodox" and "separatists" were—

Phila. Y.M., 7,344 orthodox, 18,485 "Hicksite."
N. York " 5,913 " 12,532 "

whilst in Ohio the relative numbers were about equal, and in Indiana the "orthodox" largely preponderated, but no census was taken. What has since been the course of these 31,000 seceders we know not, but we are told "The last act unitedly performed by the body of Friends before its separation was to relieve freedmen of African descent. Their interest in that people still continues, and the hope is fondly cherished that the co-operation and sympathy of the two sections of the Society in so good a work may yet bring them nearer together." p. 268.

It would indeed be a precious attendant fruit if these self-denying labors should thus result. An increased knowledge of Holy Scripture and reverence for those inspired writings is, we believe, apparent amongst both sections, and we conclude our notice of this volume with a fervent wish that by the blessing of Christ Jesus our Saviour, they may yet be gathered again, a united body, within the same fold.

THOMAS WRIGHT, THE PRISON PHILANTHROPIST.

Thomas Wright was originally a "striker" in a Manchester foundry, England. An accident impressed him for the first time with the difficulty a convicted felon must ever find in returning to honest courses, even when inclined to do so, with the band of conviction round his neck. Thenceforth he determined to try what one man like himself could achieve by systematic action in the cause of criminal reform. With the concurrence of the governor, he became a constant visitor at the Manchester Jail, gained the confidence of many of the prisoners, advised with them as to their future course of conduct, and where he found that repentance was sincere, left no stone unturned to give the discharged prisoner a fair start in life, so that a relapse into crime should not have the excuse of being the only escape from starvation. In achieving this end he spared himself no time, no trouble, and, so far as his scanty means would allow, no expenditure. In many cases he brought about reconciliation between the prisoners and their friends; in others he obtained employment for them by becoming bound himself for their honesty; and in others, again, he raised the funds necessary for their emigration.

For many years he continued his labors in this manner, unnoticed and unknown, save by the officials and inmates of the jail, until the Governor, in his annual reports, alluded to the successful issue of his efforts, and the manifest influence for good he exerted over the characters of the prisoners, and even over the crime of the city.

No sooner had the character and importance of his work become generally known than it was felt on all sides that Thomas Wright should be at once relieved from the further necessity of manual labor. A sub-

scription list was opened, which the Queen headed with a donation of £100, and a sufficient sum was raised to purchase a liberal annuity.

Thomas Wright was at that time between fifty and sixty years of age, but when he was thus freed from pecuniary anxieties he at once extended the sphere of his labors, and, although thirty years have since elapsed, he still continues his ministrations as unobtrusively and successfully as of old. Much of his influence doubtless arises from the knowledge the prisoners have that his efforts on their behalf are the unpaid offerings of his own earnestness; and so fully is Wright aware of that, that when he was offered a salary of £300 a year as a visiting inspector of prisons, he refused it on the ground that all his power sprang from the fact that he was known as the prisoners' friend, not as a Government servant.

An influential committee, under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftsbury, has been formed at Manchester, for the purchase of Mr. Mercer's well-known picture, "The Condemed Cell," and two copies; one picture to be presented to London, one to Manchester, and one to Salford. The subject of this remarkable work is Thomas Wright, and it is specially in his honor that the picture is to be bought. It contains an admirable life-size portrait of the prison philanthropist in the act of ministering to a convict under sentence of death. The object of the committee in seeking to place the picture in some public building, where it may be seen and studied, is that every one may benefit by the moral lesson it conveys. Subscriptions are now being solicited from all classes in England.—*London Star.*

From the Living Age.

UNDER THE PALMS.

I.

Led on—not driven by mere outward force;
Led on—not drifting at my own weak will;
For falt'ring footsteps, an appointed course;
For nerveless grasp, a Hand firm-holding still!

Led on—past childhood's easy grassy ways,
Past youth's glad scaling of a flower-fringed steep,
Past plans and failures of less sanguine days,
Past graves where I had thought to stay and weep.

Led on—but how? I stumble as I go;
Led on—but whither? clouds seem all I see:
My trust, a purpose higher than I know;
My hope a goal yet undescried by me.

Oh friends! if loved ones love me to the last,
And deem earth sadder for that I am gone,
Think not too much of the dim track I've pass'd,
Think still of me as but led on—led on!

II.

In the band of noble workers
Seems no place for such as I:
They have faith where I have yearning,
They can teach where I but sigh,
They can point the road distinctly
Where for me the shadows lie.

Lofty purpose, high endeavor,
These are not ordained for me;
Wayside flower may strive its utmost,
It can ne'er become a tree.
Yet a child may laugh to gather,
And a sick man smile to see.

And I, too, in God's creation
Have my little proper part;
He must mean some service, surely,
For weak hand and timid heart;
Transient joys for my diffusing,
For my healing, transient smart:

Just to fling a ray of comfort
O'er life's downcast, dreary ways!
Just to fan a better impulse
By a full and ready praise!
Pitying, where I may not succor;
Loving, where I cannot raise!

III.

Why would you have me dwell on Death,
Rehearse the awful parting hour,
The creeping chill, the ebbing power,
The gasping for the latest breath?

Why vex a child 'neath noontide sky
With image of his nightly rest?
Just now his games, his toys seem best—
He will be weary by-and-by!

Just now a hand is linked in mine,
Just now thought flashes far and free,
I joy in everything I see,
I call *this* God-made world divine!

Wait—till night fall at His behest,
Wait—till He hush to sleep through pain,
Wait—till He show me Death is gain,
And give the longing, with the power to rest!

IV.

Not my will, gracious Lord,
Not my blind will and wayward be fulfill'd!
I dare not say that bowing to Thy word
All my heart's wishes are subdued and still'd.
My will might crave some boon by Thee denied,
Covet the praise that ministers to pride;
Shrink back from taking up a needed cross,
And shun the furnace to retain the dross.
Not my will, O my Lord,
No—be Thy name adored:

Though too much to the dust affection clings,
And self-wrought chains hold down the spirit's wings,
Yet out of sorrows past and present fears,
Out of experience bought by loss and tears,
At least the breathing of one prayer I've won—
Not my will, Father, but Thy will be done.

L. C. S.

MOTHERS SHOULD LEARN TO THINK.

There is an impression on the minds of many, that skill in government must be instinctive—that it is an original and native talent, and not to be acquired by information or thought. But look at those parents who have been most successful in family government, and they will be found to be those who have most dilligently and uniformly attended to the subject. You may go into the family of some man of celebrity, in one of the learned professions, and, as you look upon his lawless

children, you are perhaps discouraged. You say, if this man, with his highly cultivated mind, cannot succeed in family government, how can I expect success? But a little observation will satisfy you that this man is giving his time and attention to other pursuits. He is neglecting his children, and they are forming precisely those characters we should expect from the influences to which they are exposed.

There is no absolute certainty that any procedure will result in the piety of the child; but if we go on in our attempts to govern without system, or thought, or care, we shall undoubtedly reap most bitter consequences. The mother must study her duty. She must observe the effect produced by her mode of discipline. There is but little advantage to be derived from books, unless we revolve their contents in our own minds. Others may suggest the most valuable ideas; but we must take those ideas and dwell upon them, and trace out their effects, and incorporate them into our own minds by associating them with others of our own. We must accustom ourselves to investigation and thought. The mother who will do this will most certainly grow in wisdom. She will daily perceive that she is acquiring more facility in forming in her children the character she desires. And the increasing obedience and affection she will receive will be her constant reward. Care and labor are necessary in training a family. But no other cares are rewarded with so rich a recompense. No other labors insure such permanent and real enjoyment. You, O mothers, have immortal souls intrusted to your keeping! Their destiny, in a great degress, is in your hands. Your ignorance or unfaithfulness may sink them in a world of woe. Your fidelity, with God's blessing, may help them onward in the path which leads to the mansions of heaven.—*Pres. Banner.*

TWO GIRLS OF THE PERIOD.

The Upper Side.

(Concluded from page 96.)

We have said that this Ladies' College, if established, would fill usefully a dangerous void in girls' lives, but it would be well if we could invent some still more effectual system. It is true that every step made in any branch of knowledge is a conquest gained over evil, and that every really cultivated mind is another weight thrown into the scale of good; but at the same time it must not be forgotten that there are but few minds which soar so high as to pursue Knowledge entirely for her own sake, and that industry is difficult when there is no object in view to excite it. When people compare the attainments of men with those of women, they should remember that it is like a race between two horses, one ridden with whip and spur, the other with neither. Necessity is the spur bringing out men's powers. Ask any man who has distinguished himself in his profession, whether he would have studied to such good purpose had he known that he could never put his learning to account, and that no amount of exertion would in any way alter his future. Here arise our greatest difficulties, for there seems to be a deep-rooted feeling that a woman who is not under the direst necessity is disgraced by earning money by her own exertions. Society considers it a venial offence for a young lady to waste her money on her extravagant vanity, but a very black crime that she should do profitable work with her brains. We are gradually abandoning the savage idea that work dishonors a man; may we hope that in time we shall become sufficiently civilized to feel idleness discreditable even to a woman? We believe many homes would be happier if it could be so, for there are many, and these not the least luxurious and extravagant, where it becomes a serious question what will become of the unmarried daughters after their father's death, and many an uncongenial marriage is entered into simply because the bride cannot bear the thought of dependence when she will no longer have a father's love to depend on. The objection which will meet us here is, that by introducing this new class of workers into the community we should only be taking dinner out of the mouths of those who have none, in order to give extra dessert to those who have already had enough and to spare. It is true new channels must be found in order that the different classes may not interfere with one another, but we believe a little ingenuity might solve the problem with great benefit to society.

Or if the remunerative labor be altogether denied us, might not societies of ladies be formed, avoiding all narrow sectarian feeling, for organized work among the poor? A standing army of charity, in which each should have her distinct post and allotted task; each be responsible for a certain amount of daily work, and each accountable to her superiors for the faithful discharge of it. They need wear no nuns' costume, they need lead no conventual lives, they need take no irrevocable vows. All that would be necessary would be for each member to devote a certain portion of the day to the performance of her assigned duties. Work might be found to suit the taste and aptitude of each. Surely here no one could urge that we should trespass on the domain of others; in the wide field of charity there surely are not too many laborers, and an opening might be found for

the employment of hundreds of girls, who would find in very truth that the mercy shown by them was "twice blessed," blessing those that give and those that take. Employment such as this need not interfere in the generality of cases with any reasonable idea of home duties; and the progress made by the sisterhoods which have offered young ladies the only opportunity hitherto given them of engaging in this kind of work, shows that it is what they themselves ask for.

We have hitherto been obliged to dwell too exclusively on the dark side of girls' lives; let us turn for a moment to the brighter side of the picture. There is activity in these days for good as well as for evil; and we dare affirm that there never was a time in which so many ladies devoted themselves to good works as the present. Turn in whatever direction you will, you will see well-born women leaving luxurious homes, and devoting their lives, their fortune, and their energy to charitable and often laborious and repulsive work. According as their tenets may be "Low" or "High" Church, their Bibles or their crosses may be somewhat unnecessarily large and conspicuous; but if all those who mock them possessed half their zeal and earnestness in charity, the world would improve far more rapidly than it does. It is easier to laugh than always to be zealous without extravagance, and wit is always easier than self denial.

We have said that it would not interfere with any *reasonable* scheme of home duties, but in this we do not include the system which renders it necessary for every English lady to spend the greater part of her life in keeping up the shadow of an acquaintance with hundreds of people for whom she cares absolutely nothing. Society in London has now grown to be such a complete farce that it is difficult to speak of it seriously, and utterly impossible to account for the continuance of such a system except on the supposition that its long drudgery has so deprived those who have undergone it of their reasoning faculties that they believe it to be an eternal ordinance—impossible for mortals to change. We, who are young, perceive that our monster tyrant is not invulnerable, and we ask for help in attacking and perchance in staying him. We are no ascetics; the majority of us have no wish to abandon pleasure altogether; we ask rather to be able to enjoy it. Among men it is usually seen that the active and industrious are the moral and the worthy. Are women so differently constituted that we need fear a contrary effect upon them? Would an apprenticeship in the arts of teaching, nursing, and managing be more dangerous to the character of a future wife and mother than an apprenticeship in dancing and flirtation? Would children be less likely to be well brought up by a mother whose "works praise her in her gates," than by one whose teaching is confined to very good advice which has never grown to example?

One word more, gentle reader. We do not pretend to be all saints; we do not say that there is nothing but noble feelings and aspirations among us; but this we do protest most solemnly, that there is a very general feeling among us against the life we now lead, and a strong craving for better things. Grant us but one trial, even though you grant it in scorn, and do not go on for ever condemning us untried. Even if it be believed that women's hands are too weak to push forward any *good* cause (though they are deemed powerful enough in every *bad* one,) would there be any harm in our trying? We might not move the load of evil one hair's-breadth, but at all events we should not be increasing its weight by any acts of our own. And might we not even do good indirectly by shaming the men around us, who, with such splendid opportunities, are as useless and more actively mischievous than ourselves, to buckle to in the great work, and to prove to us practically their superiority?

In the name therefore of a large class, we demand for girls growing to womanhood the opportunity of spending a portion of their young lives in the service of their God and of their fellow-creatures. We implore for them a release from their present bondage of idle selfishness, and the means not only of cultivating their talents, but of exercising them in the cause of good and not of evil. We implore it for our own sakes, that our lives may be brightened by the blessing of God, which ever rests on all good works, whether successful or not in the eyes of the world. We implore it for the sake of those who are still young, that they may be saved the dreariness and degradation which we have undergone. We implore it for the sake of our country, which we feel to be suffering in dignity and character from the example set by the class to which we belong. Lastly, we claim it, because we feel that it cannot be the will of God that so many talents, youth, energy, intelligence, and influence, should be wholly given up to devil's work!

Grant us a fair trial, and it shall be our fault if at the close of the present century it continues to be a reproach to be called

"A Girl of the Period."

Let us go always beyond the duties marked out, and keep them within the pleasures permitted.

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

Two kinds of influence are exerted by man. That which is active and voluntary, by which he endeavors to sway others by argument or persuasion, and that which is unconsciously flowing out from him. The importance of the former is everywhere acknowledged, but the latter is seldom appreciated. It falls on the world unobserved. History is silent on its effects; public laws make no account of its mischiefs or benefits; the discipline of families, societies or schools passes it by unnoticed, and no human power can trace it with sufficient accuracy to make its authors responsible. Because it is thus overlooked, it is not therefore insignificant. Nothing is more silent than the soft and genial light flowing spontaneously in all directions, and filling the world unconsciously with its beams. It would scarcely wake an infant, yet is perpetually recreating the world, and rescuing it from darkness. Its absence would destroy life, and render the globe itself a dreary, useless ball. Is light then a tame and feeble instrument, because so noiseless and so gentle, and are the angry earthquake and the noisy thunder superior forces in the natural world? The greatest powers are those which lie behind the commotions of nature, and the outward efforts that we make to sway others, secure but a fraction of the good or evil that is done in the world.

Words we may control at will, but looks, tone, motion, and conduct, all of which spring from the internal character, compose a great reservoir of influence, which is ever affecting mankind. The child begins his life experience by simple imitation. He looks and listens, and soon reproduces the petulance or the gentleness, the passion or the tranquillity, that he witnesses in those around him. He delights to copy all that he sees and hears, and is every moment receiving impressions which through life cannot be removed. As he grows older, the desire for approbation and respect for others takes the place of imitation. Fashion, so powerful as often to become a tyrant, owes all her strength to this unconscious influence. Enthusiasm of any kind kindles and catches from one to another, till sometimes the whole nation blazes in its heat. Fear and superstition, party spirit and speculation will often spread through a circle or a community by the magnetism of unconscious influence, without any direct effort to produce them. The same is true of all the active feelings and impulses of mankind. Even where the direct influence of man seems to be greatest, it is due in a large degree to the insensible influence which accompanies it. The heart, filled with its subject, gives expression to the features, tone to the voice and light to the eye—all involuntarily, but powerfully aiding the language and direct efforts. It is thus that hypocrisy so often fails to produce the effect that might be expected. Words may be used where the heart is absent, but the effect of earnestness is hard to counterfeit.

Every one, however humble, is thus daily and hourly altering and moulding the character of all with whom he mingles, and exerting a power that will reproduce itself through countless generations. The truest method of doing good is thus first of all to *be good;* then the character will necessarily communicate good to others. An influence will always accompany true and right principles, while no effort without them can be successful. The sun could never make our planets shine, were it not itself luminous. A full surrender of the heart to duty and to God will make us partakers of His nature, and we shall as naturally communicate good to others as we receive it from Him.—*Public Ledger.*

TAKE CARE OF THE BIRDS.

At least one of the members of our Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has done good service in trying to educate the popular mind up to a full knowledge of the usefulness of the familiar birds seen in the vicinity of Philadelphia at different seasons of the year; and in pleading with the young sportsmen to cease hunting and killing them on that account, as well as for their cheerfulness, beauty and innocence. This view of the case is strongly enforced in a recent article in one of the magazines. Some naturalists have divided birds into three classes; those which are supposed to feed exclusively on insects, those which eat seeds only, and those which feed promiscuously on anything at hand. This classification has been proved to be founded on erroneous principles. Of the many thousand species of birds, it is not positively known that any do not feed on insects at some period of their lives, while at the same time but very few are exclusively insect eaters. The large class known as *omnivores,* or eaters of all kinds of food, are among the most active and valuable assistants to the gardener and farmer in destroying insects. A recent writer, in pleading the economic value to agriculture of birds, declares that "no agriculturist can destroy a bird without knowing that he may expect from the act only injury."

The robin is generally regarded as the pest of fruit growers, and he certainly does plunder to a large extent the smaller fruits, but it has been demonstrated by a careful examination of the contents of his stomach that

during six or seven of the months he is exclusively a benefactor. During the early spring months insects in different stages of development form his sole food. The larvæ of two hundred insects of a most destructive class have been taken from the stomach of a single robin. In one instance it is remarked that a shooting match had created a scarcity of these birds, and a large extent of grass land withered and dried up in consequence of the undisturbed growth of insects. Later in the season fruit was found in the crops of the robins, but always intermingled with insects, and in the fall of the year they returned to a strictly insect diet. The food of most young birds is almost exclusively of an animal character. It has been proved that a young robin will consume forty-one per cent. of animal food more than his own weight in twelve hours, and this food usually consists of earth worms, cut worms, and other destructive insects.

"The measure worm" or "span worm," that destroys the beauty of the shade trees in our large cities, and is such a nuisance otherwise, it is said has been driven from the Central Park by the English sparrow, recently introduced there, a pair of which will destroy four thousand caterpillars weekly. A thousand of these birds have been imported for the protection of the beautiful trees which are so justly the pride of Philadelphia. In addition to the worm nuisance, another in the shape of the cabbage butterfly, of Europe, has made its appearance on our shores. It is said that were it not for the sparrow the cabbage could not be raised successfully in Great Britain. We may have to meet this new enemy by introducing large numbers of its pretty little foe. Researches show that every species of bird has its particular use in the destruction of the injurious insects and vermin, which constitute the greater part of their food. Birds are in general far more useful than hurtful, and the popular desire should be to take care of, instead of exterminating these beautiful little allies of the farmer and fruit grower. Why boys should be the mortal foes of birds, it is hard to understand. It is perhaps an instinct of the old savage nature of man not yet rooted out. They should be taught better at home, at *school* and through the magazines and newspapers.—*Late Paper.*

FARMING IN NORTH GERMANY.

In a contribution to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. de Laveleye discusses the history and present state of Prussian agriculture.

Until 1833, Prussian farmers were not good cultivators, nor were their farms very profitable. By a tradition, which can be traced back to Charlemagne's time, they let their lands lie every third year in fallow. Those who planted potatoes and made hay were in an insignificant minority. But Stein and his coadjutors have changed all this. Since 1833 the two-year system of cereals alternated with roots or seeds has become universal in North Germany. As a result there has been an enormous increase of live stock. The farms are more thoroughly manured now than ever, and the area of unproductive fallow has fallen from one-third to one-seventh of the arable land.

Not only has the live stock increased, but the breeds have been improved. North Germany now imports dairy cattle from Holland, English pigs, Ramboillet, Southdown and merino sheep. Steam plows are not as common now as they will be some years hence, but horse machinery is found on all the large farms. The price of land has advanced one hundred and in some places two hundred per cent. Between 1846 and 1860 the farming population of Prussia increased by more than 1,000,000. That of France fell off in the same period more than 700,000.

M. de Laveleye explains this prosperity of North Germany as arising, first, from the general education of the farmers; second, from their education in their pursuit. Prussia alone maintains four Royal Academies of Agriculture, at which, in a two years course, and for a tuition of not quite forty dollars a year, the student is instructed in political and rural economy, based on statistics in farming, and the management of trees and woods; in the mode of manufacturing sugar, beer, bricks and draining tiles; in mineralogy, geology, botany and chemistry, with experiments and excursions; and lastly, in mathematics, trigonometry, land surveying, practical mechanics, veterinary surgery, rural law, the history of their country and constitutional law. Excursions into the most interesting districts complete the programme.

There are also nineteen provincial schools of agriculture of a lower grade supported by the government, in which the instruction is usually given by some large farmer with the help of the nearest apothecary, veterinary surgeon and schoolmaster. Besides there are special schools for single branches; the care of fruit trees is taught in no less than one hundred and thirty-four. There is a curious class of initerant teachers who "circuiate from village to village, criticizing the cultivation, and giving advice about rotations of crops and the most suitable kinds of manure." The government supports seven institutes of organic and agricultural chemistry.

Private enterprise supplements the exertion of the State. There are five hundred

and nineteen agricultural associations. These bodies have stated meetings, give exhibitions, and offer prizes. Other causes of the flourishing condition of Prussian agriculture are the hard working and frugal habits of the German farmer, and the great good fortune of Prussia in not having a large fleet, an ill-starred colony, and a Paris.—*Boston Post.*

CALUMNY.—To persevere in one's duty, and to be silent, is the best answer to calumny. —*Evens.*

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

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ITEMS.

THE bill impowering the Governor to commute the sentence of prisoners condemned to death, under certain circumstances, passed both Houses of the Pennsylvania Legislature on the 6th inst., but was vetoed by Governor Geary.

GEN. HOWARD has made large reductions of the force of the Freedmen's Bureau, excepting in the Bounty and Education Division. He intends to advance the educational interests in the South and to appoint one Superintendent of Education in each of the States in that section.

GENERAL HOWARD will continue in charge of the Freedmen's Bureau.

A TELEGRAPHIC MESSAGE was recently sent from London, and a reply received from Calcutta in less than 7½ hours.

RAIN.—It is stated that one inch in depth of rain falling on an acre of ground, will amount in all to 226,225 imperial gallons, or about 100 tons in weight. The quantity of rain under consideration is 6,272,640 cubic inches, and the imperial gallon weighs ten pounds avordupois, and is of the capacity of 277,274 cubic inches.

An interesting article in the *American Naturalist* describes the habits of the chimney swallow. This swallow gets the twigs with which to build its nest by flying with all its might against the end of a dry twig, and catching it in its bill. Sometimes several efforts are necessary to break off the twig. These sticks are glued together, and to the side of the chimney, with a viscid substance supplied by their salivary glands. A few days after the young are hatched the male bird takes charge of them, and the female builds another nest for her next brood. By the time the first brood is ready to fly the male finds a second brood ready for his care. The ultimate reason for the rough, unskilful nests of this swallow, as well as of the rapacious birds, is found in the fact that their construction makes them awkward on their feet. The hooked talons of hawks, or the small feet and weak legs of swallows or whippoorwills, make it necessary to build a rough nest or none at all.

A. MILNE EDWARDS has made a study of the fossil birds of France, having himself collected over 4,000 specimens from the principal tertiary and quaternary deposits of that country. The birds of the quaternary period he finds to be mostly identical with species now living, though many then inhabiting France are now found only in the Arctic regions; a fact which, like the glaciers, points to a much colder climate than at present. The birds of the tertiary, however, are more tropical, including flamingoes, pelicans, ibis, and large gallinaceous fowls. This gives an additional argument in favor of a higher temperature in the tertiary period. Near the ancient lakes of Auvergne he found a large number of eggs side by side with the bones of the newly-hatched young of these tertiary birds.

THE WONDERS OF A WATCH.—There are very few of the many who carry watches who ever think of the complexity of its delicate mechanism, or of the extraordinary and unceasing labor it performs, and how astonishingly well it bears up and does its duty under what would be considered very shabby treatment in almost any other machinery. There are many who think a watch ought to run and keep good time for years without even a drop of oil, who would not think of running a common piece of machinery a day without oiling, the wheels of which do but a fraction of the service. We were forcibly struck with this thought the other day, upon hearing a person remark that, by way of gratifying his curiosity, he had made a calculation of the revolutions which the wheels in a watch make in a day and a year. The result of this calculation is as suggestive as it is interesting. For example: The main wheel makes 4 revolutions in 24 hours, or 1,460 in a year; the second or centre 24 revolutions in 24 hours or 8,760 in a year; the third wheel 192 in 24 hours or 69,080 in a year; the fourth wheel (which carries the second hand,) 1440 in 24 hours or 525,600 in a year; the fifth or scrape-wheel 12,-964 in 24 hours or 4,728,400 revolutions in a year; while the beats or vibrations made in 24 hours are 388,800 or 141,812,900 in a year.

THE RAMIE PLANT.—This wonderful plant is destined to be of inestimable value to the South, if its culture there should prove successful. We learn from the Baltimore *Sun*, that the culture of ramie has been very successfully and vigorously prosecuted in certain Southern localities. A single planter on the Mississippi offers 500,000 plants for sale; and orders for ramie are pouring into New Orleans and Mobile, from all parts of Europe, offering to purchase the rough fiber at ten cents in gold.

This new product for cloth manufacture is known also by the name of "American China grass," and is beginning to come into the market. It grows luxuriantly in the southwestern States, and has already become an article of commerce. The fabrics made from it, are said to resemble silk so nearly, that none but a practised eye can detect the difference. Its distinction from silk is more easily discovered by the touch than by the sight. It promises to become a valuable article of trade.

The ramie is of the thistle family; is propagated easily by cuttings; requires comparatively little care, is perennial, yields three or four crops a year, at the rate of 3000 pounds an acre, and is worth £55 sterling per ton. The threads are longer and more silky than cotton, and mixed with cotton or woolen produces a beautiful fabric, and alone, resembles the silks of Lyons.—*Methodist.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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"From the London Times March 24th."

Extracts from an Address by J. A. FROUDE, *the historian, at his installation as Rector of St. Andrew's, Scotland.*

. . . . . .

Education, continued he, is on everybody's lips. Our own great schools and colleges are in the middle of a revolution, which, like most revolutions, means discontent with what we have, and no clear idea of what we would have. You yourselves cannot here have wholly escaped the infection, or, if you have, you will not escape it long. The causes are not far to seek. On the one hand, there is the immense multiplication of the subjects of knowledge, through the progress of science, and the investigation on all sides into the present and past conditions of this planet and its inhabitants; on the other, the equally increased range of occupations among which the working part of mankind are now distributed, and for one or other of which our education is intended to qualify us. It is admitted by every one that we cannot any longer confine ourselves to the learned languages, to the grammar and logic and philosophy which satisfied the seventeenth century. Yet, if we try to pile on the top of these the histories and literatures of our and other nations, with modern languages and sciences, we accumulate a load of matter which the most ardent and industrious student cannot be expected to cope with. It may seem presumptuous in a person like myself, unconnected as I have been for many years with any educational body, to obtrude my opinion on these things. Yet outsiders, it is said, sometimes see deeper into a game than those who are engaged in playing it. In everything that we do or mean to do, the first condition of success is that we understand clearly the result we desire to produce. The house-builder does not gather together a mass of bricks and timber and mortar, and trust that somehow a house will shape itself out of its materials. Wheels, springs, screws, and dial-plate will not constitute a watch, unless they are shaped and fitted with the proper relations to one another. I have long thought that to educate successfully you should first ascertain clearly, with sharp and distinct outline, what you mean by an educated man. Now, our ancestors, whatever their other shortcomings, understood what they meant perfectly well. In their primary education and in their higher education they knew what they wanted to produce, and they suited their means to their ends. They set out with the principle that every child born into the world should be taught his duty to God and man. The majority of people had to live, as they always must, by bodily labor; therefore every boy was, as early as was convenient, set to labor. Besides this—but not, you will observe, independent of it—you had in Scotland, established by Knox, your parish schools,

where he was taught to read, and if he showed special talent that way he was made a scholar of and trained for the ministry. But neither Knox nor any one in those days thought of what we call enlarging the mind. A boy was taught reading, that he might read his Bible and learn to fear God and be ashamed and afraid to do wrong. Dr. Froude proceeded to show that the school system of the United States, which taught the young never to rest contented, but to struggle forward to never-ending competition, answered its purpose in a new and unsettled country, but could not be found permanent. It was no such notion as this that Knox had before him when he instituted the parish schools. In England the object of the parish schools was answered by church catechizing and the Sunday-school, and in both countries the children were made to understand that they would have to answer for the use that they made of their lives. And in both countries, by industrial training, they were put in the way of leading useful lives if they would be honest. The essential thing was that every one that was willing to work should be enabled to maintain himself and his family in honor and independence. In the education of a scholar, the same principle was applied. There were two ways of being independent. If you require much you must produce much. If you produce little you must require little. Those whose studies added nothing to the material wealth of the world were taught to be content to be poor. The thirty thousand students who gathered out of Europe to Paris to listen to Abelard did not travel in carriages, and they brought no portmanteaus with them. They carried their wardrobes on their backs. They walked from Paris to Padua, from Padua to Salamanca, and they begged their way along the roads. The laws of mendicacy in all countries were suspended in favor of scholars wandering in pursuit of knowledge. At home at his college the scholar's fare was the hardest, his lodging was the barest. If rich in mind, he was expected to be poor in body; and so deeply was this theory grafted into English feeling that earls and dukes, when they began to frequent universities, shared the common simplicity. . . . This old idea of education was dying away at both extremities, the apprenticeship as a system of instruction was gone, and the disciple of poverty—not yet in Scotland, he was happy to think, but in England—was gone also, and they had got instead what was called enlarged minds. An enormous accumulation of propositions of all sorts and kinds was thrust down the students' throats to be poured out again into examiners' laps, and this when it was notorious that the sole condition of making progress in any branch of art or knowledge was to leave on one side everything irrelevant to it, and to throw their undivided energy on the special thing they had in hand. The old universities, Dr. Froude proceeded to say, are struggling against these absurdities. Yet, when we look at the work which they on their side are doing, it is sarcely more satisfactory. A young man going to Oxford learns the same things which were taught there two centuries ago; but, unlike the old scholars, he learns no lessons of poverty along with it. In his three years' course he will have tasted luxuries unknown to him at home, and contracted habits of self-indulgence which make subsequent hardships unbearable; while his antiquated knowledge, such as it is, has fallen out of the market; there is no demand for him; he is not sustained by the respect of the world, which finds him ignorant of everything in which it is interested. He is called educated; yet, if circumstances throw him on his own resources, cannot earn a sixpence for himself. An Oxford education fits a man extremely well for the trade of gentleman. I do not know for what other trade it does fit him as at present constituted. More than one man who has taken high honors there, who has learnt faithfully all that the University undertakes to teach him, has been seen in these late years breaking stones upon a road in Australia. That was all which he was found to be fit for when brought in contact with the primary realities of things. It has become necessary to alter all this. But how, and in what direction? If I go into modern model schools, I find first of all the three "R's," about which we are all agreed; I find next the old Latin and Greek, which the schools must keep to while the Universities confine their honors to these; and then, by way of keeping up with the times, a mixed multitude of matters—history, natural history, physiology, chronology, geology, political economy, and I know not what besides—general knowledge, which, in my experience, means general ignorance; stuff arranged admirably for one purpose, and one purpose only—to make a show in examinations. To cram a lad's mind with indefinite names of things which he never handled places he never saw nor will see, statements o facts which he cannot possibly understand and must remain merely words to him—this in my opinion, is like loading his stomach with marbles—for bread giving him a stone But what has been gained for the boy himself, let him carry this kind of thing as fa as he will, if when he leaves school he has t make his own living? Lord Brougham onc said he hoped a time would come when ever man in England would read Bacon. Wi

liam Cobbett—whom you have heard of—said he would be content if a time came when every man in England would eat bacon. First and foremost a man has to earn his living, and all the ologies will not of themselves enable him to earn it. Light! yes, we do want light; but it must be light which will help us to work, and find food and clothes and lodging for ourselves. A modern school will undoubtedly sharpen the wits of a clever boy. He will go out into the world with the knowledge that there are a great many good things in it which it will be highly pleasant to get hold of—able as yet to do no one thing for which anybody will pay him, yet bent on pushing himself forward into the pleasant places somehow. Some intelligent people think that this is a promising state of mind—that an ardent desire to better our position is the most powerful incentive that we can feel to energy and industry. A great political economist has defended the existence of a luxuriously-living idle class as supplying a motive for exertion to those who are less highly favored. I doubt very much indeed whether the honesty of the country has been improved by the substitution so general of mental education for industrial, and the "three R's," if no industrial training has gone along with them, are apt, as Miss Nightingale observes, to produce a fourth "R"—of rascaldom. But it is only fair, if I quarrel alike with those who go forward and those who stand still, to offer an opinion of my own. If I call other people's systems absurd, in justice I must give them a system of my own to retort upon. Well, then, to recur once more to my question. Before we begin to build let us have a plan of the house that we would construct. Before we begin to train a boy's mind I will try to explain what I, for my part, would desire to see done with it. I accept without qualification the first principle of our forefathers, that every boy born into the world should be put in the way of maintaining himself in honest independence. No education which does not make this its first aim is worth anything at all. There are but three ways of living, as some one has said—by working, by begging, or by stealing. Those who do not work, disguise it in whatever pretty language we please, are doing one of the other two. The practical necessities must take precedence of the intellectual. A tree must be rooted in the soil before it can bear flowers or fruit. A man must learn to stand upright upon his own feet, to respect himself, to be independent of charity or accident. It is on this basis only that any superstructure of intellectual cultivation worth having can possibly be built. The old apprenticeship, therefore, was, in my opinion, an excellent system, as the world used to be. The Ten Commandments and a handicraft made a good and wholesome equipment to commence life with. Times are changed. The apprentice plan broke down—partly because it was abused for purposes of tyranny, partly because employers did not care to be burdened with boys whose labor was unprofitable, partly because it opened no road for exceptionable clever lads to rise into higher positions. Yet the original necessities remain unchanged. The Ten Commandments are as obligatory as ever, and practical ability—the being able to do something, and not merely to answer questions—must still be the backbone of the education of every boy who has to earn his bread by manual labor. And knowledge afterwards as much as you will, but let it be knowledge which will lead to the doing better each particular work which a boy is practising, and every fraction of it will thus be useful to him; and if he has it in him to rise, there is no fear but he will find an opportunity. Take the lowest and most unskilled labor of all—that of the peasant in the field. The peasant's business is to make the earth grow food; the elementary rules of his art are the simplest, and the rude practice of it the easiest; yet between the worst agriculture and the best lies agricultural chemistry, the application of machinery, the laws of the economy of force, and the most curious problems of physiology. Each step of knowledge gained in these things can be immediately applied and realized. Each point of the science which the laborer masters will make him not only a wiser man, but a better workman, and will either lift him, if he is ambitious, to a higher position, or make him more intelligent and more valuable if he remains where he is. He may go far, or he may stop short; but, whichever he do, what he has gained will be real gain, and become part and parcel of himself. It sounds like mockery to talk thus of the possible prospects of the toil-worn drudge who drags his limbs at the day's end to his straw pallet, sleeps heavily, and wakes only to renew the weary round. I am but comparing two systems of education, from each of which the expected results may be equally extravagant. The millions must ever be condemned to toil with their hands, or the race will cease to exist. The beneficent light, when it comes, will be a light which will make labor more productive by being more scientific, which will make the humblest drudgery not unworthy of a human being by making it at the same time an exercise to his mind.

(To be continued.)

If you would not fall into sin, do not sit by the door of temptation.

PEABODY'S LONDON CHARITIES.

Among the recent munificent benefactions to the poor of London, none seem so thoroughly calculated to afford permanent and efficient aid, as those of Mr. Peabody, in creating a trust fund, for erecting and furnishing at low rents comfortable, convenient and healthy dwelling-houses, for the families of the hard-working poor. The original fund was formed by a gift of $750,000, the whole of which was invested in land and buildings, though, according to the conditions of the trust, it has been kept on so reproductive a scale that a surplus of $100,000 has accrued upon it, for the continued use of the benefaction. But, in 1866, Mr. Peabody added to his original gift another of $500,000, and only a few weeks ago he made a third donation to the same object of $500,000 additional. These two later sums, amounting to a million of dollars, form the basis of a second trust, for the same object as the first, and to become available in July of the present year. These noble charities, therefore, now amount to the grand aggregate of $1,750,000.

With the first fund the trustees have completed comfortable dwellings, which at this time accommodate 1971 persons, who, by their excellent arrangements, enjoy not only a far greater amount of material comfort, but an independence of action and an opportunity for domestic privacy such as have never before been offered at an equally low rental. Statistics show, also, that in these buildings there is "an entire exemption from endemic diseases, and that the sanitary condition established in the Peabody buildings has already produced a sanitary effect not only among the young, but perceptibly in the increased tidiness and cleanliness of the old." Complaints were abundant at one time that the trustees were unfaithful to their trust in renting these dwellings to tenants who were not necessitous, and it was even declared that in this way the benevolent intentions of the donor would be utterly frustrated. But this complaint was founded on an erroneous idea of Mr. Peabody's object, which was not to create almshouses for the destitute, but to help and encourage those who are both able and willing to work, to *better* their condition. The success that has attended this enterprise has proved both the wisdom of its benevolent founder, and the fidelity with which his trust has been executed. The present occupants fairly represent the working poor of London. Out of four hundred heads of families, one hundred and thirty-two are returned as actual laborers, and the average wages earned by all classes of the tenants is under five dollars and a quarter a week. That the rents are placed as low as is possible, and at the same time enable the charity to remain a continuous benefaction, is manifest from the numerous applications for vacancies.

There have been several other schemes for improving the dwellings of the working classes in London, most of which, however, are founded on commercial principles, and do not represent pure benefactions. Some of these owe their advancement to the large loans they obtain from the Government, on security of their buildings. But Mr. Peabody's system is especially intended to be reproductive and perpetual. Its profits, though of moderate amount, are to be the sole means of its extension, and while not intended to provide any with gratuitous lodging, it yet institutes and maintains permanently a supply of better accommodation, at lower prices, than the laboring classes have ever before been able to secure. All the proceeds from rents go to a fund for providing similar accommodations for other workmen, at equally small rates. Mr. Peabody wisely waited to see how his plan would work before enlarging it, and having proved by experience the practicability of thus carrying out his benevolent intentions, he now nobly adds a million of dollars to be employed in the same far-reaching beneficence. The original fund has more than doubled the extent of its operation in three years' time, and it will easily be seen how greatly this rate of progress will be accelerated, now that the funds amount to one million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, instead of $750,000. It is gratifying to know, that at last the philanthropic munificence of our distinguished countryman is rightly appreciated by the city which it has benefitted. We learn from a recent English journal, that in all the late discussions on endowments, Mr. Peabody's benefaction has been "left beyond the reach of question, and appealed to in evidence of what an unexceptional endowment might be."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

From New York Evening Post.

PRISON REFORM.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

We must have reform in the management of our public prisons. This is the sentiment and conclusion of every humane and thoughtful person who has read the recent developments at Sing Sing.

These outbursts of passion, these explosions of a confined and a confirmed system of wrong, may attract public attention occasionally; but it is a quiet, judicious exposure of the whole system of prison mismanagement that will lay the foundation of that reform which we so much need.

We must consider crime a disease and treat

it as such, before we can hope to diminish its sway.

The treatment of the insane twenty-five years ago was on a par with the treatment of our prisoners of to-day.

The insane were then confined—restrained of their power to injure society; but no thought or hope of reform or restoration was contemplated. This was no part of their system. The consequence was, that the most worthless, often the most depraved, was selected to enforce these restraining regulations. As we now look upon the iron cages, bars and bolts then employed, we do not wonder that few patients were ever cured. Indeed, to call an insane person a "patient" is quite modern, and belongs to a reformative period.

What would Dr. Brown, of the Bloomingdale Asylum, think if he found his employés punishing a patient?

I am not now contemplating the modern prison punishment, such as the "thumb screws," "shower baths," "the lash," &c., but I am speaking of punishment in any of its forms—particularly when administered by an attendant, under the influence of passion.

Restraint is one thing, punishment quite another. The latter may incidentally arise out of the former, but it should be no part of the motive of the attendent to "punish," any more than it should be of a physician to give pain in an amputation. Indeed, no keeper of an asylum or prison is fit for his place who is not pained himself when he finds it necessary to incidentally punish through restraint, not to say inflict punishment which absolutely gives pain to the prisoner or patient.

It is the just pride of all managers of asylums that they employ none but humane and enlightened attendants; none who cannot fully control their own passions, and perform their administrative duties strictly within the regulations imposed. Hence, in the weekly report of the attending committee we find such expressions as these: "Found all the attendants on duty; patients were very quiet." "Found most of the patients walking out with their respective attendants—seemed comfortable and many of them even happy." On each of these visits the patients are consulted privately, and all complaints are heard, and if on inquiry they are well-founded, a remedy is at once applied.

The law of kindness and sympathy is the only one which should ever be tolerated in the management of a prison or asylum, and no man or woman should ever be permitted to control even the most unimportant department unless their education and lives give assurance that in their conduct towards others they are governed by the law of love.

A man who drinks to excess, or a man who flagrantly violates the laws of society, must be saved from self-destruction. He has a disease controlling him. It may be inherited or it may be self-imposed; which ever it may be, so far as society is concerned, it has the right of protection—that's all.

In view of an enlightened humanity, the remedy for these "crime diseases" may be as various as the remedies for the complaints of the body and the mind; but the extent of the punishment is as above indicated.

When and through what agency are we to obtain state prison reforms? When shall we have as managers and keepers of these institutions not only educated and intelligent, but also humane and kindly persons?

So long as these persons shall be selected for their partisan services they are likely to be what too many of them are who at present administer our prison affairs—merely coarse, brutal men, whose only qualifications are a strong physical frame and an abiding confidence in the success of his party.

It has been my fortune to be made acquainted with several keepers of our prisons, and so far as I can jndge, not one of them could be counted worthy to control or manage a single private institution, whether curative or reformative.

There are many facts which are too delicate to state in regard to the management of our reformative institutions. The abuses are so general and long standing that those who continue them may well plead justification. They really do not know better; and these managers never will until some one shall point out a better method and demonstrate its feasibility by results.

When a man can really comprehend and have full confidence in the influence of love and affection to subdue the most obdurate, and can withal fully control himself, then he may have the first requisite for a prison-keeper. When we shall have such, then we shall hear no more of punishment and killing, as at Sing Sing of late. J. S. S.

Every thought which the soul turns towards God, every desire after holiness, every gracious affection cherished towards any creature, every right word, every least act done from love to Christ, or from submission to His will, becomes inwrought into the soul's eternal nature. The soul's life is written *in itself*. Nothing is lost, nothing omitted. Whatsoever is hiddenly done, in the closet of the soul, in this life, shall come into manifestation, in eternity; and the raiment without shall express all "the beauty of holiness," which has been acquired within.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

Dear Friends.—I have been in attendance at Friends' meetings for many years, and have from my childhood been taught to consider the portion of the Society represented by the Intelligencer as true Friends or Quakers. The query has frequently been made of me, "What is the difference between you and those called Orthodox Friends? Is your faith the same as professed by the founders of the Society? Do you believe in Christ as they did?" &c. To which I usually answer, "We acknowledge the writings of ancient Friends, and profess the same faith."

I have listened to our approved ministers attentively, but find many have an ambiguous manner of alluding to or speaking of Jesus Christ, and thinking it right to know what our belief is on this subject, I have felt constrained to ask a few plain questions, in hope that some in authority may answer them distinctly, so that if possible the question may be settled with us.

The generally accepted religion of the Churches professing Christianity and calling themselves evangelical, is, that since the fall of Adam, all are born sinful, and can be saved only by and through the atoning blood of Jesus Christ, who was sent of God by a miraculous conception to a sinful world, to be sacrificed on the cross. And it is by that we are saved, (having no merit of our own,) that after being crucified and entombed he rose again on the third day, was seen of men on earth, after which he ascended into heaven, and is seated on the right hand of God interceding for a fallen world. Do our Friends accept this? And if not, what and how much do they accept literally?

We are charged with not believing in the Divinity of Jesus Christ. Is this true? If not, in what do we think his Divinity consists? And how was He different from the martyrs, whose blood was shed for faithfully adhering to their testimonies? In other words, do Friends believe we are saved by being obedient to manifested duty, and a belief in the power of the life of Christ alone, or do they believe that the great sacrifice so often and persistently alluded to, was necessary for the soul's salvation?

I should like also to know where to find among the writings of early Friends, their belief on that particular subject. This being considered an *essential* by many, and as I trust we are all seekers after salvation, it is certainly a subject worthy of our serious consideration, and a clear and concise answer will no doubt relieve many a sincere and anxious mind INQUIRER.

Philadelphia, 3d mo. 29th, 1689.

FROM THE LIFE OF JAMES GOUGH.

A good condition is easily lost for want of duly observing our blessed Lord's direction to watch and pray, lest we enter into temptation. While I observed it, I daily and hourly found the benefit of it in my rising up and laying down, and on my bed in the night season, having my heart and affections wholly set on Christ, blessing his name for so revealing his goodness to me, renewing covenant with him, and watching against every thought that had a tendency to carry off my mind and separate it from him. I rose early, implored him to direct me how to spend every part of the day most to the honor of his name, and to aid me to exert myself in the full discharge of my duty every way; and oh! many times in the day, great peace and solid satisfaction flowed in my soul for attending to and following his internal directions.

Everything went well and in proper order, through this constant care to walk exemplarily and act faithfully in the duties of my place and station in life. And many times in the evening of a well-spent day my soul overflowed with the sweet earnests of the heavenly and everlasting reward, reserved for perseverance in well-doing. Sometimes to everybody that I saw, I felt great love to rise in my heart, and a tender well-wishing desire for them, that their souls might partake with mine of the hidden treasures of the unutterable love of Christ and the joy of his salvation.

May I never forget the day of this his most engaging kindness, and of my espousals to him. I may say truth is truth, unchangeably excellent, holy, pure and perfectly good. It leads to everything that is best, and upholds in it, and rewards for every act and instance of self-denial in obedience to its dictates. Ever worthy to be admired, adored, reverenced, loved and served by all the nations in the world, as that which alone would make all happy in true love, and preserve all in pure and spotless order everywhere. So would earth resemble heaven, and its inhabitants be linked in a holy, blessed society with Christ, with angels and the spirits of the just made perfect, in enjoying together the brightness of his presence, in whose right hand are rivers of pleasure forevermore. For this our Lord prayed to his Father on behalf of his disciples: "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth."

As members of the Divine family, let us look upon each other no longer as fellow mortals, buying and selling, toiling and striving, meeting and parting, marrying and dying, but *as fellow partakers of the Divine Nature.* Let us regard each other from our faith and hope, rather than from sight.

LYDIA ROBERTS.

DIED, of pulmonary consumption, at Norristown, Pa., on the 30th of Eleventh month, 1868, Lydia, eldest daughter of Ruth and the late Isaac Roberts, in the 28th year of her age.

She was for several years an efficient teacher in the schools of her native place, and was much loved by her pupils for her pleasant manner of imparting instruction.

By her cheerful smile, kind disposition and quick perceptions of right, united to a persuasive influence on others, and her acts of kindness and consideration to all, she was endeared to a large circle of relatives and friends, by whom her loss will be deeply felt.

Though reconciled to the approach of death, she looked forward to the future with hope, and frequently expressed the wish that her life might be spared, if it could be useful or desirable to her mother or other relatives.

When those of riper years are removed from time, we feel that it is but the usual manifestation of life's purpose here; but when the lovely and young depart, a deeper shadow seems to have fallen upon us.

As we recall the admirable traits of her character, which it were well to emulate, we turn with sad remembrance to the vacant place in that home which shall know her no more.

And it is well to hold in memory here
The attributes of those whose lives were dear—
Guard what they cherished—if we therefore dwell
Nearer to Him, who doeth *all things* well.

1*st mo.* 7, 1869. H.

A SAFE RULE.—It is the best and safest rule to walk by, to be severe and right in judging ourselves, and to be very meek and charitable to our brother.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Very many thanks to thee for answering and attending to my request by sending the books. What may be the effect on a mind *constituted* and *educated* as that of my friend I cannot tell. A great stumbling is presented at present, in the form of a Campbellite preacher, who is having a *series* of meetings in their church. W. came in the other evening after attending service there, and told me that the text, or subject, rather, was *baptism*. The preacher did not believe in a *spiritual baptism*—the *water* was all-sufficient. Now, my friend don't believe a *baptism* necessary at all. The glory and pride, I might say, of *mind*, stands in the way. He has yet to learn that a willingness to become as a little child is necessary. I told him some things I felt it right to, but the time is not yet. He must first cease wrestling with the truth. He is now reading "Janney's Conversations on Religious Subjects," one of the books thou sent me, and appears anxious to see a clear path. We can only hope.

Would not great good be accomplished in just such cases as the one before us, by our having at command a more liberal supply of books, treating familiarly and simply the various points of belief, in which the Society of Friends differ from most other religious professors? Surely there are those among you who have been called to this work. Did I know where to find them, I would say arise and be faithful to the trust that is reposed in you, for truly there is a fearful responsibility resting upon the unfaithful or sluggish servant.

"My heart affected my eyes" on receiving thy kind testimony of affection, coming as it did in a season of dearth, when even a crumb is acceptable.

My faith was a little revived in the *reality* of that Power, which of latter time I seem to know little of, except the recollection of the clear evidence formerly furnished of its sufficiency. Yet it is encouraging to feel that I am learning, I hope, to be content with my allotment, and not aspire after great things. If there is a little band among us, which I cannot doubt, who love the Truth, and are endeavoring through feebleness and discouragement to hold fast that which they have received, I know my spirit is united to them, and to feel this love of the brethren is also encouraging. So in the absence of that which brings its own evidence with it, even the light of the sun, we must content ourselves with that luminary, which has light but no heat, and trustingly remember that the sun has not been withdrawn from its appointed place, but only obscured by a passing cloud. I desire that faith may not fail when these seasons of cloud come, even though the cloud may be heavy and seem to portend suffering.

When the cloud rests upon the tabernacle, is it not best to be quiet and wait until it be lifted and we again see the way in which we are to walk. There is another figure by which we may be instructed. "The night cometh in which no man can work." The night does come, in divine wisdom, too, as a time of rest. Let us receive it thankfully and trustingly. In due time there will appear an opening through which the exercised spirit can be set free, and relief be obtained through obedience to what has been seen even under the cloud, and now made clearer by

the shining of the light, that Light which ever will show the path in which we are to walk.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 24, 1869.

The questions of an "Inquirer" in another column, are, we doubt not, asked in a serious spirit, and therefore call for some notice from the Editors.

He asks, "What is the difference between you and those called Orthodox Friends?" We presume the most important difference will be found in the fact that the latter have since the separation of 1827 adopted a creed or declaration of faith; while our portion of the Society has added nothing of this kind to the book of Discipline, preferring to leave those questions of belief which are founded on *historical evidence* to the convictions of each individual;* while they hold up as all essential, faith in, and obedience to the light of Christ revealed in every soul, as "God's gift for man's salvation." As this *light* is small in its beginning, and therefore liable to be overlooked or neglected, the Scriptures, which point to and lead us to look for it,—which show us its sufficiency by examples of its guidance in holy men of old,—are by us reverently and gratefully valued.

In regard to the *ambiguity* he has noticed in many of our ministers, when "alluding to or speaking of Jesus Christ," we shall better understand how difficult it must be to avoid some measure of it, when we consider how much of the ministry amongst Friends is couched in Scripture language; where the names Jesus (a Saviour) and Christ (the anointed one,) are often used interchangeably; and where the term Christ sometimes means the "anointing" and sometimes the "anointed one." Still any ambiguity of expression, particularly in a matter so solemn and important as gospel ministry, is to be regretted. Those to whom the Epistles of the New Testament were written no doubt understood clearly many expressions which to us appear ambiguous, because we occupy a different stand-point, and are not always familiar with the allusions by which truth was conveyed to minds of that day.

After enumerating some of the popular theological doctrines taught in the so called Evangelical churches, "Inquirer" asks, "What and how much of this do our Friends accept literally? To this it seems sufficient to give the same answer as that to the first query: that Friends have adopted no written creed. We presume the views of individual members on these points are as various as are those of any class of people accustomed to think for themselves. And when we consider that the doctrines alluded to have in some form or other been the subject of controversy in the Christian Church almost from its rise, we may well feel excused from attempting to explain how much or what particular modification of them is accepted by us as a body. We think an acquaintance with the history of our Society from its rise to the present day must show an unbiassed inquirer that "Friends" were not gathered to be a people for the purpose of entering the lists of theological controversy and settling "disputed questions."

William Penn, in his preface to George Fox's Journal, thus describes their mission:

"The bent and stress of their ministry was conversion to God; regeneration and holiness. Not schemes of doctrines and verbal creeds, or new forms of worship; but a leaving off, in religion, the superfluous, and reducing the ceremonious and formal part, and pressing earnestly the substantial, the necessary and profitable part; as all, upon serious reflection, must and do acknowledge.

"They directed people to a principle in themselves, though not of themselves, by which all that they asserted, preached and exhorted others to, might be wrought in them, and known to them, through experience, to be true; which is a high and distinguishing mark of the truth of their ministry, both that they knew what they said, and were not afraid of coming to the test. For as they were bold from certainty, so they required conformity upon no human authority, but upon conviction, and the conviction of this principle, which they asserted was in them that they preached unto; and unto that they directed them, that they might examine and prove the reality of those things which they

* "There are different *opinions* among them (Friends) as there was among primitive Friends on subjects not reducible to practice, or in regard to which we cannot appeal to experience, and which in reference to Scripture may be differently understood."—Dr. W. Gibbons.

had affirmed of it, as to its manifestation and work in man."

Again: "Is your faith the same as professed by the founders of the Society?" If there was one doctrine held up to view more prominently than all others by the founders of our Society, it was, as will be seen by the foregoing extract, that of the "light of Christ," as "God's gift for man's salvation." It was the ground of all their testimonies; it prompted their holy and self-denying lives, and they searched the Scriptures to find testimony to it. Although sometimes called out by the misstatements of their adversaries to give their views on points of theology (in doing which it must be acknowledged they were not always clear,) they evidently did not regard these speculative points as of equal importance with their great central doctrine. So cautious were they in regard to declarations of faith, that when called out to make them, they generally confined themselves to Scripture language without explaining whether they used it in an outward or inward sense. This makes it difficult to gather from their writings, unless they are collated, anything that can be called a *creed*, though the early bias of their education in the sects out of which they were gathered is often discoverable. Theoretically at least our portion of the Society still holds this central doctrine pre-eminent; would that it could be said with the same confidence that we hold it practically.

Our correspondent inquires in regard to our belief in the "Divinity of Jesus Christ." We presume the view most generally entertained is found in the declarations of Jesus Christ himself: "I can of *mine own self* do nothing." "The Father that *dwelleth in me* He doeth the works." He that doeth the will of my Father shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of *myself;*" and many others of the same import. If there are passages of Scripture which seem to conflict with the above declarations, they must either be interpreted by them or left unexplained, since they cannot be understood as overthrowing what is so clear and positive.

Again: "Do our Friends believe that we are saved by obedience to manifested duty and a belief in the life of Christ alone, or do they believe that the great sacrifice so often alluded to was necessary for the soul's salvation?" An answer to this question will be found in "Conversations on Religious Subjects, by S. M. Janney. Conversation Fifth, On Salvation by Christ." This work has been approved by the Representative Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and has passed through several editions.

Our correspondent asks where he will find among the writings of the early Friends their belief in regard to the doctrine of the Atonement. We think he would search in vain for so "clear and concise" an answer as would settle every doubt. Our historian, S. M. Janney, in his appendix to the "Life of George Fox," has collected from the various writings of George Fox his views on this and other subjects, and compared them with each other. He has also given a summary of the doctrines of early Friends, in the 4th volume of his "History of Friends," and to these we must refer "Inquirer."

Our correspondent in his closing paragraph seems to imply that a settlement of the questions he proposes is essential to salvation. But surely he does not think that we must stop to settle disputed theological questions before making our peace with God? In this case the clearest and most cultivated intellects alone would discover the way of salvation. So did not Jesus Christ teach when he spoke of the "little leaven," of the "small seed," of the "lost piece of money," of the pearl of great price." "He that doeth the will of my Father shall *know* of my doctrine;" not certainly by the examination of outward evidence, but as he *knows* the shining of the sun, by its own light.

The Indians.—It is due to some of our correspondents to say we have received several communications referring to the Indians and the call of the President on our Religious Society for persons suitable for Indian agents.

The Representative Committees of our Yearly Meetings are taking such steps as they consider proper for the promotion of the desired object, and we think it would be better for the present that suggestions bearing

upon the subject should be made to them. We are aware how important it is that the duties and responsibilities devolving upon an Indian agent should be understood as fully as possible.

Since the above was written, the following communication has been received, which furnishes the desired information:

On the 5th instant the Meeting for Sufferings or Representative Committee met in New York, and had under consideration the proposition to furnish to the Government the names of such members of our Religious Society whom they could recommend as suitable to act as Indian agents. For information to those willing to accept the position, it was thought best to circulate among our members the following extract received from the Committee of Baltimore:

"For the information of those desiring it, it may be stated that the Government allows each agent $1500 a year, besides a house to live in, and some acres of land. It is necessary that the agent shall reside on the reservation. The appointment is made for four years, and if the agent is faithful, and desires it to be done, the appointment is generally renewed.

"The qualifications desired and needed in the agents are, 1st, A prayerful heart, and firm trust in the power and wisdom of God, and not in man or military force, for guidance and protection.

"2d. Industry, economy, firmness, vigilance, mildness and practical kindness and love.

"3d. A knowledge of farming and gardening, ability to superintend the construction of buildings, and to see that the schools are properly conducted.

"4th. Tact in managing or influencing persons so as gradually to induce the Indians of his agency voluntarily to join in the various employments of farming and gardening and in mechanical operations.

"5th. And high in the scale of qualifications, to be possessed of strict integrity and to be perfectly reliable in financial matters, and know how to employ with economy and to the best advantage the funds entrusted to him by the Government for the use of the agency."

Samuel Willets, George Corlies, Nathaniel S. Merritt, Franklin Haines, George T. Trimble, Edmund Willets, Stephen R. Hicks, William H. Macy, Joshua T. Cromwell, Melliss Tilton and Gideon Frost were appointed a committee to whom shall be submitted the names of such as are willing to serve as agents among the Indians.

WILLIAM H. MACY, *Clerk.*

New York, 4th mo. 8th, 1869.

DIED, on the 12th of the First month, 1869, LABAN GREGG, aged 71 years; a valuable Elder of Plainfield Monthly Meeting, Belmont Co., Ohio. Just in his dealings, faithful to his engagements, patient in sickness, he set an example worthy the highest admiration. J. M.

——, of typhoid fever, on the 12th of First month, 1869, at her residence at Brainard, N. Y., BETSEY, wife of Benjamin Budd, and daughter of the late Jonathan and Marsy Rider, in the 59th year of her age; a member of Chatham Monthly Meeting.

——, at Mount Vernon, on Fifth-day morning, Fourth month 8th, MARY ELIZABETH, eldest daughter of Benjamin W. and Mary B. Tilton, in the 17th year of her age.

——, at her residence in Waynesville, Ohio, on the 6th of Fourth month, 1869, MARGARET HAINES, in the 60th year of her age; a member of Miami Monthly Meeting.

Seldom are we called upon to record the death of one so estimable; one more useful in her neighborhood, or so universally beloved. Kindness and liberality to the poor were her conspicuous traits. The language of Scripture was truly applicable to her, "She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy." Placed in a peculiarly responsible position, by assuming the care of a number of orphan children, which devolved upon her by the death of several of her sisters, at different periods, and at short intervals, she faithfully and tenderly discharged the duties of the most affectionate mother; conscientiously endeavoring to train them in the exercise of every Christian virtue. Through her protracted illness, she evinced a cheerfulness and resignation seldom witnessed. Her prospect of future happiness evidently brightened with her declining strength, and she remarked, a short time before her death, "That although it was trying to leave the dear children and her many kind friends, yet she longed to soar away and be at rest;" also remarking at another time, "That death had no terrors for her;" and having emphatically set her house in order, she awaited, as one about to take a pleasant journey, "the coming of the bridegroom."

FRIENDS' FREEDMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

Postponement.

Owing to Philadelphia Monthly Meeting holding its adjourned session on Fourth-day evening next the Freedmen's Association will meet on the following Fourth-day evening, Fourth mo. 28th, at 8 o'clock, in the Monthly Meeting Room. Business preparatory to the Annual Meeting.

JACOB M. ELLIS, }
ANNE COOPER, } *Clerks.*

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

The Commtttee of Women to aid in furnishing the College will meet in Race St. Monthly Meeting Room on Third-day, 27th inst, at 3½ P.M.

All women who are interested in the College are invited to attend.

ANNIE COOPER, *Secretary.*

GENERAL FIRST-DAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

This Conference, to which delegates should be appointed and reports forwarded from the First-day School Associations within the different Yearly Meetings, will meet on Sixth-day evening prior to Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, Fifth month 7th, at 7½ o'clock, at Race St. Meeting-house, Philada.; also on Fifth-day evening, Fifth month 13th, at 8 o'clock. Where associations have not been formed, the schools should report direct. Reports and Communications intended for the Conference should be forwarded to the Clerks, directed to E. M. Lamb, Lombard near Eutaw, Baltimore, Md. It is desirable there should be a general attendance of Friends interested in this concern from within all the Yearly Meetings.

ELI M. LAMB,
LYDIA C. STABLER, } *Clerks.*

The Executive Committee will meet at 3 o'clock, Fifth month 7th. 2t

For Friends Intelligencer.

EARLY GARDENING.

It is always matter of regret to see so little attention paid to early gardening by the majority of our farming population.

Of late, the practice of preserving fruits and vegetables in air-tight cans, adds considerable variety to the daily fare of the farmer, but these can never supply the place of the fresh, crisp products of the hot-bed and cold frame,—luxuries within reach of all who are willing to bestow a little care and make a small outlay.

It is a mistake to suppose that salad and radishes in the third or fourth month grow only for those who can afford to employ a gardener at high wages. They may adorn thy table, my worthy farmer friend, and thou art depriving thyself and family of an essential element of health and pleasure, by neglecting to take advantage of the simple contrivance by which they may be obtained.

All the vegetables that bear transplanting may be matured much earlier by using the frames to start them in, and many which seldom or never find a place on most farmers' tables are thus brought within reach of all. The cold frame is easily constructed. It should face south or southwest, and may be set against any outbuilding, board fence, wall, or in fact anything not less than six feet high that will furnish protection from the northwest. Two boards placed parallel for the sides, and heavy end pieces nailed fast, constitute the frame; the one for the back should be twelve inches in width, that for the front about eight inches. The sash will then slope sufficiently to catch the sun's rays and carry off the rain. The size of the frame will be regulated by the sash, which may be some discarded window, procured from almost any housebuilder at a trifling cost, and easily repaired with cheap glass and a little putty; the top of the frame must be so arranged that the sash can be slided or lifted with ease. The soil should be light and rich, and thoroughly pulverized.

All the work may be done during the spare hours of the farmer and his children, and need not interfere in the least with the more important farm operations. One of the best results will be the interest the boys and girls will take in its construction and management, and the pleasure it will give them to watch the growth and development of vegetable life will more than compensate for all the trouble and cost.

Then, too, the planting and culture come at the time of greatest leisure, and fill in the hours that need not be otherwise employed. We desire to have early lettuce and cabbage, and if we only know what a delicious vegetable the cauliflower is when properly cooked, we want it also. The seeds of these should be sown in the open garden, by the 20th of 9th mo. In from four to five weeks they are ready to be removed to the cold frame, where the cabbage and cauliflower should remain until 3d or 4th mo., when in our latitude (Philada.) they may be planted out in the garden. Both require the same treatment and soil. These plants being *almost* hardy, require abundant airing while in the frames; even in very cold weather the sash needs little if any covering, a piece of old carpet or straw matting being sufficient protection. More depends on ventilation than warmth. If successful, a fine supply of these desirable vegetables may be had as early as 6th mo., when market gardeners are asking fabulous prices for them. Lettuce thrives better and makes finer heads by being transplanted some time in 1st mo. into a hot-bed. It is soon fit for use, and a plentiful supply of this valuable salad may be thus obtained long before it can be raised in the open ground.

The cold frame is much easier managed than a hot-bed, and on that account many might prefer its use. By the middle of 5th mo. the frame will be entirely cleared and ready for use in starting cucumbers, and melons also, I think, though we have as yet had no experience with them; but being of a similar nature, I do not see any reason to prevent their being treated in the same way. The best method is the following:

Take sod two to three inches thick, and rather more in length and breadth; fit these closely together in the frame, with the *grass side down;* then plant three or four cucumber seeds in each, and sprinkle light rich soil over them to the depth of half an inch; water abundantly with a watering pot having a fine rose; then place the sash over and keep it closed until the seeds are up, when the sash must be raised to admit air and prevent the temperature getting too high, shutting them

again by three or four o'clock in the afternoon. In about three weeks the plants should be ready to put out; each little sod is then carefully removed to a hill previously prepared and enriched with well-rotted manure, and the vine grows straight on, having escaped the destructive enemies that so often prove fatal when the seeds are planted in the open ground. It is best to set them out in the afternoon and give a good watering after.

These recommendations were given by one of the best market gardners in this country, and have been successfully followed, the reward having been more than satisfactory. To partake of early vegetables of our own growing, which we have watched from the first effort of the germ to find its way through the soil which *our own hands* have prepared throughout all the various stages of growth, until they are ready for the last finishing touches of the experienced cook, is a pleasure that I would not willingly forego.

I propose to give an amateur's experience with the hot-bed in a future number, if the editors think this worth a place in their columns, with a hope that an interest may be awakened in the subject.

4th mo. 14*th.* L. J. R.

SOCIAL READING GATHERINGS.

In alluding to a Social Reading Meeting, a correspondent writes:

"A word in reference to an editorial in the Intelligencer of the 20th inst., on the 'Duty of Social and Religious Intercourse.' I think I may truthfully say that here in Poughkeepsie we are more fully confirmed by the experience of the present season, now so nearly closed, (our meetings are discontinued early in Fifth month,) in the high estimate in which we have held the 'Social Reading' gatherings inaugurated among us three years ago. If in any circle of Friends where the Intelligencer is a weekly visitant, that love and sympathy which must exist always among *true* Friends is too latent and lacks a 'tangible manifestation,' I would confidently recommend through its columns, as one very happy instrumentality for its development, a trial of just such social gatherings as have been held here with so much benefit. Old and young mingle freely, and such selections are read as may best interest and benefit both; together with such original matter as our members may contribute, or remarks that may be offered, followed by a general interchange of greetings and conversation; believing that, though attempted from a *sense of duty*, and mayhap attended with some difficulties at the first, time will transform the duty into a *valued privilege*, and quicken love and sympathy by a more intimate acquaintance and better understanding."

Poughkeepsie, 3d mo. 30, 1869. E. W.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

Fourth month 8th, 1869.

Does it not behoove us as Friends earnestly to consider how far we are responsible for the execution and suicide which occurred in our city to-day. Had we as a Society lived individually faithful, according to our noble Christian principles and testimonies, would we not now have had an influence over those around us?—over those less favored than ourselves, comparatively few of whom have learned that purifying knowledge which should permeate every Christian heart, controlling the thoughts, feelings, words and actions, and enabling them to manifest "love to God and love to man"—peace on earth and good will to all. "He who loveth God, loveth his brother also," and can only desire good for him, in every way—temporal, spiritual and eternal good. Is not *this* that great harvest of which Jesus spoke, and wherein He said the laborers were few? Oh! that we might all desire, more than any thing else, to love and serve our Creator earnestly, striving to labor in this plenteous harvest. A MEMBER.

SPRING.

Oh, longed-for Spring, thy coming fills
My heart with joy and gladness,
To see the tender buds break through
The last year's brown leaved sadness.

Each little fern, and moss-grown rock,
By wintry winds made duller,
Soon changed, by April's warming rains,
To tender bits of color.

How often have I walked along
The winding road, and listened
To song of bird and trickling stream,
That, in the sunlight, glistened.

Searching among the mottled leaves,
Midst purple flowers blooming,
To gather May-flowers, pink and white,
The air around perfuming.

I hear the wind in creaking pines,
As far away it rushes,
And, sweeter still, the bell-like notes
Of the melodious thrushes.

While 'neath my feet the gold-thread strews
Sweet flowers, of creamy whiteness,
And trailing vines weaved in and out
With partridge berries' brightness.

The little brook goes rushing on,
Swiftly, o'er stones and grasses,
The robin holds its head erect,
Or nods to all that passes.

So, leaving each, I wend my way
Across the foot-bridge, slender,
Crushing the moss cups, as I walk,
So soft, and green, and tender.

Oh, happy Spring, I thank thee for
These many blessings bringing,
And turning home, with grateful heart,
I leave the thrushes singing.

—*Boston Weekly Transcript.*

NUMBERS FOR THE SORROWFUL.

Trust Him who is thy God, and have no fear:
His eyelids ache not with the drowse of sleep,
He cannot tire, and how should He forget?

Self-centred in His own Infinity,
He that is All is cause and law of all:
Alike in orb and atom infinite.

The worlds He soweth broadcast with His hand,
As o'er the glebe the sower soweth seed,
Till with His glory all the heavens are sown.

Yet perfect from His shaping fingers sent,
The rain-drop glitters, populous with life,
And in a jewelled surcoat wheels the gnat.

Behold the yearly miracle of Spring!
The pinky nipples of the budding leaves
Break in a night, and, lo! the wood is green.

Art thou more bare than is the Winter wood,
Or less esteem'd of Him who gives thee joy
In the fresh rustle of the April leaves?

And if thy prime be gone and thou lament,
"The leaves are falling and the fruit is dead!"
Yet shrink not from the winter of thy days.

See where the cruel winds have swept the trees,
And all are branching bare against the night—
There, in the barren spaces, hang the stars!

So, when the leafage of thy days is past
And life is desolate, repine thou not—
God can give thee the stars of heaven for fruit!

Nor fear thou death. God's law is gain in loss;
Growth and decay obey a common law,
The starry blossom and the seed are one.

Think! thou wert born and fashioned for a world
Assorted to thy needs and thy delights,
And wherein thou hast dwelt and had content.

Not of thy strength or cunning didst thou come
Into the fief and heritage of life;
And shall all fail thee in thy going hence?

The salt foam of the sea upon thy lips,
The blown sand of the desert in thy face:
Shall these outlast the ages and not thee?

Content thy soul, and comfort thee in this:
In God's design is neither best nor worst,
But ever ordered change is ordered good.

In Him love rounds the infinite of might,
And He who giveth both to live and die—
Is equal Lord of life and Lord of death.

—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

From Macmillan's Magazine.

TWO GIRLS OF THE PERIOD.

II.

The Under Side.

(Continued from page 109.)

I was walking quickly along one of our uiet country roads the other afternoon, with me fears that the mild December day would ose and darkness overtake me before I ached home, when I was attracted by a oup standing at the corner of the church-rd wall. There were two policemen and a dy in earnest talk, and, a few steps apart, a rl, her head bent, and a brown cape, faded d weather-beaten, drawn tightly round her. stopped, and asked if any thing were the atter.

"I don't know what to say to the case," id the lady; "the girl tells such a strange tale. She stopped me just now and asked me to tell her the way to Hammersmith. She has walked all the way from Ipswich, she says. She has come down in search of her brother, who lives in Bromley near London. She has tried Bromley in the East-end and Bromley in Kent, and, not finding him, she wants to go to Hammersmith, where she has an aunt living."

One of the policemen, a kindly-faced man, was bending down towards the girl and questioning her. She answered the questions in a depressed and weary tone, but there were no contradictions in her statements. She did not cry, or make any asservation as to the truth of her singular story. She asked for nothing but to be directed on her way to Hammersmith.

The policeman finished his cross-questioning by asking, "How old are you, my dear?"

"Just turned eighteen, sir." She was small, and had almost the appearance of a child, but her face had an old expression.

"Where do you live?"

She gave an address in Ipswich very promptly.

"Now that's so far so good," said the man, turning to the lady. "You see, ma'am, as I've been in Ipswich myself, and I know as there is such a street, likewise lane."

"But you see, my girl," said the second policeman, "in case you're not speaking the truth, and your statements ain't correct, we can easily find out by applying to the force in Ipswich. Do you see?"

The girl made no reply.

The lady proposed to take her to the station and pay her fare into London. The policeman favored the plan. The girl seemed content. As we walked towards the station, I noticed she seemed footsore and worn out. I asked her a few questions about her home, her brothers and sisters, and the like, and whether she had ever been to school. She said, "Yes, for a little while, to a Quaker ragged-school, one that belonged to Miss——, who lived at ——," and she mentioned the name and residence of an influential family of Ipswich, old acquaintances of my father. Her answers to my questions strengthened the belief in her truthfulness that her manner alone had raised.

By this time it was nearly dark. Already on the clouds the red light of the City was beginning to flare like a flag of war thrown out above the great battle-field towards our quiet suburb, that we, in the midst of our trees and fields and fresh air, might know of the heat and glare and roar of the conflict of life that rages so near us. Was it possible to send the girl—a stranger, poor, and disappointed—into London that night, to throw

her off into the great roaring eddy that whirls and sucks into its hungry tide, year by year and month by month, not only the green fields and lanes of the country, but also its human sacrifice of innocence and ignorance and poverty? Was there no place near, where the poor child could sleep in peace and safety, and at least meet London in the security of daylight? The policeman "couldn't say as he knew of any respectable place in the village where she could be taken in, and the L——m Union was five miles off." He strongly advised that she should be sent into town. "It's not very likely as she'll find her aunt with the bit of address she has, but she can go to the Union," he said. Suddenly, in the dusk, I saw a figure which helped me in my perplexity. It was my father returning from his evening stroll. I ran to him, and told him the story in a few words. He saw the girl, and, after a few moments of consultation, decided she must remain. We named over the different cottages in the neighborhood where it was possible for her to sleep, but to each there was an objection. Then we thought, could she not stay here? There was no room in the house, to be sure, but could not a bed be made in the little saddle-room, where there was a stove, and which was clean and dry and airy? There were mattresses, of course, and, as if to suggest the plan, in the very saddle-room stood a pile of blankets, new and sweet, ready for Christmas presents for the poor families in the brick-fields. It was all arranged in a few moments, the whole household full of activity and sympathy. Our pretty little housemaid's face looked quite radiant as she took the orders about the big tub, the can of hot water, towels, &c., and the details of the arrangement of the little impromptu bedroom. "Indeed, Miss," she said, "I am very glad to do it for the poor thing. Once, when father was going a journey on foot from Wales—on the Bath way, you know, Miss—he lost his way as it was getting dark, and he was tired and hungry, and he met a gentleman who asked him where he was going, and then took him to his own house, and gave him supper and a beautiful room to sleep in. He was the clergyman of the place, and a rich gentleman beside. Father often told us the story, and I've often wished to do the same for some one myself." And she went off quite flushed and smiling with her bundle of sheets and blankets.

Some clean garments were found to replace the soiled and travel-stained clothes. The lady, her first friend, with whom I had found her, came up herself, bringing her some underclothing and a gift in money. She was not willing that her first kind thought of paying the girl's fare into London should not be fulfilled, and had trebled the gift first intended. After the bath and fresh clothing it was difficult to recognize our little woman. She seemed to have washed away with the soilure of her journey some of the dreary expression of her face.

She sat on a low stool on the hearth, in the genial glow but semi obscurity of the firelight; and with her small thin white hands spread towards the warmth, and speaking with a strong Suffolk accent, she told the tale of her wandering. I tell it as much in her own words as possible, only putting into narrative form what I got from her by questions.

"My name is Sarah—Sarah Kidd. We live in lodgings in Upper Bond Street, near St. Helen's Jail, Ipswich. Father is a knife-grinder, and mends umbrellas. I have three brothers, but I am the only girl. George is married, and John—he is the one I've come to London to find—he's married too, and he's a baker. Jimmy is eleven; he goes to school, and can read and write. I never went school, except for a little bit. I wanted to go to Sunday-school, but I couldn't. Father made me stay at home to sew gloves." (This was said with hesitation.) "I can make three to four pairs of gloves a day, working steady, and I get three-halfpence for them. Mother works at the gloves too, but she's often ill and too bad to work, and I was the only one to do anything, and we were very bad off sometimes. John came to see us at Whitsuntide, and said his wife was expecting a baby, and he wanted me to come and look after the other little un. He couldn't take me back then, he said, but he promised to send the money in a letter when he got back. But he never sent no money, and we didn't hear anything of him, and things were very bad at home, and I knew my aunt at Hammersmith had work steady, and she had been a glover in Ipswich too before she went to London. And I said to mother, 'I'll walk to London and find John, and then, beside getting my keep, I'll may be get some work. There's plenty of work in London, and I'll send you some money in stamps in a letter.' She was very bad off when I left, and work had been very slack for a good while. I started from Ipswich on Thursday fortnight, and walked about ten miles; but I took the wrong way, and got to Stowmarket. I did not know my way at all, you see, Miss, and the way I did all the journey was, when I came to a place, I always asked for the London road, and when I got on that I knew I must be going towards London. When I got to Stowmarket I went to a policeman, and asked him for a night order for the Union, for I'd no money to pay

for a lodging, and he gave it me, and I slept there that night, and the next day I walked on a good bit, about eighteen miles, I think. I never asked nobody for anything except a bit of bread now and again on the road, but when I was standing on a bridge at the next place—I don't remember the name of the place—a gentleman asked me where I was going, and I said, 'London;' and he said, 'You're not going to walk, my girl?' and I said, 'Yes.' So then he gave me sixpence. It was nearly dark, and my hands were cold, and when I was trying to find my pocket I dropped the sixpence in the mud; and I stayed there an hour seeking it, but I could not find it. The next place, I think, was Colchester, and it was getting late when I got there. I went to the station house for a night order, and then I stopped to ask the way to the Union from a woman who was standing at a door; and she asked me if I was hungry, and I said, 'Yes,' and she said, 'You can't get anything to eat at the Union to-night, but I'll give you a cup of tea and a bit of bread, for you look tired.' So she took me in, and when I was going she gave me a pair of boots, for mine was all worn out. I slept at the Union that night, and next morning a gentleman came in where I was picking oakum, and he stopped and asked me where I was going, and I said 'London' again; and he said when he was going I need not do any more work, but might start at once, for I'd a long walk before me, and he gave me sixpence. That day I walked a long way, eighteen miles or more, and I got to Chelmsford. I tried to get a lodging for my sixpence, but I couldn't, and I slept at the Union there. After Chelmsford I come to Brentwood, and there a woman called Smith said she would take me in for the night and give me some tea for sixpence. So I stayed there that night. It was a lodging-house, and there were awful bad people in the house, but she was kind to me, and gave me a cup of tea in the morning. Yes, I often felt tired,—not so much when I had the tea though,—for I always had to do some work at the Union before I started in the morning. Once I did some scrubbing for a woman who said she could not kneel; but it was mostly regular Union work that I did. I think people were very kind to me on the road all the way as I came along, but they were mostly poor people that spoke to me. They gave me something to eat, and spoke kind to me, that was all. I never asked them for money, and they was not likely to spare it. The policemen were always good to me, and the kindest were those near London."

(To be continued.)

We publish the following, thinking that few are aware of the inconvenience and suffering to which one class of our citizens is subjected on account of the prejudice against color.

PREJUDICE AGAINST COLOR.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: I learn this morning that some one from your office called here yesterday after I had gone up-town, to ascertain where a Canada colored man, recommended to you, could find hotel entertainment. I happen just now to be making the same inquiry for other persons who have applied to me from Massachusetts. There is no "respectable" hotel in this Christian city, so far as I know, where a colored man or woman, at any rate of compensation, will be received. I have addressed a letter to the proprietors of all the first-class, respectable hotels, inquiring in regard to their accommodations for colored people. The letter and some of the replies to it are as follows:

NEW YORK, March 5, 1869.

A Massachusetts lady of wealth, intelligence, and culture, and her son, a gentlemanly young man of liberal European education, wish to spend a week or two in this city, the last of this month, prior to his sailing for Europe by the Scotia, April 7. Both are slightly colored. Can they at your hotel be provided with good rooms, be received at the public table, and have the same attention as other guests? Please give an early answer, and oblige yours, very truly,

A. M. POWELL.

Ed. *National A. S. Standard*, per A. A. T.

St. Nicholas.—"Never had such an application before. The parties had better make a personal application."

Metropolitan.—"Very sorry, but could not possibly do so. Would lose all our guests, most likely, if we did."

Astor House.—"Impossible."

Fifth Avenue.—"Will give an answer another time."

Hoffman House.—"Will send an answer."

Everett House.—"Proprietor in Massachusetts. Will send an answer when he returns on Saturday."

St. James.—Sent letter declining.

Brevoort House.—Sent letter declining.

Westminster.—"Not possible. Would have every guest leave if we did."

Clarendon.—"Impossible to make any promises, as we are very full about that time. Beside, our guests are generally such as stay with us some time every year, and not like at other hotels come and go irregularly."

The *Times* recently had a long (Reporter's) article on the colored people of this city and their disabilities, a part of which was valuable. There is room for a better one, and perhaps some one hotel will be made brave enough to "conquer prejudice."

Yours, truly, A. P.

New York, March 30, 1869.

THE WASP.

There is perhaps no other insect which lies under such a universal ban. "A wasp! kill it!" Such is the instinctive exclamation the poor wasp is greeted with; and yet where shall we find an insect more admirable in its proportions? In its power of flight, of vision, or mechanical dexterity, it is unsurpassed. Look into the wondrous vesparia which it constructs; see the sedulous and unceasing assiduity with which it nourishes its young brood; and admire and appreciate the noble courage with which it defends them. Take a lesson from a wasp in its housewifery; not a particle of rubbish, not a grain of dirt is suffered to litter the chambers of his dwelling; it is a pattern of cleanliness in all its operations. It is always the same—active, trim, and apparently never grows older. No one ever heard of an old wasp. A bee, a moth, or a butterfly, gets worn, old, and ragged—a wasp never. Let the wasp, then, take, without grudging, a little superfluity of the produce of your gardens and orchards, there is enough for him and you.

The wasp on the window-sill has all this time been brushing and freeing himself from the dust, accumulated apparently on his journey; he passes his antennæ beneath the spur which arms his anterior tibiæ, and which is pectinated at its apex, apparently for the purpose of combing and cleaning the hair on its head, which it does with the dexterity of a Truefit. It is now bent on other occupation; a large bluebottle is buzzing against the window-pane, and has attracted the attention of the wasp; in a moment he has seized it, and begins to fly off bodily with it; but the weight is too great; the wasp alights again on the window-sill; the head of the fly is cut off, and again an attempt made to carry it; it cannot; the legs are now removed and a portion of the body. The wasp can carry it to its home; the wasp thought so, and is gone.—*Fireside Magazine.*

The late excellent Isaballa Graham was in the habit of devoting a tenth part of her possessions to charitable uses, under every reverse of fortune. On one occasion, after the sale of some property, £1000 was brought her. So large a sum was new to her, and fearing the selfishness which is said to accompany riches, she exclaimed, "Quick! quick! let me appropriate my tenth before my heart grows hard!"

ITEMS.

The Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States has been adopted by twenty-one States, to wit:—Maine, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Tennessee, Florida, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, Nevada, Arkansas, Louisiana, Kansas. The ratifications of Kansas and Missouri, however, are said to be informal. Five States, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Georgia, it is believed, will ratify the amendment during the present year. Virginia, Texas, and Mississippi under the act just passed by Congress, must ratify before they can be readmitted to the Union, and it is asserted that Ohio, Oregon, California, and even Indiana may cousent to the amendment.

The session of Congress which has just adjourned, passed twenty-seven public Acts, nineteen Joint Resolutions of a public character and six private Acts concerning persons related in some way to the public service. The provisions of some of these are the Act pledging the faith of the Government to the payment of the principal as well as the interest of its obligations in specie except when otherwise specified in the contract; the Tenure-of-office act, and that relating to the whisky and tobacco tax laws. In addition to these, there are several of an important character, not quite so thoroughly understood. Thus, in the Indian Appropriation bill, there is a section giving such authority to the President, in the expenditure of two millions of dollars for the Indians, as may result in a most thorough reform in the conduct of our most difficult and expensive Indian affairs. Under this the President may call to his aid certain benevolent men who have the confidence of the Indians, and by excluding the traders and agents who have grown rich by defrauding the Indians, secure to this class of our border population all the benefits designed by Government appropriations, and thus put a stop to the incessant troubles between the border whites and Indians, and the consequent expensive Indian wars. Another act of great importance is that concerning the restoration of the States of Virginia, Texas and Mississippi to their proper position in the Union. These had been omitted from the general "reconstruction" going on for the last two or three years, and towards the close of the recent session the President called the attention of Congress to the necessity for some action to provide them with regular governments. In response, the House passed a bill giving the President full power to provide for decisions on the proposed Constitutions of those States respectively, in such manner as he should think proper, and to order elections for civil officers, the results to be submitted to Congress at its next session. To this the Senate agreed, adding as a condition, that those States should ratify the Fifteenth (or Suffrage) amendment to the Constitution before they can be restored to representation in Congress.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Seven colored men have been nominated by the President: two of them to be justices of the peace in the District of Columbia, another to be an assessor of internal revenue in Louisiana, the fourth to be postmaster at Columbia, S. C., and three as Ministers to Hayti, Liberia, and Guatemala.

The Sing Sing (New York) Methodist Conference has had a discussion about licensing a female preacher, and, unable to decide, postponed it till the next Conference.

The steamer Holsatia, Captain Ehlers, of the Hamburg and American Steam Packet Company, on her last trip from this port to Europe, crossed the Atlantic in 8 days and 17 hours, landing at Cowes, England. Cowes is east of Queenstown, the trip from the latter to that port being usually made in 20 hours, so that this voyage was the quickest ever made across the Atlantic, viz.: 7 days, 21 hours.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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"From the London Times, March 24th."

Extracts from an Address by J. A. FROUDE, *the historian, at his installation as Rector of St. Andrew's, Scotland.*

(Concluded from page 115.)

I spoke of the field laborer. I might have gone through the catalogue of manual craftsmen—blacksmiths, carpenters, bricklayers, tailors, cobblers, fishermen, what you will. The same rule applies to them all. Detached facts on miscellaneous subjects, as they are taught at a modern school, are like separate letters of endless alphabets. You may load the mechanical memory with them till it becomes a marvel of retentiveness. Your young prodigy may amaze examiners and delight inspectors. His achievements may be emblazoned in blue-books, and furnish matter for flattering reports on the excellence of our educational system; and all this while you have been feeding him with chips of granite. But arrange your letters into words, and each word becomes a thought, a symbol waking in the mind, an image of a real thing. Group your words into sentences, and thought is married to thought, and produces other thoughts, and the chips of granite become soft bread, wholesome, nutritious, and invigorating. Teach your boys subjects which they can only remember mechanically, and you teach them nothing which it is worth their while to know. Teach them facts and principles which they can apply and use in the work of their lives, and if the object be to give your clever working lads a chance of rising to become Presidents of the United States, or millionaires with palaces and powdered footmen, the ascent into those blessed conditions will be easier and healthier along the track of an instructed industry than by the paths which the most keenly-sharpened wits would be apt to choose for themselves. To pass to the next scale, which most properly concerns us here. As the world requires handicrafts, so it requires those whose work is with the brain, or with brain and hand combined—doctors, lawyers, engineers, ministers of religion. Bodies become deranged, affairs become deranged, sick souls require their sores to be attended to; and so arise the learned professions, to one or other of which I presume that most of you whom I am addressing intend to belong. The student should learn at the University what will enable him to earn his living as soon after he leaves it as possible. I am well aware that a professional education cannot be completed at a university; but it is true also that with every profession there is a theoretic or scientific groundwork which can be learnt nowhere so well, and, if those precious years are wasted on what is useless, will never be learnt properly at all. You are going to be a lawyer; you must understand Latin, for you cannot understand the laws of Scotland without it; but if you must learn another language, Norman

French will be more useful to you than Greek, and the Acts of Parliament of Scotland more important reading than Livy or Thucydides. Are you to be a doctor? You must learn Latin, too; but neither Thucydides nor the Acts of Parliament will be of use to you—you must learn chemistry; and if you intend hereafter to keep on a level with your science, you must learn modern French and German, and learn them thoroughly well, for mistakes in your work are dangerous. Are you to be an engineer? You must work now, when you have time, at mathematics. You will make no progress without it. You must work at chemistry; it is the grammar of all the physical sciences, and there is hardly one of the physical sciences with which you may not require to be acquainted. The world is wide, and Great Britain is a small, crowded island. You may wait long for employment here. Your skill will be welcomed abroad; therefore, now also, while you have time, learn French, or Russian, or Chinese, or Turkish. The command of any one of these languages will secure to an English or Scotch engineer instant and unbounded occupation. Dr. Froude proceeded to say that the principle he advocated was of the earth, earthy, but that as the student would not learn everything, the only reasonable guide in such matters was utility. The old saying, *Non multa sed multum*, was every day becoming more pressingly true. No men were machines who were doing good work conscientiously and honestly, with the fear of their Maker before them. And if a doctor or a lawyer had it in him to become a great man, he could ascend through his profession to any height to which his talents were equal. All that was open to the handicraftsman was open to him, only that he started a great many rounds higher up the ladder. What I deplore, said the speaker, in our present high education, is the devotion of so much effort and so many precious years to subjects which have no practical bearing upon life. . . . The training of clergymen is, if anything, the special subject of Oxford teaching. All arrangements are made with a view to it. The heads of colleges, the resident Fellows, tutors, professors, are, with rare exceptions, ecclesiastics themselves. Well, then, if they have hold of the right idea, the effect ought to have been considered. We have had thirty years of unexampled clerical activity among us; churches have been doubled; theological books, magazines, reviews, newspapers have been poured out by hundreds of thousands, while by the side of it there has sprung up an equally astonishing development of moral dishonesty. From the great houses in the city of London to the village grocer, the commercial life of England has been saturated with fraud. So deep has it gone that a strictly honest tradesman can hardly hold his ground against competition. You can no longer trust that any article that you buy is the thing which it pretends to be. We have false weights, false measures, cheating, and shoddy everywhere. Yet the clergy have seen all this grow up in absolute indifference; and the great question which at this moment is agitating the church of England is the color of the ecclesiastical petticoats. Many a hundred sermons have I heard in England, many a dissertation on the mysteries of the faith, on the divine mission of the clergy, on apostolical succession, on bishops, and justification, and the theory of good works, and verbal inspiration, and the efficacy of the sacraments; but never during these thirty wonderful years, never one that I can recollect on common honesty or those primitive commandments—thou shalt not lie, and thou shalt not steal. Classical philosophy, classical history, and literature, taking as they do no hold upon the living hearts and imaginations of men in this modern age, leave their working intelligence a prey to wild imaginations, and make them really incapable of understanding the world in which they live. If the clergy knew as much of the history of England and Scotland as they know about Greece and Rome—if they had been ever taught to open their eyes and see what is actually round them instead of groping among books to find what men did or taught at Alexandria or Constantinople fifteen hundred years ago, they would grapple more effectively with the moral pestilence which is poisoning all the air. But it was not this that I came here to speak of. What I insist upon is, generally, that in a country like ours, where each child that is born among us finds every acre of land appropriated, a universal, "Not yours" set upon the rich things with which he is surrounded, and a government which, unlike those of old Greece or modern China, does not permit superfluous babies to be strangled—such a child, I say, has a right to demand such teaching as shall enable him to live with honesty, and take such a place in society as belongs to the faculties which he has brought with him. It is a right which was recognized in one shape or another by our ancestors. It must be recognized now and always, if we are not to become a mutinous rabble. And it ought to be the guiding principle of all education, high and low. We have not to look any longer to this island only. There is an abiding-place now for Englishmen and Scots wherever our flag is flying. This narrow Britain, once our only home, has become the breeding-place and

nursery of a race which is spreading over the world. Britain may have yet a future before it grander than its past; but on this condition only—that her children, when they leave her shores, shall look back upon her, not—like the poor Irish when they go to America—as a stepmother who gave them stones for bread, but as a mother to whose care and nurture they shall owe their after prosperity. Whether this shall be so, whether England will now descend to a second place among the nations, or whether it has yet before it another era of brighter glory, depends more than anything on the breeding which we give to our children. The boy that is kindly nurtured and wisely taught, and assisted to make his way in life, does not forget his father and his mother. He is proud of his family, and jealous for the honor of the name that he bears. If the million lads that swarm in our towns and villages are so trained that at home or in the colonies they can provide for themselves, without passing first through a painful interval of suffering, they will be loyal wherever they may be; good citizens at home, and still Englishmen and Scots on the Canadian lakes or in New Zealand. It was not so that we colonized America, and we are reaping now the reward of our carelessness. We sent America our convicts. We sent America our Pilgrim Fathers, flinging them out as worse than felons. We said to the Irish cottier, "You are a burden upon the rates; go find a home elsewhere." Had we offered him a home in the enormous territories that belong to us, we might have sent him to places where he would have been not a burden but a blessing. Loyalty, love of kindred, love of country, we know not what we are doing when we trifle with feelings the most precious and beautiful that belong to us—most beautiful, most endearing, most hard to be obliterated—yet feelings which, when they are obliterated, cannot change to neutrality and cold friendship. Americans still, in spite of themselves, speak of England as home. They tell us they must be our brothers or our enemies, and which of the two they will ultimately be is still uncertain. To go back, I shall be asked whether, after all, this earning our living, this getting on in the world, are not low objects for human beings to set before themselves. Is not spirit more than matter? Is there no such thing as pure intellectual culture? "Philosophy," says Nobalis, "will bake no bread, but it gives us souls, it gives us Heaven, it gives us knowledge of those grand truths which concern us as immortal beings." Was it not said, "Take no thought what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed? Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things. Behold the lillies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Is it a dream? No, indeed. But such directions as these are addressed only to few; and perhaps fewer still have heart to follow them. If you choose the councils of perfection, count the cost and understand what they mean. I knew a student once from whose tongue dropped the sublimest of sentiments, who was never weary of discoursing on beauty and truth and lofty motives; yet he was running all the while into debt, squandering the money on idle luxuries which his father was sparing out of a narrow income to give him a college education; dreaming of martyrdom and unable to sacrifice a single pleasure! University education in England was devoted to spiritual culture, and assumed its present character in consequence; but, as I told you before, it taught originally the accompanying necessary lesson of poverty. And if a university persists in teaching nothing but what it calls the humanities, it is bound to insist also on rough clothing, hard beds, and common food. For myself, I admire that ancient rule of the Jews that every man, no matter of what grade or calling, shall learn some handicraft—that the man of intellect, while like St. Paul, he is teaching the world, yet, like St. Paul, may be burdensome to no one. A man was not considered entitled to live if he could not keep himself from starving. Surely those university men who had taken honors breaking stones on an Australian road were sorry spectacles; and still more sorry and disgraceful is the outcry coming by every mail from our colonies—"Send us no more of what you call educated men—send us smiths, masons, carpenters, day laborers." It hurts no intellect to be able to make a floor or hammer a horseshoe; and if you can do either of these you have nothing to fear from fortune. Spinoza, the most powerful intellectual worker that Europe has produced during the last two centuries, waving aside the pensions and legacies that were thrust upon him, chose to maintain himself by grinding object-glasses for microscopes and telescopes. If a son of mine told me that he wished to devote himself to intellectual pursuits, I would act as I should act if he wished to make an imprudent marriage. I would absolutely prohibit him, for a time, till the firmness of his purpose had been tried. If he stood the test, and showed real talent, I would insist that he should in some way make himself independent of the profits of intellectual work for subsistence. Scholars and philosophers were originally clergymen. Now-a-days a great many people whose tendencies lie in the clerical direction

for various reasons shrink from the obligations which the office imposes. They take, therefore, to literature, and attempt and expect to make a profession of it. Dr. Froude then showed that the rewards of literature were generally small, and the adjustment of them was awry. The present rule was to pay by the page or sheet—the more words the more pay, while the rule ought to be exactly the reverse. He proceeded: Only by accident is a work of genius immediately popular in the sense of being widely bought. No collected edition of Shakespeare's plays was demanded in Shakespeare's life. Milton received £5 for *Paradise Lost*. The distilled essence of the thought of Bishop Butler, the greatest prelate that the English Church ever produced, fills a moderate-sized octavo volume; Spinoza's works, including his surviving letters, fills but three; and, though they have revolutionized the philosophy of Europe, have no attractions for the multitude. A really great man has to create the taste with which he is to be enjoyed. There are splendid exceptions of merit eagerly recognized and early rewarded—our honored English laureate, for instance, Alfred Tennyson, or your own countryman, Thomas Carlyle. Yet even Tennyson waited through ten years of depreciation before poems which are now on every one's lips passed into a second edition. Carlyle, whose transcendent powers were welcomed in their infancy by Goethe, who long years ago was recognized by statesmen and thinkers in both hemispheres as the most remarkable of living men, if success be measured by what has been paid him for his services, stands far below your Belgravian novelist. A hundred years hence, perhaps, people at large will begin to understand how vast a man has been among you. If you make literature a trade to live by, you will be tempted always to take your talents to the most profitable market; and the most profitable market will be no assurance to you that you are making a noble or even a worthy use of them. Better a thousand times, if your object is to advance your position in life, that you should choose some other calling of which making money is the legitimate aim, and where your success will vary as the goodness of your work; better for yourselves, for your consciences, for your own souls, as we used to say, and for the world you live in. Therefore, I say, if any of you choose this mode of spending your existence, choose it deliberately, with a full knowledge of what you are doing. Reconcile yourself to the condition of the old scholars. Make up your minds to be poor; care only for what is true, and right, and good. On these conditions you may add something real to the intellectual stock of mankind, and mankind in return may perhaps give you bread enough to live upon, though bread extremely thinly spread with butter. After a few remarks on the temptation lying before young men either to lend themselves to what is popular and plausible, or to quarrel violently with things that they deem to be passing away because they have no basis of truth, Dr. Froude concluded: No one can thrive upon denials; positive truth of some kind is essential as food, both for mind and character. Depend upon it, that in all long established practices or spiritual formulas there has been some living truth; and if you have not discovered and learnt to respect it, you do not yet understand the questions which you are in a hurry to solve. And again, intellectually impatient people should remember the rules of social courtesy which forbid us in private to say things, however true, which can give pain to others. These rules forbid us equally in public to obtrude opinions which offend those who do not share them. Our thoughts and our conduct are our own. We may say justly to any one, "You shall not make me profess to think true what I believe to be false; you shall not make me do what I do not think just;" but there our natural liberty ends. Others have as good a right to their opinion as we have to ours. To any one who holds what are called advanced views on serious subjects, I recommend a patient reticence, and the reflection that, after all, he may possibly be wrong. Whether we are Radicals or Conservatives, we require to be often reminded that truth or falsehood, justice and injustice, are no creatures of our own belief. We cannot make true things false, or false things true, by choosing to think them so. We cannot vote right into wrong, or wrong into right. The eternal truths and rights of things exist, fortunately, independent of our thoughts or wishes, fixed as mathematics, inherent in the nature of man and the world. They are no more to be trifled with than gravitation. If we discover and obey them, it is well with us; but that is all we can do. You can no more make a social regulation work well which is not just than you can make water run up hill. I tell you, therefore, who take up with plausibilities, not to trust your weight too far upon them, and not to condemn others for having misgivings which at the bottom of your own minds, if you look so deep, you will find that you share yourselves with them. You who believe that you have hold of newer and wider truths, show it as you may and must show it, unless you are misled by your own dreams, in leading wider, simpler, and nobler lives. Assert your own freedom if you will, but assert it modestly

and quietly, respecting others as you wish to be respected yourselves. Only, and especially, I would say this—be honest with yourselves whatever the temptation; say nothing to others that you do not think, and play no tricks with your own minds. Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, humbug is the most dangerous.

"This above all—To your own selves be true,
And it will follow, as the night the day,
You cannot then be false to any man."

Be deaf to the quarrelsome, blind to the scorner, and dumb to those who are mischievously inquisitive.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

PRAYER.

The writer has perused, with considerable interest, the article on *Prayer*, by "T. F.," in No. 7 of the *Intelligencer*.

The "true ground of prayer" is therein aptly defined as centering in "love and veneration for the Supreme Being," and, farther on, as to the availability of the fervent, effectual prayer of a righteous man bringing "the soul into that near and intimate relationship with the Creator, that gives it a foretaste of Heaven, and the joys of a world to come."

But when he treats of the *form* of rising and taking off the hat on such occasions, notwithstanding "*Barclay*" is quoted by him as authority for the propriety of the practice, the query arises, May it not be well to avoid venerating old land-marks too much, no matter how ancient they may be, or how well they may have suited the period during which they originated, and to turn our attention to our present surroundings, and to the *merits* of any question that may be presented?

We believe the right position to be observed in this matter, is that of being governed by true Christian charity, and a genuine religious (*not radical*) toleration, leaving each one to the guidance of his own conscience; not *lightly* adopting, either the custom of *universally* rising, or that of keeping seated. There may be times, and doubtless are, with every one, when the *body* can appropriately, and with true humility, be brought to unite with the "*spirit*" in the "*form*" prescribed; and there are, doubtless, other times when this apparent unison may be worse (we had almost said) than empty form.

Who, amongst Friends, has not often known the voice of "the lisping babe" tremblingly approaching the Throne of Grace, in this solemn service, to be completely drowned by the noise and bustle attendant on the audience rising?—in some instances, by the time quiet was thoroughly attained, the few words entrusted by the *Master* for utterance, had already been given forth with little or no profit, save the simple act of obedience (on the part of the speaker), to divine requiring. And again, even in the retention of this "form," the uncovering of the head is now confined to *one* sex. If there is any *vitality* in it, why should not the observance of it be of equal importance with the *other* sex? and why should they be released therefrom?

Some, if not many of the religious organizations of the day, are ahead of *Friends* in this matter; each one being left apparently to his own convictions of duty or preference. If a form *must* be observed, why not adopt the quiet one participated in by some of these—merely bowing the head forward during time of prayer—a position certainly as indicative of reverence and humility as that of rising.

The writer can fully unite with "T. F." in his remark, that "when we take into view that this has been the order of the Society from the rise of Friends down to the present time, does it not require great care how we do anything to disturb the *unity* of the *body* in reference to it." But he cannot see how a candid and dispassionate examination of the subject *can* thus endanger the unity of the body—it does not necessarily follow, and certainly ought not to do it.

Happily for the good of our Society, the days of proscription (in this section at least), on account of individuals obeying their conscientious scruples in this matter, either have passed, or are rapidly passing away. Time was, when meetings were deprived of the services of some of their most valuable members on this account, and for no other reason.

Well does the writer remember *one* instance coming within his own knowledge, when a consistent Friend, against whom a finger could not be raised, who, although eminently qualified for the position, could not be united with as an *overseer*, with this objection hanging over him—thus bringing a large number of Friends into deep sympathetic suffering. It is well known this was by no means an isolated case.

It is apparent this subject is taking deep hold on many minds, and probably true wisdom would dictate no disciplinary action whatever. Where the non conformity to the custom arises from conscientious scruples, the sincerity of which is manifested by uprightness of character and consistent walking, let it pass without notice; carefully avoiding the wounding or crushing of any tender spirit on that account by anything like proscription. On the other hand, should it be in-

dulged in for the express purpose of showing bitter hostility or contempt, the individual is an *offender*, and the remedy is at hand, as provided for by the Discipline.

The writer is one who has not felt called upon to depart from the old custom, but he sympathizes with those who have, and is of the opinion that if the true Christian charity before spoken of is allowed to predominate with every one in reference to it, no harm will follow any diversity of action. If those who *think* they are obeying the dictates of their consciences in setting the "*form*" aside are mistaken, time will test and shake it; if they *are not*, depend upon it, it is a leaven which the power of man cannot resist, though it take ages to accomplish. J. M. E.

Philada., Fourth mo., 1869.

For Friends Intelligencer.

MAGAZINE LITERATURE.

It has become a settled conviction with me, that the authors of the sensational trash which goes by the misapplied name of light literature, are largely responsible for the fearful tragedies which increasingly darken the pages of our criminal records.

From the stories of shameful deeds, perpetrated in infamous dens, that gorge the perverted tastes of those to whom the scenes which they depict are far too familiar, up through all the various grades of magazine literature, till they culminate in the popular journals which adorn costly tables, and are read by our best citizens, there is the same pandering to those unworthy feelings of the human heart, which in too far many cases are already too much in the ascendency.

Every abnormal condition of the mind finds a stimulus in fiction like the rank weeds of the garden, growing all the more luxuriantly for the compost by which we seek to add to its fertility.

The heart of the earnest advocate of whatever tends to cultivate pure and ennobling sentiments, is made sad by the reflection, that the names of men and women, who stand as beacon lights to the voyager on life's ocean, are found leading off a long line of *sensational writers* for some of the weekly newspapers, thus willingly introducing into respectable society the flippant and heartless creations of a class of panderers to corrupt taste.

I have just finished reading one of the latest—a perfumed but poisoned chalice, which a magazine claiming a high place among the standard periodicals presents to the thirsty imagination of our already too imaginative and excitable people. As I laid down the number I could but exclaim,—Is it any wonder that tragedy follows tragedy, in such rapid succession, each more intricate than its predecessor, often with a refinement of cruelty that indicates mind of no ordinary culture, yet strained and warped by familiarity with the subtile poisons extracted from much of our present literature.

Will this continue? Is the careful mother, who seeks to foster in the minds of her children the love of truth and virtue, and who subscribes to a paper that in its prospectus engages to present in its pages nothing but pure and ennobling thoughts, to rest satisfied with seeing *here* and *there* a tale pervaded by a tone of scrupulous morality, while almost every other article is utterly worthless, nay, more highly injurious to those for whom it is intended?

Would not a more wholesome national character be promoted, and the good, old fashioned, homely virtues, which have constituted the crowning glory of our past history, be more likely to be transmitted to our posterity were this mother to banish altogether from the family circle everything that admits of a doubt as to its moral effect?

I would even rather put into the hands of my son or daughter the story of Don Quixotte, than either of the popular literary magazines that are now circulated in our midst. A desire for some ridiculous adventure might be suggested, but no thought of crime, no license for indulgence, no apology for evil, would ever be awakened by its perusal.

I would not for a moment advocate the lopping off of what should *properly* be classed as light literature. The airy castles which fancy weaves, may, without harm, be thronged with happy votaries. We all erect these fairy edifices. They help to lift the load and carry the burthen, which often presses heavily upon the outward life. They recall long absent friends, and awaken pleasant memories, which we too often lose sight of in our plodding journey.

The vigor of waning youth is strengthened, and the flame of our best affections, fanned by a remembrance of their first awakening, burns more brightly. The heart is encouraged by the struggles and triumphs of another—or warned by the faithful portraiture of the ruin which, sooner or later, overtakes those who willingly lend themselves to the commission of crime. No picture or romance is worthy a place in a family magazine, in which the virtues and the vices of its prominent characters are not so clearly defined and held up to view, that the reader is encouraged to emulate the one, and shun the other.

4th mo. 20th. L. J. R.

True goodness is like the glow-worm; it shines most when no eyes, except those of heaven, are upon it.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

BUFFALO MEETING.

Feeling an interest and sympathy for Friends who live at a distance from any established meeting of our Society, I am willing to say a few words by way of encouragement to them, by giving a short sketch of how it has fared with a few of us in this city. In 1862, a few Friends in Buffalo felt a desire to meet together for Divine worship, and being encouraged to this duty by many whom we considered standard-bearers, we opened our meeting in a private house, with none but Women Friends to close the meeting. Soon, however, our Men Friends became interested, and two were found willing to perform this service, and we then were taken under the care of West Hamburg Monthly Meeting. Within three months a public room was furnished for us to meet in, and an increasing interest was felt, and several bore witness to the Truth as received among us, and four persons requested to be received into membership. About this time we had the company of several Friends travelling in the ministry, whose counsel and labors of love were encouraging and satisfactory to us. In 1868, Friends in other places assisted us in building a brick meeting-house, which we highly prize, and one of our requesters (a Baptist deacon for eleven years) occupies the second seat in the gallery. Others have been convinced by the power of Truth operating upon their own minds, and will no doubt ere long join in membership with us. It is the Lord's doings, and marvelous in our eyes.

Our meetings are mostly well attended, and we have great cause to magnify the name of Israel's unslumbering Shepherd, who condescends to bless His children everywhere when rightly gathered, whether it be the one, or "the two or three."

Oh! that all may seek the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit, and in sincerity of heart, with one formerly, say, "I will not let thee go until Thou bless me." It is the earnest seekers God will bless.

Buffalo, 4th mo., 1869. I. B. W.

Whatever you think proper to grant a child, let it be granted at the first word, without entreaty or prayer; and, above all, without making any conditions. Grant with pleasure, refuse with reluctance, but let your refusal be irrevocable; let not importunity shake your resolution; let the word "no," when once pronounced, be a wall of brass, which a child, after he has tried his strength against it a few times, shall never more endeavor to shake.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

It needed not that thou shouldst "sit by and give vocal utterance to the feelings of interest and sympathy which flowed forth unto" me; thy pen had a power thou wot not of, and I thank thee with a full heart for thy letter of the 20th ult. I have sent many mental replies to it, but my occupations have prevented me until now from thanking thee by words.

I have long been in the habit of reading to the children from the Testament, or some other good book, upon each First-day, and have *thought* of silently sitting after the manner of Friends, but heretofore have not felt as though the time had come. When thy dear letter came, I had *almost* concluded to propose it, yet felt a *shrinking* from the responsibility, and, I presume, should not have had the courage, but for thy word in season. Therefore, now, we have had *two* short quiet meetings after our reading, and to *me* they have been sweet. It is our time also for a review of the past week, and that is mostly pleasant and profitable to us all. My children are all "dear good children," though, like their mother, they have many faults and failings; but for love of their mother, they now conform to our Friendly forms in many things, and would in more I doubt not, if she were fully consistent.

But, my dear friend, *do* not be *deceived in me* by all I say thus. I *love* Friends, and yearn for their silent meetings very often; yet were I there again, I could not become a member with my present feelings.

J. R. Lowell has expressed my opinion more beautifully than I *can* do it, in his "Ambrose," where he speaks of the angel filling the vases of different sizes and shapes and colors with water, in illustration of the fact that the Water of Life is the *same* in and under *all* creeds and forms. I find *good* people all about who do the Master's work, yet, though loving *them*, I *cannot* see the truth in their creed and ceremonies, though I acknowledge they may have been schoolmasters to bring them to Christ. In short, I *love Friends dearly*, though I do not desire to become a member—not *now* at least. If I have used too much freedom, do excuse me, and love me still as a child who gladly would sit at the feet of the good Master, and learn of Him in any way He wills. Surely our Father "doeth all things well."

I know not that I have ever been more sen-

sible of the healing effect of *silent sympathy* than on the occasion of our late visit to our bereaved sister. Surely we are sometimes blessed with a capacity to feel with those who are under affliction, even as though we were ourselves afflicted. And can we suppose such a blessing would be dispensed for no use or object? Nay, truly. Do not allow what in old times would have been called "the accuser of the brethren," to persuade thee, that in going to sit with the sorrowful under the influence of the Father's love, thou canst ever leave in thy track sterility and barrenness. Perhaps all who desire to feel deeply with the afflicted have experienced at times an inability to convey what is felt, often, too, at the very time when the afflicted one is most sensible of their sympathy; thus resembling the condition of the Master, who, when the woman touched the hem of His garment, exclaimed that virtue had gone out of Him.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 1, 1869.

"GATHER THE CHILDREN."—We find, as recorded in 2d chap. of Joel, 16th verse, that this portion of the Lord's heritage was not overlooked, when the prophet was commissioned to call together the people for the observance of a solemn fast. The object, doubtless, was that the children might share with "the elders" any strength that might be derived from the ceremony, and also that they might be placed in a position in which they could come under the feeling of individual responsibility, and thus participate, according to their measure, in the offering of adoration and worship.

It will be well for us, in a Society capacity as well as individually, to suffer this ancient exhortation to have a stimulating effect, prompting us to a more earnest effort in this direction, that the children among us may be gathered into the green pastures of life, where the Shepherd feedeth his flock, and not be left to wander upon the barren mountains of an empty profession, where they are liable to fall an easy prey to the devourer.

The inquiry may profitably be, what kind of care or labor are we called upon to bestow, in order that we faithfully discharge our trust in this regard?

A manifestation of interest in our young Friends, as individual members of the body, is a very important point, and would go far towards drawing out, in return, their interest in the religious organization of which they form a part. Evidences are often given that this interest exists, though it may be in embryo; and the more they are brought to feel or to recognize the fact that they are a part of this organization, the deeper and stronger will be their interest, and the closer will they draw to their elder friends, upon whose shoulders is now resting the Ark of the Testimonies. They will thus discover there is something for them to do toward sharing the burden, and they may be encouraged to give the neck to the yoke, and the shoulder to the burden.

Instances have come under our notice of young persons, members of the Society of Friends, whose minds were seriously impressed with a sense of their individual accountability, and they turned to "the body," as to a parent, seeking strength—"asking bread"—not vocally, but their spirits craved nourishment. Had they asked vocally, doubtless their request would have been lovingly responded to; but the deep spiritual craving was unheeded, and the result was, they turned away from their own people and sought among others that nurture which they should have received among us. And did they get it? They were warmly welcomed and made to feel that they would be recognized as an important part of the body, and their wants were at once largely ministered unto. But the cost was great. Their attention was turned away from the *inner life*—the internal manifestation of divine power—and directed to outward dependencies. They were led away from the Spirit, which giveth life, and pointed to the letter which killeth.

Are we clear of responsibility in such cases? Are we justified in sitting by as with folded hands, looking at the break that has been made in our ranks, and perhaps mourning over it, but making no effort to prevent its recurrence? Surely it is the duty of a religious organization to care for its members, especially for the young and inexperienced, even as a parent careth for a child. If, then, the children ask bread, let us be ready to give it, and let not the stone of indifference be the only response their appeal receives.

While we thus ask for Society to do its part, even as a nursing mother, we feel a care not to encourage in our young Friends an undue dependence even upon the parental arm. We would have them remember the injunction, "If any lack wisdom, let him ask it of God, who giveth liberally and upbraideth none." This Fountain of wisdom and strength is open unto all, and it never faileth; nevertheless, the inexperienced need such help as is expressed in the Scripture language, "Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord—to the house of the God of Jacob, and He will teach us of His ways, and we will walk in His paths."

We can scarcely estimate the good effects that would result were our young Friends thus taken by the hand, especially when there has been a secret yearning after heavenly things, and a longing for the companionship of their elder friends, from whose experience they think they could derive profit.

Can we marvel that such seekers after Truth are discouraged when no way opens for this companionship, and turn away from us, to accept the invitation that is often loudly and persistently given, "Come and join our ranks, and all that we have shall be yours."

As we acknowledge the excellency of our profession, it is surely meet that we should do all that is in our power to draw our children to it. Not that they should blindly follow in our steps, or rest on a mere traditional knowledge of truths that have been revealed to us, but that they be encouraged to seek after an experimental knowledge of the goodness of the great I Am, in that He condescends to tabernacle with his creature man, and give him a knowledge of His will, through the immediate teachings of His own holy spirit. And this encouragement can surely be most effectually offered by manifesting a willingness to go side by side with them in the journey heavenward. "*Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord—to the house of the God of Jacob,*"—that we may together receive the unfoldings of His law, and be strengthened to walk according thereto.

THE INDIANS.—The interest which most of our readers feel in the subject warrants us in devoting considerable space to the Indian question.

The following communication by one of the delegates from the Representative Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, who has recently returned from Washington, has been received, and though some of the facts may not be new to our subscribers, we think it best to present them. We learn from the daily papers that at the time of this writing all the nominations have been confirmed by the Senate except two; and this failure does not arise from any doubt as to the fitness of the applicants:

On the 17th instant, delegations from the Representative committees of Philadelphia and New York Yearly Meetings, met in convention in the city of Baltimore, at Lombard Street Meeting-house, with the Representative Committee and the Indian Committee of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, to deliberate upon the names of Friends proposed for the position of Indian agents, in compliance with the request of President Grant.

After careful consideration, the following named Friends were united with for the purpose, and a delegation appointed to wait upon the President and inform him of our conclusion.

Samuel M. Janney for *Superintendent.*

For Agents.—Asa M. Janney, Edward Painter, Jacob M. Troth, Howard White, Albert L. Green, Thomas Lightfoot, I. G. Tyson, Edward Swayne.

This delegation visited Washington on Second-day morning, the 19th instant, by the early train. They were promptly admitted to an interview with Secretary Cox of the Interior, who named an early hour to meet our worthy President. Punctual to the hour, we were soon admitted, and presented a short address suited to the occasion, signed by the delegation, with the names of the Friends chosen for the service of Superintendent and Agents, which was read by our friend Benjamin Hallowell. The President stated in reply that our request for a Superintendency would be complied with, and that Secretary Cox would inform us of their conclusion the next morning at 9 o'clock. At the hour appointed a portion of the committee met the Secretary, who informed them that they had assigned to us the charge of the Northern Superintendency, which being entirely satisfactory, we took our departure.

We thought it right to make this statement of facts upon a subject which claims so largely the interest and sympathy of Friends.

Should the nominations which have been placed before the Senate be confirmed, a field will be presented for arduous labor among this people.

We trust the sympathy of Friends will be extended in every useful way towards the Indians and the few who go forth bearing precious seed in this great work. We are not sanguine of results, only trustful in the Divine Power for guidance and protection, and we must not be disappointed should difficulties and discouragement assail us.

We have to acknowledge the prompt kindness of all the officials with whom we came in contact. Besides our interviews with the President and Secretary Cox, we were cordially received by General Parker, the newly-appointed Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Commissioner Taylor, who preceded him, Charles E Mix, the efficient Chief Clerk of the Indian Department, and Senators Cattell, Howard and Sumner.

There are a number of the Chiefs of the Choctaw, Cherokees, and other civilized tribes of Indians now in Washington, presenting their claims for money due them by the Government. By their invitation we met them in their council chamber in the Patent Office building, on Second-day evening. The meeting was opened by our friend Benjamin Hallowell, who read to them some account of our efforts in behalf of the Indians, after which several addresses were made by different chiefs and the members of the delegation. They spoke of the great trials to which their people have been and still are subjected, and that they only asked now that the monies due should be paid to them, and that they should be protected in their possessions.

They are noble-looking, dignified, and educated men. They further said that with the advance of civilization they were increasing in population, which fact is a contradiction of the often repeated theory that the Indian race must become extinct otherwise than by absorption and citizenship. One aged chief said that they wanted us as a Christian nation to comply with the requirements of our religion, by simply doing to them as we would they should do to us.

The hereditary bond of union between the Indians and the Friends was alluded to; and with a feeling that it had been renewedly strengthened by the interviews, after a fraternal shaking of hands, we separated with a smile of mutual satisfaction.

Philadelphia, 4th mo. 22d, 1869. W.

Married, on the 21st ultimo under the care of Green Street Monthly Meeting Philadelphia, Stephen Parrish, to Elizabeth Bancroft, daughter of Mary S. and the late Edward Bancroft, all of Philadelphia.

Died, at his residence in Pontiac, Erie County, N. Y., of heart disease, on the morning of the 27th of Tenth month, 1868, Andrew Varney, in the 72d year of his age, a highly esteemed member of East Hamburg Monthly Meeting.

Much suffering had at times for many years been his portion, and during great distress the closing period of his life was crowned by almost perfect patience and resignation, evincing that death had no terrors; and joyfully was the summons received that released him from the trials of earth. Most deeply is this worthy friend missed by his bereaved family, friends and neighbors, particularly the afflicted of every class, and perhaps not the least by the meeting of which he was a member, where he long and faithfully served as elder and overseer, and where he often, in much meekness of spirit, appeared in public testimony, which, although not lengthy, was clear and comprehensive, exhorting all to wear the garments of simplicity and charity. The poor Indian will long remember with gratitude the care he for many years bestowed on this unfortunate race. The oppressed African, too, found in him a sympathizing friend, as he sought shelter and protection on his way to the land of the free, and for many years he endeavored to abstain from the product of their labors.

——, in Chester, Pa., on the 1st of Fourth month, 1869, Kezia West, widow of the late Samuel West, aged 78 years.

——, on the 25th of Third month, 1869, Mary W., widow of Jonathan P. Magill, aged 72 years.

GENERAL FIRST-DAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

This Conference, to which delegates should be appointed and reports forwarded from the First day School Associations within the different Yearly Meetings, will meet on Sixth-day evening prior to Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, Fifth month 7th, at 7½ o'clock, at Race St. Meeting-house, Philadelphia; also on Fifth-day evening, Fifth month 13th, at 8 o'clock. Where associations have not been formed, the schools should report direct. Reports and Communications intended for the Conference should be forwarded to the Clerks, directed to E. M. Lamb, Lombard near Eutaw, Baltimore, Md. It is desirable there should be a general attendance of Friends interested in this concern from within all the Yearly Meetings.

Eli M. Lamb, }
Lydia C. Stabler, } *Clerks.*

The Executive Committee will meet at 3 o'clock, Fifth month 7th. 2t

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SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

An Adjourned Meeting of the Board of Managers will be held at the College building on Sixth-day, 7th of Fifth month, at 2 P.M. Train leaves Thirty-first and Chestnut Sts. at 12.30 P.M.

Edward Parrish, *Clerk.*

Circular Meeting.—At Haddonfield, N. J., to-morrow, Fifth month 2d, at 3 P. M.

WANTED,

A thoroughly competent Teacher to take charge of Friends' School at Darby. Application can be made to Isaac L. Bartram, Margaret S. Powell, M. Fisher Longstreth, } Darby P.O., Pa., or to Martha Dodgson, 913 Pine St., Philada.

Advice is like snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.—*Coleridge.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.—NO. XV.

MODERATION AND PLAINNESS.

It is one of the great and enduring excellencies of the principles of Friends, that they inculcate and enjoin propriety and rectitude of conduct in the everyday affairs of life, as the chief requisite of the religious character. Almost every page of the discipline bears evidence that in the purity of our own faith we have ever had regard to fruits, rather than professions; to practical righteousness in daily life, rather than to speculative theological opinions; and in the much that we find to lament in reviewing our present condition, it is a source of encouragement to find, that in referring to whatever may be regarded as fundamental, we discover a solid foundation, showing that it is only in our practices that reformation is needed.

Of the many excellent testimonies which, as a religious body, we have professed to maintain, it is proposed now, however, only to speak of those coming appropriately under the head of moderation and plainness, and upon these subjects, we may take as our text the following quotations from the Discipline: "Are Friends careful to live within the bounds of their circumstances, and to keep to moderation in their trade or business?" and again, "Advised that all Friends, both old and young, keep out of the world's corrupt language, manners, vain and needless things and fashions, in apparel, buildings and furniture of houses; some of which are immodest, indecent, and unbecoming. And that they avoid immoderation in the use of lawful things which, though innocent in themselves, may thereby become hurtful; also such kinds of stuffs, colors and dress, as are calculated more to please a vain and wanton mind, than for real usefulness."

Much of this may seem, and indeed is, quaint and old fashioned, and may have been intended, in part, to enjoin the observance of certain peculiarities as to cut and color of dress, which the writer does not wish to be understood as sustaining; but beneath all this, there is contained in these quotations that which, if maintained and lived up to in its true spirit, and under the guidance of a liberal intelligence, would go far to restore Friends to the exalted position which their principles entitle them to hold.

Having a positive testimony or profession to sustain upon these subjects, we are justified in expecting something more of Friends than of others who make no such profession; but how little regard is really paid to this important part of our fundamental law. With few exceptions, no difference can be observed in these respects between Friends and others; and of these few exceptions, the only difference, in many instances, relates to the maintenance of certain peculiarities, apart from true moderation and plainness.

The world of mankind around us presents, in the main, one incessant struggle for wealth and display. To be rich, or at least to keep up the appearance of wealth, seems to be the object to which some men devote their lives. Those who can live in large houses, furnished in costly style with other things to match, are looked up to and envied as having attained the highest respectability. The man who dies rich is regarded and spoken of as a successful man. If he die *very* rich, he is considered to have been a *very* successful man.

It may be that the man who has maintained in life a grand establishment and died rich, has done so by making himself a slave for the whole or principal part of his life; or by remorseless exactions from those in his employ; or by dishonest practices in his business; but the world generally overlooks all this if the end is attained.

How few stop to inquire into the philosophy of all this, and whether there may not be some mode of life more rational, and more in accordance with the designs of Infinite Wisdom. The first and most general requisite to the attainment of wealth and the means of display, is a life of toil and servitude, in which all the noble faculties of the mind are suppressed and denied their appropriate field for exercise and enjoyment. Or, if less than a lifetime serve to satisfy the acquisitive desire or the demands of fashionable pride, the higher powers of the mind have usually been so long and so much in subjection, as to render the period of retirement one of dull monotony, devoid of true and rational enjoyment.

If, in addition to drudgery, extortion and dishonesty have been employed in furtherance of the desired end, the result is still more disastrous. The Creator has so ordered the affairs of this world, that no real advantage can be gained by any such means. The loss of self-respect, the nurture of evil propensities, which are transmitted to offspring, and which infect generally the whole family and social relation, and react upon and continually embroil their possessor, with the deprivation of the higher enjoyments incident to a life of purity, more than counterbalance all advantages than can be derived from ill-gotten wealth.

If immoderation in trade or business be practiced in order to hoard riches for their own sake, or from mere competition to be and to die rich, the folly of this is so transparent as to need little exposition. There are few to defend such a course of life. Even those

who most obviously pursue such a course would spurn the imputation of it; yet such there are numerously scattered in every community, and not less than their due proportion is found among Friends. These seem to pursue the work of adding dollar to dollar for the mere love of it, without any ulterior end, or rather, it might be said, because they have no proper conception of anything higher as the object of life; and accompanied as the trait invariably is by penuriousness, such persons fail to realize the higher pleasure peculiarly within their reach of witnessing and experiencing their power to do good, by giving while they live, and thus also enjoying the sweetness of gratitude for acts of kindness performed.

If moderation be departed from by the maintenance of an extravagant style of living, or the undue pursuit of business to that end, it will be found, upon examination, to be but idle vanity and vexation of spirit. Those who set out to indulge in the fancied pleasures of fashionable grandeur, usually, as the first evil consequence, entail upon themselves the miseries incident to living beyond the bounds of their circumstances. But suppose that years of toil and anxiety, good fortune, or virtual dishonesty, or all combined, have at length brought the means of making a fashionable display, what is it? It is a purely selfish gratification, devoid of anything that is truly noble and elevating. Perhaps he who is so fortunate as to have attained his ideal in regard to fashionable display, has near relatives or friends who are poor and compelled to live in an humble way, and whose poverty is thus by contrast rendered the more conspicuous, and they, according to fashion's creed, the more degraded. To make a display of wealth under these circumstances is therefore highly insidious, inconsiderate, and unbecoming; it were much better to share it with such poor relatives or friends. The feeling of gratified pride supposed to be experienced by those who seek gratification in a display of grandeur in a greater or less degree, is based upon the popular homage and admiration which it is supposed to elicit. And what is this supposed homage and admiration? It is not love, nor personal esteem, nor even respect; nor does it contain any element that can bring genuine happiness to a cultivated mind.

We may next inquire as to the effect of the undue accumulation of wealth and its employment for the maintenance of habits of fashionable grandeur and extravagance, upon children and descendants. It is a law of nature that, except as to certain gifts that are common to all,—as sunlight, air, &c.,—no desirable or necessary thing can be obtained without labor and exertion; the amount of labor increasing as the object desired is the further removed from the class of necessaries, and the amount of exertion required for comfortable subsistence, when judiciously applied, being the amount requisite to health, and the highest degree of real happiness. And this law, like every other law of nature, is inflexible and invariable in its operation, and every interference with its due operation is followed by a certain penalty proportionate to the infraction.

The accumulation of wealth by parents, and its transmission to children to such an extent as to displace the due operation of this law, by relieving them from all necessity for exertion, and the multiplication of artificial wants, by training them up to an extravagant mode of life, are alike infractions of this beneficent law; certain sooner or later to bring punishment in one form or another.

Young persons with inherited wealth sufficient to relieve them from the necessity of labor, very commonly either speedily descend to poverty from inability to appreciate the value of property acquired through the labor of others, or become enervated and wanting in force or energy of character, or both; and if these evil consequences do not appear in the first generation, they almost invariably come in the second or third, so that it has become a proverb that "the rich of one generation are the poor of the next." The miseries thus entailed upon children or grand-children by the descent from affluence and wealth-bought respectability to poverty and insignificance, or by being trained to habits and ideas of fashionable grandeur which they cannot live up to, are the penalty for violation of law by the parents,—of that law which is embodied in the testimony of Friends before quoted.

There may be in what has been said some things requiring explanatory quailification, lest the meaning be misunderstood. The testimony of Friends on these subjects inculcates simply *moderation*, that is avoidance of extremes. The acquisition of property within reasonable limits and for proper ends, is not only justifiable but necessary and commendable. We have wants that must be provided for, before we can enjoy the pleasures incident to the cultivation of our higher powers; and habits of industry, perseverance, and economy, in providing for these wants, are especially necessary on the part of the young, not only for immediate ease and comfort and leisure for nobler objects in after life, but for the steadiness and discipline which they impart to the whole character.

It may be said that wealth and refinement are usually found associated, and it is true

that a state of abject poverty is not favorable to refinement, but it is scarcely less so than the inordinate struggle for wealth and display, which prevails so generally at the present day. Much that is called refinement is but selfish pomp, destitute of real culture, or anything truly noble; and it is mournful to think how many gifted minds are bourne down to life servitude under the tyranny of fashion.

T. H. S.

AN AGRICULTURAL ODE.

J. G. WHITTIER.

This day, two hundred years ago,
The wild grapes by the river side,
The tasteless ground nut trailing low,
The table of the woods supplied.

Unknown the apple's red and gold,
The blushing tint of peach and pear;
The mirror of the pow wow told
No tale of orchards ripe and rare.

Wild as the fruits he scorned to till,
These vales the idle Indian trod;
Nor knew the glad, creative skill,
The joy of him who toils with God.

O, Painter of the fruit and flowers!
We thank Thee for Thy wise design,
Whereby these human hands of ours
In nature's garden work with Thine.

And thanks that from our daily need,
The joy of simple faith is born,
That he who smites the summer weed
May trust Thee for the autumn corn.

Give fools their gold and knaves their power;
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest;
And God and man shall have his worth,
Who toils to leave as a bequest
An added beauty to the earth.

And soon or late to all who sow,
The time of harvest shall be given;
The flowers shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,
If not on earth, at last in Heaven.

From The Independent.

FOUND GUILTY.

BY S. H. BROWNE.

"A very young and pretty girl, found guilty of petty larceny, was sent up for thirty days. The sentence was light, in consideration of its being the first offence."

Oh! send her not away,
Where Vice, and Crime, and Misery congregate;
Where burning eyes flash out their ire and hate
On the strong prison-wall and iron grate?
Send her not there to day.

She is so fair and young—
And mark the blushes on her changing cheek!
With what persuasive eloquence they speak,
Pleading for lenience toward the poor and weak:
Regard their silent tongue!

Think! 'tis the first offence;
And oh ye rich, intelligent, and strong,
How can ye comprehend the subtle throng
Of sore temptations which to want belong,
Waiting on every sense?

For ye have never known
How fierce a pleader griping Hunger is,
Backed up by squalor, cold, and nakedness,
And thousand other clamors of distress,
That turn the heart to stone!

This error then forgive,
And from the prison-rolls preserve her name;
Nay, more—in this her hour of tears and shame,
Let pitying kindness teach the inward flame
A clearer light to give.

Yes, take her by the hand,
And from her guilt's abasement lift her up;
While to her lips you press the healing cup
Where honey, mingled with the wormwood drop,
Shall make her strong to stand!

So shall your souls have joy,
Like the bright angels, when their harp-strings raise
A loftier strain of gladness and of praise
O'er one who leaves the error of his ways,
To enter Heaven's employ!

From the Nation.

EARTH CLOSETS: *How to make them and how to use them.* By GEO. E. WARING, JR. (*New York: Tribune Association.*)

This pamphlet is substantially made up from one issued by the English company which manufactures the patent commode, on the dry-earth principle, invented by the Rev. Mr. Moule. And as the application of this principle in the simple and convenient manner herein described can hardly be overestimated, in an economical or sanitary point of view, Mr. Waring has rendered a very great service in spreading the knowledge of it in this country. We apprehend that the adoption of earth-closets will meet with the greatest hindrance in cities and in farming districts; the first, because water is already in every house and dirt is not easily obtainable or easily dried; the second, because farmers are peculiarly indifferent to the matter in question, and thus, more perhaps than in any other way, are distinguished as less refined—not to say less civilized—than the people of the town. The farmers, however, will undoubtedly take to heart the demonstration of great gains in manure, while townsmen might easily arrange to be supplied with dried earth as with coals, with this difference: that persons could be found to supply the earth and to remove it for no other compensation than the simple enrichment it will have undergone in the meantime. Such an arrangement, if extensively carried out, would save immense outlays for plumbing, and all the annoyance and expense of frozen pipes in winter, as well as reduce the water-rate and effect a very considerable reduction in the water-consumption of a great city. But the sanitary considerations should have even more weight, as they point to an invaluable defence against contagious diseases, the connection, for instance, between cholera and

sewers and sinks having been clearly demonstrated. This safeguard small places cannot afford to neglect, and metropolitan boards of health would do well to consider it indispensable and provide for it by enactment. As a beginning, let our schools, hospitals, jails, and other public institutions make the experiment which has proved so entirely satisfactory in England and India, and has done more than anything else to solve the sewage and river-nuisance problems of which we nowadays hear so much. Perhaps we ought to add that where coal-ashes are plenty (and they are generally too plenty,) they can be used, whether sifted or unsifted, with nearly the advantage of dried earth.

TEMPERAMENTS.

Children of a nervous temperament are quick in the action of the brain, and, when the brain is well developed, are noticeable for intelligence and apprehension; they are, relatively speaking, eager to learn, and learn easily and fast, being readily impressed through the mental faculties. They are, however, less able to retain what they learn, and are more easily diverted from the effort of learning than those of the bilious temperament, have less warmth of temper in all mental dispositions than the sanguine, and are less susceptible to the ordinary methods of mental training than those of the lymphatic temperament.

The sanguine children are more volatile, and more swayed by the pleasures of the senses, and less by things which attract the mind, than the nervous ones; are less persistent than the bilious; require more tact and care in their education than the lymphatic; but their superiority in warmth and active energy, arising from higher arterialization, renders all exercises and modes of education which involve the use of the physical organs, easy and attractive to them.

The children of a lymphatic temperament are easily swayed and led by the will of the teacher, receiving impressions, as distinguished from ideas, easily. They will do as they are urged to do willingly, but are slow of comprehension, as compared with the nervous, and inert in respect to physical activity, as compared with the sanguine, and changeable or variable in purpose and effort, and deficient in retaining impressions, as compared with the bilious.

The bilious temperament, on the other hand, gives permanence to all impressions, enabling a child to retain mental impressions when once acquired, though their original acquisition is generally more slow and difficult than in the case of the nervous temperament. Such children, too, require to be dealt with in a more private way than others, the disposition to retirement being a striking trait of the temperament. This temperament relieves the child, in some measure, of the temptations which out-door sports and amusements offer so powerfully to the sanguine.

There is no particular distinction between the temperaments, as such, in respect to whether coercive or persuasive means should be used. The selection between these is governed by other considerations. But if either is to be used, the distinctions between the temperaments are of great importance, in connection with a knowledge of the mental disposition, in determining the nature and degree of that which should be used. Thus, to require a child to stand still for a certain time, would be a much greater punishment, if he were a sanguine child, than if he were a lymphatic or bilious child. To impose a punishment requiring a considerable degree of physical activity, would be very oppressive to the lymphatic or bilious temperament, but might prove a mere frolic to a child of the sanguine temperament. The same distinctions apply to persuasive measures. The promise of a cookey may be a strong inducement with the lymphatic temperament, while to produce the same persuasion on the nervou temperament, the promise of a story or a picture would be more appropriate, and to the sanguine temperament, that of a game of ball. Every teacher observes these differences in children; but few, if any, understand the principles that underlie them, or make them the basis of intelligent discrimination in practice.—*John Hecker.*

From Macmillan's Magazine.

TWO GIRLS OF THE PERIOD.

The Under Side.

(Continued from page 127.)

"Well, Miss, the next place was Romford, and there I slept at the Union. I'm not sure, but I think it was there we had the rats. There was hay under the boards we slept on, and the rats were underneath, and were running over us all night. They ate a hole in my cloak. We were all frightened at them, and couldn't sleep. Next morning I didn't start till late, and it was near dark before I got to a place called Ilford. I could not find a policeman, and I couldn't find the Union, and I lost my way, altogether, I think. As I was walking along the road, it was very dark, and I caught my foot on something and fell into some deep water up to my waist. I think it must have been the canal. I screamed out, for I was dreadful frightened, and thought I was going to be drowned; and a man came up and pulled me out, and helped me to wring out my clothes.

"He gave me fourpence, and I went on;

but I was cold and wet, and it was dark, and I was very hungry. Then I thought now I had fourpence I could get a lodging, and need not keep on looking for the Union any more. So I walked on to a public-house the man had pointed out to me, and asked them to take me in, but the woman said it was ten o'clock, and the fire was out, and they had no room; she told me to go to another public-house further down the road, but when I got there they would not take me in either—I was so wet and poor-looking, I suppose—but the woman gave me a cup of tea and piece of bread for twopence.

"I walked on and on, for I was wet and very cold; but I could not see anything but a straight road, and every house was closed up for the night. Then at last I sat down against a heap of stones, and cried. I sat there till near morning, I think, and then I got up again and walked on, for I began to see London before me. I knew it must be London at last. I found Bromley in Middlesex, you see it's in London itself, and I went about all that day looking for my brother. A policeman was very kind to me; he took hold of my hand, and said, 'Come along, my dear,' and he went round with me to all the bake-houses to ask for my brother, but he wasn't there. So then they said it might be Bromley in Kent, and I had better try there next day. So I went and asked for a night ticket, and the policeman said, "We don't give night tickets here; just you go and stand against the wall with the women, and go in when the door opens.' I think this was the nicest Union I was in. They gave me some gruel there, beside a piece of bread. We had carpet beds there, swung between two boards, and each a blanket, but it was very cold, for I couldn't sleep in my clothes, they were so wet. The women in the room talked awful bad, but I was so tired I soon fell asleep. On Saturday I started for Bromley in Kent, and that night I slept at Croydon, and stayed there all Sunday too, for I had a pain in my knee, and it rained hard all day. The policeman let me stay nearly all day in the station-house, and gave me something to eat too. They were very kind to me there. So then on Monday I went to Bromley, and all that day long I was searching for my brother, but I couldn't so much as find the street in which he said he lived, and I had to go to the Union again that night, thinking to myself he might be dead. To-day I came on here to find my way to Hammersmith, when the lady met me. I don't know what I shall do if I don't find my brother. I don't want to go back to Ipswich. I think I might get work in London, perhaps, and send mother the stamps home in a letter."

The next day Sarah went into London to seek her aunt. It was the first time she had ever been in a train in her life, and she seemed much reassured when she found she was under the care of the guard, whom I suppose she regarded in the same way as she did the policeman, in the light of a guardian angel. She had sufficient money to provide for food and a respectable lodging for two days in case she did not find her aunt, and on the day but one following, we arranged to meet her in town at the Working Women's College at five o'clock.

Letters from Ipswich came the next morning in reply to our inquiries, fully corroborating the account Sarah had given of herself and family, beside revealing one of those sad, but, alas! too frequent pictures of household misery arising from the intemperance and cruelty of the father.

My sister on the day appointed went to Queen Square, and gave me the further account of Sarah's adventure as follows:—

"Mrs. Circlestone, the housekeeper at the College told me when I got in that the girl had come. 'She's been telling me her story, Miss, and I think she seems a sensible girl, for the first thing she said, when she found you were not here, was, might she have a little water to wash her face and hands? and then she took a comb out of her pocket, and went into the yard, and combed her hair, which seemed decent and sensible, you know, Miss.' I ordered Sarah some tea, and then sent for her to come to the office to tell me how she had sped since we saw her off in the train from our station. She came in, her face shining with soap and friction. The history of her two days was discouraging. She had found her aunt, but the woman had evidently wished to have no responsibility about the girl, and had told her she was going to leave the neighborhood, and refused to say whither she was going. She, however, gave Sarah a letter from her mother, which had been sent to Hammersmith, on the chance of Sarah's going there. Sarah stayed all night in Hammersmith, and the next morning early started for Queen Square. She had safely navigated the confusion of streets, and at two o'clock reached the College steps, and then had walked patiently to and fro those three long hours, till the time appointed. And here she was again drifted to our feet, a poor waif and stray, without anchor or haven.

"I took Mrs. Circlestone into my counsel as to what must be done next, and a bed was made for Sarah in one of the empty class-rooms, where she slept surrounded by desks, maps, and black-boards. Before she went to bed Sarah told me that Mrs. Circlestone's little maid Celia had lent her a petticoat to

wear till her own could be washed and mended, thus taking from her own scanty wardrobe to provide for the necessity of her poorer sister.

"The next morning early I started with Sarah,—who, with her small bundle under her arm, followed me through the crowded streets with the unquestioned meekness of a dog,—in the hope of finding for her a temporary home in some charitable institution, where she could remain till work could be got for her. We went to one or two industrial schools and refuges before we found a suitable place for Sarah: she seemed to present a somewhat exceptional case, to which the object of the charities did not apply. In some they needed a character of some months' standing to be given; in others they required her to have been convicted of some crime; for some her plight was too bad, for some, thank God, it was too good. In each place, however, we were met with kindly interest and good-will; and though one or two of the institutions represented the extreme shades of religious difference, we found a hearty sympathy and spirit of co-operation existing between them which must increase their usefulness and influence very much.

"Towards evening we found a haven; 'The Refuge,' in Newport Market. The Sister, standing in her long grey dress and spotless linen cap, asks a few business-like questions, knitting briskly at a grey stocking the while, and closing with the welcome words, 'I will take her.'

"I said good-bye to Sarah, promising that we would come to see her in a few days, and so left her by the pleasant fire in the women's dormitory."

(To be continued.)

ITEMS.

Professor Mitchell, the well-known Mathematician, died at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, on the 19th ult., from general debility. He was 76 years of age. Professor Mitchell was the father of Maria Mitchell, the Astronomer, who was born in Nantucket, Mass., August 1, 1818. He was at that time engaged in teaching at that place, and devoted much of his time to the study and practice of Astronomy. When his daughter was only 11 years of age, he took her into his school as a pupil and assistant teacher, and she very soon discovered a fondness for the science and an aptness in the use of instruments that made her an enthusiastic co-operator with her father in his favorite study. Subsequently she conducted many careful observations by herself, and on October 1, 1847, while searching for comets, discovered a telescopic one which was seen at Rome two years after by Father da Vico. For this she received a gold medal from the King of Denmark. Professor Mitchell was a member of the Society of Friends. His remains were taken to Nantucket for burial.—*Tribune.*

The great African traveler, Dr. Livingston has again been heard from. According to late advices, he had left Zanzibar, the capital of the empire of the same name in South Africa, and expected to reach Cairo by land.

Dr. A. S. Packard says in his "Guide to the Study of Insects," now publishing, that the common horsefly, when held captive, moves its wings 335 times a second; a honey-bee 190 times, and a cabbage butterfly 9 times. Landois, calculating the rapidity of the vibrations by the tone produced thereby, states that the fly which produces the sound of F viberates its wings 352 times a second, and the bee, which makes the sound of A, 440 times a second. On the contrary, a tired bee hums on E, viberating only 330 time a second. A bee in the pursuit of honey hums contentedly on A, but if excited or angry on a different key. This voice is then expressive of the feelings and under the control of the will. Landois distinguishes three tones emitted by flies; a relatively low tone during flight; higher tone when the wings are held so as to prevent their vibrating, and produced by or accompanying a vibration of the abdominal segments; and a third tone, the true voice of the insect, emitted when all exetrnal vibration is prevented, and produced by the stigmata of the thorax. There are 10,000 known species of flies in Europe, and probably as many in this country, though only 2,5 have been described.

The dryness of the Egyptian climate is such that rain is unknown in Upper Egypt, and in olden time it never rained oftener than five or six days a year on the Nile delta. The viceroy, Mehemet Ali, caused twenty millions of trees to be planted on this delta. These have now attained their size and the number of rainy days has increased to forty annually. Such is the power which man can exert over Nature in the matter of varying meteorological conditions.

Egg-Plants and Tomatoes.—Every person can raise his own tomatoe and egg-plants, with very little trouble. Select a warm border, enrich heavily with horse-manure, pulverize the ground thoroughly, and sow pretty thickly, thinning out if necessary. A common window sash or two, raised two or three inches over them, on any kind of supports will greatly facilitate their vegetation and growth. If they are transplanted into other beds when three or four inches high, so that they shall stand about four inches apart each way, it will cause them to become very stout in the stem, and they will branch considerably, making much stronger and more productive plants. Tomatoes should not be set out for a crop until the ground is warm and weather settled, say the last of April or first of May, the later perhaps the better. Egg-plants should never be set out before the *last week in May*. We prefer the Fejee tomato, and the Long Purple egg-plant, though many other excellent varieties of the tomato are now introduced; some of which it would be well to cultivate also. Not a day should be lost in getting in the seed.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Pork and Beans.—The cheapest and most nutrious vegetable used for food is beans. Arof. Liebig says that pork and beans form a compound of substances peculiarly adapted to furnish all that is necessary to support life. A quart of beans costs, say 15 cents; half pound of pork, 10 cents—This as every housekeeper knows will keep a small family for a day with good strengthening food.—Four quarts of beans and two pounds of corned beef boiled to rags, in 50 quarts of water, will furnish a good meal to 30 men at a cost of $1—two cents and a half a meal.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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Henry Haydock, *Brooklin, N. Y.*
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Wm. H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
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THE INDIANS.

We have been permitted to extract the following from a private letter written by Benj. Hallowell, and dated

"SANDY SPRING, 4th mo. 11, 1869.

The request made by Gen. (now President) Grant to Friends, contained in the letter of Gen. Parker, has occasioned me more solicitude and concern than anything affecting our Society for many years. I have always discouraged our people from seeking or holding office, believing, from careful observation, that as a general thing their so doing is detrimental to a healthy and useful position in social and religious Society. In regard to the present application, however, where the office is one of great hardship, privation and responsibility, with comparatively small pecuniary return, and where the opportunity of being useful to the Indians seems to be so great, I have felt restrained from interposing any objections.

The point of concern with me now is to throw some safeguard around such of our members as are willing to make the sacrifice of accepting an Indian agency, and faithfully endeavor to raise our red brethren in the far West from that depth of misery, wretchedness and impending extermination to which they have been so sorrowfully sunk by the mal-administration of our Indian affairs. For our members to go with the encouragement in isolated positions, might, with the surroundings to which they would necessarily be subjected of experts in fraud and other weaknesses on the frontier, involve them in ruin and disgrace.

It was in order to suggest a plan which I believed would in great measure remove the difficulty, that I sought and obtained, last Second-day, through Gen. Parker, an interview with President Grant and Secretary Cox. Samuel M. Janney went with me. The President and Lee were together, at the President's house, and at our request Gen. Parker remained also. The interview was very pleasant and satisfactory, and the object for which it was undertaken was accomplished.

The plan proposed is this: That the Government should place an *entire Superintendency*, which is composed of from five to eight agencies, under the care of our Friends; the agents to co-operate with each other and form a joint council, to meet and confer at stated times, so as to encourage and uphold one another, compare plans and experiences, and by that increased moral strength which unity of purpose and harmony of effort always inspire, be a mutual support in the work of benevolence in which they are engaged. Each agent to be allowed to name the farmer, teacher, mechanic, and other employees, traders included, of his agency, subject to the same recommendation by the Society of Friends that be himself receives and confirmation by the

of the Society—one here and another there—appointing power. Then all these, together with the families which some of them would have, would form at each agency a little community of Friends, where they could continue the social and religious privileges, to which they had been accustomed, and even extend them occasionally to the neighboring agencies of the Superintendencies under the care of Friends. By such means it is believed they would be preserved in a comparatively safe condition as Friends, and likewise in that mental and moral condition which would be most favorable to the performance of their duties to the Indians, and promote success in their efforts for their civilization and enlightenment.

It is further proposed to have a committee of perhaps four older, judicious and experienced Friends, who have the welfare of the Indians at heart, to visit all the agencies of the superintendencies placed under the charge of Friends once or twice a year, *gratuitously*, and spend some time among them, to see how things are working, what needs exist, what improvements might be made in the plans of action, and in what way, if any, the benevolent objects of the Government might be more efficiently carried out.

The President and Secretary seemed much pleased with our propositions, and gave us to understand they should be acceded to; and the President requested Secretary Cox to write to us officially upon the subject, previous to our meeting in Baltimore on the 17th inst., which he said he would do. I left a copy of the memorandum which I had read with them.

This is a relief to my mind beyond what I can express. It brings what we have to do into a definite form and limited proportions, where Friends can exert a healthy influence in favor of our red brethren, and still have the protecting mantle of the Society extended around them.

This request of President Grant is regarded as the most important subject which has been presented for the action of our Society for many years. It will concentrate public attention upon us and our actions- The agents whom we may recommend will be placed in sharp contrast with those recommended by other religious denominations, and we greatly desire that they may be such as not only have the interests of the oppressed Indians warmly at heart, but be really *representative* men, of fixed principles, sterling integrity, liberal and expanded views, free from sectarian prejudice, and such as recognize the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of all men, and who are also strongly impressed with the high filial and fraternal obligations which such recognition imposes.

Asa M. Janney (Samuel M.'s brother) and Sidney Averill, an approved minister among our Friends at Prophetstown, Ill., expressed themselves willing to go under a sense of duty. They are men of the right stamp. Asa managed the Galigo Mills in Richmond, Va., many years, where they turned out from 800 to 1000 barrels of flour daily, and managed the men under his employ so that all went on like clock-work. I feel a firm trust that others of like character will join them, and that the good work will go on and prosper under divine protection and blessing."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THOUGHTS.

I regret that I should have written anything in the article (No. 3), under the head, "Another Query," that should in any way "cloud the minds of sincere seekers after truth," as seems to be supposed by our friend P. of Richmond, (No. 6). But inasmuch as he was favored to elucidate the subject, it may appear superfluous for me to offer any further comments, as the subject of Prayer had, in my estimation, been ably handled by a number of writers, which, in general terms, I could endorse.

In my pilgrimage, I have known some remarkable things in connection with Prayer. One circumstance in my own experience now presents to my mind. One night, after midnight I awoke, and felt my mind brought into sympathy with a ministering Friend, who was passing through deep baptism. I seemed to realize her sorrows, and wet my pillow with tears. Fervently though secretly did I pray to our heavenly Father, that He would vouchsafe the consolations of His love to a tried and afflicted sister in Christ.

When next I visited her in her sick-room, she spoke to me of the strength she had received by my prayer. When I had spoken to her of the loving kindness of our heavenly Father, with care not to intimate that I had prayed for her, she said, "But thou did pray for me. I was awakened from my sleep to be made sensible of it. I felt too weak and too low to pray for myself, but I received strength by thy prayer. I say it for thy encouragement." Giving me the exact hour of the night when it occurred.

While such is my experience, I do not profess to comprehend the philosophy thereof, as it exists in the Divine mind. I cannot comprehend myself, much less do I profess to comprehend the wisdom of Deity. I felt that I was moved upon by a higher power. And the longer I live, the more evidence I find calculated to confirm me in the belief expressed by Pope:

"God acts by general, not by partial laws."

Perhaps it is because we only see fragments instead of seeing the whole of the Divine economy, that makes it seem different at different times. I would that I could arouse from lethargy some in our Society, whose influence, instead of being confined to a small circle of Friends, ought to be felt far and wide.

Each and every individual has an influence that is felt, either for better or worse, by those with whom they mingle. As rational, intelligent beings, I hold that it is our duty to have our will in harmony with the Divine Will, or, in other words, in harmony with the principle of Divine and universal Love, and to let our influence for good be felt as far and wide as it may. While Friends generally admit the important doctrine of the Divine or Christ principle as a light to every mind, it appears to me that, as a Society, we are slow to appreciate another important testimony of Jesus in that memorable sermon on the Mount, when He said to His followers: "Ye are the light of the world." (Matt. v. 14.)

Since man, by and through his selfish ambition, has, in innumerable instances, had an influence upon children and others, which has had the effect to deaden all the finer sensibilities of the soul, whereby they appear to be no more partakers of that sweet and heavenly spiritual joy designed to be the birthright of all; therefore, it is but reasonable that man, as an instrument in the hands of our heavenly Father, should be made useful in calling the wanderers home to that which, in due time, will enable all to attain to the resurrection. It has long been my belief that no man can be saved, in the higher sense of the term, without in some way being made instrumental to the salvation of others. The sooner that heavenly zeal which works by love shall cause us to forget, as it were, our own petty individual interests in worldly things, while we labor with such ability as may be afforded for the good of others, the sooner may we expect to attain to the stature of a "man in Christ."

In order that our work may not be marred upon the wheel, we have need of prayer, and that continually, that our labors of love may be in harmony with the wisdom of Him who "worketh all things after the counsel of His own will." (Eph. i. 11.).

But if we compare the great amount of labor performed by early Friends, in publishing and circulating the truth, when they were poor and persecuted, with the less amount now done by us, when our Society is comparatively rich and respected by the world, I think it must cause a feeling of regret in every serious mind.

P. S. I felt a care not to discourage some, who feel that their talent is so small that they may as well wrap it in a napkin and let it rest. Such may do well to remember that talents are increased and kept bright by use.

I remember a remark by an eminent minister, whom I had been requested to accompany in her visit to families of our Monthly Meeting. On one occasion I felt something pressing upon my mind to which I did not yield implicit obedience, until this Friend said: "I want my friends to be faithful. It is the used key that is always bright." I then expressed a few words, upon which she enlarged to the edification of all present.

I am now an old man, and too little used either to speaking or writing for the public to be bright; yet I would ask why the young should refuse this means of becoming as a polished key? If they find that they cannot write so as to satisfy the readers of the Friends' Intelligencer, (some of whom have been fed so full, that at times they seem to loathe even honey in the comb), they should not, on that account, feel discouraged, for there are other fields of labor.

If my humble effort shall have the effect to stir up the pure mind in one individual who is better qualified to write, and has more time and means to devote in advancing the cause of truth and righteousness in the earth, I shall be satisfied. N. P.

Fourth mo. 19, 1869.

PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE.

The following narration which appears in a London journal appears to be authentic, and is interesting and valuable, showing as it does, the importance of yielding to the impressions of duty which are often made upon the human mind, quite independently of any operation of its own powers. The date of the occurrence is not given, but as it took place before the Island of Ascension had any inhabitants, we cannot consider it very recent. The island belongs to Great Britain, and is situated about two hundred and eighty miles N. W. of St. Helena:

Admiral Sir Thomas Williams, a straightforward and excellent man, was in command of a ship crossing the Atlantic Ocean. His course brought him in sight of the island of Ascension, at that time uninhabited, and never visited by any ship except for the purpose of collecting turtles, which abound on the coast. The island was barely described on the horizon, and was not to be noticed at all; but as Sir Thomas looked at it, he was seized by an unaccountable desire to steer towards it.

He felt how strange such a wish would appear to his crew, and tried to disregard it, but

in vain. His desire became more and more urgent and distressing, and foreseeing that it would soon be more difficult to gratify it, he told his lieutenant to prepare to "put about ship," and steer for Ascension. The officer to whom he spoke ventured respectfully to represent that changing their course would greatly delay them—that just at that moment the men were going to their dinner—that, at least, some delay might be allowed.

But these arguments seemed to increase Captain Williams' anxiety, and the ship was steered towards the uninteresting little island. All eyes and spy-glasses were now fixed upon it, and soon something was perceived on the shore. "It is white—it is a flag—it must be a signal!" And when they neared the shore it was ascertained that sixteen men, wrecked on that coast, many days before, and suffering the extremity of hunger, had set up a signal, though almost without a hope of relief.—*London Spectator.*

From The Press.

THE SERVANT-GIRL QUESTION.

The problem of living every day becomes more difficult of solution. Modern improvements on old-fashioned inconveniences, labor-saving machinery, with all the new scientific adaptations to the wants of common life, have failed to keep pace with the growth of luxury, the love of elaboration and display, which now absorbs the time, money, and strength of American women.

"What shall we do?" is the cry from every household. We want help, and we get hindrance; we want knowledge of work to be performed, and we get only the most lamentable ignorance. It is servants who are the plagues and nuisances of our lives. Let us mend the servants, or make new ones.

Now, it is undoubtedly true that a good deal of the trouble in families is caused by the ignorance and waste of servants; but whose fault is it? Is it theirs, or that of the mistress who yields to them the management of her domestic affairs while she is dressing, visiting, receiving calls, or acting as directress of fashionable benevolent societies.

"We have five servants," said a gentleman, the other day; "one to every member of the family, and the house is not as clean, nor am I as well attended to, as when we kept but one, and my wife assisted in doing the work herself."

That "assisted in doing the work herself" told the whole story. What all houses need, is the aid and constant supervision of a competent mistress.

We are unfortunate in this country in having no class of girls who are willing to be put in training for servants. American girls will wash, scrub, and bake at home, but they consider it a terrible degradation to do this for money; and the idea is fostered in them by the kind of labor that is employed, and the scorn with which women of every degree, especially in the large cities, treat the proposition that they should understand household duties, or, in common parlance, "know how to do their own work."

Foreign labor might be trained, and institutes have been planned for that purpose; but that is not what it comes here for. It comes here to earn a good deal of money, and send at least a part of it home; and anything that would interfere with that praiseworthy object, or what would offer the suggestion of incompetency, would be treated with indignation and contempt. The Irish element, as we get it, does not value training, and it is not likely that it should, when, in its present low and utterly inefficient state, it is able to command three times the wages it receives at home.

Co-operative household schemes, or servants' training-schools, are not either of them what we at present most want. Now, and for some time to come, women will generally do as they have done in the past—marry; become wives and mothers, responsible for the comfort and happiness of the homes over which they preside; and, to properly fulfil these duties, they require thorough and careful initiation into every department of household labor. Instead of training-schools for servants, we should have training-schools for mistresses; or, rather, every public or normal school should have its department of domestic instruction; and if it could not be made completely practical, it could at any rate, be theoretical and suggestive, and the practice could be recommended and required at home.

An immense amount of money is spent on the education of children. Why not devote a small portion of it to teaching or inculcating that which is of more importance to girls than all besides?

Apart from this, making it a department of public instruction would give domestic work respectability. It is disgraceful to American women that it is scorned and sneered at at all. The labor that beautifies our homes, that makes them attractive, that prepares the food which is essential to life and health, should not be considered degrading; on the contrary, it should be looked upon as honorable as the labor and profession from which the household derives its support.

Cleanliness, system, accuracy, good judgment, and fine taste, are all required in a cook to produce perfect results; and these qualities can hardly be expected in ignorant

persons of the most ordinary parentage. They are the growth of culture, and if exemplified in the habits of mistresses, and in the customs and rules which regulate their households, would constitute a course of training superior to that of any educational institute.

Every housekeeper knows that, when the kitchen is left to servants, order and system, for the most part, are at an end—napkins are used for wiping-towels, towels are taken for dish-cloths, pots and pans are left unscoured, shelves and windows uncleaned; spoons, forks, and knives lose their handles, and are found in the dust-heaps, and everything acquires a dingy, dilapidated appearance, which grieves the very soul of a neat housewife.

There is a great beauty and pleasure in a clean, well-ordered kitchen, and in cooking, if one knows how to do it and do it well. It is the almost universal dirt and disorder found in this department that makes it distasteful. I never go into my own kitchen that I do not wish with all my heart that I could do all the work of it myself; and I envy those women who have their clean, fragrant, sweet-smelling closets entirely under their own control—who can keep their porcelain saucepans for their proper uses, and their new tins from being burnt up, and the brightness of their ranges from being burnt out.

Servants will tear the fire out, they will let it go down to its last grasp, and then hurry it up with wood and powerful draughts. They will cook dinner in one hour, instead of three—crisping meat to a cinder on the outside, leaving it raw within; or boiling soup or chickens, as the case may be, on a stiff gallop, that makes one's blood run cold to hear. They will soil every dish at once, fill every pan with potato-skins and refuse, and reduce the entire kitchen machinery to a chaotic heap before they commence "cleaning up." They will not understand that cooking can be better done, and with infinitely less trouble, upon a clean, clear range—with the dampers closed, the fire solid, and such as will need no replenishing until the various processes are completed.

They will not understand, when left to their own devices, that "cleaning up" can be done as one goes along—that cooking a dinner does not involve necessarily confusion and chaos; and they have no opportunity to learn all this; for, in addition to other evils, their right to reign in the kitchen has been admitted as supreme by the abdication of the natural sovereigns. Servants are mistresses, and resent with fierceness any interference in their department, while the owner and nominal proprietor is in a slavery so abject to their caprices as to hardly dare venture an opinion, or assert a right to a thought or idea of her own.

Schools for servants, however, will not change this state of things; the more they know, the more absolute will be their authority, unless their mistress know something too. What households need, therefore, are women competent to preside over them, and able to command, by their absolute knowledge of every branch of domestic work, the respect and subordination of those in their employ.

If the ladies of a household regularly performed a part of its duties such labor would no longer be considered degrading, and a much better class of girls and women could be obtained for domestic service. Moreover, a less number of servants would be required; in cases where there are two or three daughters, none at all, or, at most, only one to do the drudgery of the house. In this way the work would be better performed, and families kept at half the expense; for, in addition to the high wages and the food they eat, there is the waste, the wear, and the tear of articles subjected to their rough or careless use, and the cost of the space they occupy—not a small item in city housekeeping.

With the comforts and convenience that modern skill and ingenuity have added to our homes, there is little to be dreaded by even fastidious women in doing "their own work," and that little would be done away with if we had sensible houses conducted upon the French principle of complete floors; and, instead of keeping a tribe of expensive servants, put washing and ironing out, and reduce, as far as possible, the amount of work to be performed within the smaller area.

It is our pride of display that makes living so difficult, so full of anxiety, and weariness. We must have large houses, expensively heated, lighted, and furnished: we must have servants to keep them clean, servants must have a domain of their own, entirely removed from the jurisdiction of the mistress; and then comes the tug of war.

All this and much more would be avoided, and greater comfort secured, if we were content to live in smaller space, have fewer servants, and exercise our faculties in the proper direction in superintending, at least the domestic affairs of our own houses, and promoting the health and happiness of our husband and children.

Our principal household needs, then, resolve themselves into the following:

First. Good and competent mistresses of households.

Second. Good wives and mothers, who are not willing to give the comfort, health, and happiness of husband and children wholly

over to the tender mercies of ignorant servants.

Third. Good women, who will conscienciously perform their part as instructors, helpers, comforters, and consolers, and are willing to do it in just the way that lies open before them.

In one word, it is good and competent mistresses that households most need, and who alone can make good servants. Having these, all the rest would follow as a matter of course —fewer servants, better servants, a more sensible mode of living, less extravagance, less anxiety, and infinitely more domestic happiness.

I have, moreover, enough of faith in American women to believe that all this will come in time. They will soon learn that there are other uses for wealth than mere display; that work is one of the greatest resources of enjoyment; that idleness and neglect of one's faculties is a crime, and brings its punishment; and that cultivating them and putting them to the best use gives permanent satisfaction, and brings a blessing.

I subjoin three resolutions, which were written for presentation to a Sorosis, in regard to the question of establishing in New York City an institute for the training of servants:

Resolved, That one of the difficulties in the way of training, or obtaining efficient household labor, is in the false idea of degradation attached to it.

Resolved, That there is no degradation in the labor that transforms into healthful, appetizing food, the good things that God has given us; no degradation in labor that produces order and cleanliness in our homes, and renders them habitable and attractive to our husbands and children; no degradation in the labor that it is in the province of every woman to perform, or know how to perform; and that we recommend, as the first step toward the fulfillment of household needs, the cultivation of a public opinion that shall make household labor respected and appreciated, and render American girls as willing to work in the kitchens and nurseries of our houses as in the public factories and workshops.

Resolved, That while the efforts of a single institute, no matter how large and important, would be but a drop in the vast ocean of family requirements, there is no reason why this great question of household training should not form a part of our public school system; and that we most earnestly recommend, as the best, most economical, and most comprehensive way of meeting the difficulty, the organization of departments in our normal and public schools where girls can be thoroughly instructed in the science of cooking and housekeeping; where they can be taught, not only how to cook a beefsteak, but also how much of the best that is in us depends on always having that, and everything else that we eat, prepared in the best manner, and with the grace that comes of love, knowledge, and experience.

GREAT GOOD IN SMALL DEEDS.

It is common to use the terms, *great* and *small,* in speaking of actions, occasions and duties, in reference to our first and outward impressions of them. But as some of the meanest-looking agents in nature are the most operative, so many of the duties or actions that we call the most insignificant, are really more important and influential than those which utter themselves by a loud report. A money transaction may involve a million, while another concerns but a single dollar, and yet the latter, from the influences connected with it, may cause vastly greater consequences than the former; although because they are so silently and perhaps inevitably working themselves out, we call the one transaction trifling, while the other, from the amount of money it transfers, we call important. Indeed the outward results form but a poor index to the true value of actions, while the hidden and inner effects work with an energy that, could we but witness it, would correct our judgments concerning what we habitually call great and small.

Small things constitute the greater part of life. The holidays, or great days, are but a fraction of the year. Existence is made up of simple repetitions of the thoughts conceived, objects seen, words uttered and actions done in one single day, and what we call critical occasions are but the rare exceptions of life. And yet, as we look back on a life completed, how momentous, for good or for evil, it appears. Some of the most efficient men, however comprehensive their minds may have been, have been men of detail. . . . Detail is an element of success that no breadth of plan or enthusiasm of desire can dispense with. Eminence in learning can only be attained through patient drudgery of daily study. The most solid fortunes are gained by small and gradual accumulations, and minute but constant acts of frugality, hourly industry and toil. The great advances in civilization, in science and in art, are made by small instalments. The trees and the corn do not leap into maturity, but climb upward, little by little. So, by following out daily duties, trifling though they may appear, and putting into them the whole vitality of their nature, men become truly efficient in every sphere.

In men's relations to others, the same

truth is equally potent. Many would leap into the sea, or rush into the flames, to save the life of a dear friend, but the thousand opportunities of anticipating the happiness or comfort of that person are more eloquent proofs of affection. No one can pass a single day without numerous opportunities of adding to the happiness of those around him by little acts or words, which, though they may seem trifling, are in reality the material of which is built the great edifice of mutual affection. It is sometimes more difficult to be faithful in little things than to be bold in what we call great ones. It has been said that it requires less piety to be a martyr for the truth's sake than to maintain a perfect and guileless integrity in the common transactions of life. The ordinary spheres of daily life, the small duties of the office, the shop, the school, the family, are more calculated to promote religion in the heart, if its principles are carried into them, than any artificial or extraordinary occasions of excitement. Character can only accomplish its stature by growing. The every-day duties of life are the soil, and the true principles of right which should guide them are like the sun, which ripens and perfects the fruit. No grand or admirable characters have ever been formed without filling well the ordinary and smaller offices of life.

These are the opportunities that are open to all, while genius, talent and rare gifts are but the possession of the few. He who never thrusts himself on public notice by any signal act may yet attain a commanding influence and leave a lasting impression on the world. A carefulness of honor, truth and goodness in humble things is a stronger proof of uprightness than the most distinguished acts or sacrifices. The weight of confidence and respect that such a life insures is a most powerful agent, noiseless and not suddenly appreciated, but gradually shining on all, because full of light, rebuking evil, strengthening good, and spreading its moral influences in all directions.—*Philada. Ledger.*

Beneficent, real and lasting greatness is never achieved by zealotry in the cause of any dogma or by conformity to any creed. Great men—the truly and forever great—refuse to mingle in petty squabbles about impalpable points of faith. They stand above the din of such noisy word-battles, keeping their eyes steadily upon the central sun of truth. *These* are the men who really forged the chain of science which unites the present to ancient times, and not those system builders whose works have crumbled like the tower of Babel, and from the same cause—a mad attempt to scale the heavens, and to infer the nature of the spiritual from that of the material world.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Very often have I been in sweet companionship with thee during the few past days, although in spiritual poverty; but I have remembered, for our mutual encouragement, that no new thing has happened; for even the illustrious Paul knew how to be abased as well as how to abound, and by all things he was instructed. May we be able to say as he said, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

It is good to attain a stability in the Truth, so as not to be affected by "frames and feelings," but to know a firm abiding in the faith, that whatever may be dispensed to us by a wise and merciful Father is for the best. Surely we know that he compassionates us, even in our infirmities. He knoweth our frames and remembereth that we are dust.

Thy inquiry, "Dost thou ever sit low enough to be willing to share my spiritual faring?" may be thus answered: I believe our spiritual dwelling places are near together. We are sometimes found, like one of old, sitting at the King's gate, interceding for our own lives, and those of the people most dear to us,—the household of the same faith; at others a little raised, animated by living faith, and feeling that the Father's love is over us. Surely in all states and conditions He will be our all-sufficient Helper; and though difficulties and discouragements may surround or be in our path, He will make a way for us to advance in our spiritual journey; yes, as surely as He made "a way through the sea and a path through the mighty waters" for his people formerly. Let us then in low seasons keep this faith and hope, which will be "an anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast."

It will not do for any of us to "cast ourselves down," nor to give place to discouraging thoughts and views of ourselves or others, so far as to disqualify or discourage us from doing our duty and fulfilling our trust. I remember once hearing dear George Dillwyn testify in the Yearly Meeting of Ministers and Elders, that "whenever the Lord opened the mouth of one of His servants to speak, He at the same time opened an ear to hear." We are liable to give way to more or less discouragement on looking outward and not being able to discover much if any fruit or good effect produced or arising from the

labor bestowed. I may relate some conversation that took place between dear old John Simpson and myself when I was accompanying him on a visit to the families of Trenton meeting, and others who were willing to receive him, though they were members of other religious denominations. I remarked to him when we were riding to some of the distant families, that there had been a good deal of labor of latter time bestowed upon the Society of Friends; that the members of the Falls Monthly Meeting had recently been visited by concerned Friends, and now he was performing a visit over here, and there did not appear to be much if any fruit produced by it all. I thought it was discouraging. John said he was reminded of the reply an honest Welsh Friend made to one that had remarked much as I had just done. "It *is not* said, Well done good and *successful* servant; but *it is* said, Well done good and *faithful* servant." It appeared to me to be very appropriate and worth remembering. The conversation took place in my young life, and it has often been brought to my recollection and been of use to me. Sure enough, what have we to do with the success of our labors in a religious point of view. It is enough for us to mind the light and grace of God and be faithful in the discharge of our duty.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 8, 1869

Home Amusements.—A note from an aged Friend expresses an apprehension that one of our late selected articles encourages "indulgences, which, if persisted in, will tend to alienate our love from our Father in Heaven." We appreciate his concern, but, on referring to the article alluded to,—"Letter to Farmers' Daughters," in No. 3 of present vol.,—we conclude our friend has misunderstood the meaning of the writer.

The paragraph commencing with "Parents" is simply an endorsement of the old adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The next two paragraphs tell us the importance of trying to make home happy—a view with which we can all unite.

If the daughters of a family can, by a little effort, form some pleasant surprise, or furnish material for a happy evening at home, and thus make their own family circle more attractive to their fathers or brothers than the gay party elsewhere, where the "billiard table" and the intoxicating cup are permitted, surely it is cause of gratulation rather than cause of offence.

A happy evening at home, not "once in a year," but habitually, will go far toward the preservation of our young men from fashionable vices, and our young women from participation in those scenes which are at best but nurseries of vanity and folly.

We think that the concern of the writer of the letter simply was that our homes be made places of pure and rational enjoyment, and not merely places of labor. Were this so, we would more frequently than we do, find around the evening table the whole family—father and mother, sons and daughters—and the advantages arising from such family gatherings cannot be overestimated.

We would call the attention of "H. J." to the article entitled "Prayer" in our last number, where we think he will find his own views fully expressed.

Married, on the 15th ult., at the residence of Charles W. Packer, 1224 Brown St., by Friends' ceremony, Wm. James, of Bucks Co., to Lucille W. Broughton, of Philadelphia.

Died, on the 16th ult., at the residence of John C. Shepherd, near Doylestown, Pa., Amos B. Shaw, aged 62 years.

——, on the 20th of Second month, 1869, at the residence of her husband, after a brief illness, Hannah H., wife of Samuel H. Hoopes, and eldest daughter of Thos. Hicks, of London Grove. Kind, gentle and unobtrusive in her manners, with simplicity and humility as her crowning virtues, and possessing sound judgment, this dear Friend was admirably qualified to be useful as a wise counsellor, not only to those in the morning of life, but to administer comfort and enjoyment to declining age. As a faithful wife, a concerned mother, a loving daughter and sister, and a true and steadfast friend, we feel that in her death we have indeed sustained a loss.

——, at his residence in London Grove, Chester Co., Pa., on the 9th of Third mo., 1869, having just entered his 87th year, Thomas Hicks, long a highly esteemed member and elder of London Grove Monthly Meeting. As this dear aged pilgrim gradually approached the border land which divides between earth and heaven, his spiritual raiment became visibly more pure and beautiful, while meekness and sweetness, mingled with deep gratitude, was manifested for the many mercies vouchsafed. The atmosphere of his chamber seemed to be laden with odors of prayer and praise, and to purify in measure all that were privileged to come within its hallowed influence. To a friend who came to see him, he remarked, "All are favors; nothing but favors;" and to some others who were watching with him, "You have done all you can to make me comfortable; my peace flows as a river—

peace, peace, peace." The writer of this brief notice has no desire to eulogize or raise a monument to the dead, but feels drawn to bring into view the fact that the everlasting truth as it is in Jesus, which this dear aged Friend has so long professed, proved unto him in the awful hour of dissolution no cunningly devised fable, but a sustaining power, that robbed death of its sting and the grave of its victory.

A. L. S.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

The General Conference will meet on Sixth-day evening, Fifth month 7th, at 7½ o'clock. Also on Fifth-day evening, Fifth month 13th, at 8 o'clock, at Race St. Meeting-house. All interested are invited.

ELI M. LAMB,
LYDIA C. STABLER, } *Clerks.*

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The Annual Meeting will be held at Race Sreet Meeting-house on Second-day evening, Fifth month 10th, at 8 o'clock. The Annual Report will be read and other business transacted. All are invited.

THOMAS W. GARRIGUES,
PHEBE W. FOULKE, *Clerks.*

A Meeting on the subject of Education, more particularly relating to the establishment of a first-class institution of learning under the care of Friends, will be held at Race St. Meeting-house on Third-day evening, Fifth month 11th, at 8 o'clock.

FRIENDS' FREEDMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

This Society will hold its Annual Meeting at Race St. Meeting-house on Fourth-day evening, Fifth mo. 12th, at 8 o'clock. It is hoped that the continued interest of Friends in this long oppressed people will be evidenced by a large attendance.

JACOB M. ELLIS,
ANNE COOPER, } *Clerks.*

BOOK TABLE.

Friends' Books, &c., may be purchased in the Library Room at Race St. Meeting-house during the week of the Yearly Meeting.

For Friends Intelligencer.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

I agree with H. J. that "Language being intended as the 'vehicle of thought,' we should aim to make it the faithful exponent of our affections and feelings whenever the occasion calls forth the expression thereof;" and inasmuch as I accord with the foregoing view, I cannot accept your correspondent's reflections upon the use of the word "*pray*," in reference to the completion of Swarthmore College, as legitimate.

I certainly regard the expression, "Let us pray for completion of Swarthmore," &c., as appropriate and consistent. Is not that Institution intended as a benediction—a practical testimonial of the interest its projectors feel in what they consider a good, and a most effective instrumentality in the education of the immortal mind? And inasmuch as it is a most fitting tribute of interest and affection to the youth of the Society and to others, and embraces a parent's highest, holiest, and most engrossing trust—*the right education of his child*—why may we not regard it as much an altar raised to the Infinite, as was that of Jacob, in acknowledgment that "God was with him in the way that he went?"

The intellect, the affections, man's highest interests, and his most sacred devotional aspirations, are so connected and so dependent one upon another, that we may not attempt to dissever them.

Are not the cultivation and enlargement of the intellect, the judgment and the reason, quite as important a duty as the training of the religious sentiments, and especially so, as the right direction and application of the latter are so directly dependent upon the enlightened condition of the former? *The affirmative* to this must follow, if we keep in mind a most conclusive principle—that the conscience will invariably follow the judgment, and secure its approval only by yielding to the dictation of the latter. The Apostle Paul was an eminent example of the foregoing proposition, when he declared, "I have lived in all good conscience before God until this day," notwithstanding he had persecuted "unto the death, binding and delivering into prisons both men and women!" His judgment was in error, and his conscience sustained him in that error.

The object of Swarthmore College is to educate *all* the faculties of the child, and hence that they may all rejoice together; and is not this a work for which every lover of the race may and should reverently pray? Do not the intellectual, the spiritual, the divine attributes conferred upon man by the God of his being, and which connect him so closely with the Father, claim our grateful acknowledgment, and may not the *acceptable* prayer ascend that the instrumentalities for the right advancement of these may more and more increase and be multiplied? And while the mental appeal is made, may the open hand lend of its abundant means in the aid which is now invoked, that the work may go on to an early completion. In such a bequest we give something to posterity, the value of which, at present, we may not attempt to estimate. How true it is that its founder and benefactor needs no other monument, at the hands of men, than that of Vassar College!

Let me, as I draw to the conclusion of a longer article than I intended, say, for those who are instant in season and out of season in their efforts for the completion and opening of Swarthmore, that they deserve every encouragement in their unselfish labor of love; and if the same unfaltering zeal can be brought to bear, in furtherance of this work, which blessed the Anti-Slavery engagement in the darkest hour of its eventful struggle

with a pro slavery Church and State, its completion is "even at the doors." I have a letter written in 1841, (and the writer has lived to see the slave's enfranchisement,) from a dear friend in New York city, expressing the exigency of the sacred cause, and specifying, at that moment, an indispensable instrumentality, with the added assurance that "his own efforts should be unfailing to collect the necessary outlay, though he should have to beg it in the fractional parts of a dollar!" His determination inspired others, and the work was accomplished, which, with other agencies, has ultimately brought its blessings on millions!

I notice the Editorial in the last *Intelligencer* upon the progress of Swarthmore, and I would say to the Women's Committee named therein—"Let your zeal be equal to the occasion, and your efforts will be blessed to yourselves, and to the children, whose educational interests are so closely interwoven with your own life and being."

Poughkeepsie, 4th mo. 21st, 1869. N. B.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

EARLY GARDENING.

THE HOT-BED.

The unusually dry weather which prevails in this section, (Philadelphia,) if it continues, is likely to make early gardening a failure. Those who have profited by the use of the hot-bed have at this time cabbage, cauliflower and egg-plants, ready to be set out so soon as a good rain comes.

As the season is too far advanced for the hot-bed to be of much further use, it seems almost useless, at this time, to give directions for its construction. With the present very early spring, almost any tender vegetables might now be planted in the open ground with safety.

Those who desire to raise sweet potatoes, will not find it too late to start them advantageously in this way.

The frame of a hot-bed is constructed precisely in the same manner as the cold-frame, which has been already described, but the earth should be dug out to the depth of 2½ feet, to contain the heating material. This is composed of horse manure, fresh from the stable, and good earth, or, what is still better, the half decayed leaves from the woods—in equal parts, and well mixed, by putting a layer of manure and then one of the leaves—and then turning it over and over till they are thoroughly incorporated. It should then be formed into a heap, which should be large enough to generate heat in the coldest weather, and care should be taken on this point to prevent delay. Soon as steam begins to escape from the heap it must be turned over and well shaken out, formed again into a pile and left for a second fermentation, which will occur in about three days. It is then ready to be placed in the excavation made in the frame. It must be beaten with the fork and trodden down regularly, so as to be of a uniform solidity, and filled in to the depth of 2½ feet. The sash should now be put on and the frame kept closed until heat generates; new beginners are often unsuccessful by being in too great haste to plant.

The heat indicated by a thermometer should at first be 100 degrees, but after three days, it usually falls to 90 degrees; it is time then to prepare the surface soil, which should be well-rotted compost and good loam; one part of the former to three of the latter; spread evenly over to the depth of six inches; refuse hops from breweries are recommended by some instead of compost. The bed is now ready for any purpose to which its use is applied. It will be seen that its preparation requires from 9 to 12 days from the time of composting the heating material.

For tomatoes, pepper and egg-plants, the bed should be ready by the 15th of Third month. Our tomatoes were sown on the 17th, and are now growing vigorously in the cold-frame, to which they were removed two weeks ago; they are large enough to set out in the open ground, but this would hardly be safe before the middle of Fifth month.

For starting sweet potatoes, the top soil should be sand-mixed with leaf-mould to the same depth, (six inches,) and the bed prepared near the middle of Fourth month. It is customary to split the large tubers lengthwise, and lay them closely together, the cut side down, and then sprinkle the same sandy compost over them to the depth of two inches. No water should be applied to these until they begin to grow. They are ready to plant out in six weeks.

Two points are essential to success after the bed is planted,—covering up at night and giving air through the day. It is safest to cover all tender plants until the 10th of Fifth month; hardy ones may be exposed by the 1st of Fourth month.

The thermometer is the only guide; whenever it indicates 75, it is safe to admit the external air, care of course to be taken as regards the condition of the atmosphere; if a cold wind be blowing, though the sun shines brightly, a very little will suffice. If the day be calm and mild, more may be admitted; it should not go below 55 at any time.

The covers for the hot-bed should be either closely-fitting, light, pine shutters, or straw mats, which any of our farmers' boys know how, or can easily be taught, to make; they should be a little longer than the sash, to

hang down a few inches on either side, that they may entirely protect from any cold current of air.

That every objection as to the time and trouble may be removed, I would say use old carpet, bed-quilts, or anything else of the sort that is of no other use, provided that it is light and warm.

After the plants have all been removed, the bed may be used as a cold frame. Before it can be available as a hot-bed again, it must be dug out to the original depth, and all the process before explained repeated. The soil removed is the very best for potting, or for cold frames.

4th mo. 28th. L. J. R.

Since writing the above a refreshing rain has quite changed the appearance of the country—every little plant and shrub is looking up with gladness. Those who have been waiting to set out the products of their hot-beds have now a fine opportunity, which they should not fail to use.

From the Oregon Statesman.

THE OREGON "NIAGARA."

The Shoshone Falls—Eagle Rock—The Two Sentinels—The Cave of the Winds.

Snake River is the south fork of the Columbia, having the alternate name of Lewis River. The valley of the Snake lies along an almost direct line from the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, and in early days it furnished the most practicable route overland to the Pacific. In its descent over the elevated plains of Idaho, about four hundred miles from whence it takes its rise in the Rocky Mountains, Snake River forms the great Shoshone Falls. The river here runs through a narrow, rocky gorge, which widens and terminates abruptly in precipitate cliffs, the summit of which is about one hundred feet above the level of the rapids, and so steep that the traveller can only descend at one point—an old Indian trail, its numerous windings making it about a mile in length. Following this trail slowly and carefully, the tourist will in due time find himself standing upon the bank of the river on a level with the rapids, and overlooking the falls. The width of the river at this point has been variously estimated—we thought it at least two hundred yards. The rapids here form a series of cascades, ranging from thirty to sixty feet each in height, and just below them the river, in an unbroken mass, leaps two hundred and ten feet into the bottomless pit below. The course of the river at this point is almost due east and west; the contour of the falls is that of an irregular horse-shoe, and their width, following the course of the water, is at least four hundred yards. Although the river is not quite as wide at this point as the Niagara River, the falls are higher and quite as beautiful. The most complete view of the falls, including the river above and below the rapids, cliffs and surrounding scenery, is obtained from Lookout Point. Lookout Point is a narrow cape of rocks projecting from the main bluff about three hundred yards lower down on the river than the fall, so narrow that two persons cannot walk abreast. Standing upon this point, we will endeavor to name the prominent places of interest. The first object that attracts our attention is Eagle Rock, a perpendicular pillar or rock, about 100 feet in height, rising from the main cataract. On the topmost peak of this rock an American eagle has built his eyrie, a fitting point for our national bird—long may he live to occupy his unique and romantic abode. Just above, and about the centre of the cataract, is Ballard Island, a small rocky island covered with cedar and juniper trees. Several smaller islands, to the right and left of the large one, or Ballard Island, add to the beauty and picturesqueness of the scene. The two sentinels—two huge rocky pillows—are one on the north, the other on the south side overlooking the falls, and remind one of grim sentinels guarding their object. Lower down the river, and from a higher standpoint, one can observe a fine panoramic view of the whole—the falls, the foaming rapids, Eagle Rock, the two sentinels, the huge pillars of perpetual spray rising from the bottom and near the centre of the cataract, but extending as it rises to either side, and made beautiful by the many-colored rainbows which shed a halo of glory upon the whole scene. Still lower down the river is Prospect gulch. Several gentlemen of the party, actuated by the spirit of adventure, determined to attempt, through the gulch, to reach the river below the falls. They lowered themselves fifty feet on the rope down the perpendicular sides of a rocky cliff. Reaching firm ground, they managed, with but little difficulty, to scramble down about 500 yards to the banks of the river. Arriving there, they found that their troubles had just begun; they were 600 yards from the falls, to reach which their path lay around and over some huge boulders of slippery rock, winding along the foot of the steep banks, and then through the foaming and boiling waters, the heavy swells of which reminded them strikingly of the breakers from the sea shore. Finally they reached a point about thirty feet from the falls. Their journey here came to an abrupt termination by the shelving of the rocks into deep water. The wind struck this point with such violence that they feared to trust them-

selves in an erect posture. On their knees they held with their hands to the overhanging brush to prevent being blown into the river. We think that one cannot fully comprehend the immensity of the sheet of water and the sublimity of the scene, until he can gaze upward as we did. This point is the Cave of the Winds. The Shoshone Falls, as a whole, will compare favorably with Niagara. Those of our party who have been in both places, pronounce the former superior in many respects. In beauty and wildness of scenery the Shoshone cannot be surpassed; Niagara exceeds in magnitude only.

Selected.

THE PLAYMATES.

Two careless, happy children,
Up when the east was red,
And never tired and never still,
Till the sun has gone to bed;
Helping the wind in winter
To toss the snows about;
Gathering the early flowers,
When spring-time called them out;
Playing among the windrows
Where the mowers mowed the hay;
Finding the place where the skylark
Had hidden her nest away;
Treading the cool damp furrows
Behind the shining plow;
Up in the barn with the swallows,
And sliding over the mow;
Pleased with the same old stories,
Heard a thousand times;
Believing all the wonders
Written in tales or rhymes;
Counting the hours in summer
When even a day seemed long;
Counting the hours in winter
Till the time of leaves and song,
Thinking it took forever
For little children to grow,
And that seventy years of a life-time
Never could come and go.
Oh, I knew they were happier children
Than the world may again see,
For one was my little playmate,
And one, ah! one was me!

A sad-faced man and woman,
Leagues and leagues apart,
Doing their work as best they may
With weary hand and heart;
Shrinking from winter's tempests,
And summer's burning heat;
Thinking that skies were brighter
And flowers were once more sweet;
Wondering why the skylark
So early tries his wings:
And if green fields are hidden
Beyond the gate where he sings;
Feeling that time is slipping
Faster and faster away;
That a day is but as a moment,
And the years of life as a day;
Seeing the heights and places
Others have reached and won;
Sighing o'er things accomplished,
And things that are left undone;
And yet still trusting, somehow,
In His own good time to become
Again as little children,
In their Heavenly Father's home.
One crowding memories backward,
In the busy, restless mart,
One pondering on them ever,
And keeping them in her heart;
Going on by their separate pathways
To the same eternity—
And one of these is my playmate,
And one, alas! is me!

HOW WE SET THE STEAM TO WORK.

We have robbed the mine, we have kindled the flame,
And lighted the fire so bright;
We have made a prison, the strongest on earth,
To hold in the "water-sprite."

Then out he comes, with a rush and roar,
In a scalding, cataract shower;
"Very well," quoth we, "come out if you will,
Provided you yield us power."

And we guide him, and turn him, and twist him about,
In a narrow and straightened road,
And we make him to pull, and struggle, and shout,
Till he moves the heaviest load.

So he turns the mill and works the mine,
And takes our ships to sea;
He ploughs the land, and he moves the sand,
And he mows the meadow lea.

We found him cold, we have made him hot;
He was slow, and weary, and wet;
We move him about from place to place,
And we make him puff and sweat.

Aha! old sprite! we have got you now,
And never will let you loose;
We have you enchained, and will manage your powers
By the wheel and the iron noose.

—*Builder.*

From Macmillan's Magazine.

TWO GIRLS OF THE PERIOD.

The Under Side.

(Concluded from page 144.)

Three days later we went up to London to see Sarah at the Refuge. It was two days before Christmas, and the Charing Cross Station wore a bustling holiday face. There were heaps of luggage, hampers and parcels, piled on the platform; gentlemen and ladies acting their own "Christkindel," with arms filled with parcels, for some Christmas tree or other; lots of bright-faced children going home for the holidays. Out of this scene of bustle we passed into the streets, among the gay shops decked out with Christmas green, and through the jostling crowd into narrower and yet narrower streets, till the daylight of the waning winter's afternoon seemed almost closed out by the shadowing walls; and the open stalls of vegetables and meat were lit up with flaming gas-lights. But even here, into these dark passages, amid the filth and squalor, a whisper of the message of Christmas had come. Holly and mistletoe were hung on the stalls, and people were buying their

Christmas dinners. A careworn-looking woman stood near us for a moment in the crowded passage; she held one child by the hand and another on her arm. She was buying a piece of meat. It was not a large piece, neither was the store large to which it was added in the basket; but, after a moment's eyeing of the pile of green, she said, "I'll have a penn'orth of Christmas, please," and she put the bit of green into the baby's hand, and moved on.

Suddenly we came to the flat front of a building two stories high, rising above the dingy houses that surrounded it. It looked as if it might have been built for workshops, and afterwards converted into a dwelling-place. We rang at a bell, and a porter opened the wide dark door. We asked to see "Sister Priscilla." We stood a moment or so in a wide-paved entry, and then the inner door opened, and we found ourselves in a large bright room, with a clean scrubbed floor and a hospitable fire, which reflected its smiles in rows of shining tins hung against the wall.

A young man in a white apron and two bright-faced boys were busy pouring out coffee, and arranging piles of bread on plates on the long table. A tall, handsome young woman, in a black dress, and white cap, and carrying keys in her hand, appeared, and led us up a narrow staircase, through a long room, down each side of which were ranged beds covered with brown blankets, and each bed had a bench set at the foot. The room was lofty, warm, and bright; and raising my eyes, I saw upon the rough-hewn rafters, in clear letters, "Blessed are the pure in heart;" "Blessed are the poor in spirit;" "Blessed are the meek." At the end of the room Sister Priscilla met us, and took us to her little sitting-room, simple and small, but bearing the indescribable touches which show refinement and cultivation. It was just "taking-in time," or the time when the doors are open to admit the men and women who seek the Refuge for the night. "Should we like to see the 'taking-in?' You will hear some very sad stories," said Sister Priscilla, "but I think you will be interested."

We went and sat in the little office behind the window at which the applicants stood and gave their names, and answered the questions of the receiver who sat at the desk. There were a few moments of waiting, and then the great door was opened, and out of the darkness a crowd of white faces pressed forward to the light.

The women came first, each stepping up to the window into the light, giving her name, age, &c., and then passing on till the full number, twenty-seven, was made up. Each person may stay in the Refuge seven nights, and every effort is made to get them employment before the week expires.

Some of the women were middle-aged, some very young, but the faces varied little in their stolid expression of misery. Some one or two looked sad and pitiful: only one, a girl, with a veil tied over her face, smiled; it was the worst face there. The questions were nearly the same to all. "What is your name?" "Are you from London or the country?" &c. And the answers were, "I have done sempstress work;" "I have been a servant;" "Have no friends;" "Seeking work all over London;" "No home;" "Slept in dormitories or refuges, sometimes in dry doorways—anywhere."

There was a dreary monotony about the stories which seemed to make tragedy the rule of life, and awfully commonplace. So twenty-seven passed away into the haven of firelight, safety, and warm coffee. Many were turned away, for whom there was no room. They did not murmur, but passed away, vanishing like forlorn spirits into the darkness of the streets. The men followed. They seemed to represent more varied classes than the women had done. Some were boys, and some men. Carpenters, laborers, bricklayers, plumbers, clerks,—every trade almost had its representative. Several men from the country came to London in the hope of finding work, and had found none. Some were dressed with a painful effort to maintain appearances of respectability. One man spoke with the accent of a gentleman. I thought he seemed reluctant to answer the questions put to him.

It was touching to see the eagerness that lit up the faces when there was a mention of work. One especially struck me,—a young, stout-built man, with a fine face. He stepped up into the light of the window: "A ship's carpenter, aged twenty-two." He spoke with a north country accent. "Come to London to seek work."

"I think I've got you something to do," said the superintendent at the desk, addressing him, as he did each one, with a pleasant smile. (Such a look of eagerness spreads over the anxious haggard young face.) "It's to go to sea. Will you go?"

"Yes, sir."

"The ship *Providence*, Captain Frank, bound for North Shields: she is loading now at the —— Wharf, and sails at half-past eight to-night. Will you go?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you had anything to eat since you left here this morning?"

"No, sir."

"Then here is threepence to get some tea, and here is the letter from me to Captain Frank. I'll keep your place open for you

here till half-past eight in case you don't get it, of course."

"I'm very much obliged to you, sir, very much obliged," he repeated, and pushed his way through the waiting crowd of men, some looking after him with half-listless, half-envious eyes for his good luck. A thin, tall man followed, who looked ill.

"Let me see; you have been a policeman, and you say they won't take you on the force again. I have been thinking you might get into the army though, into a regiment going to the Cape. The climate might suit your health better than that of home."

"I'm very willing, sir."

"Then I will talk to you about it in awhile. All right, pass on." And the next steps up.

A man dressed in black, with a highly-smoothed hat, held very carefully, and the coat buttoned up closely, a pin supplying the place of a missing button. A very sad face.

"You were here last night; your name is ——. You are a clerk, I believe."

"I was a clerk," is the reply.

"Well, yes, I meant that—I hope you will be again. Have you found any work yet?"

"No, sir. I went to"—&c. &c.—(mentioning different addresses,) "and I couldn't get anything. I cannot last much longer, if I don't get work soon."

"Here's a place here I've got as a light porter in a draper's shop, but they want a young man. How old are you?"

"Thirty-six, sir."

"Ah! I am afraid it won't do. They want a younger man."

"I'm not particular, sir; I'd take boys' wages, you know."

"No, I am afraid it won't make any difference. Never mind, I'll try to get something better for you. Pass on."

And so he passes on, and another follows with a fresh story, told in a few words, of the strife for work—only work, the highest boon that life can give the poor.

When we went up stairs again we saw the women who had come in sitting on the benches at the foot of the beds, waiting for their coffee and bread. They had taken off their bonnets, and talked quietly to each other. After seeing Sarah, and talking with her awhile, we went again to the little sitting-room with Sister Priscilla, and sat awhile by her pleasant fire, while she told us much that was interesting of her work.

She kindly promised to give Sarah employment in the house during the following days, but she strongly advised her being removed as soon as possible. "I can make no discrimination as to character, here," she said. "I take in those whose simple claim is their being homeless and miserable, and there must necessarily be here companionship which is injurious to a girl such as Sarah."

She spoke again of the immense difficulty of finding work for the women, and the almost hopelessness of their ever being helped to a new and better status in society. "And some of the most pitiful cases are the most hopeless," she continued. "That poor woman there with the baby, that you stopped to speak to as you came up the room: what is to become of her and the child when there are so many industrious and respectable girls seeking for work in vain? Yet the child is a great blessing to the woman; and," she continued, looking up from her knitting for a moment with a smile, "it is pleasant to me to have a little child here at Christmas time."

All honor to the love and courage of the heart that, forsaking the ease and refinements of life, could thus cast in its lot with the poor and miserable, and in the midst of the dreariness of London poverty shed around it through womanly love and sympathy a light which shows to these desolate hearts something of the lost Eden—home.

I think these were the thoughts in our hearts as we said "Good-night" to Sister Priscilla, and left her standing among herwomen.

Three hours later we were in the midst of a large party in Hyde Park. It was strange to look at the long glittering supper-table and remember the last scene of hospitality we had witnessed. Here also were Christmas decorations, and here also there were pleasant Christmas greetings interchanged, and here also there were kindly hearts.

One lady in the company listened to the tale of Sarah, and made an offer for her of work and kindly interest, and a home in the country, not far from one of the villages where not three weeks ago she had slept in the casual ward of the Union.

Sarah is now in an Industrial Home for female servants, where she will remain till she is fitted to take her situation.

This sketch is literally true, an uncolored picture of life—as we "respectable" classes so seldom see it—from the Under Side.

AGNES T. HARRISON.

GOD, even thine own God, full of the help which thou needest, is close to thee, without, and still closer to thee, within. Turn thyself wholly to Him, open thy soul to Him; for near as He is to thee, He can yet be far nearer. Renounce thyself, and in penitence and meek desire, attract to thee the virtues of the Eternal Name, and make them thine. They wait, they long to be owned by thee, that they may own thee. They long to enrich thee, that thy peace may be, not in things mutable, but in things immutable.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REPORT OF FRIENDS' SEWING SCHOOL.

We submit a report of "Friends' Sewing School for Poor Children," held on Seventh-day mornings, during the winter season, at Race Street Meeting-house, hoping that a brief account of its object and workings may prove of some interest to Friends. In the belief that there was a wide field of labor for our members outside of our own Society, as well as within its limits, two or three young Friends first engaged in the work desired to gather in the poor and needy without regard to sect or color, for the purpose of instilling habits of industry and principles of morality. A few homes of poverty and want were visited, and the object being made known to the children, there was but little difficulty in forming a class; and the kind and generous aid furnished by several Friends, assisted materially in carrying on the work.

The school was opened on the 29th of Second month, 1868, with four teachers and thirty scholars, (about one-third of the latter being colored,) and continued two months. It was re-opened Eleventh month 7th, with fifty-five pupils and nine teachers, and during the past winter the school increased so much in numbers and interest, that at the close of the season in Third month there were eighteen teachers and one hundred and thirty pupils.

The object has been two-fold, not only to instruct in sewing, but to encourage industry, by giving to each scholar the articles she had made. With the desire to elevate the feelings, and raise in the mind the pure standard of Truth and the highest motives of right, a short time each morning was devoted to the reading of some little selection containing an incident, from which the smallest child might draw some important moral lesson; and one of the most gratifying features of the work has been the eagerness with which the untutored mind has reached forth to embrace such instruction.

In addition to the articles of clothing which have been made by the pupils and distributed among them, shoes have been furnished to the most destitute from means kindly given by a friend for that purpose. The closing of the school on the termination of both seasons has been particularly gratifying to teachers and scholars, from the sympathy and deep interest that have been especially manifested by some of our friends in not only contributing to the enjoyment of all by their presence, but by gifts or liberal refreshments have made happy the hearts of the children, and the brightened face and thankful smile, given in return, have but heightened the satisfaction which has been realized by those united in the cause. Those who have been engaged as teachers have had a constant evidence of the extended field of labor to be found among those whom poverty and misfortune have made destitute, and of the rich harvest that awaits the hand of the willing laborer.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Received in Donations,		$220 07
Expended for Sewing Material,	$95 02	
" Shoes,	25 00	
	$120 02	
Balance in Treasury,		$100 05

ANNIE CALEY, *Superintendent.*
LAURA ALLEN, *Secretary.*
AUGUSTA TABOR, *Treasurer.*

Third month 27th, 1869.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

FOURTH MONTH.

	1868.	1869.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	9 days.	9 days.
Rain all or nearly all day	5 "	0 "
Snow, includ'g very light falls	3 "	2 "
Cloudy, without storms	3 "	13 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	10 "	6 "
	30 "	30 "

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1868.	1869.
Mean temperature of 4th mo., per Penna. Hospital,	48.24 deg.	54.39 deg.
Highest do. during mo., do.	73.50 "	81.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	26.00 "	34.00 "
RAIN during the month, do.	5.44 in.	2.12 in.
DEATHS during the month, being four current weeks for each year.	1059	1184

Average of the mean temperature of 4th month for the past *eighty* years	51.25 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1865	56.50 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1794–1798	40.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.	1868.	1869.
First month	3.62 inch.	4.28 inch.
Second month	2.52 "	4.76 "
Third month	3.36 "	5.30 "
Fourth month	5.44 "	2.12 "
Totals	14.94 "	16.46 "

On the 15th of the month there was a magnificent display of northern lights, graphically described by one of our daily periodicals as follows. Other accounts have reached us from almost every State in the Union. But to our own city:

"THE AURORA.—The display of northern lights in the heavens last evening surpassed in brilliancy and beauty any exhibition that we have had in this latitude within ten or twelve years. The glow of the aurora was first perceptible upon the horizon immediately after sunset, and as the darkness of night increased at other points, the northern heav-

ens grew brighter with the celestial radiance, until at eleven o'clock the entire hemisphere of the heavens was in a glow. Over the northern horizon there was a luminous arch, from which the light sometimes fell as moonlight struggling with mist, sometimes glittering with the prismatic colors, flashed upward to the zenith. The heavens were filled with streamers, undulating like the waving of grass before the wind—leaping up from the horizon to the zenith in a flash, playing for a moment overhead, and then dying out, only to burst forth in new shapes and in unexpected places a moment afterward. The spectacle was sublime, magnificent and awe-inspiring beyond the power of language to describe. Those who failed to see it missed an opportunity that is rarely offered in this quarter of the globe. The effect upon the telegraphic wires was remarkable, striking them with varying force and furnishing some of the telegraph companies with all the electricity they wanted."

The usual variety has marked the weather this month. On the 5th we note "still cold, with plenty of ice;" on the 11th, "heavy snow storm in Washington," while on the 19th, "a terrible hail storm raged through Illinois."

In contrast with all this, on the 18th and 19th in this city we experienced excessively warm days, thermometer varying from 78 to 81 degrees in different localities. Upon turning to our record, however, we find as high and higher points recorded, without searching any farther back than 1863, viz.:

Fourth month (April) 21, 1866, 81.50.
do. do. 22, 1867, 80.00.

And did time permit the examination of our entire record back to 1790, doubtless many more could be found.

The above exhibit shows the month just passed to have been a very warm one in all its points of comparison, as well as exceeding the average by more than three degrees, with an *increase* in the deaths and a *decrease* in the quantity of rain, as compared with the corresponding month of last year.

J. M. Ellis.

Philadelphia, Fifth month 3d, 1869.

PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY.

The responsibility of educating your children is one you cannot escape. It is a task you cannot escape. It is a task imposed upon you by Divine Providence; and you may look with confidence for guidance and aid. In short, you must educate your child, whether you choose it or not; for every action, every word, a look, the very tone of your voice, and the round of ordinary daily events, which form the moral atmosphere in which he breathes, will influence him far more than the occasional lessons which he receives, however excellent.

ITEMS.

The Solar Eclipse.—The total eclipse of the sun, to take place on the 7th of August next, is attracting the attention of scientific men. Coast survey officers are now engaged in the determination of the latitudes and longitudes of different points in the western states, which will be occupied as eclipse stations. These points are all selected so as to lie within the "line of totality," which is one hundred and forty miles in breadth, and extends from Alaska to North Carolina,

Professor Joseph Winlock, Director of Harvard Observatory, is making arrangements for a very complete set of observations to be made at Shelbyville, Kentucky. He will devote himself personally to observations with the spectroscope, while a corps of assistants will make other observations.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

A dispatch from Florence states that the Court of Appeals, which has for some time been considering the penal code of the Kingdom of Italy, has concluded its labors, having unanimously agreed that the penalty of death should be abolished.

It cannot be said that Italy abolishes the gallows from any weak, sentimental horror of bloodshed. Unhappily, crimes of violence and passion are common among all classes of her people. "Blood for blood" is the common law; the stiletto is a national institution; assassination a trade among her outlaws; and life is less safe in her cities than in those of almost any other country in Europe.

Italy puts away the gallows, because experience has fully proved that it incites more murders than it prevents—that its lesson of vengeance is unwholesome—that the ignorant and passionate can never be made to realize that it is wrong in them to redress their personal injuries in the same spirit and by substantially the same means that the State employs in redressing wrongs done to the community. She believes that, if a State is ever to teach her people effectively to forswear vengeance and bloodshed, she must begin by setting them the example.

That the reform thus instituted will prove a blessing to Italy first, and in time to the whole civilized world, we hope and trust.—*Ex. Paper.*

The Death Penalty appears to have been practically abolished in Sweden. The criminal code of that country, adopted in 1864, reduced the offences punished by death from 68 to a very few crimes, such as murder and robbery with violence. Besides, the Judges can substitute penal servitude for hanging. Since 1863, only seven persons have been executed, 61 have been condemned to capital punishment, and 235 to penal servitude for life. No executions have taken place during the last two years, though a number of persons are lying in prison under sentence of death. The object in not issuing death warrants for these convicts appears to be a desire to ascertain whether public security will be promoted by an abolition of the death penalty before formally passing a law to that effect.

The Slave Trade, now carried on along the White Nile and the borders of Abyssinia, is about to be destroyed by an expedition under the well-known traveller, Sir Samuel Baker, acting by authority of a commission from the Viceroy of Egypt. Baker will have 1500 soldiers under his command, and will have at his disposal river steamers and other suitable means for transportation. He will advance up the Nile, destroying the depots of the slave dealers, and on reaching the Albert Nyanza, will launch a steam flotilla on that lake, and thoroughly explore the neighboring region. The wife of Sir Samuel Baker will accompany him.

The Northern Lakes.—$100,000 have been appropriated by Congress this year for the survey of the great Lakes on the northern frontier of the United States. This amount is much below the appropriation for 1868. It is proposed, however, to finish the survey of Lake Superior, and to continue the experiments to ascertain the supply and outflow of the water, by gauging the short straits or rivers connecting the Lakes.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AN ADDRESS

Delivered before The Natural History Club of Philadelphia, Twelfth mo. 3d, 1868.

In accordance with the rules which govern our Club, it becomes my duty on this, our first Annual Meeting, to present a slight resumé of the work that has interested us during the past year. What a tonic to *healthy organizations* there is in that good, old, homely Saxon word *work!* The nerves throb with a fresher life, and the muscles harden at its sound. Blessed is he or she who *can* work!

We make no claim to have widened the boundaries of science in any direction; but it has been our pleasant and, I trust, *not profitless* occupation to have walked together along many flowery paths which had been trodden by other feet than ours. "Who never walks, save where he sees men's tracks," it is said, "make no discoveries."

Is it the best thing a man or a woman can do, to make a discovery? to add some new species, or even facts, to the treasury of science? Is it fruitless work to cultivate a *love* for whatever *is* lovely, and pure, and beautiful in nature? to grow familiar with the *common* things adorning life's road on every side? It is not a wearisome grammar that teaches the voice, and mood, and tense of all the tongues that sing to us in the glad summer time, or more sternly warn us in the winter. We have been searching only for the key to unlock a few of the storehouses in nature's magnificent temple; and if we have found it of iron, and a little rusty in the beginning, better use will polish it, and possibly transmute it to gold.

Our several meetings have been occupied chiefly, though not exclusively, with botanical studies, and to that subject I shall, in a great measure, confine my remarks this evening. A large portion of our work has been the analysis of plants, in order to find their names and position in classification, and we cannot deny that, sometimes, we have found this has been pretty earnest work. But this is a preliminary training which every botanist must have. Before he can repose on the high and moss-grown banks from which a general view is gained of the vegetable kingdom, he must walk in toil along the hard and dusty road of analysis. Step by step only, like children learning to walk, can we advance, understandingly, in our botanical studies. We have found difficulties in the path,—rocks have impeded us; briars and thorns have sprung up just where we thought roses should have bloomed; but never have we despaired of the final truth. It is not possible to practise much the scientific analysis of plants without, at the same time, disciplining the mind in all those intellectual faculties which best develop its strength, and fit it for life's most responsible duties. It compels the student to weigh cautiously every fact, and to

compare each fact with others related. The habit of careful, discriminative observation is continually exercised,—sight, touch, and often the taste, each brings to the bar of judgment its treasury of facts; and thus cautiously proceeding, without taking anything for granted, a chain of evidence is linked together, binding the *un*known to the known, and of strength sufficient to bear the richly-jeweled crown of Truth. Equally,—yes, I will say *better*—than the mathematics or languages, does the proper study of Natural Science develop the intellectual faculties and strengthen the judgment, and equally with them does it exercise habits of profoundest reasoning and of trained observation. "There is a great difference," says Professor Huxley, "between literary men and those who have had a thorough scientific training. In the world of letters, learning and knowledge are one, and *books* are the source of both; whereas, in science as in life, learning and knowledge are distinct, and the study of *things*, and not of books, is the source of the latter."

But the labor we have given to the analysis of plants has become a pastime, and now we venture to play a little along the road we once pursued, doubtfully and with sweating brows. Seldom now have we difficulty in referring a plant to its proper natural order, and thus have we learned the first great practical lesson in our science.

On March 15th, Flora sent her first gift of flowers to the Club. The little DRABA VERNA and the SYMPLOCARPUS FŒTIDUS came out in time to hear the first croakings of the frogs, though both plants are often found earlier than that date. Then, swiftly following in the warm woodlands and the sunny meadows, we heard the coming footsteps of EPIGEA and STELLARIA and CLAYTONIA. The HEPATICA, too, soon opened its white and blue eyes, and SANGUINARIA felt its red blood stir in the early spring-time. There is a joy inspired by the spring's first blossoms, not felt by the later gifts of the season; and they have a *personality* not belonging to the, perhaps, richer gifts of summer. They are the early notes,—heralding the coming of that Divine Spirit which rides the sunbeam, and which sings to us a language like this:—

"I am the spirit which dwells in the flower,—
Mine is the exquisite music that flies,
When silence and moonlight reign over each bower,
That blooms in the glory of tropical skies.
I woo the bird, with his melody glowing,
To leap in the sunshine and warble its strain,
And mine is the odor, in turn, that bestowing,
The songster is paid for his music again."

It would be wearisome and profitless, at this time, to note all the plants which came before us at our summer meetings. Our weekly excursions in the country furnished rich harvests for analysis, and it has been not rare for more than one hundred species to be reported on those occasions. Probably most of our commoner plants have been on our table, as well as not a few of those the books call rare. It is affectation in a botanist to love and search for only the *rarities* of his science. True, as plants are ordinarily studied from books and in schools, the student wearies and is driven over hill and dell to search for something really fresh and interesting. The common flowers we played with in our childhood, and wreathed in chaplet or love-token, ever shall remain the pets of our manhood, and over our grave we would prefer to have the Violet and the Columbine mingled with Innocence rather than the scented Rose of Persia.

"Can any please,
And light the infant's eye like these?
No! No! There's not a bud on earth,
Of richest tint, or warmest birth,
Can ever fling such zeal and zest
Into the tiny hand and breast."

In the Middle Ages, the prize awarded to the best poet was a golden Violet:—

"And in the golden vase was set
The prize,—a golden Violet."

"The Romans used to make wine of violets, and the Turks still infuse it in their sherbet. The Highland ladies of former times used the violet as a cosmetic,—the old Gælic receipt being: 'Anoint thy face with goats' milk in which violets have been infused, and there is not a young prince upon earth who will not be charmed with thy beauty.'"

In our plant-studies, we have neglected no opportunity to learn as much as possible of the tissues which built up the great fabric of the vegetable kingdom. Cells, in their numerous modifications of size and form and grouping, with their often delicate and beautiful markings, bearing rich deposits of starch or gum, or fragrant oil, or sparkling with raphides, have been somewhat studied. The spiral vessels and ducts, which creep through the other tissues like arteries through our bodies, are quite familiar to the class. The anatomy of the leaf, in its beauty and complexity,—of the stem, in both its types in flowering plants,—of the stamens and pollen,—have claimed a share of our notice. I state only a common truth, when I say that no other botanical class in the city has better facilities for the study of vegetable anatomy, or has given more attention to that important department of botanical science.

It is a delusion to suppose that a scientific knowledge of plants can be taught from books or charts. These will help in showing what ideas others have had on any subject; but, in Botany—which is a demonstrative science—

the student wants ideas of his own. He must see with his own eyes, touch with his own hands, and work with his own brains. The teacher should instruct each student how to isolate each one of the plant's tissues from the other, in order that a separate study may be given to each, and then, by sections cut from the mass, all these separate elements should be studied, as they are united to form the several organs. The student should be taught, as an illustration, to take a leaf and separate it into its primary tissues,—in one vessel to put the epidermis, in another the parenchyma, in another the wood-cells, and so on with the spirals and ducts and raphides and glands and latex tissue, if present, and all should be perfectly clean, and then he should be instructed how to preserve all these in a way best suited for scientific study. And until he masters, in this way, the elements of his science, he never can rise to the sublime conception of the Divine idea as figured in a plant. *Then* does botany become a science proudly holding her head on a level with mathematics or the languages, as a means of intellectual culture. But is botany *so taught* in our schools or our colleges? Let teachers furnish the answer.

During the hot summer months, the Club held no regular meetings: the members absent in the country sent in reports. From Pennsylvania's beautiful mountains, in Potter county, came STREPTOPUS ROSEUS, CLINTONIA BOREALIS, and VIOLA BLANDA,—positively that, and not PRIMULIFOLIA nor LANCEOLATA, into which forms the BLANDA sports in this vicinity,—v. ROSTRATA, and CANADENSIS. We were told, too, that the TRIENTALIS AMERICANA and the beautiful WALDSTENIA FRAGAROIDES mingled their starry flowers in the Hemlock's shade, like Purity and Truth, under sorrow,—sometimes, though rarely,—mingle in the commerce of men. We saw the rugged mountain-rocks, those sentinel-watchers of the toils of men, girt by the clasping arms of EPIGEA in full bloom, and the TIARELLA and DENTARIA hung their delicate flowers from heights not easily reached by human foot. Oh! how much there is in our science to call us upward, and to entice us to turn our eyes, at least, toward the stars! Over all these early gifts of summer, pouring their fragrance over mountain-rocks, like childhood perfumes and gladdens age, hung the Columbine. Folly's flower! its clusters of spurred petals resembling a fool's cap, rather than a nest of doves.

"Then gather roses for the bride,
Twine *them* in her bright hair,
But, e'er the wreath be done,—oh! let
The Columbine be there.
For rest ye sure, that follies dwell
In many a heart that loveth well."

From the roar and damp spray of Niagara, we are told of the EUPHORBIA HELIOSCOPIA, (is it so called, because it stares at the sun without winking?) and of the CALAMINTHA GLABELLA, or the "beautiful mint" (looking like just what it is not), and the ISANTHES: of course we have all seen CALAMINTHAS enough. From the old fort of Ticonderoga, after war's barbaric strife has passed away, springing from a soil consecrated by the blood of American soldiers, were gathered twining Harebells. Grace and beauty meet in this plant, as in no other. Child of the light! Ellen's airy foot, near Loch Katrine, could not tread thee to earth:—

"E'en the slight Harebell raised its head,
Elastic from *her* airy tread."

At Trenton Falls, too, it hung from the lips of the wet rocks in company with CYSTOPTERIS BULBIFERA.

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

TO THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

It is a subject of regret that the valuable principles professed by our Society—principles which were founded on the doctrines and precepts taught by our Divine Master and His disciples, and which cost our forefathers much suffering in promulgating them to the world—should apparently be so lightly prized by a portion of our members. A belief seems to exist that it is no longer incumbent upon us to observe, so strictly, our various testimonies; that the good seed sown broadcast by our predecessors, has taken root in other religious societies, and sprung up yielding fruit of its kind. This impression that our mission is measurably finished, we fear, is fraught with danger. Never perhaps was there a period when the support of our principles was more needed than at the present time, or when it was more important that there should be those amongst us prepared to proclaim against the spirit of Anti-Christ, so prevalent in the present day, and also against the false doctrines and delusions which are abroad in the world.

Were we more attentive to the manifestation of light, which was the guide of our predecessors, and more willing to submit to the restraining Hand, and also in obedience to our Lord's command, "To take up our daily cross and follow Him," we should find our path often so narrowed that we could not adopt the vain customs and usages of the world, and should therefore be led, as were our fathers, *not only to see* the beauty and excellency of those principles, which were the foundation and bulwarks of our religious structure, but would be willing *to embrace them*, although it might be at the sacrifice of

worldly possessions. Thus should we be prepared to become advocates of the truth, and having submitted to the Forming Hand, might be instrumental not only in turning the minds of the people from the gross errors and false doctrines which abound in the land, but also in calling the attention of professors of Christianity from their many forms and rituals, from the *externals* to the *living* substance —"Christ within the Teacher of His people."

But we must ever be mindful, that of ourselves we can perform no good work. Our safety, therefore, depends upon waiting to be instructed by the Most High, and in letting Him go before us as our leader. By following the pointings of the finger of truth, we shall assuredly be led aright; and may we be attentive to every impression of duty, however small, not knowing but our feeble efforts may be blessed, as in the case of the little lad David, whose confidence in God enabled him, with a simple sling and five small stones, to slay the mighty Goliah. Let us, dear friends, ponder seriously on these things, each making the inquiry, What influence am I exerting for good in the world? The consistent walk of the humble Christian availeth much in arousing the slothful to the importance of doing their work in the day-time. Ofttimes when much counsel and precept have failed in bringing the wanderer to a sense of his condition, the silent example of the meek and lowly follower of the blessed Jesus has proved effectual. May we be increasingly diligent, that the light which has so conspicuously emanated from our religious body may not be obscured—that it may not be "hid under a bushel." The *possibility* that such may become our condition, is a serious—a solemn reflection.

In connection with this subject, there is one which the writer feels deeply interested in, and desires to awaken a similar interest in the members of our Society—that of the importance of more widely circulating the writings of Friends—those which contain our doctrines and principles; not confining the distribution of them to our own members, but, as suitable opportunities present, spreading them abroad to those not professing as we do, believing there are very many who are earnestly seeking "the Pearl of great price," but whose minds are distracted by the "Lo! here is Christ," and "Lo! He is there." These might thus be invited to come to the living Fountain, "to draw of the waters of Life," which all may be partakers of "without money, and without price. And, as we recognize all men as brethren, we desire that all may enter the fold of Christ without distinction of sect. S. M. H.

5th mo. 3d, 1869.

EXTRACTS FROM UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS OF GEORGE DILLWYN.

As the hypothesis or systems which have hitherto appeared for ascertaining the character of the Messiah are various,—some of them contradictory, and none perhaps so clear as to obviate all doubt and exception,—it seems reasonable to suppose that the subject is too deep for rational investigation, and unnecessary to be comprehended by us;—that therefore Divine Wisdom has cast a veil over it, impervious to the eagle-eyed curiosity of man, and never to be rent by his most strenuous efforts. If this is the case, would it not at least be prudent for us, in mutual condescension, to suspend our fruitless endeavors—leave every one to his own conceptions on the subject, and try if we may not unite in adopting and confining ourselves to such doctrines as are unequivocal,—easily understood,—and that cannot be denied; such as, if strictly regarded and obeyed, will effect our salvation from sin and our restoration to the Divine favor.

The professors of Christianity generally admit that mankind are in a lapsed estate from the immediate or spiritual government of their Creator,—that nothing short of his own power can possibly extricate them from the bondage of corruption in which they are involved, and that for this end he has graciously devised an adequate means, and given them clear directions to it, with instructions how to avail themselves of it.

Our business, then, is simply and sincerely to attend to those directions,—to study their signification, and consider whether or not we are disposed to conform to our convictions of their truth. . . . .

The Scriptures inform us that the end of the coming of Christ into the world was to take our condition upon him, and in his own person to conflict with and overcome all the evils of nature to which we are in bondage; to cast up, and lead the way out of it, into the heavenly state from which we have fallen; to obtain for us and impart to us gifts of the same power, that by virtue thereof we may follow his footsteps, and have part in his resurrection. In the time of his outward ministry, he therefore referred his disciples to this power alone for their instruction and guidance into all Truth; and at the close invested them and others "out of every nation under Heaven" with it, telling them that after they were so endued, they should be his witnesses unto the uttermost parts of the earth: and "lo," said he, "I am with you always to the end of the world."

THE essence of the Divine unity is *Love*. God can only be known by loving him.

LOVE TO THE CREATOR.

This feeling, which lies at the foundation of all religion, may exist in two forms, as a sentiment and as a principle. When any impulse arises in the mind, the will must take action upon it; if it approves, and resolves to encourage it, and act according to its promptings, it then becomes a principle. But if the impulse be slighted, or indulged as a mere feeling, and not suffered to work itself out into action, then it dies out, or exists only as a vague and dreamy sentiment. Thus, we often find persons who intellectually appear to possess this sentiment of love to the Creator, without its exhibiting any active power; and there are those who can speak touching and sublime expressions on the subject, while indulging in the most unworthy conduct. Just as in nature, though no rose could blossom without the vital energy that only the Author of Creation can impart, yet no garden can thoroughly please the eye, without the care of man to dress and to keep it; so the feeling of love to God implanted in the heart must be nourished if its influence is to be maintained. The feeling of love within us is only available when used by our own free choice and will and determined energy of action. Socrates asked an atheistic friend, if he had not observed that man is never so well disposed to serve the Diety as in that part of life when reason bears the greatest sway, and the judgment is in its full strength and maturity, and that those kingdoms and commonwealths most renowned for thier wisdom and antiquity are those whose piety and devotion have been the most observable. Every man must have some ruling principle; every character some ruling force. Goodness can never be negative, or simply innocent. It must be positive and earnest. We love innocence in a child, but strong, active, living virtue is necessary to goodness in a man, and this can only be obtained by the careful cultivation of the living principle of love to the Creator. It is this vital force that gives courage, wisdom and strength; that lightens the most wearisome duties and soothes the saddest sorrows. There are people rigid in battling against heresy, and denouncing opinions different from their own, who are yet utterly lacking in the deep foundation principle from which all such opinions ought to spring. The honorable lawyer ever keeps in view the fundamental principles of legal morality, in all his argument and practice, while the mere pettifogger will quibble about petty technicalities, mistaking them for the essence of the law. Many persons mistake the love of a sect for the love of God. But far above all sects, and all parties, is the love of truth, to which our allegiance should even be supreme. To cultivate most successfully this principle we must cease to cherish whatever is inconsistent with it. It is a law of our physical nature that the vital force, directed to one function, is by so much absorbed from the others. The *supreme* love of business or pleasure, or honor, will be sufficient of itself to stifle and eradicate this principle, which if cherished and trained, will rise above all other affections, and develop the entire character. The careful regulation of the body, the training of the mind, and the discipline of the moral faculties, all conduce to this end. The power of habit cannot be overrated, and religious habits are, like the pressure of the atmosphere, silent and uniform, but all-pervading. This love of the Creator, cherished and cultivated as the supreme and ruling principle of life, is the secret of all true happiness. He who possesses it need not fear calamities or reverses, for they will come to him as the wise dispensation of a kind and loving Father, who cannot err; and all his joys will be enhanced by the fillial gratitude that will pervade his breast.

It is the dust and the rust which the liquid mercury has contracted that impair the beauty of its lustre, and prevent the union of its divided globules. And what is it but earthly contamination and unworthy passions that keep true Christians apart.

THE LAKE OF GENNESARET.

The first glimpse of its waters the traveller will have had from the top of Tabor; they also lie opened out wide before him from the top of the Mount of Beatitudes. But the first full view, as it is approached by the regular road, is on the descent through the hills, whose summits form the boundary of the plain Hattin, and which, on the other side, slope abruptly down to the lake itself, as it lies a thousand feet below the level of the country. Whether it be tame and poor, as some travellers say, or eminently beautiful, as others think, there is no doubt that it has a character of its own. It is about thirteen miles long, and in its broadest parts six miles wide; that is, about the same length of our own Windermere, but of a considerably greater breadth. In the clearness of the Eastern atmosphere, it looks much smaller than it is. But what makes it unlike any of our English lakes is the deep depression, which gives it something of the strange, unnatural character that belongs, in a still greater degree, to the Dead Sea, and, in a smaller degree, to all lakes of a volcanic origin. As we descend through the rocky walls which encompass it, its peculiar situation makes itself more strongly felt. Another climate begins.

In the summer or late spring, all travellers speak of the excessive heat, as they sink below the bracing atmosphere of the hills of Galilee into the deep basin of the Jordan lakes. In the early spring it is not so; but, even then, the natural features at once indicate that we are approaching the temperature of Jericho and the Dead Sea.

Like Olivet at Jerusalem, like Nazareth, like Galilee generally, it is connected with no cycle of sacred associations but one, and that the holiest of all. The contrast it presents to its sister lake on the South, gives to the natural features of the Sea of Galilee a peculiar interest. If the southern lake is the Sea of Death, the northern is emphatically the Sea of Life. From the earliest times this lake has been renowned for its fisheries. Two of the villages on its banks received their names from that source, and all of them sent forth their fishermen by hundreds over the lake; and when we add the crowd of shipbuilders, the many boats of traffic, pleasure, and passage, we see that the whole basin must have been a focus of life and energy; the surface of the lake constantly dotted with the white sails of vessels flying before the mountain gusts; the beach sparkled with the houses and palaces, the synagogues and the temples, of the Jewish and Romish inhabitants.

It was to these scenes that He, whom His fellow-townsmen at Nazareth rejected, came. He "came down" from the high country of Galilee, where He had hitherto dwelt; and from henceforth made His permanent home in the deep retreat of the Sea of Galilee. It was no retired mountain lake by whose shore He took up His abode, such as might have attracted the Eastern sage or Western hermit. It was to the Roman Palestine almost what the manufacturing districts are to England. Nowhere, except in the capital city itself, could He have found such a sphere for His works and words of mercy; from no other centre could His fame have so gone "throughout all Syria;" nowhere could He have so drawn round Him the vast multitudes which hung on his lips, "from Galilee, from Decapolis, from Judea, and from beyond Jordan." He came to preach the Gospel to the poor, to the weary and heavy-laden, to seek and to save that which was lost. Where could He find work so readily as in the ceaseless toil and turmoil of these teeming villages and busy waters? The heathen, or half-heathen, publicans would be there, sitting at the lake-side at the receipt of customs.

Another remarkable feature of the lake must always have been the concentration of varied life and activity in a basin so closely surrounded with desert solitudes. The plain of Gennesaret, enjoying its tropical climate, even now presents a striking contrast to the bare hills, thinly dotted here and there with scanty grass, which embrace it. In ancient times this near contrast of life and death, population and solitude, must have been brought to its highest pitch. It was these desert places, thus close at hand on the table-lands, or in the ravines of the eastern or western ranges, which seem to be classed under the common name of "the mountain," that gave the opportunities for retirement and prayer. The lake, in this double aspect, is thus a reflex of that union of energy and rest, of active labor and deep devotion, which is the essence of Christianity, as it was of the life of Him in whom that union was first taught and shown.—*Stanley's Sinai and Palestine.*

TROUBLES FROM TRIFLES.

Some of the worst troubles of life arise from misunderstandings and disagreements about the merest trifles. The fretfulness of human life destroys quite as much happiness as war. Peevishness roughens the daily experience of thousands of families, and scatters its little stings into the whole material of life. In each single case the wound inflicted may appear of little consequence, but the aggregate of them all causes deeper anguish than all those afflictions that come from sources over which we have no control. Forbearance is a virtue seldom appreciated. It may be simply repressing impatience, curbing an angry tone, or maintaining silence when provoked; an apparently trifling work to do for once, yet one which would promote every day and hour the good of all with whom we come in contact. The trifling circumstances of little concerns, everywhere repeated and multiplied, make up the great bulk of life's experience. If we could trace back the history of the majority of alienated friendships, divided families and unhappy homes that have saddened the earth, we should find their origin mainly in trifles, sometimes so insignificant in their commencement as to be almost imperceptible, save to the microscopic eyes of envy and jealousy. There are occasions involving principles of truth and justice, in which forbearance ceases to be a virtue. In nearly every such case, however, it is found that self-respect must first be sacrificed before we have occasion to displease others by opposition, while in most cases forbearance is neglected solely from selfish motives of interest or pride. A person of fine abilities and magnanimous virtues may even fail to meet the appreciation, or produce the good of which he is capable, by a captious, fretful temper.

Though forbearance is an unambitious and unobtrusive virtue, yet its influence is so great in the aggregate, that it may well demand industrious culture. It is not obtained by occasional strong efforts and severe struggles, but by improving every opportunity to quench strife and secure harmony till this course of conduct grows into a habit, and kindness and tenderness become natural. By persons of hasty temper, it can only be acquired gradually, and by continual acts of self-restraint, while if its refreshing fruit be not carefully cultivated, the contrasting weeds of irritability and censoriousness will surely take possession of the soil. Differing as all do in constitution, circumstances and interests, they must often differ in opinions, in beliefs, and in desires, and only mutual concessions and a full recognition of the rights of others can bridge over the chasms between men. If people would remember how often all need forbearance, and that the only allowable supplication must be to be forgiven *as* we forgive, there would perhaps be less disposition to be severe and resentful towards those who offend in the small concerns of life.—*Daily Paper.*

A Little Boy's Faith.—Last winter a little boy of six or eight years begged a lady to allow him to clean away the snow from her steps. He had no father or mother, but worked his way by such jobs.

"Do you get much to do my little boy?" said the lady.

"Sometimes I do," said the boy, "but often I get very little."

"Are you never afraid that you will not get enough to live on?"

The child looked up with a perplexed, and inquiring eye, as if uncertain of her meaning, and as if troubled with a new doubt.

"Why," said he, "don't you think God will take care of a boy if he puts his trust in Him, and does the best he can?"—*The Moravian.*

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

The obituary notice in the *Intelligencer* has told us that "thy house is indeed left unto thee desolate." But in thy outward stripping I feel persuaded that He who "comforteth us in all our tribulations," will comfort thee by His holy presence, and in His abounding mercy abundantly pour into thy stricken heart of the "oil of joy," and cause thee to sing praises, high praises, unto thy God,—and the God of thy honored relative.

It was with *much* interest we read thy account of the closing days of his valuable life, that so verified what is written in sacred record of "the path of the just—that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." In the humble Christian's abandonment of self and all self-exaltation, (the strong man laid low,) how truly beautiful was his simple, child-like reliance on a saving arm alone,—how teaching his unswerving faith,—and how greatly touching his gratitude and thankfulness for all his mercies. When to the purified spirit "these shadows" *have* fled away, and the "perfect day" has opened, how comforting, how consoling to the mourner, to contemplate the blessed change; and how encouraging to the drooping mind that the same entrance awaits the left behind ones, on the same terms of pardon, which we must all humbly seek, "*strive*," and hope for.

I noticed, and was made glad, at the Editorial remarks in one of your numbers, entitled, "Plea for Children," objecting to the present style of dressing young children. I wish I could say that I think the mothers with us, on this side of the ocean, *are not so unwise* as with you—but the same disposition and want of prudence prevail. It is a great, and I fear, increasing folly, and necessarily introduces to other deviations, and is an incentive to many evils. Very refreshing it is when an independent mind has courage enough to meet an opposing tide, and precepts are borne out by example.

The difficulties and trials to which our dear friend has been subjected, have brought us into near sympathy with her. I have sometimes thought, when pondering on the sorrows and afflictions incident to this life, whether there are gradations of happiness in a future state, and that if there are, those would seem to be entitled to the fairest inheritance who have borne with meekness and Christian resignation the greatest suffering on earth. But we must rest in the conclusion that the ways of Providence are inscrutable, and till we enter the abode of the blessed, the veil will not be withdrawn. The afflicting scenes, which we almost daily witness around us, are enough, one would think, to quicken our diligence in pursuit of the crown at the end of the race.

The religiously concerned mind will ever be introduced into suffering, when there is manifested, especially in those who are active in the administration of our discipline, a disposition to make clean the outside of the cup and the platter, while the inside is left unclean or uncared for; but let us still trust that He who hath called will fulfil His de-

sign, even that of having a people, who, by walking in the light, will show forth the excellency of the unspeakable gift. Many are the turnings and the overturnings experienced in the Christian life, but surely there is a foundation that standeth sure, and those who build thereupon shall not be overwhelmed, neither can they be driven from their refuge by the whirlwind.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 15, 1869

PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING.—The Meeting of Ministers and Elders convened as usual, on Seventh-day, the 8th inst., holding two sessions. The attendance was unusually large, only five of the representatives being absent.

On First-day morning three meetings were held at Race St.,—two in the Meeting-house, and one in the Central School building; these were so crowded that many were unable to gain admission. In each of the assemblies, acceptable service was rendered by ministering Friends, of our own, and other Yearly Meetings.

Green Street Meeting-house was comfortably filled, below stairs. Many who were unable to obtain seats at Race Street meetings might have been accommodated, and found it "good to be there." It was felt to be a refreshing season. The truth was declared with power. Allusion was feelingly made to the circumstance of there being then present three Friends,who thirty years ago were called to the work of the ministry, all members of Green Street Meeting at the time. Separating soon after, one found her field of usefulness in Canada, another settled in the southwest, and the third,(the speaker,) in the neighboring State of New Jersey. Now they had met, after years of gospel labor, at "this feast of love."

Spruce Street Meeting was small in the morning, but the afternoon sitting was large and full of interest. The Indulged Meeting in the northern part of the city was well attended, as were also Race Street and Green Street evening meetings.

On Second-day morning the Yearly Meeting assembled at the accustomed hour and place. Women's Meeting was unusually large for the first sitting; the Men's Meeting was also large. Minutes for the following friends from other Yearly meetings were read,—viz.: Mary H. Watson and her companions, Isaac Phillips and wife, from Yonge Street Meeting, held at King, Canada West; Esther Haviland and her companion, Phebe S. Haight, Shappaqua, New Castle Monthly Meeting, New York; Rebecca Price, Little Falls Monthly Meeting, Maryland; Israel and Jane Drake, Rensselaerville Monthly Meeting, New York; John Needles of Baltimore; John J. Cornell, Rochester Monthly Meeting, New York; William Ellis, Monallen Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania; Absalom Mendenhall and wife, elders of White Water Monthly Meeting, Indiana, and Andrew Moore and Caleb Way, elders from West Branch Monthly Meeting, Penna.

The company of all these, together with others, who are in attendance without minutes, was acknowledged to be acceptable.

In both meetings, epistles from the Yearly Meetings with which we correspond were read, to the comfort and edification of the assembly. Much exercise was felt and expressed that none might grow weary in well doing, and that all might be faithful in whatever is required. The young were encouraged to seek the path of true wisdom, not fearing to take up the cross whenever it stands in their way, being assured that peace will be the reward.

The attendance of Women's Meeting in the afternoon was still larger. Allusion was made to the power for good that so large an assemblage as was there convened might wield in the encouragement of virtue and for the suppression of vice.

The present condition of the Indians, our duty towards them, and the new responsibilities placed upon the Society of Friends by the late request of the President, claimed the consideration of the meeting. Much expression was given in favor of appointing a joint committee, to inquire what can be done by this Yearly Meeting to promote their welfare and encourage those Friends who feel constrained to go among them, and labor for their advancement in the arts of civilized life. On taking the concern into Men's

Meeting, it was found that the same subject had claimed their attention. Its further consideration was deferred till Fourth-day afternoon.

(Will be continued next week.)

NEWSPAPER READING.—Perhaps few persons are sufficiently aware how much their characters are influenced and moulded by those things upon which they voluntarily permit their thoughts to dwell. The present age is one in which the Athenian desire "to hear or to tell some new thing" is fed and strengthened by the facilities which modern life furnishes. We live in a *newspaper* age. Not only is learning, science, and all useful information disseminated, but even the sanctuary of private life is sometimes invaded, to furnish food for this craving.

"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent it,"

is realized to an extent of which the poet little dreamed. But it is not alone with the best or even the indifferent doings of our fellow beings with which we are familiarized by the daily paper, but with impurity, fraud and vice of all kinds as well. These accounts are not given in general terms, or with a tone of sorrowful disapproval or indignant reproof, but the revolting details are dwelt upon and described sometimes with humorous and slang phrases, until the feeling heart sickens in view of the amount of corrupted aliment every day distributed, poisoning the springs of thought and action especially in the young.

It may be that the evil must be left to work its own cure, and that effort and protest would be unavailing to prevent it. But in the meantime it is the duty of each individual to protect himself and family as much as possible from these contaminating influences; first, by selecting the newspaper that has least of the detail of vice and crime, and least abuse of political opponents, and then resolving to abstain from reading articles of this character. It is said of Sidney Smith that he made it a rule never to read articles with such headings as "Horrid Murder," "Atrocious Fraud," "Unheard of Cruelty," &c., and that he did not permit them to be read by his family, or made the subjects of conversation by them. Why do any of us indulge in reading in a newspaper or magazine, that which we should avoid ourselves and discourage in others, if presented in a bound volume? The question is easily answered. In the leisure of the early morning, perhaps, the daily paper is taken up, and after those items of business or other information in which special interest is felt are examined, the eye wanders carelessly over the page, and is arrested by some one of the headings already alluded to, and before we are aware our interest is enlisted. When the family assemble at the table, these horrors become the subject of conversation, thus causing the mind to dwell upon them, until at last the taste for such excitement is formed, and is sought voluntarily. This process may take place even with serious and thoughtful persons; those who before leaving their chambers have lifted up the heart to God and asked for preservation through the day. We would query with such and with all, whether the indiscriminate reading of a newspaper is the best preparation for the duties of the day? Whether the time generally allotted to it might not be employed in a way better calculated to strengthen the affections and the will to meet those trials of our virtue which each day brings with it? Whether our tempers would not be calmer and sweeter, our patience and self-possession more entire, if each day we re-entered the busy world with cautious, watchful steps, instead of rushing into it by pre-occupying our minds with all the events, good and bad, that took place yesterday? This abstinence might involve the necessity of acknowledging ignorance of much that transpires, but it is an ignorance of which no one need be ashamed. The wise man, when he sits down to a table loaded with every variety of eatables, will select from among them those which are most wholesome and nutritious, leaving to the glutton the poor pleasure of partaking of all, to the detriment of his health; and shall we be less careful in regard to our mental food?

ERRATA.—Those who file the *Intelligencer*, will please to make the following corrections in the second column of the first page of the last number, in the article headed "The Indians."

To the top of the column, transfer the line "Of the Society—one here, and another there"—which is now the first line of the first column on the second page.

In the third line, for "weaknesses," put "wickedness."

In the twelfth line, for "President and Lee," put "President and Secretary."

Died, of paralysis, at her residence, on Long Island, Third month, 1869, Cynthia Searing, in the 81st year of her age. Her remains were interred in Friends' burial ground at Westbury, after a solemn meeting held in Friends' Meeting house on the occasion, in which testimonies were borne to the sufficiency of the "Spirit of Truth" to preserve from error, and to lead into "all Truth," which had been exemplified in her conduct and conversation through a long life. Though not a member of the Society of Friends, she was fully convinced of its religious principles, and maintained its testimonies, frequently attending our meetings for worship, in which her countenance gave evidence that her mind was engaged in solemn worship. She was remarkable for her industry and economy, being thereby enabled to assist the needy. She was plain in her dress and address, and pleasant and cheerful in the social circle, giving evidence that her mind was peaceful, and of her care and concern to keep a conscience void of offence to God and man. She was beloved by her relatives and friends, who mourn over the void they feel in her removal, yet who are comforted in the belief that their loss is her great gain. R. H.

A WOMAN'S PERSEVERANCE.

Philadelphia, March 8th, 1869.

To the Editor of The Independent;

As the elevation and the opening up of new avenues for the employment of the abilities of women is attracting the attention and deep interest of the most liberal minds in this and other countries, I feel that I am doing the cause and your readers service in narrating the work of one woman in this direction.

On Saturday, the 27th of February, occurred the commencement of one of the oldest dental colleges in this country, the Pennsylvania; and amongst the graduating class was one of the so-called weaker sex, who seemed very much at home amongst her professional brethren, and naturally attracted the attention of all and the deep interest of a large portion of the audience.

The practical demonstration of the truth of a disputed theory is worth infinitely more in compelling its recognition than any amount of assertion, however well presented it may be in words. The heroic courage of Elizabeth Blackwell, and the equally courageous and persistent efforts of the brave women who have followed her example, has at last found a full reward in the co-operation of some of the most brilliant minds in the centers of medical instruction. This has been accomplished without waiting until the theory of woman's equality had taken possession of men's minds in advance of demonstrated facts.

While women have sought and found instruction and eminence in this field, that of dentistry has not been regarded with favor. This is the more remarkable when it is considered that the duties pertaining to this profession are more nearly suited to the supposed tastes and habits of the sex. While the medical practitioner is exposed, at all times of day and night, to all kinds of weather and unpleasant experiences, with no hours to feel entire release from duty the dentist operates in pleasant parlors, at a labor by no means oppressive, and can close at such times as suits his convenience. The objection will probably be urged that but few women possess the strength sufficient to extract teeth. In answer to this, it may be truthfully asserted that this operation need not be performed and is not now performed by every practitioner. Specialists in this branch are to be found in all our large cities since the introduction of anesthetics, and these doubtless will continue to increase. But, were it otherwise, any woman of ordinary strength may remove a tooth, as this depends more on skillful manipulation than upon mere brute force. The subject of the present article is by no means a powerful woman; yet she was able to perform her whole duty in this respect, equally with the men by whom she was surrounded.

Two women have thus far graduated in dentistry—one in Cincinnati, several years ago, Miss Lucy Hobbs, now married and settled in the far West; and Mrs. Henrietta Hirschfeld, the lady of whom I am now writing. Having completed her year of preparatory study, she left Berlin, Prussia, in the fall of 1867, for this country, to enter upon the full course of collegiate instruction. A daughter of a Lutheran clergyman, she was born on an island of the coast of Schleswig, then a dependency of Denmark, and in early childhood removed with her family to Holstein. Her entire education was received from her faithful father, who, although an orthodox minister, was of liberal cast of mind—a trait largely inherited by his energetic daughter.

Marrying early, and moving in the best circles of that section, she had ample opportunities in home duties and society to develop womanly qualities and character. Early left a widow, she was thrown upon her own resources. Accepting an invitation from friends in Berlin, she went there with the idea that in that great metropolis more opportunities were afforded for a situation that suited her taste and accomplishments. The question of opening a wider field for the exercise of woman's faculties was most clearly brought to her mind by her own position, which forced upon her observation the lamentable fact that for the great mass of German women there could be no hope beyond the merest drudgery,

unless new avenues were opened to employ their talents. She, therefore, determinedly resolved to do her part, and devote her life to improve the condition of her sisters in that country. It must be remembered, in this connection, that this subject has made little or no progress in Germany. While England and America are in a state of rapid growth on this question, the Germans regard it not only as an infringement upon the rights of men, but a departure from the sphere legitimately prescribed by Nature for women.

It was, therefore, an effort of more than ordinary magnitude for her to enter upon this resolution. She could hope to count upon the sympathy of only the few, while the many would cast her out as one attempting to unsettle the usages of the fatherland. But she found a few even there who could appreciate her motives and give essential aid in the furtherance of her designs; and to these she is largely indebted for whatever success has attended her thus far. She was also favored in that celebrated city to mingle, in the homes of her friends, with the most distinguished men and women of her country; but, leaving all these attractions, she entered the laboratory of a dentist, and worked faithfully, also fitting herself by careful study for her future work.

Upon the recommendation of distinguished American friends, she determined to cross the Atlantic, and finish her studies in this country, having been informed that women here were freely admitted to medical schools. This course was rendered imperative, as all scientific institutions were then closed to women.

A great and apparently insurmountable difficulty in carrying this out had to be overcome. The laws regulating professional practice are severe in Prussia, as well as in other parts of Germany; and it was useless to attempt the fulfillment of her designs without first securing the consent of her government to practice on her return. With characteristic energy she addressed herself to this almost hopeless task. At the outstart she was fortunate in securing the co-operation, and enthusiastic admiration for her project of the late Dr. Lette, President of the "Association for Improving the Condition of Women." Unfortunately for her, this gentleman died during the past summer, universally lamented by all classes. Not since the funeral of Humboldt have the citizens of Berlin seen so large a concourse of her people in attendance to honor the remains as upon this occasion. Dr. L. enjoyed the patronage and entire confidence of the Crown Princess of Prussia, whose interest in the elevation of her sex has been manifested in various ways and upon many occasions. With such influences brought to bear in her behalf, she was enabled to secure the coveted document, in which she was authorized to practice on her return, providing she could procure a diploma from an institution legally authorized to grant one.

With this valuable missive, and two or three letters of introduction, she arrived in Philadelphia, and at once made application to the faculty of the Pennsylvania College for matriculation. Anticipating no trouble, she was astounded to learn that, after all her labor and anxiety, she was likely to be met at the very threshold with a negative answer to her application. The conservative element predominated here; but by the determined efforts of the minority she was finally admitted.

The effect of a woman's entrance to the lecture-room, amongst so large a number of male students, was soon evident. While at first the majority were reluctant to recognize her right to be there, and met her entrance with hisses, the influence she exerted was plainly manifested in better order, more care in dress and address, and altogether there was a higher tone exhibited. So marked was this that even those most opposed acknowledged the fact, while they condmned the introduction of a woman to the school.

The ability manifested in performing the operations of the infirmary of the institution very soon forced respect from all, and before the winter was over a tacit acknowledgment was seen and felt in the controlling influence she exercised over the class. The success of the experiment was acknowledged on all sides; and so marked was this that the professor of anatomy and surgery, having the fear of the consequences before his eyes, insisted that this case should not be held as a precedent.

The second session in the college was entered upon with similar good results. Her opinion in difficult cases was constantly called for, and received as authority. In fact, she was looked upon by both professors and students as the best of her class. This feeling was demonstrated as a fact when, upon final examination, but one other reached the same standard of excellence.

I have thus entered into detail to rebut the assertion, so often made, that woman is incapable of arriving at the same results as man, even where equal opportunities are offered. As a dental operator she stands without any superior in her class; and in performing the labors of her profession she has evidenced no more fatigue than her male companions.

At the commencement, in the presence of two thousand people, the degree of "Doctor of Dental Surgery" was conferred upon her

by our much-respected townsman, Henry C. Carey. The sympathies of the audience were manifested by the loud applause as she ascended the platform to receive it; and the bouqets and congratulations of friends were ample recompense for the many anxieties encountered.

She will shortly return to Berlin, to practice her profession; and it is to be hoped that she may meet with the success she has so hardly earned.

Her example should be an incentive to others, both in this country and elsewhere, to go and do likewise. But, while expressing this hope, it must be acknowledged that the difficulties attending the instruction of women in the colleges now organized are so many that it will be necessary either to organize colleges specially devoted to them, or to add dental professorships to the medical colleges now established, for women. In either case, I believe we shall have in the future women earning honor and emolument in this profession, as in others. X.

Selected for Friends' Intelligencer.

THE USE OF TOBACCO.

Were it possible for a being who had resided upon our globe to visit the inhabitants of a planet where reason governed, and to tell them that a vile weed was in general use among the inhabitants of the globe it had left, which afforded no nourishment; that this weed was cultivated with immense care; that it was an important article of commerce; that the want of it produced real misery; that its taste was extremely nauseous; that it was unfriendly to health and morals; and that its use was attended with a considerable loss of time and property,—the account would be thought incredible, and the author of it would probably be excluded from society for relating a story of so improbable a nature. In no one view is it possible to contemplate the creature man in a more absurd and ridiculous light than in his attachment to tobacco.

The progress of habit in the use of tobacco is exactly the same as in the use of spirituous liquors. The slaves of it begin by using it only after dinner; then, during the whole afternoon and evening; afterwards before dinner, then before breakfast, and finally, during the whole night.

I knew a lady who passed through all these stages, who used to wake regularly two or three times every night to compose her system with fresh doses of snuff.

The appetite for tobacco is wholly artificial. No person was ever born with a relish for it; even in those persons who are much attached to it, nature frequently recovers her disrelish to it. It ceases to be agreeable in every febrile indisposition. This is so invariably true, that a disrelish to it is often a sign of an approaching, and a return of the appetite for it, a sign of a departing fever.

I proceed now to mention some of the influences of the habitual use of tobacco upon morals.

1. One of the usual effects of smoking and chewing is thirst. This thirst cannot be allayed by water, for no sedative or even insipid liquor will be relished after the mouth and throat have been exposed to the stimulus of the smoke or juice of tobacco. A desire of course is excited for strong drinks, and these, when taken between meals, soon lead to intemperance and drunkenness.

2. The use of tobacco, more especially in smoking, disposes to idleness, and idleness has been considered as the root of all evil.

3. The use of tobacco is necessarily connected with the neglect of cleanliness.

4. Tobacco, more especially when used in smoking, is generally *offensive* to those people who do not use it. To smoke in company, under such circumstances, is a breach of good manners; now, manners have an influence upon morals. They may be considered as the outposts of virtue. A habit of offending the senses of friends or strangers by the use of tobacco cannot therefore be indulged with innocence.

I shall conclude these observations by relating an anecdote of the late Dr. Franklin. A few months before his death, he declared to one of his friends that he had never used tobacco in any way in the course of his long life, and that he was disposed to believe there was not much advantage to be derived from it, for that he had never met with a man who used it who advised him to follow his example. Benjamin Rush, M. D.

WAITING.

Learn to wait—life's hardest lesson,
Conned, perchance, through blinding tears;
While the heart-throbs sadly echo
To the tread of passing years.

Learn to wait—hope's slow fruition;
Faint not, though the way seem long;
There is joy in each condition,
Hearts, through suffering may grow strong.

Constant sunshine, howe'er welcome,
Ne'er would ripen fruit or flower;
Giant oaks owe half their greatness
To the scathing tempest's power.

Thus a soul, untouched by sorrow,
Aims not at a higher state;
Joy seeks not a brighter morrow,
Only sad hearts learn to wait.

Human strength and human greatness,
Spring not from life's sunny side;
Heroes must be more than drift-wood:
Floating on a waveless tide.

For the Children.

SUPPOSE.

BY ALICE CARY.

How dreary would the meadows be
In the pleasant summer light,
Suppose there wasn't a bird to sing,
And suppose the grass was white!

And dreary would the garden be,
With all its flowery trees,
Suppose there were no butterflies,
And suppose there were no bees.

And what would all the beauty be,
And what the song that cheers,
Suppose we hadn't any eyes,
And suppose we hadn't ears?

For though the grass were gay and green,
And song-birds filled the glen,
And the air were purple with butterflies,
What good would they do us then?

Ah, think of it, my little friends;
And when some pleasure flies,
Why, let it go, and still be glad
That you have your ears and eyes.

—*Oliver Optic's Magazine.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"GARDENS, &C."

The writer was interested with the remarks of an "*amateur gardener*" (L. J. R.) in the *Intelligencer* of the 17th ult., the *spirit* of which might be extended almost ad infinitum. He has often deeply regretted the inattention and indifference so prevalent amongst farmers, not only on the subject of "*early gardening*," but in reference to *fruits*, and the importance of growing early the *very best varieties* of vegetables—in fact the best of everything.

True, we see tact and untiring industry where *truck farms* are depended upon by the proprietors for a livelihood, but we would have the ambition manifested by these to find a place on *every* farm. The labor attendant upon the experiment would be amply repaid, not only with the products themselves, but with the satisfaction enjoyed in their consumption. Once fully and fairly realized, and it would be found the word *labor*, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, was a misnomer, to be replaced with the more agreeable one of *pleasure*.

The writer is no farmer—not even an "amateur gardener"—though some thirty years since he had a slight taste of the latter, in the *then* suburbs of the city; and he feels tempted, as an appropriate adjunct to the subject under consideration, to add a little "*hen story*," not doubting, however, but that more astonishing ones can be found.

During the First, Second and Third months (comprised in 90 days) of one of the years of his suburban sojourn, he had from *four hens, two hundred and eleven* (211) eggs, the weekly instalments varying from twelve to twenty seven each week; that is, no week less than the former nor more than the latter. The plan adopted was to buy the very earliest spring chickens that come to market, and to keep the most promising for laying hens. And these should not be kept over two, or at most three years; far better this than to depend on antiquated favorites, no matter how vaunted the *stock* might be.

In addition to this, they were *well housed*, having a suitable portion of the stable for shelter during the night, and through the day free ingress into it and the yard at pleasure. In the latter were plenty of small pieces of bricks and mortar—the light refuse of the recently erected buildings. These, and occasionally a few very small pieces of raw meat, were not objected to by the hens; and we felt we were amply repaid for the little care taken.

Subsequent conversations with good practical farmers and farmers' wives have confirmed the efficacy of the *early* selection and after treatment. If this theory be true, how much better to keep the "spring chickens" *at home*, instead of bringing them off to market for the trifling advance in price they may bring as a delicacy. Should these hints be deemed worth the space they will occupy in the *Intelligencer*, they are at the disposal of the Editors.

J. M. E.

Phila., 4th month, 1869.

MOTHOLOGY.

"They shall all wax old as a garment; the moth shall eat them up." *Isaiah.*

"Yet they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca with moths." *Shakspeare.*

The word *moth*, when properly used, embraces a large number of the smaller night butterflies, and it is only by a misuse of language that, it is made to mean the little insect of which housewives complain.

This little animal belongs to the order *Lepidoptera*, that is, it is a butterfly, properly speaking, and not a bug, nor a fly, nor a beetle, nor a cricket, nor an ant, much less a *reptile*. It is distinguished from all the other orders of insects by its scaly wings, which are covered with minute beautifully shaped and colored specks, arranged like tiles upon a roof.

One thing you must observe, that is not the moth itself in its perfect, butterfly state that does the mischief. That is an innocent animal, without teeth, and incapable of doing harm, and taking no nourishment whatduring its brief existence.

I must observe that the moth, or caterpillar, which eats holes into your woollens, is a very different animal from that which damages your carpets, as well as that which injures your furs. They are all moths, so

called, but different in species, and, also, in coloration. However, a careless observer would not discern the distinction, and it matters neither to the housewife. The clothes moth rejoices in the name of *Tinea vestianella;* the carpet moth is *T. tapetzella*, and the fur moth is *T. pellionella*, rather long and hard names for such tiny little creatures, but the language of science has no measure.

The *Tineans* in their winged state have short and slender feelers, and a tuft on their foreheads and very narrow wings, which are deeply fringed. They lay their eggs mostly in the Spring, in May and June, and die soon afterward. The eggs hatch out in about fifteen days, and the little whitish caterpillars, or moth-worms proceeding from the eggs, immediately begin to gnaw the substance within their reach and cover themselves with the fragments, shaping them into little hollow rolls, some species carrying them about on their backs as they move along, and others fastening them to the substances they are eating, and then enlarge them from time to time, by adding portions to the two open extremities and by gores set into the sides (you ladies know what that means) which they split open for that purpose. Concealed within their movable cases, they carry on the work of destruction through the summer, but in the autumn they leave off eating, make fast their habitations, and remain at rest and seemingly torpid through the winter. Early in the spring, they change to chrysalids within their cases, and in about twenty days afterwards are transformed into winged moths, and come forth, flying about until they are ready to lay their eggs. They then contrive to slip into cracks, into dark closets and drawers, under the edges of carpets, in the folds of curtains and of garments hanging up, and into various other places, where they immediately lay the foundation for a new colony of destructive moth-worms.

Early in June, the prudent housekeeper will take care to beat up the moth quarters and put them to flight, or to disturb them so as to defeat their designs and destroy their eggs and young.

With this view, wardrobes, closets, drawers and chests should be laid open and emptied of their contents, and all woollen garments, bedding, furs, feathers, carpets, curtains and the like should be exposed to the air and to the heat of the sun for several hours, and should not be put back in their places without a thorough brushing, beating or shaking. By these means, the moths and the eggs will be dislodged and destroyed. Powdered black pepper strewed under the edges of the carpets, is said to repel moths. Sheets of paper sprinkled with spirits of turpentine, camphor powdered coarsely, leaves of tobacco, shavings of red cedar or of Russia leather, should be placed among the clothes, and when they are laid aside for the summer. Furs, plumes and other articles, not in constant use, are best preserved by being put with a few tobacco leaves and bits of camphor into bags of thick brown paper, closely sewed up at the end. Moths can be killed by fumigating the article containing them, with tobacco smoke or with sulphur.—*Lutheran Observer.*

ITALY—THE DEATH PENALTY.

A dispatch from Florence states that the Court of Appeal, which has for some time been considering the penal code of the Kingdom of Italy, has concluded its labors, having unanimously agreed that the penalty of Death should be abolished. We may, therefore, with confidence anticipate an early expulsion of that penalty from the land of Beccaria and Cavour.

Italy is a kingdom of some twenty-five millions of souls. If not yet entitled to rank among the Great Powers of Europe, she certainly stands first among the kingdoms of the second class—above Spain, Sweden or Turkey. She has risen rapidly from the third or fourth-rate position held by the kingdom of Sardinia from 1815 to 1859, and her alliance is assiduously courted by France on the one hand, Prussia on the other, in view of that struggle for the mastery which cannot be much longer postponed. Intelligent politicians expect the Pope's remnant of political sovereignty to lapse on the death of Pius IX., so that Italy will be one from the Alps to the southernmost cape of Sicily; while the southward slopes of the Alps, though now Swiss or Austrian, are Italian in geography, in language, in race, and gravitate toward the new kingdom with a momentum that cannot forever be resisted.

It cannot be said that Italy abolishes the Gallows from any weak, sentimental horror of bloodshed. Unhappily, crimes of violence and passion are common among all classes of her people. "Blood for blood" is the common law; the stiletto is a national institution; assassination is a trade among her outlaws; and life is less safe in her cities than in those of almost any other country of Europe.

Italy puts away the Gallows, because experience has fully proved that it incites more murders than it prevents—that its lesson of vengeance is unwholesome—that the ignorant and passionate can never be made to realize that it is wrong in them to redress their personal injuries in the same spirit and by substantially the same means that the State employs in redressing wrongs done to the com-

munity. She believes that, if a State is ever to teach her people effectively to forswear vengeance and bloodshed, she must begin by setting them the example.

That the reform thus instituted will prove a blessing to Italy first, and in time to the whole civilized world, we most profoundly hope and trust.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A PLEA FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Don't expect too much of them. It has taken forty years, it may be, to make you what you are, with all their lessons of experience; and I dare say you are a faulty being at best. Above, all don't expect judgment in a child or patience under trials. Sympathize in their mistakes and troubles; don't redicule them. Remember not to measure your child's trials by your standard. "As one whom a mother comforteth," says an inspired writer, and beautifutly does he convey to us the deep, faithful love that ought to be found in every woman's heart, the unfailing sympathy with all her children's griefs. When I see children going to their father for comfort, I am sure there is something wrong with their mother.

Let the memories of their childhood be as bright as you can make them. Grant them every innocent pleasure in your power. We have often felt our temper rise to see how carelessly their little plans have been thwarted by older persons, when a little trouble on their part would have given the child pleasure, the memory of which would last a lifetime. Lastly, don't think a child a helpless case because it betrays same very bad habits. We have known children that seemed to have been born thieves and liars, so early did they display these undeniable traits, yet we have lived to see the same children become useful men and women, and ornaments to society. We must confess they had wise, affectionate parents. And whatever else you may be compelled to deny your child by your circumstanees in life, give it what it most values, plenty of love.—*Epis. Methodist.*

DANGER OF REVERIE.

Do anything innocent rather than give yourself to reverie. I can speak on this point from experience. At one period of my life I was a dreamer and a castle-builder. Visions of the distant future took the place of present duty and activity. I spent hours in reverie. I suppose I was seduced in part by physical debility. But the body suffered as much as the mind. I found, too, that the imagination threatened to influence the passions, and that if I meant to be virtuous I must dismiss my musings. The conflict was a hard one; I resolved, prayed, resisted, sought refuge in occupation, and at length triumphed. I beg you to avail yourself of my experience.—*Channing.*

NERVOUS BABIES.

Commenting on a letter from a mother, who testifies against the soothing syrups and crying babies, Mrs. Stowe says, in *Hearth and Home:*

We are much pleased to hear that a woman who has had so much experience does not believe in the institution of cross babies. We like her condemnation of all the nostrums, teas, and stimulants with which the morning of life is often deluged. Her mode of proceeding, in all its parts, can be recommended for good, average, healthy children.

Now, the direction about putting a child away alone to sleep, without rocking or soothing, is a good one only for robust, healthy children. For the delicate, nervous kind I have spoken of, it is cruel, and it is dangerous. We know one authentic instance of a mother who was trained to believe it her duty to put her infant to bed in a lonely chamber and leave it. Not daring to trust herself in the ordeal, she put on her bonnet, and positively forbidding her servants to go near the child; went out for a walk. When she returned the child was still, and had been so for some time. She went up to examine. The child had struggled violently, thrown itself over on its face, and a pillow had fallen over it, and it was dead from suffocation.

Nervous children suffer untold agonies from *fear* when put to bed alone. No tongue can tell the horrors of a lonely room to such children. A little delicate boy, whom his parents were drilling to sleep alone, used to scream violently every night, and his father would come in and whip him. He mistook the pertinacity for obstinacy, and thought it his duty to conquer the child's will. One night he said: "Why do you always scream so, when you know you will be punished?" "O father, father!" said the little fellow, "I don't mind your whipping me, if you'll only stay with me." That father's eyes were opened from that moment. He saw that a human being cannot be governed by dead rules, like a plant or an animal.

No, mother; before you make up a plan of operation for your baby, *look at it, and see what it is*, and use your own common sense as to what it needs.

Look at yourself; look at your husband; look at your own physical habits—at his, and ask what is your child likely to be?

Children of smoking fathers have often their brains and nervous systems entirely impregnated with the poison of *nicotine* in the helpless age of infancy. A couple came to

a country place entirely for the health of their only boy, a feeble infant. The child was pale and sickly, constipated in bowels, and threw up his milk constantly. The parents had but one room, in which they lived with him, and which was every evening blue with tobacco smoke. Every evening that helpless little creature took into its lungs as much tobacco as if he had smoked a cigarette. Still more than this—the mother who was nursing that infant did what was equivalent to smoking one cigar every evening—she breathed her husband's smoke. No, if your baby smokes cigars, you will find, by and by, when he come to need brains, that his brain-power will not be found. He will be fitful, starty, morbid, full of nervous kinks and cranks, one of those wretched human beings who live a life like that described by Hawthorne in his story of "Feathertop"—only capable of existence and efficiency while smoking, but sinking into dimness and stupidity when he stops.

Such are some of the chances of poor babies!—*Presbyterian.*

A HINT TO TOUCHY PEOPLE.

"I learned a good lesson when I was a little girl," says a lady. "One frosty morning I was looking out of the window into my father's farm-yard, where stood many cows, oxen and horses, waiting to drink. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows, in attempting to turn round, happened to hit her neighbor, whereupon the neighbor kicked and hit another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with great fury. My mother laughed and said:—'See what comes of kicking when you are hit.'

Just so I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears on a frosty morning. Afterwards, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say:

'Take care, my children. Remember how the fight in the farm-yard began. Never return a kick for a hit, and you will save yourselves a good deal of trouble.'"—*Cultivator.*

Some employments may be better than others; but there is no employment so bad as the having none at all. The mind will contract a rust and an unfitness for every thing, and a man must either fill up his time with good, or, at least, innocent business, or it will run to the worst sort of waste—to sin and vice.

ITEMS.

The work of connecting the Central and Union Pacific Railroads was completed on the 10th inst. Each stroke of the hammer, driving the last spike in the last rail, was reported by telegraph to all parts of the country.

The eclipse of Eighth mo. 7th will be the only total eclipse visible in this country during the present century. Our Coast Survey Department will observe it at Springfield, Ill., Des Moines City, Iowa, and at other places. Professor Winlock, of Harvard College, goes with a party to Shelbyville, Ky., and will direct the spectroscopic observations. We trust our best photographers will improve the occasion to display their skill.

The Mount Cenis Tunnel.—The latest official report of the Mount Cenis tunnel states that the total excavation on Third mo. 15th was 31,017 feet, leaving 9,975 feet to be pierced in order to complete the work. The directors announce that the hard quartz rock has been passed, and that the excavation will hereafter proceed at the rate of 427 feet a month.

The Barometer in Mines.—It has lately been noted that fire-damp explosions in mines have all been preceded by a great fall in the barometer, showing such a change of atmospheric pressure as to permit the excessive escape of the foul gas. This instrument has therefore been recommended as an important adjunct in mining operations, and a writer recently recommends one filled with water instead of mercury; a kind of apparatus well-known to physicians as giving highly magnified indications of changes of pressure.

Works of art of great antiquity and value are still found in the excavations of the Roman Emporium. Among several fine blocks of marble recently brought to light is one bearing the consular date of Vespasion and Titus, about A. D. 75, the year in which the Temple of Peace was dedicated.

The Boston *Transcript* says: "A curious present has been sent to Whittier from Brazil. One of the poet's most beautiful pieces is the 'Cry of a Lost Soul,' founded on a tradition of Northern Brazil, to the effect that the lonely nocturnal cry of the bird called by the people on the Amazon the *Alma de Caboclo* or *Alma perdida* (the soul of the Indian, or the Lost Soul,) is not the cry of a bird, but of

"'The pained soul of some infidel.'

"This poem so interested the Emperor of Brazil that he translated it very faithfully and poetically into Portuguese, and sent an autograph copy to Whittier. It was also translated by Pedro Lins, a Brazilian poet, and published widely in South America. The Emperor furthermore sent to Mr. Whittier two fine stuffed specimens of the *Alma perdida* (the *Piaya Cayena Lin,*) but through the *honesty* of the captain of the vessel, or of the New York Custom House, the birds never reached Amesbury. A few weeks ago two other unstuffed specimens were sent from Brazil to the poet, and have recently been 'set up' by Charles G. Brewster, at his place in Tremont street, where these 'lost souls' have attracted much attention. They are to be forwarded to Whittier to day."

The Ramie, the new grass said to be suitable for the manufacture of paper, is about to be cultivated in Egypt, several Pachas having written to the United States to obtain the seed. The papyrus, from which the name of paper is derived, was first grown along the banks of the Nile for the use of the scribes of Alexandria, and the connection between the primitive and the modern material is worthy of notice as a sign that Egypt is waking up to the advance of civilization.

"The largest rose bush in France is at Toulon. It covers a wall seventy-five feet long by eighteen in height, and near the root measures two feet eight inches round. In the Fourth and Fifth months it produces fifty thousand roses."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AN ADDRESS

Delivered before The Natural History Club of Philadelphia, Twelfth mo. 3d, 1868. By J. GIBBONS HUNT.

(Concluded from page 163.)

Nearly all our reports speak of the EPILOBIUM, and of the GERANIUM MACULATUM, so widely are they distributed. From the Delaware Water-Gap ten Ferns are reported, but most were familiar to the Club. The sweet voice of a member comes to us from the old mossy well where Molly Pitcher rendered herself famous by drawing water for our wounded and thirsty soldiers on June 28th, 1778. It is natural to link our love of flowers with the shrines of our country, which memory still cherishes.

The old "Tennent Church,"—the oldest in New Jersey now used for worship,—daily sweeps its shadow over soldiers' graves who fell in our great struggle for liberty. Strangers visiting it are shown its box pews and quaint galleries, its high pulpit and sounding-board, and the visitor sits thoughtfully on the rough seats, stained with blood, where soldiers slept in days of battle. The same member measured a hill of corn morning and evening for two weeks, and found the growth was two and a-half inches in the daytime, and five inches during the night. And corn growing near some purple beans had its cobs purple when gathered. Here are two important *facts.*

From Bordentown, New Jersey, we are told of CALOPOGON and DROSERAS, and CEPHALANTHUS and NYMPHÆS; and from farther down the State,—a dismal place for memory to run back into,—it is said the LYGODIUM and HABENARIAS, and POGONIAS and Floating Hearts grow. Well, from the mountain and from the sea, came familiar voices: from Wyoming Valley we heard the Harebells ring; and in Buck Valley, we are told the Flora resembles that of the Schuylkill. HABENARIA FIMBRIATA, with its liquid ciliated lips, told us it grew near Watts' Gap, in the Bunker Hill range, in close company with RHUS VENETATA. Poison and splendor, how often are they allied in this life! From Maryland, from Loudon's hills, and hills of Carroll, we look on the same carpet that covers *our* landscape. From hills and from meadows,

> "Where brooks run along,
> With their sweet sing song."

have our working men sent us the glad tidings, that the spirit of life which first whispered to us in the spring from the little DRABA VERNA, has "mantled all the land and leaves and grass, and mossy-tinted stones, with summer glory." "Therefore, let us greet each wandering flower-scent as a boon from *Him*, each bird-note quivering 'midst light summer leaves, and every rich celestial tint unnamed, wherewith transpierced, the clouds of morn and eve, kindle and melt away."

I would be doing injustice to the Club, did I not allude to our work in cryptogamic botany. This department, so puzzling to students often, we have not found to be surrounded with insurmountable difficulties. Some members of the class could identify a spore of EQUISETUM, if picked up at random in the forest; and we are all familiar with the Silica in the epidermis of this order.

Of the sixty Ferns mentioned in our books, we have learned the physiognomies of thirty-five. Their jewel-like spore-coses, at maturity, bursting and sowing the golden germs of other generations, and often carved with gorgeous tracery, you know, have always interested us. But we have found occasion to study more closely than this the marvelous biography of the Ferns.

If we germinate a seed,—I mean the embryo in the seed,—we get a plant resembling that which produces the seed. But in the germination of a spore we have observed a different result. It passes through several preliminary stages before it reaches its final development. It climbs, step by step, the devious ladder of life. Indeed, "nothing in the living world is made at once fit for the highest purposes of which it may be capable. In all the countless crowds of living beings, —in all the countless particles of each,— there is not one but in the history of its life we may read a *gradual* attainment of its highest destiny; not one but has a time in which its true purpose is yet future; its true design yet unfulfilled: and although even in its rudiment it is not useless, yet there will be a time when, with higher powers, it will take part in the designs of a more perfect state." We have seen the spore of the Fern germinating,—first, a little vesicle appears on on side; this assumes the form of a little filament,—a few little cells *in a row*, resembling the Conferva, one of the lowest families in the Cryptogamic series. Next, this row of cells has others added to it on either side, until a minute membrane or frond is formed; and each cell is now filled with chlorophyl; and this is the prothallus, or second step, and resembles in appearance the Liverwort, an order higher than the Conferva.

On one part of this prothallus are developed cells of a peculiar kind, and set apart for a special function. The life of the spore is now about to evolve those singular organs, which are analogous in function to the stamens and pistils of the flowering plants. Nature's processes are wonderfully uniform, whether she fashions the feathery Fern in the meadow or rears toward heaven the marvelous column of the SEQUOYA GIGANTEA. On this prothallus round cells appear, elevated somewhat above the general surface; these are soon filled with secondary cells, which presently give evidence of a singular motion in the interior of each. Gradually all enlarge, and soon these secondary cells rupture and give exit to the antherozoids, which are minute cells of a definite shape, and driven about in the water by cilia attached to one end.

The organ we have described is the antheridium, and it has matured millions of motile cells, each one of which represents the life of the future Fern. So minute are these bodies, that countless millions of them might spin out their brief lives in a tear-drop. On what a slender thread, now, does the life of the Ferns depend. Cells a thousand times too small to be seen by unassisted eyes, swim around in oceans formed of dew-drops, each freighted with its infinitesimal cargo of life. Let danger or shipwreck come, now, to these antherozoids, and the south winds of the coming seasons would search the woods and the meadows for LYGODIUM and ONOCLEA and OSMUNDA in vain. On other parts of the prothallus, cells of another kind are formed, arranged one on the other around a central canal, like bricks in a chimney, and these little organs,—called pistillidia,—are elevated quite above the surface of the prothallus. Down at the bottom of these pistillidia lie the embryos of the future Ferns, and there would they lie forever, did not the antherozoids descend these little chimneys, and come in contact with the embryos, and thus start into life a new growth, which soon develops into young Ferns. Do we not love these graceful plants more, after having studied out their biography in this manner? We cannot avoid the conviction, that the poetry of facts and of science is richer than fiction; and *blind* would we be, if we failed to see, in our study of the Ferns, that the same mysterious Power which keeps the smallest planets ever nearest the sun, nurses, also, these plant-atoms, sporting, as it were, in the very cradle of life.

Our work among the Mosses has revealed a history closely parallel with that of the Ferns. Their capsules carved, often with beautiful stomata, and fringed with the peristome,—single in ATRICHUM, double in MNIUM: the OPERCULA, ANNULUS, COLUMELIA, and swarming golden spores are familiar to every member.

Among the Liverworts, too, we have made some acquaintances. MARCHANTIA has shown us *its* flask-shaped antheridia and swarming antherozoids: its pistillidia resembling those of the Ferns; its beautiful stomata built up over fairy grottoes lying in the fronds. Its oval spores and twining elators, as well as those of GRIMALDIA and PELLIA, and ANEURA and others, have passed over the fields of our

microscopes. We have noticed the exquisite spiral cells lining their capsules, and noted their analogy with similar structures in the anthors of some flowers. At the right season, nature turns the key, and these spiral elastic cells in the capsule and in the anthor alike, spring open, and scatter the spores or pollen abroad.

In the boundless harvest-fields of the Lichens and Algæ and Fungi, we have gleaned only enough to awaken a desire for further knowledge, as opportunity shall offer. Deeply interesting has been our work among the Cryptogams, and many have been the beautiful chapters revealed to us in this department of nature's magnificent volume. Pages written in small type, you may think; but each letter is stamped in chaaming shape, and shines with a lustre, only less than that of the stars.

"In every clime, on every shore,
They cling, or creep, or twine;
Where bleak Norwegian winters roar,—
Where tropic summers shine."

I have been speaking of the past. Let us now send our thoughts onward, a little into the future. You will all believe me, when I say there is still some work waiting to be done. The *naming* of a species is not of principal importance in the scientific study of botany. We have found it desirable to learn a few hard terms, and quite easy to *forget* a great many. But to know a plant, is to have familiarized ourselves with a thought of the Creator! to know its name, is to have learned only a fragment of the ever-changing systems of men.

Shall we ask of the coming year a few reasonable questions? The Squirrel Corn (DICENTRA CANADENSIS) is a plant easily obtained in this locality. Why are its six stamens united in *two* sets of three each? and why has the middle anther of each set two cells: the lateral one *only* one cell? Does each kind of anther, in this plant, produce pollen alike in form, and alike in function? and which pollen is it that fertilizes the plant? Or in LESPEDIZA, where the anthers appear to be alike, why is one stamen left standing alone, and nine others united? Is it pollen from the nine, or from the solitary one, that is commissioned to transmit the life of the plant, after its own kind, forever? Where such a difference in form is so apparent, may it not be *possible* a difference in function exists too? and the detection of that difference, if it exists, or the proof of its obsence, would be as interesting, perhaps, as the identification of all the species of this rather puzzling genus. You remember that bouquette of Fringed Gentian which came before us at a recent meeting, with its petals blue and dark and cold, like patches of the wind-clouds of October! It cannot be cultivated in gardens; it never makes its home under the rich man's window, nor does it listen to the hum of the wheel in the poor man's cottage. Is it a parasite? Will it bear no nursing, save in the lap of its wild mother, nature? hear no song, but the wild laugh of the rill? Questions like these are waiting solution:

"And so the 'thought' intently gleaning,
O'er fields of 'yet unwritten' lore,
May light upon a holier meaning,—
A meaning never found before."

In this way then, my friends and comrades, have I endeavored to recall some of our pleasant recollections of the past year. Only a few crumbs from our weekly table have I brought here this evening, more for refreshment than solid nutrition. I have not said all. Perhaps the best part of every mind is just that which is left unsaid; as, when the water is poured from the glass, some always lingers at the bottom. The time we have spent in our semi-scientific, social meetings has not been profitlessly spent. Our efforts to keep a little life in the tree of knowledge have elevated somewhat the tone of the society in which we have daily mingled; and as we have learned to live in more intimate fellowship with the natural world,—which is but the foreshadowing of the supernatural,—I indulge the hope that we may have gathered a *little* strength against the day of trial. We have seen the flowers of summer fade, and stern autumn come, and with his pale and frosty fingers streak the leaves with gold and purple before he blew them into dust; and my concluding wish for each one of you, my friends, is, that when *your* leaves of life shall drop, you may come out in glory, like the Witch-Hazel, after all these summer beauties shall have passed away.

A CHRISTIAN LIFE.

What is a Christian life? It is a life of the human soul, derived, not alone from natural laws, not alone from the incitements of society, and procured by human causes, but distinctively and peculiarly a life which is derived from God. It is a life which results from the union of our minds and the divine mind. It is distinct and peculiar in this: that it is not an occasional excitement, an orgasm; it is not the access, as the ancients believed, to a divine spirit once in a while: it is the indwelling of the divine influence in the human soul, in such a way as that man has an insight and inspiration higher than any that can come by natural and material causes. It begins in this fact: this is the vital fact: it is the key note to the

whole theme—namely, that there is a divine power which lapses into the human soul, and that by that divine power the faculties of men become competent to do and to be what they cannot be or do when left to the laws of nature or society. You may call this a miracle. I do not. You may call it supernatural. I say it is not supernatural. The action of the divine mind upon the human mind is as much a part of the course of nature as the construction of the human mind itself was; and it lies in the realm and within the bound of a truly conceived nature. Under such an influence is developed a personal experience deeper than any that otherwise could have been developed—personal experience which awakens and develops, finally, Christ's character, and which educates our nature and our habits into a likeness of Christ's nature and habits.

I think that this may be comprehensively stated in three words—purity, love, activity; purity, including all that which is meant by righteousness, uprightness, integrity, truth, justice, fidelity; love, developing all that which is taught of God, of Christ, and of the Holy Spirit; their benignity, and pity, and sympathy, and mercy, and love—to come back to the same term again; and activity, embracing the inevitable employment of all this resurrection power upon men as a force upon other men and upon the world itself. As Christ is pure, and loving, and energetic, so every one that becomes a disciple of Christ has instituted in him a tendency towards universal purity, universal love, and universal activity.

Not only does this life begin by divine influence, but it is continuous, and it develops itself by communion with God, as its indispensable cause, all the way through life. It is not a work that is completed and then left. That which began must continue; and, therefore, Christ is called the "Author" and the "Finisher" of our faith. He that awakens in us by the Spirit this new tendency, this spiritual tendency, broods upon the soul—that is, constantly nourishes it, and stimulates it day after day, and develops it into the perfect character of a man in Christ Jesus.

These are, then, the original elements of Christian life: the power of God and development in the human soul. Under that power takes place the development of the soul into purity, and love, and activity. And the continuity of that life is maintained under such a disclosure and development, and by the continual presence, communion, and power of the Spirit of God.—*H. W. Beecher.*

"God delighteth in mercy." "*Mercy shall be built up for ever.*"

HOME.

BY JOHN F. W. WARE.

Having spoken of the house, I have something now to say of the family in the house.

The idea of seclusion, isolation, is still fundamental. As the house should stand alone, so should the family be alone. It is a curious fact that the word *home*, in its derivation, signifies to enclose. A home is an enclosure, a secret, separate place,—a place shut in from, guarded against, the whole world outside. This idea is essential to it all the way through, and it is because of this seclusion, this shutting in, and the host of virtues which only so are possible, that there cannot be found in the whole range of language, ancient or modern, a word to convey the idea of our English word *home*. It is the centralizing of the joys, interests, affections of the heart, upon the place of abode,—partly the result of temperament, and partly the necessity of climate,—it is the sacred seclusion in which the family dwells,—which has gradually led to the establishment in the Anglo-Saxon race of a home, a word in itself suggestive of a variety and a combination of virtues, possessions, and hopes beyond any other. Obliged by climate to seek comfort within doors, our English ancestors gradually accumulated the means of happiness about their abodes, until the home has become, as we have received it of them, the beneficent foster-mother of all that is best in the heart and in the man. It is from the fact that we are an in-doors people, that much of our peculiarity and our advantage comes. As another has said, "Make this whole nation an out-of-door people, teach them to find their amusement, their happiness, away from home, in gardens, in *cafés*, in the streets, as it is in France and Italy, and it would be as difficult to maintain our Republic as it has been to establish one in Paris and Rome. No one who has ever visited those cities, or Naples or Venice, or who has studied the habits and customs of their population, can fail to see the cause of their violent commotions, and uneasy, restless striving. The mass of the people are without homes and home influences. They live out of doors, in perpetual excitement, and the only idea of home to thousands of them is a place to sleep in."

Even the German, many of whose domestic habits and customs we should do well to imitate, hardly fashions his home after the better English model. He does not so much bring his joys and pleasures to his family, as take his family with him to his joys and pleasures. You meet a Yankee upon a holiday, and he is either alone or with one of his own sex seeking amusement; you meet an Irishman, he is stalking onward with his

hands in his pocket, while puffing and toiling behind him, with baby and bundle, shuffles and sweats his wife; but the German comes with all his household gods, lending a hand at the babies, good-natured and thoughtful of the good wife, and though, like Mrs. John Gilpin, "of a frugal mind," determined that the time should be a good one generally. He takes his home with him where he goes, and so God bless him for that; but I think he and it go too much to make it ever the one great love. Indeed, the German love seems to be rather for the Fatherland than the one home spot, while that Swiss home-sickness, of which we hear so much, is largely a pining for the free mountain air and the wild mountain life. Climate, temperament, seclusion, combine to make the English homes, and that of those who are English in descent, the peculiar and separate places they are. However false we or they may be to it, we should all be grateful that we have so pure a model as the ideal Anglo-Saxon home.

In ordaining the home the Divine Mind seems to have laid broadly and deeply the foundations of an institution which should satisfy the wants of the most uncultured, at the same time that it should be capable of stretching itself out so as to satisfy the highest aspirations of the most refined. Doubtless the primeval homes before the flood answered every desire, as those within the Arctic Circle, of which Dr. Kane has given such graphic description, still do. Man at an advanced stage of culture is not content with these. They only offend. His home must be a very different thing, not only outwardly, but inwardly; not only in all its daily ordering and purpose, but in its very commencement. At a low stage of advancement, that commencement may be of no special moment. Upon what principle the male and female come together may be unimportant. It may be a matter of barter, or of compulsion or of caste, or of any whim or accident. Where the woman is to be the drudge, or slave, to grind the corn, drag the plough, or carry the burdens,—where the man is the indolent tyrant or lord, the hunter or warrior alternating with the lethargic brute, and the children are to grow only to the same stature,—it makes little odds how the family is brought together. There are no special duties and obligations arising from the connection, to be influenced decidedly one way or the other by it. But as men advance in civilization, and become amenable to Christian laws, the manner in which a home shall be commenced is of first and lasting importance. Everything in its success depends upon the fitness of the founders of the home to each other and their work. They who propose to marry have in the outset a most difficult question to settle It is not one in which fancy, or passion, or property, or position, or caprice, custom, or convenience, should have a word to say. They have to consult, not merely for the present, but for the future; not merely for their own good, but for the good of those whom God shall by and by intrust to their charge. It is the most important question given to man's decision, for of it are even the issues of eternity. When I think how inexperienced we are when the choice is made, by what motives we are swayed, by what customs blinded, by what outsides deceived,—when I think how impertinently base considerations thrust themselves in upon a decision so momentous,—I wonder that so many escape a fatal error, that so many homes are fair and bright with love and promise. When we reflect that the selection is often made, and the future determined, at a time when we consider no habit or principle of character fixed, one may almost marvel that a Divine wisdom should have left the matter to individual decision; and yet God has done in this, as he always does, that which is best. Where we are compelled to go, we find neither happiness nor virtue; and were wives and husbands chosen for us,—were marriage a compulsion, and not a choice,—the home would sink rapidly back toward barbarism. Kings, and the so-called nobles, marry thus, but do the chill splendors of their state create a home? May we not define the word *home* as a thing impossible for kings, and say of it, that freedom of choice is one of the corner-stones of its permanence and purity and value?

While few, I suppose, will deny that the greatest precaution should be exercised in the matter of choice, that marriage should not be the mad freak of a passion or the stupid bargain of convenience or of gold, there is a question lying behind this, not often thought of, but none the less momentous. A writer, whom I cannot but think speaks wisely, says: "The seasonable time for the exercise of prudence is not so much in choosing a wife or a husband, *as in choosing with whom you will so associate as to risk the engendering of a passion.*" And here I shall come to an issue at once with the younger portion of my readers, if not with their parents. The younger will ask, why should you seek to circumscribe the freedom of acquaintance, by suggesting the possibility that out of it may grow some serious, perhaps not wise, affection? I reply, Because serious and not wise affection have again and again sprung out of the unguarded, unsuspecting intercourse of the young. The parents will say, Why suggest the idea of love at all to

those too young to be thinking of it? Why put an awkward constraint upon intimacies and companionships so pleasant and so innocent? I reply, that the idea is in the heads, if not in the hearts, of the young already, and we all know it. Every young person of seventeen or eighteen years of age shows by the accidents of conversation, if in no other way, that this thing floats more or less distinctly before them. At this age, the young are constantly having their partialities, if not their loves,—many affections which shape and control the lives of the parties and of generations do grow up at that time,—and knowing that, and how uncontrollable and unaccountable are the leaps and leanings of the young heart, a wise, a religious, even a worldly prudence, would demand care in the choice of associates.

I do not think it prudish or unnecessary to say to those of that age, in presence of the fact of such exposure, Let your society be with those among whom you are not afraid to run the risk of a serious attachment. And I must go a step further back than this, and say that this is not a matter to be left wholly with the inexperience of the young, but should be one of the things thought of by father and mother. The older civilization of England and the Continent attends to this,—in many cases too exclusively attends to it, leaving the child no freedom of choice whatever. We, in deference to our ideas of liberty, leave the whole thing with the young. No young people in the world are so early and so exclusively their own masters. Parents elsewhere have something to say about many things with which parents among us are not permitted to meddle. Too often the last advice sought by the young is parental advice. The young man and the young woman choose their own associates; why, they could hardly tell you, but mostly the whole thing is an accident. It is equally accidental whether the parents know them by name or by sight. They are street and party acquaintances, sometimes never introduced to the home, and the first thing parents may know is, that they are called on to receive into their affections, into a son's or a daughter's place, one of whose character and antecedents they know absolutely nothing. In this they are not true custodians of their children's welfare. They have failed at least in one of the earlier necessities of their relationship,—in getting the confidence of their children. I am no advocate of a sytem of espionage on the part of the parent. I abhor everything like management and manœuvering; the deliberate, pitiful making of matches: the unnatural trade that parents sometimes make,—the soul of a child for the purse of a rascal. But I ask if there be not a middle ground which may be safely and wisely taken,—if, without setting one's self deliberately to prevent this, or bring about that, it be not possible so to control the companionships of the young, that the risks attending marriage may be greatly abridged? With very few exceptions, the young person judiciously brought up will give heed to the wisdom—I do not say whim, or prejudice, or passion—of the parent, will drop the objectionable companion, or put a check upon the freedom of intercourse. With all this, and with every care, there will still be some shade of truth in the common saying, that "marriage is a lottery." But it need be only a shade!

The choice made, the abode selected, the home commenced, and the domestic relations are established which Aristotle calls "the master facts of humanity." Two comparative strangers come together in relations of closest intimacy and dependence, to build out of their oppositions of sex, education, temperament, an harmonious home. They are to learn that high mystery, that art of arts, the art of living together. They are to see day by day all that is factitious drop away, and, with no retreat, to find the dream vanish before the coming of the fact. Too happy, if, in the dropping of the romance, they do not falter in their love. Differing in gifts and powers, they are to discover that neither by nature nor by right is the one superior to the other, but each the complement of each, the one possessing what the other lacks; and that the true home alone is possible where these gifts and powers have fair and equal play. There must be no strife for mastery. That question is settled of God. There is no mastery. Male and female made He them, and then brought them together in one, so that He might make a perfect humanity. The gifts of the two are diverse, but only man has said that those of the man were superior to woman's. Unlike we are, but not unequal. The man may be the *head*, but then the woman is the *heart;* and without the heart, of what avail the head? That estate into which man enters by virtue of a primal fiat of God, which was cleared, by the Savior's consecration, from Jewish and Gentile corruption, ought never to have raised the question which has so long vexed the world, and is still mooted by almost every man and woman. The learned Athenians may have considered the woman merely the household drudge; The Chinese may destroy the large proportion of female children; the old Russian, as he gave away his daughter, may have said, "Here, wolf, take thy lamb;" and Mahomet may have taught that women have no souls. But under a Christian dispensation, in an

enlightened land and the nineteenth century, it should be felt that woman, no longer the drudge or the toy of man, holds a place in the eye of God equal with that of man, her womanly graces as much needed to the perfecting of the idea of home as his more manly virtues,—that she is not to serve or he to rule.

The change in character, which is often observed to commence during engagement, goes on towards completion after marriage. Character is never the same after marriage as before. It is in deference to this change, and to give ample time for the mutual adjustment of new relations, perhaps, that by a divine law the complete establishment of the home is postponed, and the husband and wife have become used to each other and the reciprocal duties and influences of their position before they are permitted to become father and mother, and allowed to enter upon that connection with immortal spirits which lifts them to the highest earthly dignity, while it devolves upon them the greatest responsibilities.

(To be continued.)

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

With increase of age there is increase of weakness, and the aged have much need of the help of the spirits of the young and strong to keep alive the remaining spark of the life of righteousness in the soul. Ah, if it were not for the beloved children, who are warmed with the pure spirit of the life and power of Divine Love, we should be in imminent danger of letting the fire go out; and that this may be kept alive, we often feel the need of the help of your spirits, and an *evidence* that this is the case. Although at times from inward feeling we are favored to be sensible of it, yet outward manifestations of its continuance are very consoling, and give us new life. Peter was sensible of this when he addressed some in his day, saying, "Although ye know these things and be established in them, yet he would not fail to put them in remembrance thereof, that he might stir up the pure mind when it might feel weak or be ready to give out. *Do thou as he did.* The foregoing was written before thy last note. Thy remembrance was truly comforting, as was the account given of your journey over the mountains. I believe that our Heavenly Father never more sensibly made bare his arm to his obedient children than when they are engaged under his direction in family visits; and in this I see abundant Wisdom, for in no requirement is there more need of immediate and continued renewing from the Fountain of all good; and as the poor instruments are passing from house to house stripped of every thing,—feeling not only empty, but, as it were, rinsed from all dregs,—what a favor to have the new wine poured in when it is needed. As I have been sometimes engaged with others in this arduous, but, as I have believed, heavenly requirement, my soul has often been lifted in grateful acknowledgments to the Giver of all good for his continued ownings and favors, and abundant evidence has been afforded that his own work was blessed. I have believed that if His devoted children were more cheerfully to yield to his requirements to this duty, it would prove a blessing to our Society. Having tasted of his goodness, may you, beloved children, yield cheerfully to all further requirements. And let me assure you that the blessing of sweet peace will be your portion, yea that peace that the world can neither give nor take away.

The thought of the approaching religious visit has been seldom, long at a time, absent from my mind in waking hours, since we parted. It still feels heavy, but I know that a quiet submission to the performance of every duty required, renders the yoke easy and the burden light. Here is my support, and of its continuance through the journey there is no cause to doubt. Many of the servants (and some of the most excellent) have had to struggle through complicated outward difficulties and obstacles in getting abroad, but "my lines have fallen in pleasant places, and on that ground I have no plea for holding back.

It is among the possible things that —— may attend your approaching Yearly Meeting; and provided he and other servants are preserved in the Master's counsel, and move therein, you will rejoice in their company. Instrumental aid is acceptable and precious when we are kept in this humble, waiting state, and the praise of His own work rendered to the Dispenser of the gift; for though Paul may plant and Apollos water, 'tis He alone that "giveth the increase." . . . .

Things that "*are seen* are temporal," and, like the morning cloud and early dew, soon pass away; but while we keep our eye upon "things that are *not seen*," we are reconciled to passing events. May we earnestly covet the dew of Hermon, and that we may retain it on our branches.

"Religion," says Channing, "has been made a separate business and a dull, unsocial, melancholy business too, instead of being

manifested as a truth which bears on and touches everything human as a universal spirit, that ought to breathe through and modify all our desires and pursuits, all our trains of thought and emotion."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 22, 1869.

PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING, (*Women's.*)—The consideration of the state of Society, as exemplified in the answers to the queries, occupied several days. The exercises in both meetings were very similar, perhaps never more so. The beauty of brethren dwelling together in unity, feelingly claimed attention in the early part of the meeting, and a living concern was expressed that it might be realized through the various sittings.

Coming together in obedience to the requirements of the great Head of the Church, —acknowledging the One Lord,—bound together by the one faith, we have been graciously favored to experience the baptizing influence of the One Spirit, so that with one of old we could say, "It is good to be here."

Much sympathy was expressed for those living in remote and isolated places, that they might hold fast the profession of their faith without wavering, believing that they who would worship the Father, must worship Him in spirit and in truth. A recognition of the fact that there are those to whom outward helps are needful, led to a concern that the Yearly Meeting might do something for its small constituent branches, especially those of Caln and Southern quarters, as way may open. A minute to that effect was directed to be embodied in the extracts.

The attendance of our meetings, especially those near the middle of the week, as a religious obligation, was seriously considered. It was believed that if this were more fully realized, the cementing influence of Christian love and forbearance would so animate our lives that we could not forsake the assembling of ourselves together, and presenting our bodies "a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable," which is our reasonable service.

A deep concern for a more earnest recognition of our testimony to a free gospel ministry was expressed, and those upon whom this gift has been bestowed were enjoined to watchfulness, that it may not be dispensed with human hands.

We were earnestly advised to hold all things in moderation. The young were exhorted to avoid the enticing allurements of what is called fashionable society, the costly expenditures of time and money for things that are unsatisfying, and which, if persisted in, may lead to sorrow and remorse. They were encouraged to seek rather for their adornment, the "pearl of great price," which gives to the possessor the crown of an endless life, with a right to partake of its unfading joys.

Acceptable visits to Women's Meeting were made by J. J. Cornell, Enoch Hannum, H. W. Ridgway and E. B. Conrad. Our friends Rebecca Price and Mary Levis made a visit to Men's Meeting. The Gospel labors of all these gave evidence of living desires for the prosperity of our Zion.

The position of woman in the Society of Friends called forth much expression from ministers and other concerned Friends. Her right to give expression to her sentiments in meetings of business, and her responsibility in her social relations, were urged upon our consideration, and those who hold the responsible posts of wife and mother were exhorted so to regulate our domestic duties, that when the men of our households return from their places of business, we may be prepared to give them a cheerful welcome, carefully concealing from them the petty annoyances to which we may have been subjected; and also that we so order and direct our labors that a portion, if ever so small, of each day may be spent in profitable reading. We may thus be fitted to participate in pleasant and instructive conversation in the home circle, remembering that a neglect of such efforts may render other places more attractive than home, and that the inducements for seeking intelligent intercourse elsewhere, unaccompanied by the female members of the family, may become too strong to be resisted.

Epistles were prepared and directed to be

forwarded to the several Yearly Meetings with which we correspond.

The name of Ezekiel Roberts, a minister from Ohio, was inadvertently omitted in the notice of strangers last week.

The indulgence in intoxicating drinks, the habit of using tobacco, and the late hours in going to and returning from evening entertainments, were severally the subject of much solicitude, and the young were entreated to abstain from these and all other indulgences that have a tendency to draw away from the testimonies of truth, as held by the religious Society of which they form a constituent part, and which is looking to them for future standard bearers.

Under a precious covering of love and unity, the meetings closed on Sixth-day afternoon, the 14th inst.

MARRIED, on Fourth month 8th, 1869, by Friends' ceremony, at the residence of the bride's parents, OLIVER P. KNIGHT, of Byberry, Philadelphia, to ISABELLA, daughter of Lukens and Hannah S. Paul, of Horsham, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania.

——, on the 14th of Fourth month, by Friends' ceremony, CHAS. H. WHITE, JR., of Philadelphia, to LIZZIE, daughter of Thomas J. Warren, of Upper Springfield, Burlington Co., N. J.

DIED, on the 16th of Fourth month, 1869, at her daughter's residence, GRACE B. READ, in the 78th year of herage; a highly esteemed member of Baltimore Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 27th of Twelfth month, at Prophetstown, Illinois, ELLA, daughter of Mark R. and Adah Averill, aged 11 years.

——, In Warren Co., Ohio, on the 13th of Fourth month, 1869, JASON U., youngest son of Jeremiah and Rebecca S. D. Fravel, aged 8 months.

——, on the 30th of Tenth month, 1867, in the 61st year of his age, EDWIN STARR; a member of Pipe Creek Monthly Meeting, Frederick Co., Md.

——, on the 6th of Fifth month, 1867, at the residence of his son-in-law Wm. King, in Little Britain, Lancaster Co., Pa., ISRAEL REYNOLDS, aged 87 years; a member of Little Britain Monthly Meeting.

——, in Cecil Co., Md., on the 4th of Fifth month, 1869, JOSEPH PRESTON, aged 74 years; a member of Nottingham Monthly Meeting.

It was a sweet observation of Luther, that, for the most part, when God sent him upon any special service for the good of the Church, he was brought low by some fit of sickness or other. Surely, as the lower the ebb, the higher the tide, so the lower any descend in humility, the higher they shall ascend in honor or glory. The lower this foundation of humility is laid, the bigher shall the roof of honor be overlaid.

EXCURSION TO SWARTHMORE.

A company of about thirty persons interested in the early completion of the new College at Swarthmore, in Delaware county, visited the building and the grounds of the institution on the afternoon of the 7th inst. The special object of the excursion was to inspect the present condition of the work, and, if possible, to decide finally upon the question of opening the preparatory department next fall. Soon after the arrival of the party at the College a meeting of the managers present was held in one of the rooms, when a general discussion of the enterprise took place. It was found that the amount of money at the command of the managers was yet insufficient to finish the work, as many of the subscribers had not responded to the proposition to add $10 for each share of stock originally subscribed. It appeared that the most liberal subscribers in the beginning had responded most generally to this call. During the meeting a proposition was made by Samuel Willetts, on behalf of New York, to furnish $25,000, provided other subscriptions to an equal amount could be obtained. This would make enough to complete and furnish the building throughout, if the subscriptions before made were promptly paid up, and would insure the opening of the College next fall. The subscription on the part of New York being conditional, and ten days being allowed to respond and make it binding, a subscription paper was started on the spot and $3400 secured toward that object. If this beginning is followed up at once by the friends of the College, the desirable end may be reached very soon. It is designed to make a strong effort during the sitting of the Yearly Meeting in Philadelphia this week to secure the necessary sum.

There are yet many who feel an interest ing co at. With adequate means the whole nothing. They now have the opportunity of giving timely help. The financial interests of the enterprise are in the hands of Henry M. Laing and Edward Parrish, who may be addressed on the subject. The west wing of the college building is now entirely completed, except the inside painting. All the plastering and carpenter work is done in the very best manner. The plasterers are now at work in the centre building and east wing, a part of which has already received the finish- in the College who have contributed little or easily be finished this summer. It is one of the special merits of the Swarthmore enterprise that no debt has been incurred. No more work is done at any time than can be paid for by the money in the treasury. Every thing about the immense building is of the most solid and permanent character. No

second-rate material of any kind has been used. The strict observance of this rule has increased the cost, but has added greatly to the value of the property. There is no gingerbread work about the premises, but every feature is designed with special reference to convenience and durability. Each wing is supplied with baths and water-closets on every floor, and with a hoisting apparatus for conveying trunks and other heavy articles up and down. There are store-rooms for bedclothing on each floor. The centre building, which separates the wings, is designed for the common use of all the students, and contains a large dining-hall, a library room, and a spacious lecture and meeting room. The kitchen, bakery and servant's quarters extend from the rear of the centre. There are very spacious and well ventilated cellars, in which the fuel and furnaces will be placed. The whole structure appears to be admirably planned for the uses intended. It has been found by experience that an institution of this extent, if well organized, can be much more economically and successfully managed than one of smaller dimensions. There is no college in the country founded upon a more liberal and comprehensive principle than Swarthmore, and none which is more deserving of generous encouragement from all who properly value a practical and solid education for their children.—*Bucks Co. Intelligencer.*

From The Independent.

BREAKING THE WILL.

BY H. H.

This phrase is going out of use. It is high time it did. If the thing it represents would also cease there would be stronger and freer men and women. But the phrase is still sometimes heard; and there are still conscientious fathers and mothers who believe they do God service in setting about the thing.

I have more than once said to a parent who used these words: "Will you tell me just what you mean by that? Of course you do not mean exactly what you say."

"Yes, I do. I mean that the child's will is to be once for all broken!—that he is to learn that my will is to be his law. The sooner he learns this the better."

"But is it to your will simply *as* will that he is to yield? Simply as the weaker yields to the stronger—almost as matter yields to force? For what reason is he to do this?"

"Why, because I know what is best for him, and what is right; and he does not."

"Ah! that is a very different thing. He is, then, to do the thing that you tell him to do, because that thing is right and is needful for him; you are his guide on a road over which you have gone and he has not; you are an interpreter, a helper; you know better than he does about all things, and your knowledge is to teach his ignorance."

"Certainly that is what I mean. A pretty state of things it would be if children were to be allowed to think they knew as much as their parents. There is no way except to break their wills in the beginning."

"But you have just said that it is not to your will as will that he is to yield, but to your superior knowledge and experience. That surely is not 'breaking his will.' It is of all things farthest removed from it. It is educating his will. It is teaching him how to will."

This sounds dangerous; but the logic is not easily turned aside, and there is little left for the advocate of will-breaking but to fall back on some texts in the Bible, which have been so often misquoted in this connection that one can hardly hear them with patience. To "children obey your parents" was added "in the Lord," and "because it is right," not "because they are your parents." "Spare the rod" has been quite gratuitously assumed to mean, "spare blows." "Rod" means here, as elsewhere, simply punishment. We are not told to "train up a child" to have no will but our own, but "in the way in which he should go," and to the end that "when he is old" he should not "depart from it"—*i. e.*, that his will should be so educated that he will choose to walk in the right way still. Suppose a child's will to be actually "broken;" suppose him to be so trained that he has no will but to obey his parents. What is to become of this helpless machine, which has no central spring of independent action? Can we stand by, each minute of each hour of each day, and say to the automatons, Go here, or go there? And can we be sure of living as long as they live? Can we wind them up like seventy-year clocks, and leave them?

But this is idle. It is not, thank God, in the power of any man or any woman to "break" a child's "will."

Bodies are frail things; there are more child-martyrs than will be known until the bodies terrestrial are done with.

But, by one escape or another, the will, the soul, goes free. Sooner or later, every human beg incomes to know and prove in his own estate that freedom of will is the only freedom for which there are no chains possible, and that in Nature's whole reign of law nothing is so largely provided for as liberty. Sooner or later, all this must come. But, if it comes later, it comes through clouds of antagonism, and after days of fight, and is hard-bought.

It should come sooner, like the kingdom of God, which it is—"without observation,"

gracious as sunshine, sweet as dew; it should begin with the infant's first dawning of comprehension that there are two courses of action, two qualities of conduct: one wise, the other foolish; one right, the other wrong.

I am sure, for I have seen, that a child's moral perceptions can be so made clear, and his will so made strong and upright, that before he is ten years old he will see and take his way through all common days rightly and bravely.

Will he always act up to his highest moral perceptions? No. Do we? But one right decision that he makes voluntarily, unbiased by the assertion of authority or the threat of punishment, is worth more to him in development of moral character than a thousand in which he simply does what he is compelled to do by some sort of outside pressure.

I read once, in a book intended for the guidance of mothers, a story of a little child who, in repeating his letters one day, suddenly refused to say A. All the other letters he repeated again and again, unhesitatingly; but A he would not, and persisted in declaring that he *could* not say. He was severely whipped, but still persisted. It now became a contest of wills. He was whipped again, and again, and again. In the intervals between the whippings, the primer was presented to him, and he was told that he would be whipped again if he did not mind his mother and say A. I forgot how many times he was whipped; but it was almost too many times to be believed. The fight was a terrible one. At last, in a paroxysm of his crying under the blows, the mother thought she heard him sob out "A," and the victory was considered to be won.

A little boy whom I knew once had a similar contest over a letter of the alphabet; but the contest was with himself, and his mother was the faithful Great Heart who helped him through. The story is so remarkable that I have long wanted all mothers to know it. It is as perfect an illustration of what I mean by "*educating*" the will as the other one is of what is called "breaking" it.

Willy was about four years old. He had a large, active brain, a sensitive temperament, and indomitable spirit. He was and is an uncommon child. Common methods of what is commonly supposed to be "discipline" would, if he had survived them, have made a very bad boy of him. He had great difficulty in pronouncing the letter G,—so much that he had formed almost a habit of omitting it. One day his mother said, not dreaming of any special contest: "This time you must say "G." "It is an ugly old letter, and I ain't ever going to try to say it again," said Willy, repeating the alphabet very rapidly from beginning to end, without the G. Like a wise mother, she did not open at once on a struggle, but said, pleasantly: "Ah! you did not get it in that time. Try again; go more slowly, and we will have it." It was all in vain; and it soon began to look more like real obstinacy on Willy's part than anything she had ever seen inhim. She has often told me how she hesitated before entering on the campaign. "I always knew," she said, "that Willy's first real fight with himself would be no matter of a few hours; and it was a particularly inconvenient time for me, just then, to give up a day to it. But it seemed, on the whole, best not to put it off."

So she said: "Now, Willy, you can't get along without the letter G. The longer you put off saying it the harder it will be for you to say it at last; and we will have it settled now once for all. You are never going to let a little bit of a letter like that be stronger than Willy. We will not go out of this room till you have said it."

Unfortunately, Willy's will had already taken its stand. However, the mother made no authoritative demand that he should pronounce the letter as a matter of obedience to her. Because it was a thing intrinsically necessary for him to do, she would see, at any cost to herself or to him, that he did it; but he must do it voluntarily, and she would wait till he did.

The morning wore on. She busied herself with other matters, and left Willy to himself, now and then asking, with a smile: "Well, isn't my little boy stronger than that ugly old letter yet?"

Willy was sulky. He understood in that early stage all that was involved. Dinner-time came.

"Aren't you going to dinner, mamma?"

Oh! no, dear; not unless you say G, so that you can go too. Mamma will stay by her little boy untill he is out of this trouble."

The dinner was brought up, and they ate it together. She was cheerful and kind, but so serious that he felt the constant pressure of her pain.

The afternoon dragged slowly on to night. Willy cried now and then, and she took him in her lap, and said: "Dear, you will be happy as soon as you say that letter, and mamma will be happy too, and we can't either of us be happy until you do."

"Oh! mamma, why dont you *make* me say it?"

(This he said several times before the affair was over.)

"Because, dear, you must make yourself say it. I am helping you make yourself say it, for I shall not let you go out of this room, nor go out myself, till you do say it; but that is

all I shall do to help you. I am listening, listening, all the time, and if you say it, in even so little a whisper, I shall hear you. That is all mamma can do for you."

Bed-time came. Willy went to bed, unkissed and sad. The next morning, when Willy's mother opened her eyes, she saw Willy sitting up in his crib, and looking at her steadfastly. As soon as he saw that she was awake, he exclaimed: "Mamma, I can't say it; and you know I can't say it. You're a naughty mamma, and you don't love me." Her heart sank within her; but she patiently went again and again over yesterday's ground. Willy cried. He ate very little breakfast. He stood at the window in a listless attitude of discouraged misery, which she said cut her to the heart. Once in a while he would ask for some plaything which he did not usually have. She gave him whatever he asked for; but he could not play. She kept up an appearance of being busy with her sewing, but she was far more unhappy than Willy.

Dinner was brought up to them. Willy said: "Mamma, this ain't a bit good dinner."

She replied: "Yes, it is, darling; just as good as we ever have. It is only because we are eating it alone. And poor papa is sad, too, taking his all alone down stairs."

At this Willy burst out into an hysterical fit of crying and sobbing.

"I shall never see my papa again in this world."

Then his mother broke down, too, and cried as hard as he did; but she said: "Oh! yes, you will, dear. I think you will say that letter before tea-time, and we will have a nice evening down stairs together."

"I can't say it. I try all the time, and I can't say it; and, if you keep me here till I die, I shan't ever say it."

The second night settled down dark and gloomy, and Willy cried himself to sleep. His mother was ill from anxiety and confinement; but she never faltered. She told me she resolved that night that, if it were necessary, she would stay in that room with Willy a month. The next morning she said to him, more seriously than before: "Now, Willy, you are not only a foolish little boy, you are unkind; you are making everybody unhappy. Mamma is very sorry for you, but she is also very much displeased with you. Mamma will stay here with you till you say that letter, if it is for the rest of your life; but mamma will not talk with you, as she did yesterday. She tried all day yesterday to help you, and you would not help yourself; to-day you must do it all alone."

"Mamma, are you sure I shall ever say it?" asked Willy.

"Yes, dear; perfectly sure. You will say it some day or other."

"Do you think I shall say it to-day?"

"I can't tell. You are not so strong a little boy as I thought. I believed you would say it yesterday. I am afraid you have some hard work before you."

Willy begged her to go down and leave him alone. Then he begged her to shut him up in the closet, and "see if that wouldn't make him good." Every few minutes he would come and stand before her, and say very earnestly: "Are you sure I shall say it?"

He looked very pale, almost as if he had had a fit of illness. No wonder. It was the whole battle of life fought at the age of four.

It was late in the afternoon of this the third day. Willy had been sitting in his little chair, looking steadily at the floor, for so long a time that his mother was almost frightened. But she hesitated to speak to him, for she felt that the crisis had come. Suddenly he sprang up, walked toward her with all the deliberate firmness of a man in his whole bearing. She says there was something in his face which she has never seen since, and does not expect to see till he is thirty years old.

"Mamma!" said he.

"Well, dear?" said his mother, trembling so she could hardly speak.

"Mamma," he repeated, in a loud, sharp tone: "G! G! G! G!" And then he burst into a fit of crying, which she had hard work to stay. It was over.

Willy is now ten years old. From that day to this his mother has never had a contest with him; she has always been able to leave all practical questions affecting his behaviour to his own decision, merely saying: "Willy, I think this or that will be better."

His self-control and gentleness are wonderful to see; and the blending in his face of childlike simplicity and purity with manly strength is something which I have never but once seen equalled.

For a few days he went about the house shouting "G! G! G! G!" at the top of his voice. He was heard asking playmates if they could "say G," and "who showed them how." For several years he used often to allude to the affair, saying: "Do you remember, mamma, that dreadful time when I wouldn't say G?" He always used the verb "wouldn't" in speaking of it. Once, when he was sick, he said: "Mamma, do you think I could have said G any sooner than I did?"

"I have never felt certain about that, Willy," she said. "What do *you* think?"

"I think I could have said it a few minutes sooner. I was saying it to *myself* as long as that!" said Willy.

It was singular that, although up to that time he had never been able to pronounce the letter with any distinctness, when he first made up his mind in this instance to say it, he enunciated it with perfect clearness, and never again went back to the old, imperfect pronunciation. Few mothers, perhaps, would be able to give up two whole days to such a battle as this; other children, other duties, would interfere. But the same principle could be carried out without the mother's remaining herself by the child's side all the time. Moreover, not one child in a thousand would hold out as Willy did. In all ordinary what would the sacrifice of even two days be, cases a few hours would suffice. And, after all, in comparison with the time saved in years to come? If there were no stronger motive than one of policy, of desire to take the course easiest to themselves, mothers might well resolve that their first aim should be to educate their children's wills and make them strong, instead of to conquer and "break" them.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

WOOD VIOLETS.

Strolling one bright sunny day,
Through the grove and by the way,
Loving its sweet solitude,
Violets of the shady wood!
We espied your leaves of green,
Hidden half by leafy screen.

Loving every tint and leaf,
Thinking that a sweet relief
In your presence might be found;
'Mid the ever daily round,
Of love, and duty, and of care,
Brought you here, and placed you there,

In the very brightest ray,
A gleam of joy about the way.
The sun's bright light we often see,
Is hidden 'neath obscurity;
Shades come darkly stealing on,
Until all the light is gone.

Sorrow, like those shades of night,
May upon our spirits light;
Moon nor star may light the way,—
Hid by clouds their silver ray;
Earthly hopes grow dim and fade,
Buried off beneath the shade.

Then, dear floweret of the wood,
Strewn amid its solitude,
As we turn our gaze on thee,
Impress of His name we see;
He who made the flower and leaf,
Knew that sorrows and that grief

Were best for us, as on the way
We journey to eternal day;
We therefore pray not that distress
Be spared, as on the way we press;
But only that, through sun and shade,
Our hearts may on Thy love be stayed.

Prophetstown. E. A.

"NOT AS OUR WAYS."

The spring hath birds, however late,
And June must bring her roses
To faintest hearts that trustful wait
For what God's love discloses.

We look along the shining ways,
To see the angels' faces;
They come to us in darkest days,
And in the bleakest places.

We learn our weakness of our pride,
Our strength from out our weakness;
Sweet Patience brings, for gifts denied,
The greater gift of meekness.

The strongest hearts have strongest need;
For them the fiery trial;
Who walks a saint in word and deed
Is saint by self-denial.

We ask of God the sunniest way,
He answers with a sorrow;
We faint beneath the cross to-day,
We wear the crown to-morrow.

N. Y. Independent. E. B. C.

ARTIFICIAL STONE.

The new material which has lately been introduced to take the place of natural stone for building purposes, by F. Ransome in England, appears likely to become an important one for certain uses, on account of its indestructibility and easy formation. A recent paper states that the stone has been boiled, and roasted, and frozen, and pickled in acids, and fumigated with foul gases, with no more effect than if it had been a boulder of granite. It has been boiled, and then immediately placed on ice, so as to freeze whatever water might have been absorbed, and it has also been roasted to redness, and then plunged into ice water, but without any sign of cracking or softening, superficially or otherwise. It is almost impermeable, and will suffer therefore but little injury from moisture or frost.

Its components are among the most permanent of chemical substances, silica and lime; and it is made by cementing together into a plastic, quickly hardening mass, grains of common sand by means of properly prepared solutions. The discovery upon which the process was founded as a practical art, is the fact that silica, one of the most unmanageable bodies in chemistry, is quickly dissolved in a solution of caustic soda; and that this silicate of soda thus cheaply formed, can be easily decomposed by means of chloride of calcium, a waste product from many chemical laboratories, into silicate of lime—the material which it had been before observed was the cement which held together the sandstones which are considered the best for building purposes. The mode of performing the decomposition is as follows:

The silicate of soda is made by digesting flints in caustic soda in large boilers under a

pressure of steam, until dissolved into a clear syrupy fluid, and is then ready for use. The sand is completely dried at the rate of two tons per hour, within a revolving cylinder, through which hot air is forced by a fan. A small portion of finely ground carbonate of lime is mixed with the sand, the more closely to fill the interstices; and each bushel is then worked up in a loam mill along with a gallon of silicate of soda. Thoroughly mixed with this substance, the sand has a sticky coherence, sufficient to enable it to be moulded to any form, and, when well pressed, to retain its shape, if very carefully handled. In this condition it is ready for the solution of chloride of calcium. The instant this is poured upon the moulded sand, induration commences. In a minute or so little lumps of sand, so slightly stuck together by the silicate of soda as to be hardly kept from falling to pieces within the fingers, were hardened into pebbles that might be thrown against a wall without breaking, and only a short further saturation was necessary to indurate them throughout. In almost the instant of contact the silicate of soda and chloride of calcium mutually decompose each other, and reunite as silicate of lime, and chloride of sodium, or common salt, which latter is removable by washing; although the stone after washing is impermeable to water. Plaster of Paris does not set quicker than silicate of soda and chloride of calcium. The lime solution is first ladled upon the moulded sand, and as the hardening goes on, the objects are afterwards immersed in the solution itself, where large pieces are left for several hours; where, by boiling, the solution penetrates the mass thoroughly and expels any air that may have lodged in the interstices of the mass.

The washing out of the salt afterwards by means of water, does not leave the mass porous as might be reasonably supposed; but whether owing to a more complete solidification taking place gradually or from some other cause, it is found that the stone then as effectually resists the passage of water as though it were granite or marble.

Thus made, the formation of Ransome's stone is practically a fictile manufacture; but unlike most fictile goods no shrinkage or alteration of color is experienced in the hardening. Whatever be the required size of the finished stone, it is moulded exactly to that size without any allowance as in the case of fire-clay articles. The heaviest blocks for works of stability, and the most elaborate patterns, may be made with almost equal facility; and it appears that it may take the place of any natural stone either for the construction or architectural ornament of buildings. In England it has been used extensively in some of the stations of the Metropolitan Railway, for the bed stones of steam engines, steam hammers, &c., and a large number of Ionic columns for the New Zealand Post-office, and for public buildings in Calcutta, have been moulded of the new stone, besides a great amount of other decorative work. — *The Friend.*

From the Saturday Review.

GHEEL: NOVEL TREATMENT OF THE INSANE.

What, or who, is or was Gheel? will be the natural inquiry; is it an Indian city, or an article of commerce, or the name of a Highland hero? Not to leave people in suspense, we will inform them at once that Gheel is a village about thirty miles from Antwerp, and that a Flemish writer asks indignantly, who is there that has never heard of Gheel? In Belgium the question would probably be met by the intended reply; but in England it is necessary to explain further that Gheel is the site of the oldest lunatic asylum in the world; and that the system there adopted is in certain respects entirely peculiar and well deserving of attention. The insane and idiotic have been received at Gheel for, it is said, twelve hundred years, and the legend which accounts for this singular speciality is as follows: An Irish princess who was converted to Christianity was persecuted by an extremely objectionable old Pagan father. She ran away to the most remote corner of the globe then discoverable, which happened to be Gheel. Her retreat was discovered by her indignant father, owing to her folly in paying her bills with Irish currency of the period, thus exciting remark amongst the intelligent inhabitants of Antwerp. The father solaced his wounded feelings by cutting off his daughter's head, and her body being left on the ground, became the cause of innumerable and startling miracles. The natural result was a great concourse of devotees, who, as was equally natural, were composed chiefly of the insane and idiotic. The inhabitants took charge of these poor creatures, and in this way started the peculiar industry which for twelve centuries has been practiced at Gheel.

The most distinctive circumstance about Gheel is that the lunatics, instead of being collected in a large building, are scattered about amongst the different families. They become domesticated in different houses, where each patient may have conveniences according to the means of his relations. Those who are comparatively healthy, or who have long lucid intervals, work at their trades, and frequently earn as good wages as the sane persons with whom they board. Others of course require more careful supervision, and

are subject to more or less restraint; but the great principle which prevails at Gheel is that which has been adopted in all rationally managed asylums, of reducing coercive measures to the smallest practicable amount, and trusting as much as possible to the gradual influence of simple and regular life and healthy diet. The circumstances of Gheel enable this system to be carried out with a completeness elsewhere unknown. It might indeed be supposed at first sight that lunatics living in the families of farmers or artisans would frequently be subject to harsh, or at best to unintelligent treatment; and the author says that in former times abuses were known, if they were not frequent. Now, however, a great reform has been made. The Belgian Government has established a central asylum at Gheel, under the supervision of a distinguished physician, Dr. Bulckens, to which all patients are sent in the first instance. They remain there for a time, until each case has been properly observed and the appropriate treatment determined. If special medical care is required, they may remain permanently; but as a rule they are sent to board in different houses of the district. For this purpose, Gheel and the neighboring villages, including a population of about 11,000 souls, is divided into six districts, to each of which a special class of patients is assigned. It is not very easy to understand the classification as given by the author; but it appears that the harmless cases are allowed to live in the central village, and that the most violent are sent to the more remote districts, where they can live in certain farmhouses scattered widely over a large heath. There is a careful system of supervision by appropriate officers, so that the condition of every patient is reported each night to the physician in authority. There are it seems at present 620 *nourriciers*, or persons authorized to take charge of lunatics, and about 800 patients. The management of the patients thus devolves principally upon the families with whom they board, and who have acquired a kind of traditional aptitude for it, whilst the classification and supervision are left to the central authorities. Some of the results appear to be very remarkable, especially as regards the relation of the patients and the *nourriciers*. The arrival of a boarder is generally celebrated, it is said, as a little family festivity. The guest is treated to the best of everything, and gradually learns to take an interest in all the affairs of the house. He sometimes is cured by the gradual "resuscitation of moral vigor" which results from friendly and familiar treatment. The people have learnt a peculiar practical skill in dealing with the objects of their singular hospitality. Thus, for example, a mischievous person is allowed to break everything he pleases, and it is declared that the annoyance of the owners has a better effect on the patient than any direct restriction, and frequently induces him to make a moral effort which leads to his recovery from the habit. Thus a young Englishman—the only one of our countrymen at Gheel—had imported, amongst other "expensive and unattractive habits," a peculiar love of breaking windows. Certainly the passion, taken by itself, would not be a sufficient proof of lunacy, and we fear that the method of cure adopted at Gheel would hardly be found effective at an English University town. On the first day of his arrival this young gentleman broke twenty-eight windows; no notice whatever was taken of his exploit, and next day he confined himself to smashing fourteen. He was again mortified by the complete indifference of the villagers, and since that time has completely abandoned this delightful pastime. The result, if satisfactory in its way, illustrates the extreme difficulty of introducing the Gheel system elsewhere. It would certainly take something like twelve centuries of training to induce the inhabitants of an English village to allow undergraduates to live amongst them and break as many windows as they pleased without remonstrance. A still more remarkable case is mentioned in illustration of the skilful treatment of the violent lunatics. One who was subject to occasional fits of frenzy had exhibited symptoms of an approaching crisis, and the doctor had warned the woman in whose house he was living to watch him closely. The madman objected to this vigilance, and whilst the *nourriciere* was sitting in front of the door with her infant in her lap, he took up a large pair of tailor's shears and threatened to split her skull. She walked towards him holding up her infant as a shield and made him back into a low chair at the further end of the room. She then threw the child into his arms, and running out of the room locked the door upon the pair. The baby screamed violently, to the extreme surprise of the maniac. The mother fainted away from excitement, but on recovering sent for the doctor; and on his arrival half an hour afterwards the door was opened and the maniac was found calmly nursing the child, which he had restored to good humor at the same time with himself. The method was certainly original, and perhaps it would take even longer to train mothers to this use of their infants than to teach the ordinary mind to submit to window smashing. It is indeed remarked as a curious result, that the affection entertained by the lunatics for children,

and the reciprocal veneration which the children entertain for the infirmity of their guests is frequently touching and of almost incredible intensity. A patient seized with an attack of raving mania is frequently restored to composure, it is asserted, simply by the presence of a little child. In spite of the extreme liberty allowed to the patients, and the familiar terms on which they live with the inhabitants, it is said that cases of personal injury are unknown, nor have the Gheelians themselves suffered any evil consequences from their long and close association with lunatics. The patients liable to attacks of temporary violence frequently leave the houses of their own accord and wander off into the fields and woods, where they can give way to their impulses without injury to their neighbors.

MANUAL LABOR.

Hugh Miller, than whom none knew better the strength and the weakness belonging to the lot of labor, stated the result of his experience to be, that work, even the hardest, is full of pleasure and materials for self-improvement. He held honest labor to be the best of teachers, and that the school of toil is the noblest of schools—save only the Christian one—that it is a school in which the ability of being useful is imparted, the spirit of independence learned, and the habit of persevering effort acquired. He was even of opinion that the training of the mechanic, by the exercise which it gives to his observant faculties, from his daily dealing with things, actual and practical, and the close experience of life which he acquires, better fits him for picking his way through the journey of life, and is more favorable to his growth as a man, emphatically speaking, than the training afforded by any other condition.—*British Workman.*

ITEMS.

What William Penn paid for Pennsylvania.—We give below the deed by which the State of Pennsylvania was transferred to William Penn by the Indians in 1685:

"This Indenture witnesseth that we, Packenah-Jarckham, Sikals, Partquesott, Jervis, Essepenauk, Felktroy, Hekellappans Ecconus, Machloka Metthcongas, Wissa Powey, Indian Kings, Sachemakers, right owners of all lands from Quing-Luingus, called Duck creek, unto Upland, called Chester creek; all along by the west of the Delaware river, and so between the said creeks backwards as far as a man can ride in two days with a horse, for and in consideration of these following goods to us in hand paid and secured to be paid by William Penn, proprietary and governor of the provinces of Pennsylvania and territories thereof, viz.: 20 guns, 20 fathoms matchcoat, 20 fathoms stroudwater, 20 blankets, 20 kettles, 20 pounds of powder, 100 bars of lead, 40 tomahawks, 100 knives, 40 pair of stockings, 1 barrel of beer, 20 pounds red lead, 100 fathoms of wampum, 30 glass bottles, 30 pewter spoons, 100 awl blades, 300 tobacco pipes, 100 hands of tobacco, 20 tobacco tongs, 20 steels, 300 flints, 30 pair of scissors, 30 combs, 60 looking-glasses, 200 needles, 1 skipper of salt, 30 pounds of sugar, 5 gallons of molasses, 20 tobacco boxes, 100 jews-harps, 20 hoes, 30 gimlets, 30 wooden screw boxes, 100 string beads, Do hereby acknowledge, &c. Given under our hands, &c., at Newcastle, Second-day of the Eighth month, 1685.

The London University, it is stated, has now among its students a large number of young natives of India, who are prosecuting their studies in literature, law and medicine, with a view either to practice the learned professions or to obtain appointments to Government situations, now opened to them by the system of competitive examinations. The acquaintance with English books and the high intellectual acquirements of the Bengalis have excited great surprise in London. These young men, it is stated, have abandoned their belief in the ancient idolatry of India, and are now Theists.

Birds the Farmer's Friends.—An intelligent farmer boy in Illinois observed a small flock of quails commencing at one side of a cornfield, taking about five rows regularly through the field, scratching and picking around every hill, then returning and taking another five rows, till, thinking they were pulling up the corn, he shot one, and then examined the field. On the ground they had been over he found but one stalk of corn disturbed, but in the quail's crop he found one cut-worm, twenty-one striped vine-bugs, over a hundred chintz-bugs that he could distinctly count, and a mass apparently consisting of hundreds of chintz-bugs, but not one kernel of corn. During the past five years the quails in that vicinity have been decreasing, and the chintz bugs increasing.

A Beautiful Custom.—A beautiful custom with the Norwegians is the giving of a dinner to the birds on Christmas Day. On Christmas morning every gable, gateway, barn-door, and paling is decorated with a sheaf of corn, fixed on a pole. Even the humblest peasant will save up by the handful something for the birds; which, if not pecked on this day, is allowed to remain to help them through the winter. There is a lesson in this from which many might take a thoughtful hint.

The question whether underground springs and currents of water can be discovered by means of witch-hazels or other devices needs investigation. Many very sensible people believe there is some science at the bottom of these claims. The last description of this is in an account of Roman Catholic missions in the Fiji Islands. Father Montmayeur needed a well. He says: "Brother Emery (another French missioner), who came in the meanwhile to bring us provisions, is a man who believes he can discover springs by the turning of a plumb-line. He tried, and the line turned. I promised not to yield to my incredulity, and set to dig courageously. The natives came to see us, making their reflections, which I could not understand, but which terribly strengthened my unbelief. I was irritated to see them looking on at the operation, which I would have wished to perform in secret. At length, after having thrown up several feet of earth, I had the happiness to meet with what I was seeking for—we had a fine, clear spring of water. Since, the natives have come in crowds to admire the prodigy. 'They are gods,' they say, 'those *papalanquis;* we here are only fools.'"—*N. Y. Indep ndent.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

JOHN RICHARDSON.

The life of John Richardson, recently republished, contains much interesting matter for the serious and reflecting mind. The diction is in keeping with that of two centuries ago, but not less valuable on that account to the honest inquirer who will regard as of far more consequence the close resemblance of the teachings of the Spirit as there represented with the experience of the child of God in the present day; this being in harmony with the testimony that Truth speaks the same language in all ages, and is unveiled to the understanding as man is prepared to receive the pure inshinings of heavenly light and knowledge.

Like many others, especially of the period in which he lived, J. Richardson had to contend with various trials and difficulties, and in early life lost his father, who had sometime before been convinced of the principles of Friends, although that People was unknown to him.

From the brief account given by J. R. of his father, Wm. Richardson, it appears he was born at North Cave, in the east part of Yorkshire, in the year 1624, of honest, reputable parents, and was educated an Episcopalian.

From childhood he was a lover of and seeker after purity and virtue—fond of retirement and of reading the Scriptures. He was "by calling a shepherd," and in the open fields sought the Lord, who enlightened his understanding to perceive a more excellent dispensation for which he longed. He was much weaned from his former associates, except two or three men, who continued to meet with him. They conferred with one another respecting their spiritual condition, and what they had experienced of the dealings of the Most High with them. This was before they had heard of the name of Quaker. W. R. continued to wait and look for a more general breaking forth of the glorious gospel day, which had in a good degree dawned upon his heart: and although George Fox passed through that part of the country about that time, he did not see him.

Soon after William Dewsbury made a visit, and W. R. was "exceeding glad" to hear him point out "the way to find the lost piece of silver, the pearl of price within, and a Saviour near that had been held forth by men to be at a distance."

Leaving the outward sources of instruction, the great Teacher was now met at home within himself, and the seed which had been sown brought forth fruit to the honor and praise of the good Husbandman.

William Richardson became an acceptable minister among Friends, but owing to delicate health did not go much abroad; he suffered, however, imprisonment and the spolia-

tion of his goods for the sake of the cause which he had espoused.

He is represented to have been a good neighbor, a loving husband and a tender parent. His judgment was esteemed severe upon all that was wrong, irrespective of persons, not sparing his own children; and his son John says he was especially concerned for him esteeming him "the wildest of them."

He died in 1679, aged about 55 years. Although only thirteen years of age at the time of his father's death the testimony of J. R. concerning himself is, that "the Lord was at work by His light, grace and Holy spirit in my heart, but I knew not then what it was which inwardly disquieted my mind, when anything which was evil did prevail over the good in me, which it oftentimes did for want of taking heed to that of God in my heart: I desired ease and peace some other way, without taking up the cross of Christ to my own corrupt will, and strove for some time (as no doubt many do) to make merry over the Just Witness, until for a season the converting and true witness of God seemed to be slain, or disappeared; and then I took liberty, but not in gross evils which many ran into, being preserved religiously inclined, seeking after professors, and inquiring of them for my information and satisfaction, to find (if I could) anything that was safe to rest in, or any true and solid comfort to my poor, disconsolate, and bewildered soul; but I was afraid I should be deceived, or take up a false rest in anything that was wrong or unsafe—which was the great love and mercy of God to me. But after many searchings and inquirings among those who were but in the letter without and in the outward court, where the veil is over the understanding, and the eye of the mind is not truly opened to see into things that are invisible and hid from all carnal-minded men, even so was my state and afflictions hid from them; and all the deceitful workings of Satan, and the strong temptations which I met with, these blind guides could not see, nor their veiled understandings know, how to direct me to the true Shepherd of Israel, the Lawgiver coming out of Sion, that turns away ungodliness from Jacob, and transgression from Israel; not having truly experienced deliverance wrought in them out of this cloudy, bewildered, and tempted state which I was in. Oh! that people would come to Him that hath the eye-salve, with which if the eye be truly anointed, it will see clearly things as they are, and not darkly, mistaking trees for men, and things terrestrial for things celestial; and that they would buy gold tried by the fire of him that is called the tried stone, elect and precious, laid in Sion for a foundation. This is Christ, whom the true Church believes in and builds upon, and they are enriched with his love, power, and virtue, which is better than gold outwardly: this is the anointing and the unction, which the true Church hath and doth receive from Christ the Holy One; and such as do truly put on His righteousness, purity, and holiness, their clothing is better than that of fine linen outwardly. Oh! that all the inhabitants of the earth might be thus anointed, enriched, and truly clothed, that no more inward blindness or poverty may be found in the children of men, nor the shame of their nakedness be any more seen, now or hereafter.

Receive and learn these things, you that can, of Him that is the faithful and true witness, that always witnesseth against the evil in man, but always giveth witness to the Father for the good in men, which they do say and think. This is the spirit of him that was dead, and is alive, no more to be known after the flesh, as the Apostle gave testimony, and is to be known inwardly and spiritually by the children of men, to open the blind eye, and unstop the deaf ear, and pierceth into the soul that hath been clouded and captivated, imprisoned and misguided, and even in a wilderness, and sees not a way for deliverance: like Israel in the land of Egypt, when the Lord Jehovah sent Moses, a lively type of Christ, and employed him in that great work of pleading with, and plaguing Pharaoh and the Egyptians; yet for a time their burdens and afflictions were increased, and their exercises more embittered unto them, until that great and marvellous work was in a good degree accomplished, which was their deliverance out of Egypt, the great and mighty work for which Moses was chiefly sent; which deliverance was not wrought until the first-born of man, and of beast, was slain throughout all the land of Egypt.

Now the clear opening I had in the light of what is to be understood and gathered from hence, is not the slaying of the outward man, but a putting off, or slaying the body of the sins of the flesh, crucifying or putting off the old man with his deeds; and as to the beast, all cruelty, lust, pushing, tearing, devouring, and savageness, is to be slain or put away; and the corrupt or strong will of man, as well as what is beastial must be slain, before man can come from under the power of him who is called the Prince of the Power of the Air, who rules in the hearts of the children of disobedience. These things must be experienced before the children of men can go forth rightly qualified to glorify God, and follow His dear Son, whom He hath appointed to be a leader and a commander of His people. This is he, as Moses declares, who is to be heard in all things, under

the penalty of being cut off from the people, or of having their names blotted out of the Book of Life, or being deprived of the comforts of the Lord's holy presence. Read this, you who have heard and understood what the Spirit saith unto the churches. These things I saw after the true witness arose or revived, and the light did shine which had disappeared, or had been clouded. I have been led into these openings, which have caused a little digression from my wilderness state, mentioned before, which I now return to.

After much searching without amongst those who proved to me physicians of no value and miserable comforters, I betook myself to a lonesome and retired life, breathing after and seeking the Lord in the fields and private places, beseeching Him that He would bring me to the saving knowledge of His truth; and blessed be the name of the Lord now and forever, I had not sought Him long with all my heart, before I met with His inward appearance to me, in and by His Holy Spirit, Light, and Grace; but when the true light did begin to shine more clearly, and the living witness did arise in my inward man, oh! then my undone, bewildered, and miserable condition began to appear, and then great and unutterable were my conflicts and the distress I was in: I thought no man's condition upon the face of the whole earth was like mine; I thought I was not fit to die, neither did I know how to live; I thought in the evening, oh! that it was morning; and in the morning, oh! that it was evening. I had many solitary walks in the fields and other places, in which I many times poured out my complaints and cries before the Lord, with fervent supplications to Him that He would look upon my afflictions and the strong temptations I was then under, and that He would rebuke the adversary of my soul and deliver it, for I even thought it was in the jaws of a devouring lion and amongst the fiery spirits, and, as it were, under the weight of the mountains. Read and understand the afflictions of thy brother, thou that hast come through great tribulations, and hast washed and made thy garments white in the blood of the Lamb: this is the beginning of that baptism which doth save, and of that washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which the Lord sheds upon the believers in abundance; this is the blood which sprinkleth the heart from an evil conscience, that the children of men, thus changed, may serve the living and true God; this is the life which converts the world, even as many as are converted; this is the virtue, life, and blood which maketh clean the saints' garments, and inwardly washeth them from all filthiness, both of flesh and spirit. I found this was and is He of whom it is said, by Him were all things made, and He is the Lord of all: a man ought to be servant to Him, and all things in man; subservient to Him who commands and comprehends all things, in whom all the types and shadows also do end, or are fulfilled. Read this, thou virgin daughter, or clean Church of Christ, the rock of thy strength, whose name to thee is as precious ointment poured forth; and because of the savor thereof, the virgins love him, and are under great obligations to obey and follow him, the Lamb of God, wheresoever he leadeth.

Although I had seen many things and had divers openings, yet great were my trials, and many were the temptations I met with in those days, for I lived at a distance from Friends and meetings, which made my exercise the harder, as will more fully hereafter appear in the course of my travels, and pilgrimage in this vale of tears and troubles, and some of them not very common; but the Lord helped me through them all, blessed be His name for ever.

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

TO THE FATHERS AND MOTHERS IN ISRAEL.

The feeling of gratitude for such articles as "Thoughts," in No. 10, by N. P., and the Editorial in No. 9, entitled, "Gather the Children," has caused me to use a few minutes usually devoted to business, in giving expression to my feelings. If any argument were necessary to prove that Prayer accomplishes good, not only to him who prays, but to others otherwise beyond his reach, and to an extent that only the eye of faith and experience can realize, I should find it in the welcomed experience of our friend N. P., as given in No. 10 of the Intelligencer. I would that all the readers of the Intelligencer might also carefully weigh the sentence, "Each and every individual has an influence that is felt for better or worse by those with whom they mingle;" and I may add, each one of us is responsible for the wrong-doing of those, to the extent that our example or precept, given in obedience to the guide, would have restrained them from evil, or led them towards good.

To our aged friends and those who occupy places of honor or influence in the Society, I very much desire to recommend a reperusal and weighty consideration of the Editorial, "Gather the Children." It is full of truths that if acted upon years ago would have gathered us together, and would have strengthened the hands of those who felt called to do the Father's will and have brought many into the vineyard to labor, who are now scattered disconsolate or rebellious throughout the land.

Dear elder friends, many of you I fear do not realize the number of hungry and thirsty souls, to whom words from you of love, charity and encouragement would come as the refreshing dew, but who, under the weight of dead customs and the clouds that a spirit of judgment create, suffer and finally die a spiritual death, or wander abroad to the warm embraces and hearty welcome of other societies, seeking that which you as faithful servants are surely in duty bound to try and lead them to.

I rejoice in the belief that in many parts of our Society, and in a rapidly increasing degree, the spirit of love is taking the place of the spirit of judgment, and the children are indeed to be *gathered*, not scattered. Thus it was in the early days of our Society, and thus it will always be in a healthy state of our religious organization.

There are many who have gone from meeting to meeting, from revival to revival, seeking in earnest fear for the evidence of the Lord's presence, and finding him so enshrouded with their forms and ceremonies, have turned heartsick away. Of these, many turn towards us because of our *profession*, but when they find us and our meetings as a "door upon its hinges, swinging to and fro," without vitality, their hearts become hardened and sick nigh unto death; and we are responsible, in our measure, for their suffering; for they would be joyfully gathered, and go with us "up to the mountain of the Lord," if they could see that we were going there.

My faith is strong that an awakening such as will bring joy to hundreds of seeking souls, and surprise, if not awaken, those who, sleeping in tradition and ease, desire that their rest may not be disturbed, only awaits the *faithfulness* of a few here and there throughout our Society to sweep through its borders, and draw thousands nearer Christ, and through him to the Father. I know we are constantly called to the guidance of the "light within us," sometimes, I fear, *because* our fathers led us there. Oh! why will not *all* those who thus call us turn from the letter—turn from asking, "Is it according to the custom of our Fathers?—and begin to ask, "Lord, what wilt thou have *us* to do?" Thus indeed will young and old joyfully walk together in the pleasant paths of peace, and to the honor of the great Head of the Church.

Richmond, Ind. P.

A man must learn to wait as well as to work, and to be contented with those means of advancement in life which he may use with integrity and honor. Patience is one of the most difficult lessons to learn. It is natural for the mind to look for immediate results.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

RISING IN TIME OF PRAYER.

I was glad to see the subject of rising in time of prayer, so ably and so charitably reviewed by J. M. E. in the last Intelligencer, and ere the feelings it has awakened have passed away I would like to mention the course adopted by the meeting of which I have been a member for many years.

One of our number, a most pure-hearted, conscientious man, felt that he could not unite in this custom of changing the position of the body during public prayer; he thought it inconsistent with the simplicity of our mode of worship, and not in accordance with our profession "to come out as far as possible from all forms." So he remained seated when any one appeared in supplication, and soon every member of the meeting followed his example, and the solemn reverential stillness which pervaded the place causing every word of the lowest voice or of the most feeble suppliant to be distinctly heard by every listening ear, made these seasons often remarkable and were of themselves the strongest arguments one could use against the olden form. As J. M. E. truly says, the voice is sometimes drowned in the noise of a rising audience, and none know but words may be lost that would reach some heart and leave on it a saving, undying influence. L. F.

HOME.

BY JOHN F. W. WARE.

(Continued from page 183)

The constitution of the home is wanting a something essential till there are children in it. No family is perfect that has not a baby in it, and no home complete that has not the presence of children.

I go a step further, and say that, in order to the perfect constitution of home, the children must be of both sexes. There must be girls among the boys, and boys among the girls. No one should repine to whom God has ordered it otherwise; yet there will always be a want in the home circle and a vacant place in the affections—a desire unanswered and unsatisfied—so long as only one sex is represented at our hearth. There are affections that can only be called out, influences only to be exerted, proportion and finish to character only to be attained, where both boys and girls grow together in the home. The fathers who are growing old without a daughter's clinging affection, the mothers who pass their prime without a son's chivalric devotion; the brothers who come up rude, unpolished, and untamed for the want of a sister's gentleness,—shy, awkward, and ill at ease; the sisters who have never felt the proud, encouraging protection of a brother's love,—

each and all have lost from their life an element to completeness, and the home, happy and bright as it is, is shorn of a great glory. The constitution of the home is, then, only perfect when daughters and sons, sisters and brothers, cluster beneath the parental roof. . .

A home, constituted as I have said, cannot be left to itself. There is no inevitable law by which it shall be impelled toward success. It has no charmed life. Because of its divine institution and constitution, it is not shielded from danger. Indeed, because it is so noble a thing, it is the more subject to danger. Were the home the low and grovelling thing the savage makes it, a mere place of eating and sleeping, and the barest necessities of existence, there would be no thought or need of watch over it. It could not well sink. The more it becomes elevated, the more sensible men and women are of its responsibilities, the further they advance in general and individual culture, the more numerous and threatening are the dangers to which it is exposed. The home of to-day, both in city and village, is more sorely beset from without and from within than the homes of our fathers. Capable of giving more, it is constantly liable to give less. Indeed, we feel it does give less. It has had much added to external advantage. In some things its gain has been commensurated with the gain outside, while that very gain has seemed to subtract from its solid and substantial qualities. We are not satisfied with the condition of our homes. They are not what they should be, and do not give us what they should, and we are disposed to lay the blame upon the times upon which we have fallen, and the influences about us we cannot shake off or rise above. Is not more of the trouble in ourselves? Have we not grown supine about these our nearest duties, and gone mad after many inventions? Our first affections are drawn off to other things. Our time, power, thought, are given to them. Great and wise are we in the perishing things of the day. The world is our field, the elements are our slaves, and the hoar sea bows its crested head before our coming. All things about know her master.

But this little sacred centre, home, how shamefully it is neglected; and how restless and fretful are we if our neglect is suggested to us, and reform proposed which shall begin with ourselves. Take the man, he whose very name of husband—in its derivation, *house-band*—shows that his chief and leading duty should be to bind together the house. Take the man, be he merchant, mechanic, or the man of a profession. He knows that he neglects his home, but he calms his conscience by pleading the inexorable will of his business. But what is business that it has any right to contravene that old law of God, which makes the man, who has voluntarily assumed the post of father, the head of the home? What right has it so to absorb him that he has no time, no heart, for his home duties, no pleasure in them? Why must homes have the worst hours of man's day, his tired hours? Why must those who love him never see him at his post, and why should the whole machinery of domestic economy and rule, all authority and discipline and influence, devolve upon the wife, who in her own appointed sphere has quite enough to do? Who gave man leave to delegate his authority, and bind himself to another service? I know what may be urged in excuse. I hear men constantly lament and tamely submit. They see a lion in the way. And yet you put an enterprise before them that they think will pay, and lions are nothing. I never knew men convinced of anything that they did not do. Let this generation once feel, as it must feel, that this neglect of home is no necessity, but a sin; let it rest red and hot upon men's consciences that God has given them this charge which they have deserted; let these homes grow worse and worse, as they inevitably must, till self-interest rouse to reform, if duty do not,—and you will find business as easy to control as you now imagine it to be difficult. If the man was to be a mere money-maker, why was it not so ordained in the beginning, and the family organized without the father? No; this is a fearful mistake, and it is telling fearfully upon the characters of our sons and daughters. Upon the old homestead, or when business was a thing of comparative leisure, we knew our fathers, we grew up by them. They watched over us, rewarded and punished, rebuked and encouraged us, and we can trace much of what is best in us back to that steady intercourse between us. Where is that influence to day? Who of us all is really doing any thing about the daily culture of our sons and daughters, and who or what is supplying our place?

I speak thus of the fathers, not because I suppose that all the trouble with our homes come from their neglect, but because I think it mainly does, directly or indirectly. The men in middle life are responsible men in the home as well as in society, and to the men in middle life mainly I speak. With them this neglect of home commenced, with them should commence the remedy. And there can be no remedy till they choose to apply it. Mothers may be all devotion and fidelity, all wisdom and persistence, but there are things in the ordering of our homes and the training of our families which no woman comprehends or is equal to. A man who has been educated exclusively under female influence always

wants a something of manliness. What he may gain in tenderness and a certain elevation of sentiment he loses in strength and health. The home requires the male and female influence, as God saw in the beginning. The father must co-operate with the mother, not spasmodically, but continually, leaving her liberty for her own special work, the sphere for which she was made, out of which she should never be expected to labor. I think it will be time to blame the really faithful mothers, when the fathers show some disposition to reform.

If I were to mention an error in the wives and mothers, which seems to me to set against true home life, it would be their devotion to the mere detail of domestic life. They never rise above it, and leave a painful impression upon their children even, for the hopeless drudgery of a mother and a wife. May this not be one reason why the daughters so cordially hate and so wholly neglect every thing pertaining to work, and vastly prefer the indolence and mental and moral exposure of a hotel or boarding-house, to the cares, but the securities, of housekeeping? Have you heard daughters say, "Well, I never mean to work as mother does," and do you not know that they keep their word? I think it may be difficult to prevent this so long as the husbands leave home cares wholly to the wives, and yet I am not sure that woman need sink so utterly all that is higher in her, become so mere a devotee to her home toil. Duty to her home is not summed up, exhausted in *work*. Kitchen, nursery, chambers, are not the only spheres for her adorning. She is not the wife—the *weft*, one who weaves—merely; but she has a higher walk before her children, and duties to them as souls, which she may not slight, which she should not delegate. I am not sure but it is the mission of the sewing-machine to ransom the mother and the wife, to leave her fingers idle for a little, and give her time to remember and recollect the womanly powers that have long been lost under the pressure of daily domestic duty,—Give her time and heart to undertake the higher culture of her children. For the daughters' sakes I would ask the mothers if they are not mistaken in narrowing the duty of the home so much to mere toil? Is there not a better and a brighter side possible for you and for them, and their own by and by advantage, to show that work must sometimes stand aside for pleasure or improvement? How would the faded and jaded mothers and wives of middle life put on their bloom and spirits again if only they would seize now and then a little seasonable intellectual or physical recreation, and how much brighter and wiser would homes be if the mother, now and then, changed work, and showed to her husband and children that she has a mind as well as hands!

I grant that it will not be easy to set one's self against the drift which sets against a woman from the moment of her marriage. "At the altar she imagines herself united to a man of warm affections, noble thoughts, and great protective power,—one of whose head the church roof is scarcely holy cover enough; but she finds herself at home, instead of all this, to have married a craving body of wants,—shirts that want washing, hose that want mending, whims that want attending to, ailments that want poulticing, appetites that want cooking for, perverseness that wants bearing with, passions that want patience, and cowardly spirits that want comforting." The ideal of motherhood too vanishes with equal rapidity and entireness in presence of the harsh and tangible reality. Children are not cherubs, nor always such as we imagine those the Saviour blessed. They, too, are a bundle of wants,—troubles that want soothing, tears that want wiping, efforts that want encouraging, hunger that wants appeasing, clothes that want patching, and mischief and disobedience that want the closet or the rod. If against all these the mother and wife make head, rising superior to all their wear and worry, and causing home to feel all the genuine nobleness of her womanhood, her children shall call her blessed, and her husband shall rise up and praise her.

The key-note of the family is struck by the parents. The home is what they make it. The plastic mind of the child inevitably takes the impression they put on it. The earlier years childhood, the later years of youth, the intercourse and mutual influence of brother and sister, the character of the man and the woman,—themselves the future teachers and guides of their own children,—depend largely upon what they have found their parents to be in their own home. What responsibility rests on us each and all from the beginning! —that the man select with prudence, and the woman reject what she cannot prudently accept; that in the early days of wedded life, before cares and children come, the art of living together be well learned; that when the family is once established, the father neglect it not for his business, or the mother for her work. The home has affections which should be cherished, aspirations which should be recognized, capacities which should be fostered. It has minds to be cultivated, hearts to be kept pure and made noble, souls to be saved; and, if you would have it not like the garden of the sluggard, all grown over with briers and thorns, but what home may be, the place of your pride and your joy, the rest of your

body and the calm haven of your spirit, if you would see good days and be made glad by the virtues and the successes of your children, make it a simple place of simple pleasures and grateful duties, a place in which each lives with each and for each, in which parent and child grow up together, the parent wisely cultivating and supporting, the child returning the reverence and love that are natural to it; make it a place your child goes out from reluctantly, not with a mere vapid sentiment or a positive disgust, but with a deep, unchanging love, a love that ever and ever repeats, as he sadly separates from it, or from distant lands or years looks back upon it, "*There is no place like home.*"

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

At this time your weekly gathering is near its close. My thoughts have been with you, and I would fain hope that there has been witnessed a travail of spirit that has been availing, and that He who is "the resurrection and the life" has been felt to be in the midst. How often we miss the good designed for us by having the attention drawn outward. In the desire to be fed through instrumental means, the multitude remain ignorant of the bountiful supply in store for those who draw near the banqueting table of the Lord, which is spread in the inner sanctuary, and to which all are invited. May the good Hand preserve us all in humble dependence for renewings from thence. I share, in my measure, thy concern that nothing may be offered for gospel that bears not the King's stamp. We have great need in this day to watch closely the movings of the waters, and endeavor to clearly discriminate between the motions "of the angel" and those of creaturely activity. I speak for myself, and am often bowed under the fear that I may err in this matter.

The path of Wisdom is about midway between extremes. In all religious engagements, mortifications are salutary. They have the happy tendency to reduce *self*, or in other words to put us out of conceit of ourselves. Then follows (that is if we bear them patiently) a disposition to receive aid from the right source. Thus our experience becomes enlarged, and we learn obedience by the things which we suffer.

What a sudden and afflicting bereavement has fallen upon the family of our beloved friend ——! Occasions present abundantly to call forth the tender sympathies of our nature in doing all we can to lighten the load under which the human family are oppressed. Yet after all the cup is bitter to the taste. He who is pleased to minister it can bless and sanctify all His dispensations, and I verily believe, never fails to do it, if a submissive disposition be sincerely desired and cherished, in which alone the mind is prepared for the blessing. Oh! that we may all so live as to have our minds thus prepared, that when the trials and afflictions of life overtake us, we may know where to flee and find safety.

In the renewed extendings of heavenly love I feel how good it is to be united to those who love the Truth, and who can understand the greeting of the Spirit as it is warmed into life by the overshadowing of the Holy Spirit. Thanks be unto our mercifnl Father for his continued remembrance of his poor unworthy children, and thanks for the crumb of heavenly bread which has so strengthened the inner man that melody and praise arise as incense from the altar.

My feelings have been solemnized under an evidence that the love of our Heavenly Father is near and around us, and under this feeling I have remembered His watchful care so many years extended unto me, yes, even from childhood. The many visitations, both of comfort and warning, with blessing upon blessing. Among these have been sympathizing friends, who often have been as a stay and a staff, when the drooping spirits needed sympathy and encouragement. How wonderfully are we cared for!—meriting so little, as I now feel, and yet not forsaken.

They who travail for the exaltation of the pure seed in themselves and in others will often find their dwelling in a low place, for "where I am, there shall my servant be." But we are sometimes permitted to sit together in heavenly places, where our spirits receive refreshment and a fresh stimulus to press on toward the fulfilment of the work of our day, not doubting but that strength will be given sufficient for every requirement.

There is need of skilful workmen among us, but He whose the work is will send by whom He will. His gracious design is to bring sons from afar, and daughters from the ends of the earth, to feed in the green pastures of life. If we are called to be instruments in His hand toward the accomplishment of this blessed work, let us not hold back, but cheerfully obey the word of command.

He who aspires to make his mark upon the age in which he lives, or even in the sphere in which he moves, must exercise *all* the facul-

ties which God has given him, and that he cannot do if he buries himself in a library. Above all, he must study *men*. Humane nature is not a volume that those who run may read. It is full of deep and complex problems, and he who has mastered them, who can discern and analyze and influence the motives which govern the actions of those around him, holds his destiny in his own hands.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 29, 1869.

PUBLIC MINISTRY.—Amid the abundance of public testimony that was borne during the week of our late Yearly Meeting, by ministers from different sections of our country, we were interested and encouraged in observing the unity of exercises and their correspondence with that under which George Fox stood forth when he exhorted the people to "*mind the Light.*"

With pleasure we recognized a prevailing concern to call away from outward dependencies to a trust in and obedience to the principle of Truth implanted in each mind, as the one thing needful.

Many powerful testimonies were borne to the saving efficacy of this active, operative Principle—the Indwelling Word or Life of God in the soul of man; and there was manifested by our ministers generally a care to keep under that anointing Power, which can alone qualify finite man to preach the everlasting gospel. While there may be many causes of discouragement on the right hand and on the left, we may thank God and take fresh courage, under the evidence given that we hold the truth in its simplicity, and are more and more approaching the state wherein, as with one accord, the language of the Apostle Paul can be adopted,—"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is *the power* of God unto salvation to all them who believe."

Under a vivid remembrance of the many seasons of favor with which we were blessed, we desire that by all things we may be instructed. There is need of care that ministers, while they acknowledge their dependence for a qualification rightly to minister upon the renewings of the spirit, shall keep the eye single to the same source for reward, and leave their fellow servants to receive *their penny* also from Him, who put them forth.

We do not object to a word in season "to them who are weary," but it is very important that those exercised in the ministry, to speak figuratively, be not lifted off their own feet. We would offer a word of caution in this regard, believing weakness rather than strength results from taking the instrument out of the hand of the Great Former. Is not the tendency in the present day in this direction? No one has a right to place upon the shoulders of another, especially of those young in the ministry, the heavy burden of adulation in addition to the exercises necessarily attendant upon the gift; and where it is done, we believe a heavy responsibility rests upon those who thus assume it, if the instruments appointed to the work fall from the ground on which they at first stood.

In this connection we may allude to the often indulged custom of one minister endorsing what another may have offered. When a meeting has been baptized by vocal ministry, and a gathered, devotional state is known, the effect is often lessened rather than increased by these endorsements. The heavenly seal is most frequently placed upon such service in seasons of solemn silence, with which we are sometimes favored, after a ministering friend has resumed his seat; and great loss is sustained when this silence is inadvertently broken even by an expression of unity.

Shall we not leave the humbled instrument in the hands of Him who called to the work, and also suffer the Heavenly blessing to rest upon the labor, even as "the dew upon the tender herb," without *appearing* to feel that the service is not complete unless we have a part in it.

In conclusion, we would encourage Friends in all our meetings, whether for worship or discipline, to avoid as much as possible undue haste in offering their exercises. Let all bear in lively remembrance the Scripture exhortation, "Keep silence before me all ye islands, and let the people renew their strength." Many of us have known the disadvantage of one communication so rapidly succeeding another, that no time was allowed for silent in-

troversion, which would give a renewal of strength. And the haste often manifested in the expression of a sentiment or the hasty utterance of a concern by those who have long been accustomed to speaking in the assemblies of the people, stands in the way of a general participation in the business in our large meetings. Those whose offerings may be compared to "a pair of turtle doves or young pigeons" are thereby discouraged, and they frequently withhold that upon which the Heavenly blessing might perhaps most abundantly rest.

The rapid succession in speaking was perhaps the most discouraging feature presented by our late Yearly Meeting, as involving the fact, that while much interest was manifested by the large gathering of Friends, there was a less general participation in the business of the meeting than has been the case the past few years.

Let us learn wisdom even by our misses. "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth liberally and upbraideth none.

PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING.—The account of the Yearly Meeting contained in the last two numbers of the Intelligencer conveys a general idea of the subjects which claimed attention, both in the Men's and Women's Meetings, and of the harmony and brotherly feeling which prevailed in the large assembly. We furnish in the present number the minute of the exercises of Men's Meeting. No fact connected with our Yearly Meeting is more apparent than that there has been for many years a steady growth both in the size of the assembly, and in the Christian love and harmony which is the crown of a religious meeting. The proceedings this year were of an unusually interesting character. The Minutes of the Representative Committee embraced its labors in the Indian Concern, and also in relation to the Militia Law of Pennsylvania, portions of which were directed to be published with the Extracts.

A large number of the Extracts have been published, and will be distributed in the usual way among the Quarterly Meetings, and we are authorized to say that any Friend, either within or without the limits of our Yearly Meeting, who desires this pamphlet of 46 pages, may procure one by enclosing a postage stamp to T. E. Zell, Publisher, No. 17 South Sixth Street.

PUBLICATIONS.—The leading article in this number is taken from the life of John Richardson, recently republished by Thomas W. Stuckey, and for sale by him at Sixth and Callowhill Sts. Price $1.00.

A second edition of "Biblical History" has been issued with the correction of a few typographical errors which occurred in the first edition; and also a slight alteration in relation to the successor of Nebuchadnezzar on page 316. The account being compiled from the book of Daniel, Belshazzar is represented as the next king of Babylon; but by a closer reading of Scripture History, we find in 2 Kings xxv. 27, Evil-merodach mentioned as king of Babylon. One commentator at least advances the idea that Belshazzar was another name for Evil-merodach, but others believe the latter to have been the son and the former the grandson of Nebuchadnezzar.

We regret that the effort to have it correct has not been entirely successful—the name of Evil-merodach reading Evil-murdock. It would be well for those purchasing the book to make this correction.

The price is reduced to 87 cts.

A third edition of "Talks for the Children" is now ready and to be had with other books published by the Association of Friends at the book store of T. Ellwood Zell, and of Emmor Comly, Agent of Friends' Intelligencer.

DIED, at the residence of his grandfather Emmor Comly, Bristol, Pa., on the 18th of Fifth month, 1869, of whooping-cough, with congestion of the lungs, Henry C. Haines, only son of Clayton E. and Carrie C. Haines, aged 9 months and 17 days.

——, in Tenth month, 1868, at the residence of his son John Lawson, South Berne, Albany Co., N. Y., HENRY H. LAWSON, aged nearly 88 years. In the course of his long life, the deceased had experienced many trials and close provings, but his strong and abiding faith in the wisdom and goodness of an overruling Providence sustained him through all. The pleasure of looking upon his friends and admiring the beauties of Nature, was gradually taken from him, and for the last ten years of his life he was totally blind. Yet the spiritual eye seemed not closed, and he continued to manifest his interest in the Society and the welfare of its

members, by public exhortations in its meetings while so situated as to attend them. His sufferings, which at last were long and severe, he patiently bore, though more than willing to be released; expressing that he was at peace with God and man. In this beautiful state of mind he quietly passed away, and we trust he is now an inhabitant of "that city that hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." He was a member and minister of Rensselaerville Mo. Meeting. E. H.

——, on the 16th of Tenth month, 1868, at his residence in Mechanicsville, Bucks Co., Pa., SAMUEL EASTBURN, in the 69th year of his age.

——, at his residence in New Garden, Chester County, Pa., on the 24th of Fourth month, 1869, JOSHUA THOMPSON, aged 82 years and 11 months.

Trained to piety and virtue in early life by his religious parents, temperate in all things, modest and unassuming, industrious and economical, his life-concern was to discharge his social, moral and religious duties faithfully. He was, moreover, severely tried in the furnace of affliction. With a mind thus trained, when the final summons came he was found ready—to use his own phrase, "was just waiting to be gathered home." His body was pained, but his mind was at ease. His faculties remained clear to the expiring breath; and the placid serenity of his countenance bespoke the language, "Come Lord Jesus, thy servant is ready." E. M.

——, Fifth month 5th, 1869, REBECCA POWELL, in the 73d year of her age; a member of Greenwich Monthly Meeting, N. J.

SWARTMORE COLLEGE.

The Committe of Women to aid in furnishing the College, will meet in Race St. Monthly Meeting Room on Third-day 1st of Sixth mo., 3½ P. M. All women who are interested in the College, are invited to attend.

ANNIE COOPER, *Secretary.*

PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING.

The following minute, embracing some of the exercises of the late Yearly Meeting, was read and united with.

While engaged in considering the interesting subjects brought before us by reading and answering the Queries, we have felt the bond of union to be strengthened, attended with a desire that we may be better qualified for the duties which devolve upon us as individuals, and as a body of Christian professors. As we dwell under a feeling of Divine love, a qualification is experienced for religious service. The strong are enabled to bear the infirmities of the weak, the faint-hearted are encouraged, and the object of religious association realized. The early members of our Society were called away from the lifeless forms and theological dogmas which prevailed around them, and it was their mission to present the simplicity and spirituality of the religion of Christ. It is for us, their successors, to bear aloft this standard and to illustrate our faith by consistent and upright lives, remembering the command of our Divine Master, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Although meetings are often held in silence and may appear unattractive, if when thus assembled we seek, in humility, a qualification to commune with the Father of Spirits, we shall experience a renewal of strength. Let not the lukewarmness or the weaknesses of those who may be prominent, discourage the young and inexperienced from the performance of this Christian obligation.

The duties enjoined by the third query were impressively urged, and we are encouraged to believe there is an increased feeling of responsibility on the part of parents in the right training of those committed to their charge. Many of our dear children are subjected to influences calculated to draw them away from the simplicity of our faith and worship, and to lessen their interest in the testimonies of Truth as professed by us. The increased efforts recently made by concerned Friends for their moral and religious improvement, by collecting them on First-days for reading good books, and especially the Holy Scriptures, and calling their attention to the "word nigh in the heart," of which the Scriptures so abundantly testify, met with earnest sympathy and encouragement. As these are faithful in the exercise of their gifts, and prayerful and watchful in this engagement, they may do much, under the Divine blessing, to gather and feed the lambs.

Our attention was impressively called to the dangers which beset those who tamper with alcoholic liquors, whether such as are distilled and bring drunkenness in their train, or those less powerful stimulants which create the appetite, and so lead many into the vortex of intemperance. In connection with this subject, the use of tobacco was mentioned, and the belief expressed that its tendency was to foster self-indulgence, and thereby be prejudical to our highest interests.

Attention was called to the fact that the necessities of those in straitened circumstances might be much relieved by encouraging them in such business as they are capable of, and that a liberal disposition on the part of Friends in loaning small sums of money to aid such in business, would often be of essential service.

The testimonies embraced in the sixth query were severally presented to the consideration of the meetings. Oaths, war, a hireling ministry, and military requisitions, are all evils which the Society in its collective capacity has borne testimony against, and an exercise prevailed that every member might faithfully maintain them in the peaceable spirit of Jesus.

There never was a time when moderation

in living and in the prosecution of business, and integrity and uprightness of conduct were more important to the well being of our country, and a consistent example in these respects will have an influence not only among ourselves, but on society at large.

During the consideration of the eighth query, an exercise was felt that overseers and others, on whom the responsibility rests, might seek after a qualification to restore those who have wandered, and these were reminded of the importance of choosing the right time for the service, and entering upon it in the spirit of restoring love, and that Friends in every department of the Society maintain in true Christian feeling the order and discipline which has been adopted for our government. Thus the body in its various branches would be preserved in unity, harmonizing as one family, of which Christ is the head, giving evidence that we are under his government, in which order is ever maintained.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

CLUB TALK, OR FRAGMENTS OF BARK.

Liverworts.

BY J. G. HUNT. *5th mo.*, 1869.

Comrades! a story now we have to tell,
Of friends who live by the dripping well;
Their emerald cheeks and their sober locks,
Are wet with the tears of the dripping rocks.

They live all retired 'neath dark rocky shelf,
Where Sol sends his shadows, but goes not himself;
Like others we cherish, tho' free from all pride,
They wear all their beautiful jewels *inside*.

If flowers are like the pleasures of this world, which vanish at the touch, surely those plants that bear no flowers are like its virtues, for they linger with us through all the changing seasons, through evil and through good report; and to know them truly we must woo them with earnest and honest intention, and the more we know of their characters, the more is our admiration increased, and the stronger does our love become. How natural is it for us to love something,—to select some one of God's beautiful children, not necessarily human, but often otherwise, for our ideal, and to gather around it our "immortelle" garland of satisfying delight. It was Linnæus who said that each man and each woman is born with an affinity for some special department of nature. In the gay glitter of fashionable life, some find that satisfaction which others discover only in the abodes of the poor. And there are many whose affinities attract them towards ecclesiastical machinery, and find in congregations of their own kind the same heart-help which others glean from song of bird, from insect life, from fossil bones, from the starry skies, from rock or shell, or from the murmuring trees and painted flowers. And let no one judge another, for these natural predilections, or say that mine are better and nearer the right than are thine. The happiest man or woman is the one who discovers in early life his or her special affinity for a particular work, and then works at it for mental refreshment in those broken fragments of time which come to all, first for their own self-help, and then for the help of others with whom daily life offers so many points of contact, and they will find that *such* work will be the "wooing by which their happiness is won."

We do not offer this by way of apology for our love of the plants. Man should never apologise for loving anything! the impulse is one of those Divine instincts given to lead us onward to a better state, and we are responsible only for its exercise in good and holy things.

The natural order of plants we bring up (by request) for conversation at this meeting, is one almost unknown except to the professional botanist. And although we call them "Liverworts," they exercise no special influence over that much-abused organ, neither do they give us food, nor drink, nor clothing, nor contribute to our material wants. Are they therefore useless? Is anything that makes green *one* dark spot on earth of no value? If we can see in their beautiful organization only another revelation of that wonderful life which has been our study at times; if we can climb up through the lovely avenue ornamented with their curious forms, into the broader regions beyond, and thus obtain clearer views of what life means, surely our hasty study of these little plants will give us some compensation. Where we cannot eat, nor drink, nor appropriate to the "gratification of instinctive wants nor to the decoration of a body made to perish," may we not twine in love around the head or heart fresh wreaths of knowledge or affection and grow better by such studies?

From all other plants, except a few lichens and mosses, the Liverworts may be told by their generally green and scale-like fronds spread out over shady and damp places. Neither wholly in, nor entirely out of the water do they generally grow. They are the amphibia, and, glittering in their often purple and green scales, are the true lizards of the vegetable kingdom. Old Time, in scooping out the rock-hollows in which these plants delight to dwell, left behind his finger-nails, and they have turned green with age, and have grown out into the leaves of these plants. We call the lichens "time stains;" let us call the Liverworts his finger-nails.

In plant biography, as in human, it is unimportant at what point in the circle we commence, provided we are careful to join the

two ends, an analysis of the ashes is often as good a starting point as a knowledge of the construction of the cradle.

For our purpose, we shall classify the Liverworts as follows: First, sub order: Ricciaceæ. Characters—Sporangia valveless, and buried in the frond; no elaters. Second, sub-order: Marchantiaceæ. Characters—Sporangia, valvate or bursting irregularly; disposed symmetrically on the under side of pedunculated heads, rarely solitary or sessile, spores mixed with elaters. Third, sub-order: Jungermanniaceæ. Characters, Sporangia splitting into four equal valves, spores mixed with elaters.

And first, of Ricciaceæ. More bold than others of the Liverworts, some genera of this sub-order spread their delicate fronds on the surface of the water. Riccia, often to be found in our neighborhood, has finely divided leaves, radiating and dividing, more or less, from a centre, thus presenting beautiful green rosettes on the margins of ponds and streams. The fruit of this genus is buried in the substance of the frond, and can be seen only on making a proper section. The spores are contained in a spherical sack, and are *not* mixed with elaters, and these spores arise from repeated divisions of mother cells, exactly as pollen grains are developed in the anthers of higher plants. In our species of Riccia numerous air-spaces are imbedded in the fronds, and these air-sacks float the species containing them on the surface of the pond. Analogous air-cavities are found in many flowering plants. In the leaf-stems of Utricularia are little cavities filled with a heavy jelley in the early stages of the plant, but when the time comes to lift its flowers out of the water, these jars of jelley are found empty, or filled only with air, and thus only can the plant hold its golden head above the surface. After maturity these bladders open by little lids, out pops the air, and finally the jelley comes back again and sinks the ripening seeds below the surface for next year's growth. We have known little tadpoles to become imprisoned in the closing air-sacks of Utricularia. Riccia is seldom found in fruit. The genus Riella is the most curious of the sub-order. Its habit of growth is upright, with a blade or leaflet wound spirally around the axis like a miniature stair-case; or as, Berkley says, like the stomach of a shark.

The Marchantiaceæ present us forms with which the Club is more familiar. Who of us does not treasure as often greenest and brightest recollections of some shady spring welling up from rocks enamelled all over with plants of this sub-order? And as we knelt in those glad, early days and quenched our physical thirst from the lips of the fountain, so let us now, in maturer life, drink a different draught from those green quiet sentinel watchers of the springs. And if the same abounding and joyous life which inspired us in those days has become dimmed with indifference or care, we hope the maturer patience of riper years will not grow weary while we endeavor to point out some new characteristics of the sub-order. We shall scatter as little dry sand in our pathway as possible. Cryptogamic botany is one grand poem without words, and most impatiently do we wait the coming of another Shakspeare to show us its true rhyme and measure.

Nearly all our associations of the beautiful and of life, as we know it, are linked with remembrances of water. Summer's golden and silver clouds are only aerial lakes and rivers, floating peacefully over us by day, and at night seeming to bathe the bright eyes of the stars in their floods; and the rainbow is only a chromatic myth binding together the falling rain-drops. And this impression, moreover, has its foundation in the strictest records of science. Not one spore, or seed, or egg in all the countless throngs that cover the earth or fill the seas, but had its origin and development in water. Somewhere in Grecian fable there is, or ought to be, a legend that life is born in water, and they figure the idea as a beautiful maiden rising from the ocean; her dark locks are wet with the glittering drops. She is carried along in a tinted sea-shell by troops of youthful sea nymphs. A veil white and thinner than a summer cloud keeps back the sunshine from this newborn pearl of creation. They scatter flowers on the waves around her, and music and the voice of song welcome her approach to the land. She wrings the water from her hair, and roses spring up on the spot where her foot first rested on the shore. From her open hand she sprinkles water on the ground, and where those drops fell are the spots from which we pluck anemones in the spring time. In science, then, or in fable, wherever the idea of life is brought forward, it is well to listen carefully, for it is not all accidental, that it should first appear in conditions where motion and free play of the physical forces are allowed. It would lead us too far away from the descriptive parts of our subject to follow the tendencies of modern thought in this direction, but it would be in strict harmony with our plant studies to do so at another time.

From this sub-order, then, we will select the genus Marchantia, and look somewhat carefully at its structure, and it will give us an idea of the *essential* characters of the other genera. If we look on the frond of Marchantia, we observe its surface mapped

out in regular diamond-shaped divisions, and in the centre of each is a conical elevation, having in it an aperture leading down into the tissues of the frond. If we look carefully into these miniature chimneys we observe curious green cells beneath. Let us make a section through one of these air-chambers of Marchantia and through the little chimney in order to get at the inside. We can see that four rows of large cells, placed in a circle one row over another, build up these singular stomata. But just at the bottom of the throat of the stomata, like the valve of the glottis, guards the trachea, is the obturator ring of cells, so-called because its function is to limit the admission of air to these chambers. There are air-chambers in the higher plants too, and air finds access through stomata, but these organs are far more simple in structure than in our Liverworts. The floor of these air-chambers is paved with firm cells, but the walls are more delicate in structure, while from all round spring straight or branching columns, polished and vivid green as the pillars of malachite in the Isak Church at St. Petersburg. On other portions of the surface of the frond we find curious little bodies like miniature birds' nests, though no wild forest bird rears her young in such beautiful homes. A portion of the epidermis of the leaf rises into a cup-shaped receptacle, beautifully fringed with teeth all round the margin, reminding us of the peristome of a moss or the sorus of a fern, and in these "conceptacles" lie many flat and oval buds. If a section be cut through one of these little baskets, we see at the bottom several pedunculated cells which quickly enlarge into these buds until they become detached from their origin, and lie loose in their glittering caskets. The under surface of the fronds has many delicate rootlets, marked often with beautiful spiral threads, and these rootlets supply the plants with nutrition and also attach them to the ground. When Marchantia grows in situations somewhat dry, it may be detected in fruit. It is a dicœcious plant, and the antheridia are found in a disc-shaped organ, raised on a pedicel about one inch above the frond. A perpendicular section through one of these organs reveals many antheridia lying like minute sacks imbedded in its tissue, but under our microscope they appear as large as our finger, and all open through short canals which terminate on the upper surface of the head. The antherozoids are perfected in these antheridia, and, at maturity, swarm out in milk-white minute drops from their open ends, and in such countless numbers that the antheridial head becomes more populous at that time than all the other surface of the earth besides. And yet every antherozoid commenced its existence in the liquid contents of a cell not so large as the blood-discs that roll in crimson tides in our own veins, and yet in that ample cradle it found room to flourish its long cilia and to sport in all the irrepressible joyousness of its new-found life. Aside from the astonishing fact that these spiral filaments are undoubtedly vegetable and not animal in nature, are we not interested in thus catching only a glimpse of how far down in the scale life may commence? Standing as we now do by the very cradle, holding the atomic representative of the life of our plant, some of you may assume that a creative intelligence, by special act, liberated these little beings from the great law of inertia that binds all dead matter; while others, perhaps a little further advanced in thought, will say that what we call life is only another co-related link in that Divinely appointed chain of force which binds through endless transmutations this earth and all that it inherits, into one family and one brotherhood. We know not enough to even think clearly on this subject at present, but the glowing promises of philosophic and physiological thought nourish the hope that what is now obscure in regard to the enigma of life, its origin, nature and conditions will be placed before us in a much clearer light. The present is only the prophet of the future, and it is more than probable that the twentieth century will demonstrate the fact that what we call life is only another form of caloric transmuted into and co-related with matter in obedience to physical law, which we now interpret as the will of the Creator manifested in His works. In our Club studies we often see life manifested by only the one phenomenon of motion, entirely unassociated with aught else that distinguishes dead matter from living matter, then ascending gradations link the phenomenon with apparent development, nutrition and reproduction, until we recognize as associated with it, and crowning it with inexpressible glory, the nobler gifts of intellectual, and moral, and spiritual life. But we are compelled to believe that in its essence and nature it is the same imponderable unit, whether employed in giving motion to the antherozoid of a Liverwort, or in moving the more complicated organization of man.

(To be continued.)

There never lived a great thinker or a great writer who was a book-worm. The mind of the man who reads perpetually becomes a mere conduit of another man's ideas. His own identity is gone. He is incapable of a fresh mental sensation. We have seen such men. They are great bores, and utterly useless, except for purposes of reference. It is the God-given prerogative of the human intel-

lect *to originate*. To the exercise of that prerogative we owe everything that civilization can boast. Away, then, with whatever tends to clog or stifle the *independence of the brain*. Never look upon anything that books can teach as definitive, but rather as suggestive of something hitherto unreached, but yet attainable.

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer.

I do not know the authorship of the following piece, but in reading it, my attention was attracted by the lines,

"And the breath of life which all must breathe
Is the answer unto prayer."

I saw this not only as true in itself, but it served to remind me that in the act of breathing, inspiration and expiration must be equal. I also infer that, in the divine economy, demand and supply are equal. That, according to Divine Wisdom, we are instrumental in answering as well as offering prayer.

N. P.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN WITHIN.

Around each earth-bound spirit
A world of beauty lies—
Of fragrant flowers and golden fruit
Seen by the spirit's eyes.

And music deep and wondrous sweet
Among those flowrets moves,
Singing the heavenly melodies
Which the watching spirit loves.

A world of beauty wholly made
Of man's interior life,
His holy thoughts those "fragrant flowers"
Which do not grow in strife.

The "fruit," his deeds of love on earth,
That "music sweet," the breathing
Of the immortal soul to God,
And harmony receiving.

. . . . . .

O ye who tread God's beauteous earth,
And dwell before His face,
O ye are building day by day
Your own abiding place.

Your words of love, your gentlest thoughts,
Your slightest acts are there—
And the breath of life which all must breathe
Is the answer unto prayer.

Then fill your hearts with heavenly thoughts,
Your lives with deeds of love,
And beautiful beyond compare
They'll bloom for you above.

Thus may ye build a world of light,
Of wondrous sights and sounds,
Where, 'mid the joys which angels know,
The peace of God abounds."

From Appleton's Journal.

MAY EVENING.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The breath of spring-time, at this twilight hour,
Comes through the gathering glooms,
And bears the stolen sweets of many a flower
Into my silent rooms.

Where hast thou wandered, gentle gale, to find
The perfumes thou dost bring?
By brooks that through the wakening meadows wind
Or brink of rushy spring?

Or woodside, where, in little companies,
The early wild flowers rise,
Or sheltered lawn, where, 'mid encircling trees,
May's warmest sunshine lies?

Now sleeps the humming-bird, that, in the sun,
Wandered from bloom to bloom;
Now ,too, the weary bee, his day's work done,
Rests in his waxen room.

Now every hovering insect to his place
Beneath the leaves hath flown;
And, through the long night-hours, the flowery race
Are left to thee alone.

O'er the pale blossoms of the sassafras
And o'er the spice-bush spray,
Among the opening buds, thy breathings pass,
And come embalmed away.

Yet there is sadness in thy soft caress,
Wind of the blooming year!
The gentle presence, that was wont to bless
Thy coming, is not here.

Go then; and yet I bid thee not repair,
Thy gathered sweets to shed,
Where pine and willow, in the evening air,
Sigh oe'r the buried dead.

Pass on to homes where cheerful voices sound
And cheerful looks are cast,
And where thou wakest, in thine airy round,
No sorrow of the past.

And whisper, everywhere, that Earth renews
Her beautiful array,
Amid the darkness and the gathering dews,
For the return of day.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

OBJECT TEACHING.

The necessity of a thorough education and of a constant improvement of teachers is admitted by all. At the present day, when all faculties are stirring, when it is the desire in every career of life, to progress energetically, to press onward, teachers especially should not remain behind. Whoever stands still indifferently, is overrun in the rapid march of intellect. That mind that daily imparts information to others, requires daily mental food. The sword rusts in the corner, a plant fades and dies in the dark; without exercise man becomes flaccid; without spiritual refreshment the activity of the teacher powerless and wavering. The best teachers are those, who drink with delight from the fountain of knowledge and keep themselves fresh. There are hundreds of teachers who never realize the importance of their duties. They believe themselves competent without any particular preparatory study to teach at least in the Primary Department. But the idea has never entered their minds, as every experienced teacher will acknowledge, that it is just in the Primary Classes, where able instructors should be placed, where great qualities are requisite to ensure satisfactory results. It is less difficult to build when a thorough foundation has been laid. Then there are unfortunately many, who teach not from choice, but frequently for the purpose of rendering themselves independent, hear

their classes and then are free. But are we not all dependent? Most assuredly and especially as teachers, for our reputation, our honor, and our success is dependent upon the progress and good will of our pupils. Every teacher, feeling the responsibility of his vocation, will therefore pursue a plan, the end of which promises a rich and blessed harvest. But unless the right foundation is laid, he will in vain look for fruits. Much has been said upon object-teaching, but, it appears, without producing the desired effect. I beg leave, therefore, to make a few remarks and urge the importance of this subject. The first instruction, if it arouse and strengthen the capacities of children, must proceed from observations and be connected with simple, surrounding objects. The senses must above all be exercised. Instruction must begin with real perception of things, and not with the learning of a dry collection of words. The lesson will be clear and stable, when the objects are so presented to the eye, as to be readily comprehended. *This* is the only true basis upon which to build. Nothing is thoroughly understood by the child that has not been observed through the medium of the eye. The habit of observing nature, therefore, is a sure foundation for all future improvement. However, named-objects are not simply to be shown to children in forms, in pictures, but in reality; men are to be taught not to obtain their first knowledge from books, but from the observations of heaven and earth, oak and beach, i. e. they must learn to know and examine such things themselves, to think, as they see them, not only be made to retain perceptions and testimonies of others. Objects must be placed before the senses, visible to the eyes, palpable to the touch, etc.; instruction should not commence with a verbal explanation of things, but with real observation, from which sure knowledge develops itself. Pleasing conversations with children upon surrounding things, remarks on their prominent signs, proportions, making them more and more acquainted with the same, building and increasing their real knowledge, and with all that constantly presenting an opportunity, to express themselves distinctly and definitely, are the first, most natural lessons, the best adapted for the beginning of school-life. It appears to me, he has never taught *thoroughly* in an elementary class, who declares himself against object-teaching. The removal of object-lessons is no doubt wished mostly by such as are incapable of appreciating their importance, and unable to replace them by any thing better. Learned pedagogues oftentimes cannot descend into the child's circle, cannot return to the youthful period of the development of the mind, cannot arouse, please and satisfy scholars with *their* manner of conception and expression. Our principles of instruction and our methods, as well as the measure of the chosen material must not be burdensome to the nature of children. Every school is a garden, in which the gardener must daily work at the young trees and flowers with patience and perseverance. Whoever looks only over the garden-fence or wanders about the paths, merely looking, may give some advice, but the adoption of such counsel might oftentimes interfere with the real success of gardening, the utility of the garden. Why do we find at the end of a year results so much greater and so much more satisfactory, in schools, not only abroad, but also in the North, in which object-lessons are taught? Object in grammar and philosophy designates already the conceived, the thought, the known. An object-lesson is a systematic exercise in thinking and the foundation for higher branches. Its purpose is to teach the child to *observe* nature, and to *think* as it observes, to *retain* impressions made upon the mind and *reproduce* them, to *reason*, at the same time preventing inattention and mental slumber; its end is to make free the childlike mind, to lay the foundation for the free expansion of the mind by means of description of real objects. The less this manner of instruction answers to these principles, the worse it is. The right spirit does not reign in a school in which the child is trained simply to listen, to sit perfectly still, looking too lazy to open its lips, because not required to do so, after having recited mechanically its lesson. In this sense the words of Jean Paul are doubly true. "Every first mistake is the greatest, and mental diseases unlike the small pox, becomes the more dangerous the younger one is, when affected by them." A scholar of seven years must first be accustomed to systematic instruction; by *habit* he must learn to confine his attention strictly to *one* object; he must acquire, if possible, a stock of distinct observations and impressions, conceptions and words, which he shall express simply and briefly. As the circle of representations is enlarged, language and fluency of expression follow. Facility of expression increases, as distinct ideas multiply. School is for hundreds of children the chief place, in which the mind is positively roused and directed to clothe simple ideas in words. This facility of expression, which is so important a feature in education, is made available by object-teaching.

B. S.

Friends' Elementary and High School, Baltimore.

"I hide my face from thee for a moment; *but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee,* saith the Lord thy Redeemer." "For

the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; *but My Kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the Covenant of My Peace be removed*, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee."

DWELLINGS FOR THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES.

In the neighborhood of London, to which access is had by railway, a plan for providing houses for the better class of artisans is about to be put in execution. A plot of 24 acres has been leased for 99 years, on which 600 houses, with gardens attached, are to be built, some more costly than others, and it is in the plan that they are to be let at such a rate that in 21 years the occupant will become the owner, subject to a moderate ground rent for the remainder of the period. The work is to psoceed forthwith, and already 300 houses have been applied for. The organization is a species of co-operation, assisted by capitalists, and it is declared that the investment is as certain of fair returns as any other.

On the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of one of the buildings, the Earl of Shaftesbury delivered an address, in which he said that the people of England never would be in the condition he hoped for until every family had a comfortable sitting-room and three bed-rooms, His experience taught him that men become more sober and better members of society when they leave the infected dens of the metropolis. He had known drunkards, even, to reform on leaving miserable lodgings for better abodes. He hated the system in which six families lived in one building with one staircase. The Queen upon her throne was not more dignified than a sober, honest, and industrious man, bringing up his family in the faith and love of God; and he added that if he could see the working-men of England brought to the condition to which he referred, he would be the first to propose universal suffrage.

These, certainly, are noble sentiments, and our capitalists and business men should be induced to place similar homes within the reach of the mechanics of our own city. Co-operation to this end needs the business tact as well as the pecuniary aid of business men to insure its success. A benevolent enterprise of this kind, if managed by fair business men. could not fail, because Providence always assists undertakings so conducted.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

ITEMS.

A new Polar expedition is being arranged, under command of Dr. Hayes, of former Arctic fame. It has been stated that a public-spirited citizen has offered the Doctor a suitable steamer, and that at a cost of $40,000 the entire exploring party could be kept at the rendezvous proposed for two years and a half.

The dryness of the Egyptian climate is such that rain is unknown in Upper Egypt, and in olden times it never rained oftener than five or six days in a year on the Nile delta. The viceroy, Mehemed Ali, caused twenty millions of trees to be planted on this delta. These have now attained their full size, and the number of rainy days has increased to forty annually. Such is the power which man can exert over Nature in the matter of varying meteorological conditions.

An English Builder, in a recent communication to a scientific journal, states that he objects to chimney pots. "The narrowest part of a chimney," he says, "should be near the fire, where the rarefaction of the air is most intense, and its upward passage most rapid, and the chimney should rather increase than diminish in size upward. As the heated air rises it loses some of its lightness. We should then not hear so much of smoky chimneys and dull fires. Makers of railway engines have found this out, for they now make the engine chimneys funnel-shaped or bell-mouthed."

The large reflecting telescope, to purchase which the legislature of the English colony of Victoria appropriated $25,000 gold, has arrived at Melbourne, the capital, and is hereafter to be known as the Great Melbourne Telescope. A fine building is erected for it. One of its first achievements will be the examination of the nebulæ of the Southern hemisphere. Nothing of any account has been done in the study of astronomy south of the equator since Sir John F. W. Herschel left the Cape of Good Hope, 31 years ago.

Short Rules on Rural Economy.—Paint all tools exposed to the weather, and if with a light-colored paint, they will not heat, warp, or crack in the sun.

Dip well-seasoned shingles in a lime wash, and dry them before laying, and they will last much longer, and not become covered with moss.

In hitching a horse to a common rail or worm fence, always select the inside corner, which will be more secure by its bracing position, and the halter will not become entangled among the projecting ends of the rails, as when hitched on the outside corner. (A better rule is never to tie a horse to a rail fence at all).

Always tie a halter by making a simple loop, and thrusting the end of the halter through this loop. This is quickly untied, and will never come untied of itself.

In screwing nuts into any part of machinery in cold weather, be careful not to heat them with the hands, or they will contract after being screwed on tight, and become immovable afterwards.

In plowing, or teaming on the road in hot weather, always rest the horses on an eminence, where one minute will be worth two in a warm valley.

In setting out young orchards, always register the varieties in a book, where they may be referred to in a few years, when the trees commence bearing, and the labels are lost and names forgotten.

In laying a garden for fruits and vegetables, place everything in drills or rows, so that they may be cultivated by a horse, and thus save the expense of hard labor.

When board fences become old, and the boards begin to come off, nail upright facing strips upon them against each post, and the boards will be held to their place, and the fence will last several years longer.

Always set a post fence over a ditch, or near a good drainage, and the post will always remain dry, and will last many years longer than those standing in a wet sub soil.—*Moravian.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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LIFE OF JOHN RICHARDSON.

(Continued from page 195.)

I now came to witness that Scripture to be fulfilled which saith, that when the Lord's judgments are in the earth, or earthly hearts of men, the inhabitants learn righteousness. And notwithstanding there was an aversion in my wild nature to the people in scorn called Quakers, as also to the name itself, yet when the afflicting hand of the Lord was upon me for my disobedience, and when, like Ephraim and Judah, I saw in the light my hurt and my wound, I bemoaned myself, and mourned over that just principle of light and grace in me, which I had pierced with my sins and disobedence; and although that ministration of condemnation was glorious in its time, yet great were my troubles, which humbled my mind and made me willing to deny myself of everything which the light made known in me to be evil, I being in great distress and wanting peace and assurance of the love of God to my soul; the weight of which so humbled my mind that I knew not of any calling, people, practice, or principle that was lawful and right, which I could embrace or fall in with. This was surely like the day of Jacob's troubles and David's fears. I saw that the filth of Sion was to be purged away by the spirit of judgment and of burning: this is the way of the deliverance and recovery of poor men out of the fall, and the time of the restoration of the kingdom to God's true Israel. Read thou that can, and understand. This was the day of my baptism into the love of God and true faith in His beloved Son, as also into a feeling of, or sympathy with, him in his sufferings, which were unutterable; and I found that ministration changed, that which had been unto death was now unto life; and the ministration which was of condemnation unto the first birth, when that was slain and in a good degree nailed or fastened to the cross of Christ, the power of God, then the good prevailed over the evil, and working out the evil in the mind and also in the members, made all good or holy. The Lord's living power and consuming, burning Word, when it works and prevails, it brings into subjection and maketh the very heart or ground holy in men.

Whereas there had been an aversion in me to the people called in scorn Quakers, and also to their strict living and demeanor, plainness of habit and language, none of which I learned from them; for when the Lord changed my heart, He also changed my thoughts, words, and ways, and there became an aversion in me to vice, sin, and vanity, as there had been to the ways of virtue; but having tasted of the terrors and judgments of God because of sin, I was warned to flee from such things as occasioned Christ's coming, not to bring peace upon the earth, but a sword; a sword indeed, yea, his heart-penetrating, searching Word, which is sharper than any two-edged sword, that pierceth to the cutting

or dividing asunder between flesh and spirit, joints and marrow; and thus I came to see and abhor the evil in myself. When such who had been my companions in vanity reviled me, or came in my way, I was often moved to warn and reprove them; having, as before hinted, tasted of the terrors of the Lord for sin, I could not well forbear to warn others to flee such things as I had been judged for. Now I came clearly to be convinced about the hat-honor, bowing the knee, the corrupt language, as well as finery in habit; all which for conscience' sake, and the peace thereof, I came to deny and take up the cross to, and had great peace in so doing.

Although the blessed truth prevailed in me, yet, notwithstanding, I was not without great conflicts of spirit, temptations, and trials of divers kinds; nevertheless, my mind was resigned to the Lord, and my fervent prayers were to Him, and He kept me and opened my understanding, for I was afraid of being misled in any thing, especially relating to my salvation: I came to be weaned from all my companions and lovers which I had taken delight and pleasure in, and all things in this world were little to me, my mind being much redeemed out of the world, and not only the corrupt and evil part thereof, but even from the lawful part; so that my heart and mind became much inclined and given up to seek the Lord, waiting upon Him to feel His presence and peace, and to know His will and receive power to do the same.

As thus my mind came to be brought into a depending and waiting frame upon the Lord, and to be stayed in the light, and experimentally and feelingly to partake of His love and grace, which helped me against my infirmities, (blessed be His name!) I found it sufficient for me, as I kept to it, in all trials and temptations; then I came to see, that all the outward performances in matters of religion did not avail nor render man acceptable to God, but as the heart came to be truly given up to Him, that He might not only purge it from defilement, but keep it clean through the indwelling of His Holy Spirit; and as near as I remember, I saw clearly through these things before the fifteenth year of my age; although, between the death of my father and this time, I took liberty to go among what people I would, my mother giving us great liberty, although she was a woman well accounted of among all people who knew her, and not undeservedly, for her industry and fair dealing concerning the things of this world.

After this time I attended the meetings of the Lord's people, called Quakers, as diligently as my circumstances would well admit. My mother being left with five children, I had only one sister that was older than myself, and three brothers younger, the youngest about three years old when my father died, he leaving little of this world to bring us up with; yet my parents always had as much as kept them above contempt, and nobody lost by them; but I found myself under a necessity to work hard for my own support, the help of my mother, and education of my brothers, more especially as my sister died soon after.

We being left on a farm of grazing, and part husbandry or tillage, did well as to the things of this world, yet I cannot well omit mentioning one thing which became a great exercise to me, which was this: my mother married one who was zealous for the Presbytery, and I being much against it, showed my dislike to the marriage, and told my mother I was afraid she had too much an eye to what he had, for he was counted rich as to this world; but if she thought to augment our portions in so marrying, the hand of the Lord would be against her, and a blasting or mildew would come upon even that which we had got through industry and hard labor, and what the Lord had intended to have blessed to us, if we kept faithful to the truth, and contented ourselves with our present conditions. Then my mother confessed, that as to the worldly enjoyments, it had not been better with her than now. I must write with great caution; she was my mother, and a tender mother over me, and was loth to offend me, and had promised, as far as she well durst, not to marry with any one with whom I was not satisfied. But as to their procedure in courtship and marriage, from this time I was entirely ignorant, until it was accomplished. But when my poor mother was married, her cry was, My son, how shall I ever be able to look him in the face any more, it will be such a trouble to him; he that hath not at any time disobliged me, but if I bid him go, he ran; and if I bid him do any thing, he did it with all his might; or to that effect, as several told me who heard her. But she being married, what we had was mixed with my father-in-law's goods, and my mother died first, and our father married again, made his will, and dying, left me five shillings for all my part, which was of right to descend from my own parents upon me; I gave his executors a receipt in full, and there was an end of all, except some small matter given to my youngest brother, for the rest of my brothers and sisters were dead. As near as I remember, this marriage was in the eighteenth year of my age, so that what I foresaw about the blast and mildew came to pass.

Now to return to my further account concerning the troubles and trials that attended

me in the time while I was in my father-in-law and mother's house, after marriage, we, and what we had, being removed to his house, except part of the stock, which was left in the ground. Now I foresaw that I was like to come to a great trial, and I was brought very low, what with the trouble about the marraige, and the exercise of my mind concerning my own condition, having had many great conflicts of spirit, so that I was almost in despair. Had not the Lord, in whom I believed, risen in His power, and rebuked the adversary of my soul, I had been overthrown, and swallowed up in the floods of the temptations that were cast out of the mouth of the red fiery-like dragon after me, in this the day of my great and strong trouble and travail; but the God of love and pity saw me, and helped me in my distress, and in a day and time acceptable. He that heard poor Ishmael when he cried from under the shrub, and sent or gave relief to him and his mother, who with him was gone from Abraham's house, saw me in this great strait. Also, when I came to my father's house, he being a man much given to family duties, of saying grace, &c., before and after meat, none of which I could comply with, except I felt evidently the Spirit of Truth to attend therein, and open the heart and mouth into such duties. The first day I came to the house, being called to the table with all or most of our family, I thought, Is it now come to this? I must either displease my Heavenly or earthly father. But oh! the awfulness, or the deep exercise which was upon my spirit, and strong cries that ascended unto the Lord for my help and preservation that I might not offend Him. My father-in-law sat with his hat partly on and partly off, with his eyes fixed on me, as likewise mine were on him in much fear; so we continued as long or longer than he used to be in saying Grace, as they call it, but said nothing that we heard; so at length he put on his hat again, to the wonder of the family; neither did he then, or ever after, ask me why I did not put off my hat; neither did he perform that ceremony all the time I stayed with him, which was about one year. Thus the Lord helped me, renowned be His great name now and forever. My father might seem for age, spirit, and understanding to have been much more than a match for me, a poor shrub; but the Lord (who caused the pillar of the cloud to be bright and give light to Israel, and brought darkness upon the Egyptians, and fought against them, and for Israel) I believe touched and smote my poor father, that he could not rise up against that power the Lord helped me with. For it was not mine, but the Lord's doing; to Him be given the attributes of praise, salvation, and strength, now and forever. I saw clearly that there could not be any true and acceptable worship performed to God but what was in the Spirit and in the Truth, neither could any pray aright but as the Spirit helped them,—which teacheth how to pray, and what to pray for, and rightly prepares the mind, and guides it in the performance of every service which the Lord calls for from His children.

I found my father-in-law was much displeased with my going to meetings, yet I could not see what way to appease his displeasure, except in being very diligent (which I was) in his business, rather beyond my ability, working very hard. It is almost incredible what my poor, little weak body went through in those days, but all would not gain his love, for the longer I stayed with him, the more his love declined from me; although I told him, he need not be uneasy about my wages, for I would leave that to himself. I could not see what he could have against me, except my going to meetings; however, that was all he alleged. Now when his former stratagems would not do, he offered me a horse to ride on, if I would go with him to his place of worship. I met with many a snub and sour countenance from him, in my return on foot from meetings, although as seasonably as my body was capable of performing; for my father commonly sent me on the First-day mornings into the fields a mile or two, and as far upon a common to look at beasts, horses, and sheep (all this on foot,) I thought with a design to weary and make me incapable of going to meetings; all which I bore patiently, neither, that I remember, ever said, this is hard usage; after all this, to the great grief of my poor mother, I had to go two, three, four, five, and sometimes six miles, to Friends' meetings. After I had walked fast, and run sometimes with my shoes under my arms for want of time, I have seen many Friends weep and could not forbear, when they saw me come into the meeting very hot and in a great sweat, they being in part sensible of the hard task I had to undergo. . .

The Lord's mighty power bore me up, and He gave me as it were hind's feet, and enabled me to go through these exercises, and to bear the burden in the heat of the day of my trials, inwardly and outwardly, which were many and various.

Now the last stratagem my father used to hinder my going to meetings was this: he took me in his arms in great show of kindness, saying, If I would be as a son to him, I should find he would be a father to me, expressing something about his having no near kindred (and much more to the same effect he said to my brother Daniel, who was an innocent, wise, and clean-spirited lad:) I replied to him, If

in thus making me thy son, thou intends to hinder me from meetings, or to oblige me to go with thee to the Presbyterian meetings, or any thing that is against my conscience, I cannot upon this bottom be thy son; and for the same reasons, I refused to be his hired servant, although he offered to hire me and give me wages. Now when he saw that neither frowns, threatnings, hardships, nor great promises of kindness could prevail with me, he told me bluntly and roughly, I should stay no longer in his house. I innocently answered, I could not help it if it must be so, as all that I could do would not give him content, without hurting my conscience, and the peace of my mind, which I valued above all mutable things of this world. My poor mother heard my pleading with him, and how I offered to do the best for him I was capable of, by night or day (as I always had done,) if he would be easy, and let me have his countenance; but this was the sentance, No, I should not stay in the house: and indeed that troubled my poor mother so, that I was forced to leave my father and go to endeavor to mitigate her great trouble, by telling her, that if I was but faithful, the Lord, I believed, would take care of me that I should not want; and the more fully to discharge myself, I reminded her, that she had entered into marriage covenants with her husband, she should endeavor to perform them, and in every thing faithfully to discharge herself as a wife ought to do to a husband, and leave me and all and cleave to him, and to make her life as easy as she could. I also told her, never to send me any thing that my father knew not of, for I was not free to receive it; although what we had was in his hand, and all sunk there, as I mentioned before.

I write this partly, that all who do marry, may take special heed that it be done with great caution, and under due consideration, and the Lord sought to in it; that it may be done in His counsel, and not only nominally, but truly in His fear, and then no doubt but it will be well with both husband and wife; and being equally yoked, such will not only be meet and true helpers in all things belonging to this life, but more especially in things appertaining to the world that is to come and the good of the immortal soul, which to the faithful people of the Lord is of great value. Oh, how happily and peaceably do such live together in the Lord, as they keep to that which thus joined them! There is more in it, both as to the parents and their posterity, than it is to be feared many consider or think of, as is but too apparent in the many forward and unequal marriages which I have made observation of.

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

ATTENDANCE OF RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.

Among the obligations we assume as members of the visible Church, we consider the associating together of those holding similar views to be important; hence, in the regulations adopted by the Society of Friends, the first query interrogates concerning the attendance of meetings for worship and discipline, and it is made a test of Christian fellowship.

We show that our feelings go out in sympathy towards those among whom our lot is cast, by our desires to associate with them. This is true of our intercourse socially,—there is generally some bond of union by which we are brought into nearness, and we are reciprocally benefitted in proportion to the purity of the attachment, for there is this difference, in our earthly fellowship the bond may be selfish or improper, while of the Christian union, we can say with the poet,

> "Blest be the tie that binds
> Our hearts in Christian love;
> The fellowship of kindred minds,
> So like to that above."

The injunction of the apostle Paul to one of the early churches,—"Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is," shows clearly that neglect in this particular was at that time looked upon as a departure from the faith. The promise by the blessed Jesus, of a blessing to even the "two or three" assembled in His name, is encouragement for those who feel the importance of the obligation.

While a non-attendance on the outward ministrations of the Church opposes no bar to a spiritual union and communion with Christ the living Head, it is, nevertheless, made a disciplinary offence by every organization bearing the Christian name. This fact of itself presupposes the advantages that should result from a regular attendance at appointed times and places for Divine worship, and the consequent loss sustained by absenting ourselves therefrom.

Accepting the declaration of the Son and sent of the Father, that God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth,"—Friends in establishing meetings saw, in the clearness of that light which led them away from all the outward forms, that they could alone offer acceptable worship by presenting themselves, "living sacrifices," which was their reasonable service, devoutly waiting for fire of the Holy Altar to consume whatever stood in the way of this spiritual worship, *individually* supplicating the Searcher of hearts for mercy and divine favor. It is this spiritual worship that mainly constitutes the Society of Friends "a royal priesthood—a peculiar people."

Thus reverently waiting before the Most High, early Friends experienced the refining and purifying influences of His Holy Spirit, and were bound by a tie which death could not sever, willingly suffering the loss of all worldly goods and life itself, if need be, for the same blessed truth that had been so graciously opened to their understanding.

Do we, their successors, desire for ourselves and our children the maintenance of this waiting condition in our meetings, or will we suffer ourselves to be turned aside, asking that another entreat the Lord for us, and, as the rebellious Israelites to Moses, say, "Speak thou with us and we will hear, but let not God speak with us, lest we die." There has been no time in the history of the Christian Church when there was greater need of the acknowledgment of individual accountability than the present, or of a closer adherence to the law written on "the tablet of the heart," which, if we give heed to its precepts, will guide us safely through all the doubts and discouragements with which the enemy of our souls' peace would entangle us.

Some of us feel how much we need the sympathy and encouragement of others, who like ourselves are subject to the vicissitudes incident to a human and finite condition. We desire earnestly to be found walking in the path that leads to enduring peace, but, under the pressure of the shadowy semblances that surround us, some falter and are seen to lag on the way. Then there is danger. The voice of the charmer sounds in our ears. With enticing words we are drawn away from the narrow path of our early profession, along which we have perhaps been carelessly loitering, and are induced to believe that those outward observances and ceremonials which never yet made the comers thereunto perfect, are what we need to bring us nearer the mercy seat, and, yielding, we turn aside from the true spiritual worship which we had been led to regard as the only way to acceptance.

The meeting which offers no outward attraction, that calls each to the Fountain of living waters for refreshment, with no promise of vocal utterance or other help than the answering of heart to heart, and the flow of love, ceases to be a place of pleasant memories. We want something tangible. The Fountain *may* flow for us, but it is unseen; we are not sure its healing waters will ever reach our case. We see the baptismal font, and are told that to be sprinkled in the name of a Triune God gives us an entrance into the fold of Christ—we forsake the path that led our fathers to the fresh flowing stream, and turn to the cisterns hewn out by human hands, where we hope to find what our souls so ardently desire,—peace with God.

Thus are many parents' hearts made sorrowful, for the children to whom the Society had a right to look, as the upholders of its testimonies who have turned from them to the beggarly elements of a ritualistic profession. Upon whose shoulders rest the responsibility? How shall we who see the tendencies of this present age, and utter not the voice of warning and entreaty, seek to justify ourselves before the Judge of all?

Upon the Man of Nazareth the Father bestowed the fulness of His own infinite perfections, that through Him the covenant which had rested in blood, and divers washings and outward observances, might be abolished, with all its costly service and exacting ceremonials; and the glad tidings of great joy of the coming of the long promised Saviour and Redeemer be proclaimed to the nations of the earth.

Would we be found leading on the advance guard under His banner of peace and good will, let us see to it that we faithfully maintain our testimony against every appearance of oppression, and that we rightly esteem the manner of worship adopted by our predecessors as that which brings us nearer the truth as taught by the blessed Jesus, and as carrying out the soul's emancipation foreshadowed in the prophetic declaration, "To undo heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke." L. J. R.

5th mo. 25th.

From the Herald of Peace.

FLATTERY.

There are few who do not like some degree of commendation; but it will perhaps be less pleasant when the truth is borne in mind, that it should always be listened to with fear. If it amounts to flattery, no matter in what shape, it should be instantly turned from. The following anecdote has been ascribed to more than one person: An eloquent minister, on leaving the meeting-house, was accosted by an elder, "Well, L., I think thou hast been much favored to-day." The minister, after a moment's pause, replied bluntly, but perhaps justly, "Satan has already said that to me." A widely known minister of New York Yearly Meeting said there were five young ministers of about his own age, who commenced preaching about the same time with him, but that all the rest had long since fallen away. He added, "Had I not turned a deaf ear to everything in the shape of flattery, my own ruin would have been inevitable." Preachers who happen to read in this or other journals, commendatory notes of themselves or their labors, would do well to remember the danger of feeding on such notices. And their friends would be better

occupied in showing their kindness and sympathy than by flattery, direct or indirect.

X. X.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

HARMONY IN RELIGIOUS LABOR.

The editorial notices in the Intelligencer of the late Yearly Meeting held in Philadelphia, have alluded to the harmony of the religious exercises which prevailed during its several sessions. This was the case in no ordinary degree, and it is for the purpose of bringing into view the nature of the ministerial service that I advert to it. The precious unity arose no doubt from the fact, that what was given forth by our Ministers was *known* by them; and instead of unprofitable dissertations upon doctrines or speculative theology, the heavenly virtues, justice, humility and love were held up as the means through which is to be obtained that perfect and upright condition, the end of which is peace. When *experience* is the ground of observation, there is but little upon which candid reflecting minds cannot unite.

The same governing principle, call it by what name we will, is to be found within all, irrespective of persons, in accordance with the Scripture declaration that "the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world:" and there is another corresponding text: "He hath showed thee O man what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

It would appear, therefore, that a knowledge of the divine will is unknown only to those who refuse to read His law written upon the heart, and who turn from the inspeaking word which teaches as man never taught.

If our "zeal for God be according to knowledge," shall we not carefnlly avoid disputations in regard to those things which have more or less agitated the so-called Christian Church ever since the days of the apostles, and speak only of what our hands have handled of the good word of life? And I believe, too, there will be a care not to urge improperly upon others our own views, however satisfactory they may have proved to ourselves, remembering "gifts differ according to the grace that is given."

Paul, in alluding to the kingdom of heaven, says, "It is in righteousness and peace and joy in the holy Spirit. For he that in these things serveth Christ is acceptable to God and approved of men." Rom. xiv. 17, 18.

Having been so remarkably favored during our Annual Gathering, may we remember whence the blessing; for such seasons, if not improved, are in their effects upon the heart like the metal which hardens with repeated meltings.

The evidence has been abundantly furnished that our Heavenly Father is ever ready to receive those who will come unto Him. Let none hesitate to enter His service —the field of labor may be found within ourselves, or it may be beyond our own precincts; but in whatever direction the "Spirit of Truth" leads, follow it. "The harvest is great" and there is need of faithful laborers. The young will never have to repent an early surrender of all that separates them from a benign and loving Father, by whom they will be furnished not only with the knowledge of the duties of life, but with an ability rightly to perform them.

Surely there is encouragement for every age and every class, in the parable of "A certain householder, who went out early in the morning to hire laborers into his vineyard, and when he had agreed with them for a penny a day, he sent them into the vineyard." He went again at the third, the sixth and the ninth hour, and also at the eleventh, saying unto those who were standing idle: "Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatever is right that shall ye receive." The force of this parable has not passed away with revolving years; it conveys now the same idea of mercy and beneficence as at its first utterance, and teaches the same necessity for labor with an equal certainty of recompense.

Fifth month 1869. T.

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?—Heb. i. 14.

Doddridge had once a remarkable dream, in which he saw spread out before him a series of pictures in which he recognized his own past history. Many things which had before perplexed and surprised him were now made clear by the view he had of the ministering angels and their thousand offices of love to him; now breathing on his lips, when an infant, as the little life seemed just ebbing out; now bearing him up in their arms, to break a dangerous fall, which would otherwise have cost him his life. Whatever origin the dream may have had, it dwelt on his mind with peculiar sweetness ever afterward, and was no doubt part of God's plan for his development and growth in grace. Ah, what a comforting assurance, in times of trouble and danger, is the thought that "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them!"—*Exchange Paper.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE CUTTLE FISH.

The Cephalopods comprise the first class of the family of Mollusca. They are so named because the feet or arms are attached to the head and encircle the mouth; the word being derived from the Greek. The term Cuttle fish in a popular sense is applied to any of the naked cephalopods, that is, those whose shell is internal. The animal is supplied with powerful jaws which are encircled and protected by the arms; these jaws act in a manner similar to the bill of a bird. The eyes are large and the senses exceedingly acute. The species are all marine. Breathing is done through the medium of gills. If we examine the arm of a cuttle fish, we find it furnished with rows of powerful suckers; these are placed on the under side, and are so powerful that it is often easier to tear away the limb than to detach it from its hold. These suckers are under the complete control of the animal. In some species the arms are webbed.

The cuttle fish feeds on other molluscs, crabs and sometimes fishes. It is provided with an ink bag or sac, which is tough and fibrous. When the animal is pursued, it immediately discharges a portion of the secretion from this sac, which blackens the water for some distance and enables it to escape. Mr. Broderip, an English naturalist, states that he has attempted with a hand net to catch an *Octopus*, (an eight armed cuttle fish,) that was floating by with its long flexible arms entwined around a fish, which it was tearing with its sharp hawks bill; it allowed the net to approach within a short distance before it relinquished its prey, when, in an instant it relaxed its thousand suckers, exploded its inky ammunition and rapidly retreated by rapid and vigorous strokes of its circular web.

India ink was formally made from the secretion of the ink sac. These animals conceal themselves during the day and roam at night. They are found in all parts of the ocean, and sometimes attain great size. Wonderful and exaggerated stories have been told by old authors of the depredations made by the cuttle fish, based principally upon the stories of seamen. One old author represents a huge cuttle fish with its arms wrapped around a three-masted vessel which was sinking under the power of the animal. It is needless to say that such stories are untrue. A dead cuttle fish was found by two French voyagers near the equator, which was nearly devoured by birds, but which must have weighed at least two hundred pounds. The arms seldom reach two feet in length. The animal is exceedingly difficult to catch, but is sometimes found uninjured in the stomach of the dolphin.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

We are placed in this state of being for a wise and great purpose, not to waste our lives in a pursuit of the vain and unsatisfying follies of this world. Could our young friends more generally realize their responsibilities, what an effective host of laborers would there be in the great cause of promoting the true happiness of man. There are many who are found sitting all the day idle, who have the power to swell the tide of joy among their fellows, did they rightly employ time and means and talents. Yes, if the honest inquiry was, What wilt thou have me to do? they would be often instrumental in lifting a heavy pressure from the hearts of some who know not which way to turn, and they would realize the truth that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." Surely the heavenly blessing would abundantly rest upon their secret ministrations to the sick and the suffering. Such ministrations bring their own reward, and this far transcends any gain received from the expenditure of time or talent or means in the pursuit of the transitory pleasures of time, or in the adornment of the body. Our Heavenly Father is honored by the dedication of the powers He has bestowed, to the good of our fellows.

"My grace is sufficient for thee!" We believe this, but when wave after wave of sorrow and proving roll on in quick succession, and almost, if not all, outward consolations are withdrawn, we must know a deep indwelling of spirit and a frequent rallying to the "Stronghold," in order that we keep the faith and cast not away our shield.

What shall we render in return for that precious boon, "the unspeakable gift?" Surely the only fitting return is the whole heart to Him who gave it, reserving nothing to self. Let us endeavor to bear patiently the reductions, the humiliations, the baptisms and the daily deaths, which enable us to say, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Ah, let us seek to know that the life we now live is by faith in the eternal and saving principle of light, of life and of love inwardly manifested to every dependent spirit. When we submit to this purifying power, we are redeemed from all pollution and transformed by the renewing of the mind, and every feel-

ing and every affection are brought into a blessed conformity to the Divine Will. When this state is attained, neither heights nor depths, things present nor yet to come, can have power to separate us from the love of God shed abroad in the heart.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 5, 1869.

THERE IS SOMETHING IN A NAME.—Several communications have come to us this week without signatures. They are not anonymous, as we have been informed who the writers are; but we would be glad could our contributors always feel willing to append their names or some initial. This adds to the interest with which an article is read.

We are still occasionally in receipt of anonymous communications, which have been laid aside.

NEW PUBLICATION.—"Moral culture of Infancy and Kindergarten Guide." The second edition of this work, "materially revised," a copy of which has been sent us by J. Bancroft & Co., Publishers, No. 512 Arch street, is for sale by them.

One of the authors, Elizabeth P. Peabody, was introduced to our readers through a number of European letters which appeared in the Intelligencer last year. Her sister and co-laborer in the above work, is the widow of Horace Mann, who appears to be no less interested in the subject of education than was her gifted husband.

The system, as the title indicates, comprises the moral and physical training of young children. In a brief notice it would be impossible to give a satisfactory explanation of the proposed method of instruction to persons unacquainted with Object Teaching. But as in many neighborhoods the Kindergarten plan has, to some extent, been introduced, such as are interested in it will find much that is suggestive in the work before us, exclusive of the chapter on music, which Friends, as a Society, could not endorse. There is, however, so much which we approve that we hesitate not to commend the book to those who feel a warm interest in the welfare of little children. In the present No. of this paper will be found the commencement of a letter descriptive of a school and the manner of teaching, from which some idea may be formed of the character of the work.

DIED.—At her residence in Brooklyn, L. I., on the 19th of Third month, 1869, MARTHA T. RENOUF, aged 64 years; a member of New York Monthly Meeting.

——, On the 15th of Second month, 1869, by Friends' ceremony, CLAYTON WISTAR to REBECCA, daughter of Andrew and Mary T. Thompson, of Salem.

FRIENDS' LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

The Committee of Management will meet on Fourth-day evening, Sixth month 9th, at 8 o'clock.

JACOB M. ELLIS, Clerk.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The Executive Committee will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, Sixth mo. 4th, at 3 o'clock.

T. GARRIGUES, Clerk.

LETTER ON OBJECT TEACHING.

From Kindergarten Guide.

MY DEAR ANNA,—Let me introduce you to my little family. It consists of twenty children, some of whom have been under my care for three years. These latter are eight in number, and from nine to twelve years of age; then I have six who are not seven years old, who know how to read pretty well, but who study no lesson more difficult than a simple bit of poetry, the names of a few places on the map, a list of words from the blackboard of the parts of a flower, or an interlined Latin fable, which I give them thus early, because Latin is one of the elements of our language, and its forms are so definite that it gives definiteness to ideas. These children print, write, draw from outlined forms and blocks, as well as from their own fancies, and listen to all sorts of information which I give them orally, and which they recount to me again when questioned. I tell a great many stories over maps, which are, in my dominions, not only lines running hither and thither with a few names interspersed, but real mountains, rivers, lakes, and seas, which I clothe with verdure, and people with all kinds of animate forms, such as beasts, birds, fishes, and William Tells, or other interesting individuals and tribes. I have a book, called "Wonders of the World," which is my Aladdin's lamp, and when I take it down, little hands are clapped and bright eyes glisten.

But I must not forget to mention my other six, who are sweet little buds of promise, as one can well imagine; who love to hear stories about all living things, from oysters up through the more intelligent shell-fish that have heads as well as a foot, to small

pink pigs and their mothers, butterflies, birds, horses, cows, and fellow-children; and to learn that their stockings are made of wool that grew on the back of a lamb, their shoes of the skin of a calf, their ribbons from the coccoons of a moth, the table of a tree, &c., &c. These little people were committed to my keeping directly out of their mothers' or their nurses' arms. I am always diffident about taking the place of the former, but rejoice to rescue babes from the care of the latter.

The first thing to be taught these, is how to live happily with each other; the next how to use language. It is not necessary to wait till they can read before we begin this last instruction; they love dearly to repeat the words of simple poetry or of poetic prose, (Mrs. Barbauld is my classic for babies,) and it is curious to see how synthetical are their first mental operations, and how difficult they find it to disentangle the words of a short sentence, which evidently has hitherto been but one word of many syllables. Names of things can be made to stand forth distinctly before other words, because the objects of the senses do; but when I first ask children of three or four years old to make sentences and put in *the* and *and*, their pleasure in recognizing the single word is even greater, and they will amuse themselves a great deal with the exercise, running to me to whisper, "just now I said *the*;" or, "Charley said *and*." If the printed word is pointed out at the same time, it is still more interesting, because then it becomes an object of the senses, a real thing, just as much as the book it is printed in. You know I take the royal road to the attainment of this art, and teach *words* first, not letters. I find this a much better as well as happier way, for a word is a whole host of thoughts to a young child, and three words in a row a whole gallery of pictures. Bird, nest, tree! If a child has ever played in a meadow, or even in a garden, or sat on a grassy bank under the window, or has seen pigeons fly down into a city street, what subject of endless conversation does this combination of things present! The book that contains such words, and perhaps a story, of which they form a part, is itself an illuminated volume, and is immediately invested with a charm it cannot lose, for what child (or man) was ever tired of the thought of a bird, or a tree, to say nothing of that more rare and mysterious object, a nest? The warbled song, the downy breast, the sheltering wing, the snug retreat, have such an analogy with the mother's carol or lullaby, the brooding bosom, and the beloved arms, a child's dearest home, that every sentiment is enlisted, and a thousand things, never to be forgotten, may be said. There is no need of pictures on such a page as this. I well remember the shining pages of my childhood's books,—a lustre never emitted by white paper alone. I doubt not the ancient fancy of illuminating the works of great minds with gilded and scarlet letters grew out of some such early association with printed, or rather written thoughts;—for printing was not known then.

I believe you do not approve of this method of teaching to read; but I cannot help thinking a variety of experience like mine would make you a convert to my mode. I claim to have discovered it, and the bright little six years old rogue, upon whom I tried my first experiment, learned to read in six weeks, and every word was an experience to him, for I made up the lessons as we went on from day to day right out of his little life. He would scream with delight to see what he called *his* words on the sheet upon which I daily printed a new lesson. I have no doubt every name of a thing looked to him like the thing itself, for his imagination was a very transmuting one. You would have been as amused at his antics over the word "and" as I was. I only introduced such oysters of words occasionally into my gallery of pictures, but he never forgot any such useful members of society, though I think he could not have made pictures of them. One great point is, that children are always happy to read in this way; and to work their little brains against their will, seems to me cruel. It is quite an effort for them to learn to observe closely enough to distinguish such small particulars even as words, with which they have such vivid associations, and altogether an unnatural one to learn arbitrary signs, to which nothing already known *can* be attached. Until I was convinced that this was the best method, I always found myself instinctively helping innocent children along, through their first steps in reading, by means which, at the time, I half thought were tricks, and unsafe indulgences. I feared that I was depriving them of some desirable and wholesome discipline, such as we often hear of in our extreme youth from nursery-maids, who tell stories of parents who whip their children every morning that they may be good all day. But I will never again force helpless little ones, of three or four years old, to learn the alphabet and the abs, untill every letter is interesting to them from the position it holds in some symbolic word.

When letters are learned in the ordinary way, they are often associated with some image, as *a* stands for *apple*, *b* for *boy*, *c* for *cat*; and these associations may be so many hindrances (certainly in the case of vowels) to the next step in the process, because they

must all be unlearned before the letters can be applied to other words. In our language there are so many silent letters in words, so many sounds for each vowel, and the alphabetic sound of the consonants is so different from their sound of words, that I do not care how late the analysis is put off.

After a while, I string columns of little words together, in which the vowel has the same sound, as *can*, *man*, *pan*, *tan*, and let these be the first spelling-lessons; but I prefer, even to this mode, that of letting children write from dictation the words they are familiar with on a page. One dear little boy came to school three months before he wished to read, or to look at a book, except for the pictures. At last he came into the class without an invitation, and has learned very fast, and can read better than some children who have read longer. He is a perfect little dumpling, as gay and happy as a lark all day, and I would not for the world make it a task for him to use his brain, thus risking the diminution of his rotundity. He is as wise as a judge, though he has not lost his baby looks; and he might be made to reason subtlely at an early age I doubt not; but I hope all such powers will be allowed to slumber peacefully as yet. He is in the mean time learning to read slowly; to print, to draw houses, to repeat poetry, to sing songs about birds, bees, and lambs, and to have as much fun between these exercises as I can furnish him with,—the latter is another apartment, of course. I have taken no pains to teach him his letters. I have a great repugnance to *letters*, with their many different sounds, so puzzling to the brain;—but one day finding he knew some of them, I pointed to *g*, and asked him if he knew the name of it. He said "grass," which was the first word in which he had seen *g*. So *w* he first called "water," for the same reason. I gave him their sounds, but not their alphabetical names. I was obliged to give him two sounds for *g*, one hard, one soft, and he soon knew all the consonants by their powers. I hope he will not ask me anything about the vowels at present.*

I also cut out the words children first learn, as soon as they can put together a few in short sentences, and let them arrange them to correspond with the sentences in the book. I have devoted one copy of my Primer to this purpose, and keep the words thus separated, and pasted upon card-board, for such use.

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

CLUB TALK, OR FRAGMENTS OF BARK.

BY J. G. HUNT. *5th mo.*, 1869.

(Continued from page 205)

We have said Marchantia was a dicœceous plant; the pistillidia, therefore, must be sought apart from the antheridia. The pistillate heads are borne on pedicels about one inch high, but unlike the antheridial heads, these carry on their margins radiate projections, like spokes in a wheel, and on these projections stomata in a modified form are quite abundant. We will make a section through the pistillate cerebrum of Marchantia, in order to get at the *essential* organs, and this must be done while it is quite young and its skull tender, or we will not find the objects of our search. This section reveals the pistillidia in large number attached to the inferior surface of the head, resembling in form those curious glass bottles the ladies have on their tables often, with long necks and ample stomachs. The germ cell lies at the bottom of these bottle-like organs, just as we studied it in the mosses and in the ferns. Immediately enclosing each pistillidium is a delicate envelope, which is the calyptra; but in Marchantia this calyptra remains sessile and does not rise on the pedicel like we saw in the mosses. Enclosing the calyptra is the perianth, and around all these delicate organs, which may be seen in our preparations in natural position, comes the involucre opening by two valves, and with its glistening cellular margin beautifully lacerate, and tinged with crimson more chaste in color than ever dyed the blood of laughing Aigle, or of her sister Naiads of the springs.

The several parts we have just described bear various names in the books, but we have followed Prof. Gray in nomenclature, because he is most simple in language, and all have access to his works. The germ cell we have alluded to develops into the sporangium, and many of these organs exist in one head in Marchantia. They are all borne on short pedicels, and when mature rupture *irregularly* at the summit to give exit to the spores and elaters. Few sights among the plants are

* All these difficulties, with which I wrestled so many years in my character of *champion of childhood*, are entirely solved and done away with by the more recently introduced method,—introduced by authority of a distinguished philologist, of teaching the Italian alphabet, and always calling *c* and *g* hard, as the old Romans are supposed to have done. This mode is made practicable in the "First Nursery Reading Book," and the last edition of the "Primer of Reading and Drawing." Abundant experience shows that reading taught in this way leaves nothing to be unlearned in English, and teaches an analysis of words into letters which contributes very much to the ease of the subsequent study of European languages, to which the sounds of the letters of the Italian alphabet apply almost without an exception. Experience upon this subject has given me confidence in the general rule of *never* teaching exceptions to anything until the rule is well understood and mastered.

more beautiful than the sporangia of Marchantia when they hang their ripe heads all garlanded with elaters and glittering with spores, and if you should ever meet it in that state in your walks, just stop a minute to enjoy the revelation. Slowly it splits into irregular ribbons of shining cells, imitating rudely the teeth of the moss, and all its interior seems alive with twisting, jostling bodies, crowding each other aside like impatient children, or darting in all directions like tongues of invisible serpents. If the sun now shines on the opening sporangium, the vision is indeed marvelously beautiful. You will see elaters carried off singly or in clusters on invisible currents of air, sparkling and radiating like rays of yellow light all streaming from a common centre—a microscopic aurora—veiled from unobservant eyes, but revealed in glory to him who looks patiently at the common things along our pathway through this life.

Let us now draw a little nearer in order to look at the sporangia before they become mature. Each one is filled with a mass of oblong cells, some of which are narrower than the others; these are the cells in which elaters are formed. "The protoplasm first generates a number of starch granules, and, after a time, these are absorbed, and a double spiral, consisting however of a single thread, is formed on the walls." This double spiral, deposited on the inside of the cell wall, is the elater. The protoplasm of the broader cells contracts into a number of separate bodies, often arranged in double rows, and these are the mother cells in which the spores are formed. The sporangium of the Liverworts, then, is a more marvelous manufactory than that of the ferns or the mosses. In the Liverworts two different bodies are developed within them, in the other orders only one. For a long time the elaters were supposed to bear some important relationship to the reproduction of these plants, but Arthur Henfrey has removed all doubt in regard to the nature of their function, which is simply to assist in disseminating the spores. We should know, in passing, that elaters are not confined to the Liverworts, but are found among the Fungi, as in Trichia, where they are branched, specimens of which we have for your examination. Beautiful spiral cells also line the insides of the sporangia in most plants of this order; and the seeds of the wild sage, of the elm, and Collomia have their under garments woven of spiral cells which spring open when touched with water, and split their jackets into a thousand fragments. Is it not more than curious to note how this spiral form is being continually reproduced?

Fegatella grows also near springs, and is often mistaken for Marchantia. It has broader fronds—is only a bigger lizard—than the latter plant, and is not often found in fruit. Its antheridia sit in clusters, looking like little warts, near the ends of the fronds. Its sporangia appear first in conical bodies studding at intervals the green fronds, and finally they become elevated on pedicels, and pendulous without involucres, and its spores and elaters differ in form and size only from those of Marchantia. The spirals in the cells of the sporangium are very large and twisted, reminding us under a lens, of the weather-browned cables that hold our ships at anchor.

Fimbriaria is a very beautiful member of this sub-order. It grows on banks in company often with saxifrage. Its involucre is campanulate with long fringes, its sporangial head is pedicillate, but *each* sporangium is sessile in the head, and opens by a circumcissile slit when ripe. Its spores winged at the margins, and elaters much shorter than those of Marchantia, are as beautiful as any other gifts coming from our cryptogamic friends.

Grimaldia buries its antheridia in the frond, being less ambitious about them, perhaps, than Marchantia. Its pistillate heads, elevated on short pedicels, carry several sessile sporangia which dehisce by a circular line near the middle like the anthers of Pixidanthera, and their bald crowns are pierced with many large and curious stomata.

The Jungermanniaceæ include those charming plants called the "Scale-mosses." As our thought currents turn towards the plants of this sub-order, a little world of singular beauty opens before us. We will now join hands, bringing with us all our unspeakable love for the plants, and enter within the real cryptogamic Paradise. Here, if anywhere, are concentrated all the beautiful forms which go to build up the vegetable kingdom elsewhere. Surely Flora, during some period of her happy life, has been gifted with tireless wings to roam in wild freedom over the woods and meadows, stopping for a while where the violets and Houstonias grow, then onward again to tropical climes where lovely orchids and countless other graceful epiphytes mould their neat forms in the hot sunshine; culling thus from her children gems of special beauty, from one, sparkling cells in cubes, or circles, or six-sided prisms; from another, fragments of perfect spirals painted with richest amber, as if to foreshadow that mystic resin appointed from geologic ages to be the *only* tomb permitted to hold the unbroken forms of these exquisite plants. In this way, doubtless, or otherwise, have the scale-mosses been completed, and we shall ask your attention as we present one or two of the sub-order for notice.

We ventured to inform you that their

sporangia were solitary and opened, when mature, into four equal valves, and these are the points in which they differ structurally from the other Liverworts. In some genera —not all—the vegetative portion is characteristic. The leaves are often not frondose, but arranged in two ranks. In one case the leaves are arranged in a spiral that turns from left to right, and the anterior border of each interior leaf is *covered* by the posterior border of that immediately above it; these are succubous leaves. In the other case the spiral turns from right to left, and the anterior border of each *covers* the posterior border of the one immediately above it; these are called incubous leaves. Hateful terms, but, like darkness, necessary in order to show us light. But how shall we tell which is right or left in these plants? Look on their inferior surfaces as their green stems lie prostrate on the ground, or bathe their emerald blades in the mountain brook. Little scales called amphigastria, often traverse their surface, and if these scales are held next the eye we can easily locate right and left. Teeth and graceful notches often ornament the edges of the leaves, and their cell structure is more beautiful than our words can tell.

Where all are so charming, we know not one more truly graceful or attractive than Aneura—so called because destitute of a midvein in its frond. We have found it clinging to decayed branches in the stream, bathing its green and brittle leaves in the water. It is the green and graceful triton of the vegetable world, and like that little animal, dampness is its life long delight. Buried in receptacles attached to the margin of the frond are its antheridia. In the early changing April days, when the sunshine comes and goes fitfully like the smiles of children, it sends up its sporangium on a thread-like pedicel, one or two inches high from the matured pistillidium, on the under surface but near the edge of the leaf. Its involucre sits like a miniature cup at the base of the pedicel. Perianth none. Alone, therefore, rises the oblong and delicate sporangium, looking too frail to venture even that far away from the green bosom of the plant. So rapidly do changes occur in these plants when approaching maturity, that we must be watchful now if we would see the crowning glory in the brief drama of Aneura's life. The sharpest sight will not detect slit or crack in the sporangium at first, but presently four minute points become apparent at the top; these increase in size until four fatal seams run down its sides, dividing it into four equal valves, each one bearing at the top, bands of quivering elaters gemmed with round spores, but still uniting in final embrace the roof-tree that once enclosed them, and bridging with clasping spirals the now empty and withered sporangium. Aneura now speaks with a thousand tongues—speaks of something that is irretrievable; of a deed done, of an act that is accomplished and now woven in the joyous or sad garland of our remembrances forever; for not all the world in its wisdom could put back in that sporangium all Aneura's brown brains again.

In the mosses we saw there was a spore sack inside of the sporangium, the Liverworts are destitute of this, and only in a few instances, as in Anthoceros, is a columella found. If we could not *show* you the lining cells on the interior of Aneura's sporangium, we would pass over them in silence, no mere words can convey an idea of their surprising beauty. Golden threads wind in tangled spirals or curving bands through cells whose transparent walls are tinged with chocolate and faintest amber, mellowing the passing light like tinted glass in some old cathedral window. Each cell is a spring to force back the valves in order to liberate the spores, and so ample is their united action when the right time comes, that the valves are often completely everted.

As Aneura passes out of fruit, Pellea begins to scatter her gigantic spores from the wet rocks. It is abundant in our locality. The refreshing water drops perpetually bathe its leaves; it therefore is without stomata. Its sporangium is globose and quite large, and is elevated on a pedicel, often two or three inches high. Its spores are perhaps the largest among the Liverworts, and are filled with large granules. They remain mingled with the long elaters lying on the expanded four-valved sporangium long after it has opened, looking like little imps of the rocks, whose heads are frizzled with hair turned brown with age.

In the oblong sporangium of Steetzia there are no spiral cells, and it therefore generally remains closed after maturity, but in all the species of Liverworts where spiral springs line the sporangia, these organs fly open in order to discharge the spores. And is not this a beautiful provision of nature?

"Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in the stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us,
Stands the revelation of his love."

Professor Gray figures the open sporangium of Steetzia with five valves—we have never seen but four in the same plant—and doubtless that diagrammatic error will be perpetuated in all the books.

Our knowledge of these charming plants is entirely too limited to enable us to interest you much in them. We have imperfectly

sketched the subject with a dull pencil just as it has lain in our mind, and we have lacked time and inclination to dig deeply in the books, feeling quite conscious that not much of value has been said. We have prepared for our study natural specimens illustrating these minute structure of the plants, for thus only can we appreciate their marvelous beauty.

In the Liverworts the antherozoids were first discovered by Schmidel, who published figures of many, and subsequent observers have seen them enter the pistillidia.

We must allude to the reproduction of the Liverworts before concluding our sketch. In the mosses we saw the spore had two coats; here it has only one, and in germination gives rise *directly* to the plant, forming no prothallus, as do the ferns and Equisetaca and club-mosses. Mohl and Henfry have worked out this part of the subject in Transactions of the Linnæan Society, vols. xiii. and xxii., and in general it is analogous to that of the mosses. We see, therefore, that there are two kinds of spores in cryptogams; one that produces only the prothallus, and the other which results directly in the perfect plant—these latter only bear any resemblance to seeds—and both kinds are not found in the same natural order.

The green buds we saw lying like eggs in the conceptacles of Marchantia, grow directly into plants, when the rain-drops or accident turn them out of their pretty homes, and sometimes they grow like natural grafts while lying in the bosom of the parent plant. Buds appear, moreover, on the leaves, like in some mosses and ferns, and growth takes place in that manner.

And how assuring it is to thus learn that nature provides many ways to secure the safety of the little ones. Making thus sure that *all* the waste places—if there can be any such—shall smile with greenness, and wherever the life-giving water kisses even the desert's dry lip, there will our friends be found to gladden and instruct us on our great journey.

FLOWERS.

Flowers teach us the tenderness of God's character. If He had made nothing of this kind, if His works had been for bare utility, and had consisted of coarse and more substantial creations only, the tender side of the divine character would have failed of the revelation it now has in nature. You cannot come across a delicate, trembling flower in the shade of a wood, so small that your heel could crush out its life with one careless step, but that you will think how gentle God must be, who made this flower in its exquisite beauty to live there, and daily cares for it in the regular course of his providence.

Following the same idea, the sleep of the flowers touches our sympathies. Many of them at night will fold their petals closely together, and like the darlings of a kind mother, repose trustfully in the care of their Creator. And during the long, dark night, they gather the dews which distil in the quiet air, and when day comes, the first beams of the morning fall on millions of glittering drops, and flash back from leaf, and bud, and petal, and grassy blade in such brilliance that the whole waving and nodding field of blooming beauty seems dressed in gems more resplendent than any dream of oriental magnificence. So it may be with us, if in the night of this somewhat sombre life, we draw to ourselves the dews of heavenly grace. We may hope that when eternity fully dawns, the morning light of our Father's love will glance upon these jewels which we have gathered near the cross, and so light them up as to cover us with glory.

GATHERING TRAILING ARBUTUS.

BY M E. N. HATHEWAY.

In April, when the days were bright,
And growing longer in their scope,
When buds were shaking off their sleep,
And all the airs were full of hope;

We walked together, you and I,
In mood that sometimes pensive grew;
For memories of a gladness past,
Eclipsed the present to our view.

By crooked foot-paths faintly traced,
Our way along the fields we took;
Climbed broken fence and loosened wall,
And crossed the shallow, gliding brook.

We reached the hills, beneath whose base
The river flows with ceaseless sound,
And knowing the enchanted spot,
Knelt with our faces to the ground.

For those who come with lofty tread,
And careless undiscerning eyes,
May often go with empty hands,
Nor find this treasure where it lies.

We brushed the withered leaves away,
Old remnants of a worn out year,
And shouted with ecstatic glee,
"The flower is here! the flower is here."

When crowned with spoils we homeward went,
Our thoughts assumed a gayer hue;
Beneath the magic touch of Spring
Relief and courage bloomed anew.

Among all blossoms of the years,
Say, where shall I another find,
Whose sweetness thus the senses charms,
Whose energies content the mind.

Nature's brave messenger, that tells
Of present good, and good to be;
Whose brief companionship excites
The brave desire in you and me,

That we might cast old habits off
To let a nobler growth appear;

And greet all seasons with the thought,
"The flower is here! the flower is here."
—*Taunton Gazette.*

NATURE'S TOILET.

Gathering wild, sweet flowers,
All fresh with diamond dew;
The daisy and convolvulus
And drooping bells of blue:
Weaving them into a garland
As if they were jewels rare,
And then bending over the streamlet
To wreath them round her hair;
A prettier sight
Or a face more bright
Had never been mirrored there.

Heart-weary of glare and fashion,
Heart-weary of worldly strife,
We sometimes sigh for the vanished
Contentment of early life;
For tastes as pure and as simple,
With which to beguile the hours,
As when in the days of childhood
Our crown was a crown of flowers!
And we found our pleasures
In those fair treasures
Which Nature around us showers.

And yet, if we will, sweet Nature
Is as ready to bless us now
As when we entwined her blossoms
Of beauty around our brow;
And our hearts may be fresh and tender
And our feelings as warmly glow,
As when we played in the meadows,
All careless of wealth and show;
And in life's full stream
Heaven still may gleam
As it did long years ago.
—*Weekly Transcript.*

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer.

New York, May 15th, 1869.

Esteemed Friends—I saw in the Intelligencer of 17th ult. that a thousand sparrows had been imported, for increase, in the City of Philadelphia. It is the first notice I have seen of the sparrows in connection with that city. Here they are great favorites, having rid us of that pest the worms that infested and stripped of foliage the trees of our public parks and promenades. Many of our citizens take great pains to provide the little creatures with houses to live in, each apartment in which should be six inches square, as they—for warmth in winter—fill them full of fibres, feathers, &c., making a nest in the centre; thus surrounded, their warmth is preserved in intense cold weather.

Our country friends, when they visit us at the annual gathering, will see elevated on the lawn of Fifteenth street meeting house one of the handsomest specimens of sparrow homes in the city, if not in the world. It is compact and plain, yet really beautiful, and was found there by the resident caretaker, at early morn, some weeks since; the author as yet remaining almost an entire secret.

I enclose herewith a slip cut from the Evening Post of 23d ult., which contains some information about "our sparrows."

I trust you will lend the aid of your valuable paper in educating the people how to make comfortable the little strangers who have come among us to benefit us in the summer, and to make pleasant the dreary winter days with their chirrup and chatter.

With respect, D. D. W.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

THE SPARROWS AND THEIR ENEMIES.

The sparrows are beginning to show the effects of the kind treatment they are receiving from our citizens. Houses unoccupied by them for years are now full of lively and happy tenants, particularly from Fourteenth to Fortieth streets. The first broods are hatched, and the parents are busy in carrying food and water to them from morning until night. Two handsome bird castles have recently been erected in Gramercy Park. One of remarkable good taste and arrangement was erected in the night last week by some unknown friend and lover of birds, within the grounds of the Friends' Meeting-House, corner East Fifteenth street and Stuyvesant Square. It is very pleasant to see these good people thus providing for the birds. It is pronounced by good judges to be the most beautiful, durable (being made of iron) and appropriate house for the sparrows that has ever been erected, and will accommodate over two hundred birds, and is well worth going to see.

A destructive raid was made on the sparrows one night last week by their enemies, the cats or owls. If owls, they would have carried off their prey. If cats, evidences of the slain would have been visible. A dozen mutilated bodies of these birds were found in front of the very large and fine ivy vines on the north side of the First Presbyterian church, corner Twelfth street and Fifth avenue, and the vines are in a disturbed state and appear to be deserted by the sparrows. This proves that the bird houses are safest, from which their enemies cannot catch them. Every park in this and our neighboring cities should at once be well supplied with good houses for them, and also a good supply of pure water.

"O thou afflicted, tossed with tempests, and not comforted," "rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him." "For thus saith the Lord, as one who his mother comforteth, *so will I comfort you.*" Through sorrow, God is hallowing you unto Himself. Through sorrow God is preparing your spirit to be a vessel for the service of His tender charities and compassions.

INDIAN TRAILERS.

An army surgeon in Dacotah writes to the Hudson Star this account of these prairie detectives:

"The most extraordinary skill that is exhibited in this part of the country, either by the white man or red native, is in the practice of trailing. Here it may be accounted an art as much as music, painting, or sculpture is in the East. The Indian or trapper that is a shrewd trailer, is a man of close observation, quick perception, and prompt action. As he goes along, nothing escapes his observation, and what he sees and hears he accounts for immediately. Often not another step is taken until a mystery that may present itself in this line is fairly solved. The Indian trailer will stand still for hours in succession, to account for certain traces or effects in tracks, and sometimes give to the matter unremitting attention for days and weeks.

"I have ridden several hundred miles with an experienced guide and trailer, Hack, whom I interrogated upon many points in the practice of this art. Nearly all tracks I saw, either old or new, as a novice in the art, I questioned him about. In going to the Niobrara River we crossed the track of an Indian pony. My guide followed the track a few miles, and then said, 'It's a stray, black horse, with a long bushy tail, nearly starved to death, has a split hoof of the left fore foot, and goes very lame, and he passed here early this morning.' Astonished and incredulous, I asked him the reasons for knowing these particulars by the tracks of the animal, when he replied: 'It was a stray horse, because it did not go in a direct line; his tail was long, for he dragged it over the snow; in brushing against a bush he left some of his hair, which shows its color. He was very hungry, for in going along, he has nipped at those high, dry weeds, which horses seldom eat. The fissure of the left fore foot left, also, its track, and the depth of the indenture shows the degree of his lameness; and his track shows he was here this morning, when the snow was hard with frost.'

"At another place we came across an Indian track, and he said: 'It was an old Yankton who came across the Missouri last evening to look at his traps. In coming over he carried in his right hand a trap, and in his left a lasso to catch a pony with, he had lost. He returned without finding the horse, but had caught in the trap he had out, a prairie wolf, which he carried home on his back, and a bundle of kinikinic wood in his right hand.' Then he gave his reasons: 'I know he is old, by the impression his gait has made, and a Yankton by that of his moccassin. He is from the other side of the river, as there are no Yanktons on this side. The trap he carried struck the snow now and then, and in the same manner as when he came, showing that he did not find the pony. A drop of blood in the centre of his tracks shows that he carried the wolf on his back, and the bundle of kinikinic wood he used for a staff for support, and catching a wolf, shows that he had traps out.'

"'But,' I asked, 'how do you know it is a wolf, why not a fox, or a coyotte, or even a deer?' Said he, 'If it had been a fox, or coyotte, or any other small game, he would have slipped the head of the animal in his waist-belt, and so carried it by his side, and not on his shoulders. Deer are not caught by traps, but if it had been a deer, he would not have crossed this high hill, but would have gone back by way of the ravine, and the load would have made his steps still more tottering.'

"Another Indian track we saw twenty miles west of this, he put this serious construction upon: 'He is an upper Indian—a prowling horse-thief—carried a double shot-gun, and is a rascal that killed some white men lately, and passed here one week ago; for,' said he, 'a lone Indian in these parts is on mischief, and generally on the look-out for horses. He had on the shoes of a white man, whom he had in all probability killed, but his steps are those of an Indian. Going through the ravine, the end of his gun hit into the deep snow. A week ago we had a very warm day, and the snow being soft, he made these deep tracks; ever since it has been intensely cold weather, which makes very shallow tracks.' I suggested that perhaps he bought those shoes. 'Indians don't buy shoes, and if they did they would not buy them as large as those were, for Indians have very small feet.' The most noted trader of this country was Paul Daloria, a half-breed, who died under my hands, of Indian consumption, last summer. I have spoken of him in a former letter. At one time I rode with him, and trailing was naturally the subject of our conversation. I begged to trail with him an old track over the prairie, in order to learn its history. I had hardly made the proposition, when he drew up his horse, which was at a ravine, and said, 'Well, here is an old elk track. Let us get off our horses and follow it.' We followed it but a few rods, when he said it was exactly a month old, and made at two o'clock in the afternoon. This he knew, as then we had our last rain, and at the hour named the ground was softer than at any other time. The track before us was then made. He broke up here and there clusters of grass that lay in the path of the

track, and showed me the dry ends of some, the stumps of others, and by numerous other small items accounted for many circumstances that astonished me. We followed the trail for over a mile. Now and then we saw that a wolf, a fox, and other animals, had practiced their trailing instincts on the elk's tracks. Here and there he would show me where a snake, a rat, and a prairie dog had crossed the track. Nothing had followed or crossed the track that the quick eye of Daloria did not detect. He gave an account of the habits of all the animals that had left their footprints on the track, also of the state of the weather since the elk passed, and the effect of sunshine, winds, aridity, sand storms, and other influences that had a bearing on these tracks."—*Exchange paper.*

The first great lesson a young man should learn is that he knows nothing. The earlier and the more thoroughly this lesson is learnt the better. A home-bred youth, growing up in the light of parental admiration, with everything to foster his vanity and self-esteem, is surprised to find, and often unwilling to acknowledge, the superiority of other people. But he is compelled to learn his own insignificance; his airs are ridiculed, his blunders exposed, his wishes disregarded, and he is made to cut a sorry figure, until his self-conceit is abased, and he feels that he knows nothing.

Life is like a fountain fed by a thousand streams that perish if one be dried. It is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings, that part asunder if one be broken.

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received since last report,

From	City contributions	28 50
"	Friends of Gwynedd, Pa	19 10
"	" Chester, N. J	52 00
"	" New Garden	6 00
"	" London Grove	3 00
"	" Horsham	81 55
"	Lutheran Church, New Wilmington, Pa	35 00
"	Sarah Hunt, Moorestown, N. J	5 00
"	Nathaniel Barney	20 00
"	Reuben Wilson, Millville, Pa	5 00
"	T. Kirk, Centre Co, Pa	5 00
"	A Friend, Chester Co, Pa	10 00
"	S. S. Fanbury, Ill	8 00
	Total,	$278 15

HENRY M. LAING, Treasurer,

PHILADA., 5th mo. 31, 1869.

ITEMS.

BOTH Presbyterian Assemblies at New York, on the 27th ult., adopted a plan for a re-union of the separated bodies, to be submitted to the Presbyteries for ratification.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ, has given a new impulse to fish culture in America, by announcing his belief that fish as food feeds the brain, is a restorative of weakened cerebral functions, and adds to the intellectual powers generally. He has also stated that the drinking of water in limestone regions enlarges the skeleton.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

PROFESSOR HORSFORD describes in the *Scientific American* a very simple and curious contrivance to show the phenomena of interference, illustrating how two systems of waves will counteract each other, producing in water a smooth surface, or silence if the waves be those of sound, or darkness if the interfering waves be those of light. He hangs a string across a doorway, so that it will hang slack—being, perhaps, a quarter longer than the width of the doorway. The string must be attached to tacks or hooks at equal heights on the two sides of the doorway. At a distance of three inches each side of the middle of the string attach a string two feet long and with a weight at the end, say an apple, spool or ball. The apparatus is now complete. If the two balls be made to swing together, they will form a pendulum, having the length of the distance from the balls to the level of the tacks. But if one be made to swing alone it will start the second swinging, and the first will be brought to rest; but after a few oscillations the second will put the first again in motion, and itself be brought to a state of rest; and this alternation of motion and rest will be kept up. In this case the length of the pendulum is less. The experiment can be varied in many ways, as by shortening one string, when neither pendulum will come to absolute rest, but there will be alternating maxima and minima of motion; or by drawing one ball further out than the other; or by letting the balls swing in the line of the doorway, instead of across it; or by letting them swing diagonally, in which case the phenomena are wonderfully interesting, but difficult to describe, involving two sets of maxima and minima. Our readers will find this a pretty and instructive parlor experiment.—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE SUEZ CANAL.—One more stage, says the Times, in the progress towards completion of the Suez Canal has to be recorded. On Thursday the 18th of Fifth month last, the waters of the Mediterranean were admitted into the Bitter Lakes with perfect success, in the presence of the Viceroy of Egypt and a numerous company. One of the chief mechanical difficulties of the undertaking has thus been surmounted, and there can be no doubt that in a short time the canal will be open, at least for vessels of a certain tonnage, the whole length from Port Laid to Suez. Those who have taken an interest in the canal may remember that in August, 1867, an official statement was made of the condition and prospects of the works. The completion of the canal was fixed for the latter part of the present year, 1869. The canal had obtained its full breadth of 100 metres from the Mediterranean to Lake Timsah, and would be at once continued onward to the place called Serapeum and the Bitter Lakes. This part of the promise has been duly fulfilled, and already, in the Spring of 1869, the waters of the Mediterranean are flowing into these lakes, or rather salt marshes, which they will take many weeks to fill. The remainder of the excavation does not present any remarkable difficulties, and one may therefore consider that the work will be completed within a reasonable time and opened to the ships of the world. *Littell's Living Age.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
Benj. Strattan, *Richmond, Ind.*
Wm. H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

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LIFE OF JOHN RICHARDSON.

(Concluded from page 212)

One remarkable passage occurs to my thoughts, which happened thus: my father having been at the Presbyterian meeting and come home, he, as his manner was, put me or my brother upon reading the priest's text, which had been that day in Daniel, concerning his being cast into the den of lions for his not regarding the king's decree, but, on the contrary, prayed to the God of heaven with his windows open towards Jerusalem, after his wonted manner. My father made his observations as my brother read, and very much magnified Daniel, and said, The Spirit of God was in him, but that there were none such as him in these our days. I owned that he was indeed an extraordinary man, but that there were none endowed with a measure of the same spirit in any degree; in that I dissented from him, and gave my father a brief account of the many sufferings of our Friends, some of which were past, and some then under sufferings for the Word of God and the testimony of Jesus, which they bore for him, and especially the great sufferings of our dear friends in New England, viz.: hard imprisonments, cruel whippings, cutting-off ears, banishment if they returned into New England any more: and I showed him likewise, how they put to death Marmaduke Stephenson, William Robinson, William Leddra, and Mary Dyer, for no other cause but laboring to turn people from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to the living power of God, to His Light, Grace, and Holy Spirit in their hearts, and laboring to bring the people from persecution, pride, and every evil work and way, to live a self-denying, humble life, a life agreeable to the Christianity they professed,—this was the purport or substance of the service they were called to, and so deeply suffered for; from whence I inferred, there was somewhat of the Spirit of God in man in these days as there was in Daniel, and many more formerly, which helped and bore them up in their great sufferings. Now my father confessed, it was true some suffered for good, and some for evil; and withal said, he had now lived to the age of about sixty-five years, and although he heard us telling of a principle, or light within, yet he knew not what it was. I replied very meekly, if he would hear me, I would tell him what it was; which I did in the words following: When at any time thou hast been under a temptation to put thy hand to steal or to lie for advantage, or by provocation to swear, or any evil work or word, hast not thou found something in thee that hath showed thee thou oughtest not to have said or done so, which if thou hadst taken heed to, and not said or done wrong, hast thou not found great peace and inward comfort in thy mind? But if thou hast said or done wrong, hast not thou found great disquietness and trouble of mind? This is the

inward principle, light, or grace, that God hath placed in man to help and direct him, which we the people of God, called Quakers, do hold agreeable to the Holy Scriptures. My father smote his hands together, and confessed it was true. . . . .

Some little time before the marriage of my mother, I was brought into the public work of the ministry, concerning which I had many reasonings, being young, scarce eighteen years old, and naturally of a stammering tongue, which I could not overcome, although I had used what endeavors lay in my power as a man, considering my years and education, all would not do until the Truth helped me; but after many conflicts, great troubles and temptations, the worst I ever met with, and the most piercing sorrow I ever had yet been in since I came to the knowledge of the blessed Truth was, when through reasonings, disobedience, and unwillingness to comply with and answer the Lord's requirings, He in displeasure took away from me the comfort of His Holy Presence for several months together. Oh! the tribulations and penetrating troubles I met withal in this condition; no tongue is able to express, no, nor the heart of any finite creature is able to conceive the depth of the anxiety of the heart-piercing and wounding sorrows I was in. I thought my state was as bad as Jonah's, for surely if there be a hell upon earth, I was in it: what greater hell can be here to a quickened soul and an enlightened understanding, who has tasted of the goodness of God, and of the powers, in a degree, of the world to come, than to be deprived thereof, and think they are fallen away from this state? I could scarcely believe I should ever have repentance granted to me, or be restored again into the love and favor of God, when I found that River of Life dried up, as to me, which did before not only make me, but even all the whole City of God, truly glad; but being left under an apprehension of the Lord's displeasure, and in part a partaker of the terrors of His wrath, oh! I thought, surely the very mountains, and even the hills, were not sufficient (if they could have been put into the scales or balance) to have weighed against my troubles and afflictions, they were so great; but as the Lord had by His judgments brought me in a good degree from the vice and vanity of this world, now by His judgments He made me willing to give up to answer his requirings in part, and in my obedience to Him I began to feel some comfort of love and fellowship of the Spirit of the Lord in myself and in His people, who were brought to be partakers of the like fellowship.

Now I return to the matter about my being turned out of my father's house, which I mentioned before, but was willing to keep this solemn account entire, with it may be a caution to all in whom the Lord is at work in the same manner, not to reason or gainsay so much as I did, but to give up freely and cheerfully to the will of God. When I saw I must turn out, I thought it expedient to acquaint some worthy Friends with it, lest any undue reflections should be cast upon the Truth, or Friends, or myself, that if so, these Friends might be able to contradict them; so I acquainted Sebastian Ellethorp, and that worthy man and minister of the Gospel Benjamin Padley, two of the chief Friends in Ellington Monthly-meeting, and they came to my father's house, and when they came, they began to inquire about the reasons why I went away, and, if my father had any thing against me concerning the business he employed me in; and whether I was not faithful and diligent in all his affairs he sent me about? He confessed, I was; and thought none could exceed me. They said, Well then, what is the reason of that misunderstanding which is betwixt thee and thy son-in-law? Is it about his going to meetings? When they understood his reasons, which were not hard to do, they expressed a pity towards me that I could have no more liberty; and they thought, as I was so diligent in his business, if he would give me a little more liberty to go to meetings, it would be more encouragement to me. At which he took offence, and gave the good men rough language, and asked, What they had to do with him and his son? and bid them go home and mind their own business; which they were much troubled at, especially for my sake, and much pitied me, and wondered how I had lived with him so long; for he said in short, that there was no abiding for me there. But Sebastian Ellethorp told me, which was mightily to my comfort, that my father had nothing against me, save that concerning the law of my God. This is the sense, if not the words, of these wise and good men, which passed betwixt them and my father, as they expressed them to me; for I was not there when they were together. Notwithstanding I pleaded with my father to let me stay until I could hear of a place, he would not, though I was scarce fit for service, being almost like an anatomy (as the saying is), so that most who knew me said I would pine away in a consumption; but turn out I must, and did, though I was weak, poor, and low in body, mind, pocket, and clothes; for I think I had but twelve pence in my pocket, and very ordinary clothes upon my back. Thus I took my solemn leave of the family, with my heart full, but I kept inward to the Lord and under Truth's government. Many tears were shed in the family, especially by my poor mother,

when I left them. My father said little, but appeared like one struck with wonder, to see so much love manifested towards me by the family, and so much wishing that I might not go away; but out I came upon the great common aforementioned, where I had had many solitary walks, but none like this, for this reason, that I knew not where to go. I then thought of Abraham who was called out of Ur in the land of the Chaldeans, as it is briefly mentioned by Stephen; but this was the difference betwixt us, he was called, I was forced out. But as I was walking upon the common, the sense of my weak condition, not knowing whither to go, nor where to lay my head; although I had many friends, yet I could not be free to go to them, unless I had known they had business for me, being not of a forward, but rather backward and shy disposition,—I say, the sense and weight of my condition came over me to that degree, that it appeared to me as though my way was hedged up on every side, inwardly and outwardly. I even thought myself like a pelican in the wilderness, or as an owl in the desert, there appearing to me scarce a man in all the earth in my condition, every way considered; and in the sense and deep consideration of my present wilderness state, I felt myself under great oppression of spirit, and my heart seemed full, like a bottle that wanted vent. I looked round about me to see that none were near to see my tears nor hear my cries, and in the very anguish and bitterness of my soul I poured forth my complaints, cries and tears to the Judge of all the earth, who spoke to me and comforted me in this my deplorable state, which was worse than Jacob's when he lay upon the ground, and had a stone for his pillow; he had his near kindred to go to, whom he might expect would receive him gladly, but I had none to go to but such as rather reviled me, and gave me hard language; but the Lord said unto me, as if a man had spoke, First seek the kingdom of heaven and the righteousness thereof, and all these things that thou standeth in need of shall be given unto thee. I then desired He would please to show me the place I should go to; and the Lord opened my way, and showed me the house I should go to and abide in for a time. I said, Good is the word of the Lord: I believed, and it was a great means to stay my mind, and settle it in the Truth, with full purpose of heart to follow the Lord and obey His requirings, according to the knowledge and ability given me; yet reasonings attended me. Two things especially stood in my way, yea, three things were a let to me, for soon after I came to the Friend's house in South Cliff, viz., William Allon by name, I bound myself to him to learn his trade of a weaver, and after I was bound, I found this good man loved me, and I loved him to the day of his death: and he often said, He was blessed for my sake and all that appertained unto him; for when I went to him he was very poor, but he increased very considerably after I went to live with him.

I come now to the particulars which stood in my way of answering the Lord's commands so fully as sometimes I should have done: first, a violent humor fell into one of my legs soon after I was bound apprentice, which I with others thought was much occasioned by hard usage, heats and colds, and many surfeits, even from my infancy; which lameness held me about two years, and I suffered much by the said leg, and it much discouraged and disabled me. The second hindrance was, my low circumstances in the world, which very few knew of, because the common fame was (and not without some truth) that I had rich parents. I have given an account already how they were circumstanced, and so I leave them at present and proceed, but few knew the straits I met withal; yet my truly religious master, if he understood any thing was upon my mind to go to visit any meeting or meetings, he would say, Take my mare and go thy way, and be not uneasy, neither about the mare nor business, nor do not hasten thyself. These kindnesses made me often thoughtful how I might return suitable acknowledgments, and be duly grateful for the same: I was diligent in my master's business, not serving him with eye-service, but faithfully; believing it good and acceptable in the sight of God, and I had great peace in it. My master never found fault with me for doing too little, but often for doing too much, and would sometimes say, I think thou wilt cleave to the beam; come off and let us walk into the fields and see how things are there. Now as to the third hindrance, the account of which I was not willing to have interwoven with matters of less moment, although the healing of my very sore leg I attribute to the great and good providence of God; for in a short time after I gave up freely and cheerfully to answer the Lord's requirings, the Lord healed me of my lameness; and when I cried unto Him, that He would also heal my tongue, of its stammering, believing that the Lord was as able to take away the impediment of my tongue as He was to stop the violence of that humor which had attended my body, and had a recourse to my leg, and made it sore from above the ankle to the knee; and notwithstanding several men had given their advice, and had showed their skill, it all proved ineffectual, until I came to believe in Jesus Christ, and to press through all to him, and to touch the skirt, or lowest appearance of his

blessed truth and power, in which I found true healing virtue to my tongue, even to my admiration; so that I did not only speak plain in the testimony the Lord gave me to bear, but also spoke plain in my common intercourse with men. . . . . .

But although at times I had clear sight into many heavenly things, and also had at times comfortable enjoyments of the living presence of God, yet I wanted to be more established in the unchangeable Truth, which I had at times some comfortable feelings of; and in crying to the Lord, I found He inclined unto me, and, as David said, He heard my cries, and plucked my feet out of the mire and clay, and set them upon a rock that was higher than I, and in part established my goings, and put a new song into my mouth, even high praises unto the Lord for all His tender mercies to me in these trying times; and now being more crucified to the world, and the spirit of it, I witnessed a more constant indwelling of the heavenly power and living presence, light and grace. I came to be brought into stillness, and it became most agreeable to my condition to keep much in silence, and wait upon the Lord for the renewing of strength, that thereby I might surmount all temptations and trials that might fall in my way, or which I might be tried with, which were not a few. Now these things before recited are worthy of commemoration, and proved great confirmations to me in the truth, in these days of my tribulations and great trials: read and believe thou that canst, for they are faithful and true sayings. After the Lord had healed me, He sent me forth in the work of the ministry, and the first journey I took southward was into Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, and through Coventry, and so to Warwick to see William Dewsbury. One thing is remarkable upon William's inquiry what way I came? In my account of the particular towns and places I had passed through, I mentioned Coventry, which was the last and the worst: for some of the rude people flung stones at me as I was speaking in the meeting, with great violence, so that had the Lord suffered them to have hit me, they must have spoiled me; but my faith in the Lord and the strength of the Truth bore up my mind above fear of the outward man or what wicked men could do to me. After William had heard my account, he fixed his eyes on me and said, Thou must go back again to Coventry. I appeared unwilling, for two reasons: first, because I thought I had cleared myself of that people; secondly, I thought it not safe to run myself into danger of suffering, unless I was satisfied the Lord required it of me. But William was positive, and said I must go, for there was a service for me there. Upon a deliberate consideration of the matter, and a seeking to the Lord to know His will in it, I found my way clear to go, and I had some service and good satisfaction, and left Friends nearer to one another than when I first met with them; for there had been a misunderstanding amongst some Friends in that city: so I came from thence to Tamworth, where there was a difference, especially betwixt two Friends; both of them had been such as had made some considerable figure among Friends. I felt it upon me to go to the man, to warn him of the spirit of prejudice and envy, for if he gave way to it, it would eat out his love to Friends and Truth, and he would decline meetings and come to nought, and turn his back on the Truth; which came to be fulfilled, as I afterwards heard, for he became a loose man, and enlisted himself to be a soldier. I was zealous for the name of the Lord, and had great concern upon my mind for the promulgation of the Truth, and where I met with loose professors of the Truth, it was a great exercise to me.

When I returned home from this, and indeed from all my journeys, I took care what I well could, so far as my weak body was capable, to fall into business, and not to loiter away my time, neither abroad nor at home. My weak constitution would not well bear the weaving-trade, therefore I left it much against my will; but I wrought upon watch and clock work, and many other things, which supplied my necessities, the Lord allowing me as much time at home as put me in a condition reasonably fit for travel, and then I was inclined to go and visit Friends. Many things I omit, because I am not willing to swell my account too much. I travelled through most parts of England four times, and twice through most parts of Wales, between the twentieth and twenty-eighth year of my age. . . .

The extracts from the "Life of J. Richardson" here close. Such as may have felt an interest are referred to his Journal for a more extended account of his religious experience and labors. The results attendant upon his dedication to the "inspeaking word" are worthy the notice of all, and especially the young. He twice visited America, and upon his return from the last visit in 1733, in alluding to the preservation which had attended him amid the difficulties which he had encountered in his last travels, he makes the acknowledgment that "the Lord's power is sufficient to bear up and carry through all—renowned be His worthy name over all, now and forever."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE TENDENCIES OF OUR AGE.

A citizen of Philadelphia, who is travelling in Europe, having spent the past winter in Turkey and Egypt, writes to a friend in this city, dated Florence, Italy, as follows,—referring to Swarthmore College:—"I hope that you are making sure progress, though slow, to the desired completion. It is not too soon, for, if I mistake not, the principles of a pure Christianity will have to be re-preached,—the world seems falling back into Catholicism, which is half pagan."

This sentiment accords with much that is published in the religious and secular journals of the day; and although there seems many influences at work in an opposite direction, the tendency of the age calls for renewed faithfulness and active endeavor on the part of those who hold dear the simple and enlightened faith in which they were educated, and who have experimental knowledge of the freedom that the truth gives, that the children may be trained under influences favorable to their imbibing the rudiments of those principles we profess to value so highly. We see the various sects around us carefully educating their young people in their peculiar doctrines and modes of worship, and shall we be less zealous for ours? Shall we entrust them at an age the most susceptible of religious impressions to the influence of those who profess not our simple faith? If so, we need not wonder if our young people gradually slide away from us.

It is sorrowful to observe how, through a mere traditional adherence to the organization established by our "early Friends," so many of their descendants have settled into a quiet conservatism which conforms itself to the tendencies of the age, and is unworthy the successors of those aggressive reformers through whose faithfulness our civil and religious liberties were secured. A portion of their spirit is much needed to stem the torrent of formalism and priestcraft, which is now sweeping over Christendom. We know that Omnipotent Power can, and sometimes does, by means entirely unlooked for, avert a threatened calamity; but we do *not* know how much the earnest devoted labors of those who have been gifted to see the evil approaching, and to warn others to prepare for it, may have contributed to this result.

I am not actively connected with our "College" movement, having only contributed according to ability to its funds; but I have been an interested observer of its progress, from its inception in the minds of a few religiously concerned Friends, to its present state of advancement under the care of energetic and practical men and women. When I see the devotion, the energy, the persistence of those engaged in this cause, who are laboring purely for the good of the Society which embodies the principles they hold dear, I cannot but consider it an earnest of its future management, and that our Society will be so alive to its true interest, as to finish and endow it without unnecessary delay.

Philadelphia, 5th mo., 1869. X.

"We want our children to learn early that pure joy of giving and of doing kindness, which transmutes wealth from dust into true gold, and prevents these possessions which are such good servants from becoming our masters and reducing us, as they seem to do many wealthy people, into the mere slaves and hired guardians of things."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

SUGGESTIONS.

Where so many women are collected together, as in our Yearly Meeting, there is scarcely sufficient time for each to throw in her mite of sympathy, counsel, or suggestion. Some must wait, while others serve.

I am one of the waiters. Perhaps a little room in your columns will answer my purpose better than a verbal communication.

My concern is with regard to the Epistles; the order in which they are read, and the criticisms to which they are subjected. Not being one of the committee upon this subject, frees me, I hope, from any charge of wishing to escape criticism myself.

Cannot the *order* be improved by appointing the Committee, immediately after the names of the Representatives have been called, and giving into its charge all the Epistles which have been received, and instructing that committee to present the Epistles and answers together whenever ready; then, at a suitable time, read one Epistle and the answer thereto, thus giving the whole attention of the meeting to that one at that time. As we now proceed, we receive five Epistles—five "brooks by the wayside," as we always call them, (I do not remember attending a Yearly Meeting where I did not hear that expression)—and we lose the sense of their individuality. The first "brook" alone refreshes the thirsty traveller; the others are passed by and longed for at a later stage of the journey. The answers, too, follow each other in quick succession; the answers to what? In the constant shifting of the business before us, we forget the contents of the Epistle that is being answered.

If general good advice, if general sympathy and general suggestions are all which are to be offered, a General Epistle will serve to convey all. If, on the other hand, the Epis-

tle is designed as an answer of love and interest to a particular Yearly Meeting. Why should not the Epistle and reply be read together; the one followed by the other.

Again. For my own part, I should be willing to trust the Epistles entirely to the Committee, satisfied that an inadvertent expression, or a point of grammar which had escaped their eyes, had better be passed by than an Epistle despoiled of the vigor and life with which it was written by a truly concerned mind. Most of the attempts made in the meeting to improve them in that respect are failures. An Epistle which has passed a committee of educated women, often the flower of the Society, can seldom be made more satisfactory by ill-digested and ill-considered alterations. The *few* who speak are not the representatives of the many who remain silent, and I would respectfully ask those Friends who do criticise an Epistle, prepared with an earnest desire to do right, and carefully weighed, sentence by sentence, in the presence of those assembled for that purpose, to pause long enough to consider whether it is the substance they object to, or the manner of expressing it. If the former, duty demands expression; if the latter, it is possible she may be mistaken. The Yearly Meeting is composed of hundreds of women, each of whom necessaaily sees things from a different stand-point: and much of our unity as a Society depends upon our willingness to "agree to disagree." PATIENCE.

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA, 5th mo. 28, 1869.

Esteemed Friends, — Please forward my Friends' Intelligencer until further notice to Omaha, Indian Agency, Nebraska.

For the convenience of those who may wish to correspond with any of the parties who have been assigned to the different Indian Reservations, I subjoin a list of those who arrived in our company at this city, with their respective addresses, for publication in the Friends' Intelligencer. Such as are subscribers to the Intelligencer also wish to have their paper forwarded to the same places.

SAMUEL M. JANNEY, *Office of the Northern Indian Superintendency*, Omaha City, Nebraska.

ASA M. JANNEY, *Indian Agent*, LYDIA N. JANNEY, COSMELIA JANNEY, THAMSIN JANNEY, *Santee Sioux Agency*, Nebraska.

ALBERT L. GEEEN, *Indian Agent*, Otoe Agency, Nebraska.

JESSE LANCASTER, *Omaha Indian Agency*, Nebraska.

DR. E. PAINTER, *Indian Agent*, LOUISA G. PAINTER, *Omaha Indian Agency*, Nebraska.

The above-named Friends arrived safely at this city on the 26th inst., and are now about leaving here for their several destinations. A good degree of cheerfulness appears to be manifested by all, and, we trust, an unfailing dependence on Infinite Wisdom is felt by all to be the only sure reliance for ability to discharge our respective duties with fidelity and propriety in our several allotments.

Mails are received daily at the several Agencies, except at the Otoe, of which the writer is not now informed. Mails from Baltimore reach this city in about three days, and from hence to Omaha Agency in about one day. Mails despatched from Omaha to the Santee Sioux Agency reach their destination in about five days. Post-offices are established, we are informed, at the several agencies. E. PAINTER.

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer.

OMAHA, 5th mo. 30th, 1869.

The general interest felt among Friends in the measures now being pursued to promote the civilization of the Indians, induces me to believe that communications on this subject will be acceptable to the readers of the Intelligencer. In this way, too, the numerous friends of those engaged in the work may, from time to time, be informed of the situation of affairs on the Indian Reservations and the prospects before us.

On the evening of the 26th inst., our party, consisting of ten persons, arrived at Omaha city, viz.: Asa M. Janney, agent of the Santee Sioux, accompanied by his wife and two daughters; Dr. Edward Painter, agent of the Omaha's, accompanied by his wife and Jesse Lancaster, who is to be one of the employées; Albert L. Green, agent of the Otoes; Dr. Thos. J. Sanders, chief clerk of the Northern Superintendency, and Samuel M. Janney, Superintendent. On the 28th, Jacob M. Troth, agent of the Pawnees, arrived, having left his family in Virginia, to follow him as soon as arrangements are made for their accommodation. The same course has been pursued in relation to my family, several of whom expect to come. Thomas Lightfoot, appointed to the Great Nemaha agency, is expected in a few days, accompanied by his wife.

Dr. Edward Painter and Albert L. Green have gone to take charge of their agencies, and the other agents who are here will probably depart to-morrow. We have found in the city of Omaha a cordial welcome, and feel assured that the sympathy of the most influential citizens will be with us, wishing us success in our arduous undertaking.

It is said that when the announcement was first made here of President Grant's design to employ Friends as superintendents and agents, much indignation was expressed by a few persons interested in the Indian supplies.

This feeling, however, has not been manifested to us, and I hope has subsided.

Omaha is a city of about fifteen or twenty thousand inhabitants, beautifully situated on the Missouri river, and extending back to an elevated ridge where the public buildings are situated. The view from the ridge of the city and adjacent country is very fine. The growth of the city has been rapid, and being a place of great commercial activity it continues to increase very fast. The opening of the Pacific Railroad has given an increased impetus to its prosperity.

So far as I have seen, the population here consists of orderly and industrious people. Doubtless there are others of a different class, but I have not yet seen one in a state of intoxication.

Having been liberated by our Monthly and Quarterly Meetings to appoint meetings, I held one this afternoon in a public hall rented for the purpose, being accompanied by two of our agents, whose sympathy was grateful to me. It was not very large, probably not more than one or two hundred persons being present. There are many persons here who are Friends or descendants of Friends, or accustomed formerly to attending Friends' meetings; such were requested to stop at the rise of the meeting, and any others who were inclined to do so. A dozen or more of both sexes accepted the invitation, and we had a pleasant conference together, which I trust will not be without good results.

S. M. J.

The patient conquest of difficulties which rise in the regular and legitimate channels of business and enterprise is not only essential in securing the success which a young man seeks in life, but essential also to that preparation of the mind requisite for the enjoyment of success, and for retaining it when gained. It is the general rule, in all the world and in all time, that unearned success is a curse.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I have a salutation of love in my heart for my respected friend ——, and as I do not believe it is always right for us to shut up these streams of love in our hearts without any manifestation thereof, and being now on a visit in New York, I have just taken the pen to give some evidence of my affectionate remembrance and sympathy.

It has been my lot so often to watch the couch of weakness and suffering, that my feelings are often especially drawn toward those who are passing through such dispensations. Our mortal frames must decline, and I have learned in the school of affliction to esteem those the truly happy who have put on immortality, or who, with the consciousness that their day's work is finished, *are near the haven of rest* and of peace—patiently waiting and quietly hoping for the end of their faith and of their labors. No self-exaltation enters into this state, but rather the query, "When saw we thee hungry and fed thee, or thirsty and gave thee drink?"

Thus clothed with patience and with humility do I behold my valued friend ——, and although when such are taken there are aching voids in many hearts, there is so much of joy in the prospect of happiness in the spiritual realms, that I feel they whose life in this world is most sadly changed by the separation ought not to dwell under the feeling of a sorrow in which much selfishness is intermingled.

I am a full believer in the immortality of the soul and in a life of blessedness *beyond the grave*. That "faith which builds a bridge from this world to the next, o'er death's dark gulf, and all its horrors hides," has been abundantly confirmed and strengthened in the latter years, when so many nearer and dearer to me than my own life have dropped the veil of flesh and become invisible to mortal eyes. But we can and do love their disembodied spirits still, and this is sweet.

How much good a few more Friends' books would do out here in this Western country!

I want to ask a favor of thee on behalf of one of our neighbors. He is called a "Materialist," but he seems to feel *now* that there *is* something more than things *seen*, and he has a drawing toward Friends.

A wish has been several times expressed to know how Friends view the Scriptures. I do not feel qualified to answer all his questions, and have thought perhaps thou hast some more books to spare for me. I have distributed most of those thou sent, and the effect has been good. I find that many persons thought Friends were very *material*, caring more for this world's goods than for anything spiritual, and they were surprised to find that prayer was ever offered in public, &c. Such ideas were dispelled by the books sent. I believe the neighbor I spoke of is on the threshold, and I desire he may enter into the beautiful gate, where he will find that instruction is received by calmly waiting for it. I wish all could see the beauty of waiting. To me it is the only way of receiving spiritual comfort. My heart was made glad the other day by receiving a letter from ——. His heart is as fresh and green as in youth, and his inter-

course with the world seems to have purified, instead of perverted his spirit, as it does in so many. He dispenses light wherever he goes. I rejoice that I know him. Ah! it is not what we profess, but what we possess, that makes the mark upon those with whom we mingle.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 12, 1869.

SCATTERED SEEDS.—The first number of this paper, issued monthly by the First-day School Association, has been sent us. It is in good type, illustrated by clear wood engravings, and contains pleasant reading for the children. We commend it to the notice of First-day Schools and families. Single copies per annum to one address, 50 cts.; for clubs of twenty or more, 35 cts. All articles intended for insertion, and all orders for the paper, should be addressed to L. H. Hall, Lock Box 52, West Chester, Pa.

We present to our readers communications from our friends Samuel M. Janney and Edward Painter, which we hope will be followed by others, giving such information as may be deemed proper to communicate respecting the important movement in which they are engaged. A notice of the arrival of the Friends, from the Omaha Daily Herald, was published in the North American of 5th inst., which is transfered to our columns.

DIED, at Poughkeepsie, on the 6th of Fourth month, 1869, WM. W. WHITE, aged 71 years; a member of the Society of Friends. For fifty years a merchant in the same place, he leaves an unsullied reputation.

——, in Buckingham, Bucks Co., Pa, on the 18th of Fifth month, 1869, James Martin, son of Arthur D. and Sarah T. Cernea, in the 18th year of his age.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

An Adjourned Meeting of the Board of Managers will be held at Race St. Monthly Meeting Room on Fifth day evening, 17th inst., at 8 o'clock.

EDWARD PARRISH, *Clerk.*

FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION

For the aid and elevation of the Freedmen will meet on Fourth-day evening, Sixth month 16th, at 8 o'clock, at Race Street Monthly Meeting Room.

JACOB M. ELLIS, } *Clerks.*
ANNE COOPER, }

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Valley, Pa., Sixth month 20th, at 3 P.M.
Evesham, N. J., Seventh month 4th, at 3 P.M.
Frankford, Pa., " " " "

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

Jos. Arnold, Jr., 134 Sixth Avenue, N. Y., and John J. Cornell, Mendon Centre, N. Y., have been appointed Agents for the Society's publications. (See advertisement.)

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The following sums are acknowledged:

A Friend of Spruce St., Philada	$5.00
" West Chester	1.00
Friends of Little Britain Monthly Meeting	4.00
John Searing, Poplar Ridge, N.Y.	13.56
A Friend at Yearly Meeting	20.00
Friends of Mendon, N. Y.	28.00
A Friend of Clarksboro, N. J.	5.00
Friends of Wilmington, Del	3.00

JOS. M. TRUMAN. JR., *Treasurer,*
717 Willow St., Phiada.

A DESCRIPTIVE LETTER FROM A PHILADELPHIAN, DATED

CATANIA, SICILY, April 7, 1869.

As I sit now, I can look up and from the window see the whole of Mt. Etna before me in perfection. I wish, fifty times a day, that you at home could but share the sight with us. It is really the nonsuch of volcanoes, being nearly 11,000 ft. high, and though twenty miles from us, in a direct air line, it looms up so clearly that it seems not over five at most.

About ten weeks ago there was a slight eruption, but at present only a little smoke indicates that it is capable of any great excitement, and it may be years before there will be a recurrence of the symptoms. I say it *may* be, and yet it may just as well be tomorrow. None can foretell.

This city was entirely destroyed by the lava which flowed from it in 1669—the great eruption. The lava came down in a stream two miles wide, and flowed red hot into the sea, filling up the port to such an extent that it is now almost useless for commercial purposes. Great huge masses of black lava meet the eye at every turn. The streets are paved with lava, houses are built of lava, and even furniture is made of it. We went up on the top of the principal observatory here, and had a very good view from there of the course of the lava as it came down from Etna, covering immense forests and gardens, piling itself up to a height of forty feet in places where it met with the thick, strong walls of the city; here gradually accumulating until it rose above them and swept almost the entire city, before it reached the sea. And yet, *immediately* the people began to enlarge, rebuild and beautify their city, knowing, as they must, that at some future day, perhaps very soon, the same calamity would occur again. Is it not strange that the ties of home are so strong? Yet it is so at Vesuvius and every other such locality, and human nature is so much the same, the world over, that doubtless we should

do exactly the same under the same circumstances.

We have been very much interested in Sicily. The churches are generally more richly decorated than in any other country we have seen. There are vast quarries of precious marbles of different kinds—agates, jasper, cornelian, verde-antique, &c.; and these are used most lavishly in the decorations, and give a strikingly gorgeous effect. One church near Palermo exceeds any thing I ever conceived, though its richness is owing more to the mosaics than marbles. Indeed "Moureale" is said to be the finest specimen of church decoration in existence. The people seem to us better than the same class of Italians—more industrious, and perhaps a *shade* more cleanly, if that term could be used to either. The houses have more of an Oriental look, and in Palermo, Messina and Catania immense grated balconies overhang the streets, which look very much like Turkish towns. Large, fine palaces they are, too, but the ground floors are invariably occupied by the trades-people, who eat, drink and sleep there, and carry on their trade, either within, or out in the street in front, obliging foot passengers to walk in the street, among the horses and carriages. I often think that considering the degrading condition of the lower orders in Italy and Sicily, they are in many respects allowed far greater license than would be tolerated by us. For instance, all the splendid churches are as freely open to the beggar as to the prince. Here he may go in his filthiest rags clear to the foot of the altar, kneel and mumble his prayers, rubbing up against a lady in her velvet dress, beg all around the audience without reproval, and, if fancy prompt him, curl up in some corner full in view, and take his snooze undisturbed. The women and children resort to the churches in droves, to chatter, beg and play at games in and out among the pillars; and last week, while one of the most solemn services was going on, two or three ragged, dirty children were thumming a tamborine and blowing a penny whistle most lustily. I have often seen a whole family going through the operation of *head-hunting* during the service, and I have yet to see the first one interfered with. This is one of the ways in which the poor people claim equality with the rich. They are allowed to swarm around the church doors in perfect crowds to beg, and even to go inside for the same purpose.

The whole coast of Sicily is a rough, rocky and dangerous one in storms, and this year there have been a vast number of wrecks upon it, owing to the very unusual amount of stormy weather. Night before last I was awakened by a storm of wind. In the morning it still blew very fresh, and we went down to the port, to see the waves come in and break over the masses of lava, which are piled up there in some places thirty or forty feet. We all decided it was the grandest sight we had ever seen, and we stood two hours enjoying it. At the seaside at home, we have often watched the surf come rolling in after a storm and break upon the beach. Even that was exciting and grand; but here at times it dashed high up fifty feet over these black masses of lava. The whole sea was lashed into white foam and was terrible.

ARRIVAL OF THE "FRIENDS."

We are gratified to announce the arrival in our city of Samuel M. Janney, of the Society of Friends, who comes here as successor to Colonel Denman, in the office of Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the northern superintendency.

Mr. Janney is a venerable gentleman, and comes from Loudon county, Virginia. He comes to represent as well as to execute, within the limits of his jurisdiction, the new policy known as the Quaker policy toward the Indians. We give him hearty welcome to the scene of his labors, and bid him God-speed in a noble work. We understand the Quaker policy, so-called, to be simply the policy of truthful, honest, benignant dealing with the red man. It is this policy for which this paper has dared to plead as being the true, the just and the safe policy, as being the policy which would, if honestly carried out, give security to the lives and property of our people, uninterrupted progress to our settlements, and safety to the Union Pacific Railway. For two hundred years the Society of Friends have been the friends of the red man, and all and only because they have dealt honestly, frankly, sincerely, with them.

Superintendent Janney is accompanied by his brother, Friend Asa M. Janney, who is agent for the Santees; Edward Painter, agent of the Omahas, and Albert L. Green, agent of the Otoes.

Jacob M. Troth, agent of the Pawnees, and Thomas Lightfoot, of the Great Nemaha agency, are daily expected in Omaha.

All these Friends are married men, save Mr. Green, and will bring their families with them.

Superintendent Janney enters upon the duties of his office to-day, Colonel Denman, who, by the way, has proved himself an excellent officer, retiring. We hope his stay with us will be as pleasant to him as we are sure it will be useful to the government and agreeable to our people.—*Omaha Daily Herald.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"BREAKING THE WILL" VS. "EDUCATING THE WILL."

The phrase "breaking the will" does not mean all that it implies, as any one who is accustomed to see families of children, governed or ungoverned, will not fail to observe. Government is better than management, and in former years children were generally gov erned with a strictness, and *sometimes* severity, unknown to the present age. Yet they developed into as high-minded and excellent men and women, as strong in body and as sound in mind as we of the present generation.

There is no doubt that in certain cases children were whipped too much. Wesley's children, for instance, of whom their father said: "At six months old, they had learned to cry softly and fear the rod." Poor little creatures, there was no natural vent for the childish feelings, and the result of tl e treatment was not satisfactory. But there are two sides to most questions, and the middle course is very apt to be right.

A little child is born knowing no law save its will, which must be subjected to that of others, for the preservation of its life. The first effort of those who surround it, is to preserve the animal life and health. We begin with the body, which must be controlled by *our* will. Now the question with many arises, how soon shall *control* cease and *education* begin. To me they seem to go on together, naturally and without conflict; the control of the body and the education of the mind. I see a little girl of four or five months old. She sits on her papa's lap, and he puts his watch to her ear; she grasps the watch, trying to put it to her mouth. He gently puts her hand down and places the watch to her ear. This is repeated again and again, until the little creature has learned that she need not raise her hand for the watch, because she will not get it. She has learned with her mind a lesson of obedience, through the control of her body. She has not been hurt. She has not been reasoned with; her mind is incapable of reason as yet. She has duly received an impression of obedience to her father,—a lesson which will last her life. It will almost always be found that it is the *irregularity* of discipline which makes the trouble in families.

The mothers are so nervous—so acted upon by outside influences—that they smile at or correct little errors, more according to the state they themselves are in, than according to the child's delinquencies. If it were not so, the habit of obedience would be formed at such an early age that the child would not remember any special effort.

The stories given of the boy who would not say A, and of him who would not say G, are both exceptional. Doubtless each mother had the good of her child at heart, and doubtless each believed she had obtained the desired result. Perhaps each did, but in either case it was a fearful risk. Such contests of will opposed to will should never arise. The first was perhaps the least dangerous. In the other, the mother's strong determination that the child should stay in the room until he did say G, was simply another form of coercion; coercion of the mind and her power is now so great that the expression of her desire is sufficient to direct her child's will. This appears to be all right as it stands, only the risk of throwing such a responsibility upon a child of four years old seems to me not prudent. There is many a mother who not for a moment would shrink from her duty if it should require her to spend a day, a week, or a month in the room with her child, if by so doing she could assist in forming a good character. How many mothers are obliged to spend days, weeks and months in the sick chamber, and never grudge that; but do we not lay too heavy a task upon our children when we require more than a certain degree of self-control from them? It seems wrong to attempt to *reason* with a little one at so early an age; the brain, constantly receiving impressions, has enough to do, and the attempt to force action from it overtaxes it, bringing a train of nervous diseases, far more fearful than mere bodily suffering. I do believe children can be taught to be good and obedient with very little cost to the body, and without oppressing the young and unformed brain with the difficult casuistry of right and wrong. There was no right or wrong with regard to saying G; the wrong was in disobeying the mother who would not *make* him say G. I think children suffer extremely in this way. Our Heavenly Father tells us to do certain things; if we do not obey, the punishment falls upon us, and that is all we know. If we now, at our mature years, attempt to reason out the why and wherefore, we are lost in a maze from which there is no escape. In shunning the rod, do not let us fall into a mistake still more fearful; a mistake that seems even now to threaten our country.* There is a medium in all things. There is one proverb which says "that slaves make the worst tyrants. Another says: "He who has never been governed knows not how to govern." Both are true.

A MOTHER.

He who rears one child in Christian virtue, or recovers one fellow-creature to God, builds

* The nervous debility which leads to insanity is on the increase.

a temple more precious than Solomon's or St. Peter's.

From Kindergarten Guide.

LETTER ON OBJECT TEACHING.

(Continued from page 218)

I know all children learn to read, and some children learn rapidly, but I am always interested to know at what cost. It is a very important question, I assure you. One may not realize, at the time, the evils consequent upon the difficulties first encountered. The actual injury to the brain stands first among these. We grown people know the painful sensation consequent upon too long and too fixed attention to one subject, even in the arranging of piles of pamphlets which we are endeavoring to classify. The brain whirls and experiences chill, and the whole body feels it. So with children, when made to read too long, before the eye has learned to discriminate words easily. The child is told that it is naughty, if it does not continue as long as the teacher's or mother's patience holds out (as soon as that is exhausted, the lesson is sure to be over.) How false this is! A little child should never be required to do anything intellectual as a duty. It should not be required even to *love* as a duty, much less to think. Both should be made inevitable by the interest inspired; its mental efforts should only be sports. Its habits of self-control, its kindness, its affection, should be cultivated, and this rather by example than by precept. When mothers do not succeed in teaching their children to read, because they have not the resolution to force them to it, they often say to me, "Do teach the child to read, it will be a great resource;" I reply, if I think they will believe me, that their instincts have perhaps been wiser than their understanding; but if I see that they are unreasonable, I reply that I will try, reserving to myself the privilege of trying just as much as I please, and no more. I can generally make the effort to read a voluntary one, if I do not find any previous painful associations to do away. If I do, I wait patiently till I can replace them by others, and in the mean time make books vocal of such enchanting things that the desire will bubble up in the little mind, through all the rubbish that has gathered over it. The pleasure of reading together from a blackboard, on which the letters should be printed with great exactness and perfection of form, in order to resemble those in the book, often gives this desire.

One little fellow, whose perceptive powers are sharper than those of my dumpling, reflects upon himself more, and though equally fat, appears, from a certain anxious expression on his face, to have had some trials. He says his sister sometimes "hurts his feelings." He thinks some words are beautiful and "full of pictures." He tells very small fibs, such as "Mother says I must read those words, and those." Do not suppose I let this fibbing pass. I make a great point of not believing it, and of comparing it with truth, and of proving to him that his mother knows nothing about it.

Another little darling, who cannot speak plain, says, "Oh, is 'at *feathers?* Why! is it *feathers?* Oh, now tell me where *wings* is! Oh! is 'at *wings?* Oh! I want to kiss oo."

I hear these little ones read four or five times a day. The lesson occupies about fifteen minutes each time. All "study" together, as they call it. I put my pointer on the book of each in turn, making it a habit that they shall not look off the book for the space of three minutes, perhaps, during which each reads. They keep within a few sentences of each other, near enough to think they read together, as I detain them long upon the repetition of all they know; but I see very clearly which will start off soon and outstrip the rest. I say nothing of which reads the best, but sometimes make such remarks as, "L—— will learn to read very fast, I think, he is so attentive." This makes L—— all the more attentive, and helps the others to make the effort; for with these four, to be able to read is the most charming of prospects. I am determined that no touch of weariness shall break the charm. In three months they will be able to read the two first stories in the Primer, which occupy about two pages. Their eyes will by that time become so accustomed to analyzing the looks of the words, that they will be able to print them without the book, and soon new words will be learned very rapidly. I stave off the spelling as long as possible, but you may be sure that these children will spell well by and by. I am convinced of this by experience, for the next class above these in age have begun within a few weeks to write stories of their own, composing instead of copying them from books, as they have done for two years, and I am myself quite astonished at their spelling. They have never spelled a word they did not understand, and their spelling in composition is better than that of some children still older who learned to spell elsewhere, and who hate spelling-books.

One of my exercises in thinking is to ask the children to tell me the names of all the actions they can think of; and to help them I say, for instance, "What can the bird do?" "What can the fly do?" "How many things can the fly do?" Another is to ask them what things are made of, and where they are

found, "Are they vegetables, or are they from animals, or are they minerals?" They are vastly entertained by this, and one little fellow became so much excited, and wearied himself so much with his investigations at home, that his mother begged me to suspend the exercise for a time. Jemmy's head is a little too big for his body; and the look of research in his great eyes gives evidence of precocity, the thing of all others to be shunned. His mother has put thick boots upon him lately and turned him out into the snow, and he looks like a butterfly in boots, with his ethereal head and spiritual orbs.

I have but one child under my care that I call a prodigy; and my influence has not yet been strong enough to check her ardor as it ought to be checked. She is sent to school because she is happier at school than in the nursery, to which rich people's children are so often banished. (I never intend to have a nursery in my house.) This child has been with me three years, and is but six now. She might be made one of those wonders of learning that occasionally astonish the world, if the plan of her education had not been to supply as little food as possible for her cravings. Fortunately she did not ask to read for a long time, but I have not a scholar so perseveringly industrious, so absorbed in what ever she is doing, so full of nervous energy. She is as conscientious as she is intellectual. I have never had to repeat a request to her, or to subject her to a rule. She always sees and does the fitting and the lovely thing. Before she learned to read she would sit for an hour together with a book in hand, (upside down, perhaps,) and improvisate stories wonderful to hear, in which the characters preserved their individuality, and the description of nature were as vivid as those of a poet of many years. She was quite lost to outward things while improvisating thus. One day after school, the maid who came for her not having arrived, she threw herself on the floor, and began a story about a naughty child. I cannot now remember all the very words, for it was a year ago; but the qualities of the heroine were a combination of all the faults she knew anything about. If people were ill, she always made a noise; she would shut the door hard if told that it would make people's heads ache. She hid other people's things, and would not tell where she had put them. She was very cross to her little brother, and often hurt the baby. She cut valuable things with the scissors, tore up her books, and left the pieces of paper on the parlor carpet. One day it rained very hard, and her mother told her not to go out, lest she should take cold. She was always disobedient, so she went up stairs and put on a very nice dress and her best bonnet, with blue ribbons, and thin stockings and shoes, and nothing to keep herself warm, but went out in the rain, and paddled and paddled about, and wet her dress, and spoilt the blue ribbons on her bonnet; and when she came in she was very, very sick indeed, and had a dreadful fever, and people slammed the doors and made a great noise, and she had dreadful, oh, dreadful pains in her head and her side, and she could not eat or drink anything; and at last she died and did not go to heaven!" She stopped, completely out of breath. After a few moments' pause, I said, "Oh, I am sorry for the poor little girl that was punished so much. Was she so very naughty she could not go to heaven?"

She made no reply for some time, and then recommenced in a low, solemn voice: "When she was lying in her bed, she was very sorry she had not obeyed her mother, and a heavenly angel came down out of the heavenly sky and took her up into heaven." After a short pause she burst out again very energetically —"Then how she ramped! She trampled on the clouds, and put her foot in the sun, moon, and stars!" I made no further comment. I rarely interrupted her utterances, for they never were addressed to any one, and seldom indulged in, unless she thought herself alone. They were picturesque and symbolical, but never vague. The moral was always very apparent. But her imagination sometimes clothes objects with a light of its own. I was leading her up stairs the other day, and as we stepped into the hall, we saw a large spider running before us. She dropped my hand and bounded forward, "Oh, you beautiful, smiling creature!" was her exclamation.

Would not a bird have been her passport into paradise at that moment?

Another of these children was walking in the mall with me one day, when the sun was shining with an afternoon light upon the bare trees, over rather a dreary landscape of snow and ice. "Oh, the trees look like golden twigs," said my little poetess, so full of joy that I could hardly hold her.

This, dear A——, is the

> "time when meadow, grove, and stream,
> The earth and every common sight,
> To us do seem,
> Apparelled in celestial light,
> The glory and the freshness of a dream."

To return a moment to my little prodigy. When she did not for a long time ask to read, she wished to print, and it must have been this practice which gradually so accustomed her eye to the shapes of the words, that when she suddenly conceived the desire to read, she remembered them with marvel-

lous rapidity. Everything else was abandoned for the time, and in the course of two or three weeks she could read very well. I had often seen her take up the books which contained the stories she liked, and I supposed, at first, that she must have learned to read them herself in some unaccountable way. She had often repeated such stories from the beginning to the end, word for word. But I found it was not the case,—that she had never actually read them before. However, I never could trace the steps. Spelling she does not find easy. Even now, several months after she has been able to read correctly, if, when she comes to a new word, I propose to her to spell it, she will mention the letters (I never taught her their names, but she doubtless learned them while printing so industriously), and then say again, "What is it?" as if that had not helped her at all. But she never forgets a word after it is once told her. She joins in an exercise I frequently practise with older scholars, of spelling a few lines of the reading lesson, but she is not so ready as the others, although none read better, and few as well. She now composes stories on the slate instead of improvisating aloud so much; and I am surprised to find how many words she spells aright. But I try no experiments upon her, as my plan is to clip her wings. If she was enshrined in as rotund a body as some of the other children, I might venture a little, but she already looks too ethereal; one sees at a glance that the sword of her fervent little spirit might easily be made to cut its sheath.

THE MYSTERY OF NATURE.

The works of God are fair for naught,
Unless our eyes, in seeing,
See hidden in the thing the thought
That animates its being.

The outward form is not the whole,
But every part is moulded
To image forth an inward soul,
That dimly is unfolded.

The shadow, pictured in the lake
Of every tree that trembles,
Is cast for more than just the sake
Of that which it resembles.

The dew falls nightly, not alone,
Because the meadows need it,
But on an errand of its own,
To human souls that heed it.

The stars are lighted in the skies,
Not merely for their shining;
But, like the looks of loving eyes,
Have meanings worth divining.

The waves that moan along the shore,
The winds that sigh in blowing,
Are sent to teach a mystic lore
Which men are wise in knowing.

The clouds around the mountain peak,
The rivers in their winding,
Have secrets, which, to all who seek,
Are sweetest in the finding.

Thus Nature dwells within our reach,
But though we stand so near her,
We but interpret half her speech
With ears too dull to hear her.

Whoever, at the coarsest sound,
Still listens to the finest,
Shall hear the noisy world go round
To music the divinest.

Whoever yearns to see aright
Because his heart is tender,
Shall catch a glimpse of heavenly light
In every earthly splendor.

So, since the universe began,
And till it shall be ended,
The soul of nature, soul of man,
And soul of God are blended!

—*A. S. Standard.*

For the Children.

THE LITTLE CRIPPLE.

The little cripple passed along
The quiet village street,
The clothes she wore were patched and old,
Yet very clean and neat.
Though she was sickly and deformed,
Her face was sweet and fair;
And the glossy curls around her brow
Proclaimed a mother's care.

Ere long she passed the village school
As from the open door
A train of boys came shouting forth,
Glad that their tasks were o'er.
A few, more boisterous than the rest,
Themselves erect and strong,
Began to mock the hump-backed girl
Who quietly walked along.

Once Jennie uttered sharp retorts
When jests like theirs she heard;
But, now that *grace* had changed her heart,
She answered not a word;
Only the blush that dyed her cheek,
And the tear that down it stole,
Showed that the coarse, unfeeling taunts
Had sunk into her soul.

Arrived at home, poor Jennie sought
Her chamber small and bare;
Methinks those thoughtless boys had wept
If they had seen her there.
Beside her lowly bed she knelt,
And sent this prayer to Heaven:
"O Father, help me to forgive
As I have been forgiven!"

Dear children, 'tis from God above
Health, strength, and beauty come;
And He, in wisdom, has withheld
These precious gifts from some.
Be kind to such, and learn to keep
The Golden Rule in view;
Nor ever let a cripple hear
A cruel taunt from you.

JOHN NEWTON once said: "The art of spreading rumors may be compared to the art of pin-making. There is usually some truth, which I call the wire; as this passes from hand to hand, one gives it a polish, another a point, others make and put on the head, and at last the pin is completed."

From Public Opinion.

MR. FROUDE'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS AT ST. ANDREW'S UNIVERSITY.

[*Times* March 24th.]

Those who have not had a university education, and those, also, who have to regret that, while at college, they neglected their opportunities, are receiving much comfort from very competent authorities. Mr. Anthony Froude cannot but know a good deal about it. On the one hand he went through all the successive stages of that process by which a well-born lad in these days is converted into an educated English gentleman—that is, a person supposed to know enough about everything, to have received a capacity for learning more, and to be equal to most probable emergencies. Mr. Froude obtained honors, a fellowship, literary friends, and a start in life. . . . . .

The comfort he offers to persons of no education, or what is called neglected education, and to those who, by their own neglect, have thwarted the intentions of their friends, is that the best of all education is that which teaches a man to earn his bread, to be honest and true, to know just as much as he can be quite sure of, and will certainly be of use to him. It may naturally be asked to whom it is that Mr. Froude addresses considerations with so good a basis in truth, but so contrary to the all-knowing, all-reaching, spirit of this age. Mr. Froude has just been elected Rector of the University of St. Andrew's, and they are to be found in his inaugural address.

We are always coming back to Dame Nature at last, and, when we have wandered into mazes of our own making the best philosophy is that which brings us home again. Mr. Froude recals us to those first and universal instincts and necessities which shape our lives, and ought to rule our studies. There is no education, he says, like doing—doing something good and useful, doing anything allowable so as it be doing. Our forefathers taught every child to do something or other. There was profit in doing, and progress in doing. Body, mind, and heart, friends and estate, all prospered in doing. For doing something must be known, and that indicates the knowledge to be acquired. When the world went mad after intellectual theories and transcendental dogmas, there came hordes of scholars and students, multitudinous schools and universities, in which poverty and actual mendicancy were very properly associated with knowledge by which nobody could live a day, and which added nothing to the common stock of the world. The present form of the delusion which dissociates knowledge from use, and mistakes for a finality that which should be only the means, is "cramming," and that which goes with it—a servile cherishing of old-world thought and information. A man is now expected to know all the 'ologies, all countries, all histories, all languages, or at least something about everything there is, or ever has been, under the sun. It is quite impossible, Mr. Froude says, that any man can possess very much and profitable knowledge of all things, or even many things. He is a bit of an historian himself; that or nothing; and upon glancing over an examination-paper in history for young men at college, he found one or two questions that perhaps he could answer. To minds engaged in the process of accumulation, all statements become verbal formulas, without life or meaning. Upon that other knowledge, which deals neither with men nor with things, but which professes to define the infinite and express the unknown, Mr. Froude is evidently sure of the full sympathy and concurrence of his northern hearers. A keen air has invigorated his mind, and he tells the descendants of Papists, the admirers of Knox, and the near descendants of Covenanters that all the matters with which the mind can deal belong to the age, that one controversy and one trial only succeeds another, and that the good and true man who would have been brought to the stake three or four centuries ago, has now to undergo a similar ordeal of mental perplexities, battle with prejudices, and entanglement with human inventions.

There are several praises it would be impossible to deny to this address. It is really interesting. It throws the light of experience, of wit, and even of genius, on the folly of trying to teach a youth everything while he can do nothing, and while he really knows nothing. He exhibits the man stuffed with words and ideas hardly better than words, possessed with the conceit of universal knowledge and universal capacity, when a slight change of place and circumstances would bring out the lamentable truth that he can do nothing but break stones on the road—if, indeed, his physical strength has survived his educational training. The world is full of such wrecks, and the addition of more studies and more subjects to the old, narrow outline, has not imparted to the education of an English gentleman either greater certainty of knowledge or more practical power. Mr. Froude evidently feels himself competent to measure, at least on one subject, the ignorance prevailing in the educated, or what should be the educated classes. They know nothing; or what they do know they know wrong, and to no good purpose. Meanwhile the world, while it flies from ignorance, attempts to learn still more; and they who know nothing well must show a smattering of

everything. All this is true, too true. It must be so, when Mr. Froude tells us so, for he ought to know; and it confirms our sad suspicion.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

NERVOUS PEOPLE.

One of the most important characteristics that distinguishes the physical organization of the animal from the vegetable creation is the existence in the former of a peculiar substance called nerve. In most animals this substance is so disposed throughout the body as to form a distinct apparatus, called the nervous system, which is more or less developed in proportion to the complexity of the physical organization. From this nervous apparatus is derived the faculty of receiving impressions from external objects, and in man millions of nerves of various kinds and stimulated in various ways, exist, and convey sensation to the brain. The more susceptible the organization, the more acute will be the action of the nerves and the consequent sensations, and where there is abundant leisure to examine and encourage these various sensations, the nervous system is very apt to obtain an undue preponderance in the physical machinery. Hence, we have what are distinctively called nervous people; those whose nerves are more easily affected, and convey more acute sensations than the average of mankind. The same results are sometimes brought about by disease. There are some whose nerves have thus come to tyrannize over them, and they are victims of tremors, fears and weaknesses that make life a constant burden.

That the majority of nervous people are to be found in the female sex, is perhaps attributable in measure to a greater susceptibility of organization, but other causes are to be found in the absence of healthful active occupation, and not unfrequently in a false idea, entertained by many, that the exhibition of nervousness is graceful and feminine. In a man it is not tolerated, and though his temperament may incline him in that direction, he soon learns to control expression of it, and thus lessons the tendency. But a woman is not only tolerated, but by some even admired for exhibitions of caprice, irresolution, fears and cowardice, which increase with indulgence, and lead only to unreasonable selfishness in the end. However attractive youth and beauty may appear in such attitudes to those who only value woman as a plaything, yet to all who look upon life with any true ideas of its puposes, nothing is more destructive to its worth than a weak, nervous temperament, pampered and indulged. There are many who, through peculiar organization or impaired health, are unusually susceptible to the action of the nerves, but who resolutely struggle against their dominion, and sometimes with the happiest success. This work is sometimes difficult, but when accomplished it produces a strong and valuable character. Irritable nerves are best soothed, not by indulgence, but by turning the mind resolutely in another direction. Many pass through life without one close grasp of their position or duties, or even without studying the best means of attaining their own desired ends. Such are more likely than any others to become victims of tyrannical nerves, and are often grossly unreasonable, from the habit of not using their judgment. Above all, real, earnest labor will put to flight a vast train of nervous troubles. Few who are vigorously pursuing a life work of importance are greatly afflicted with nervousness, and these few may often trace it to the lack of wholesome living and fresh air. A due regard to the laws of health, an earnest purpose in life, and regular employment, are the best preventives for the evils of over-sensitive nerves. Training and self-respect will induce us to suppress fears and to conquer weaknesses. Acts of resolution will teach courage, and a systematic infusion of vigor and self-discipline will render the whole nature superior to the indulgence of a tyrannical and enfeebling nervous system.

Eighth Annual Report of Friends' Employment Society, New York.

The Managers are pleased to record the successful working of this Society for eight years with no diminution of interest and a harvest of abundant returns for their efforts. The aim has been to assist the deserving poor to a living by a just compensation for their needlework.

A subscription of $3.00 entitles one to send an applicant weekly for one dollar's worth of sewing.

The distribution of work commenced the 7th of First month, and continued till the 30th of Fourth month inclusive, in which time 1647 garments were made. Of these 255 were cut from material purchased by the Society, and, when made, sold for the price of the quantity taken: thus returning $93.80 to the Treasury, and enabling us to give out work a little longer.

There were from $30 to $35 paid for sewing each week. The many beneficiaries receiving aid were known to be needy and worthy, and with a few exceptions the work was returned well done.

We commenced the season under some discouragement, not being able to obtain work from the Colored Orphan Asylum as for sev-

eral years previous; but upon applying to other Institutions, we found them as glad to give the cut garments as we were to receive; and having been thus enabled to carry on the work successfully for four months, we are encouraged to hope for the future, trusting the number of subscribers will increase, and the earnest efforts of the managers may each year extend over a wide field, enabling them to multiply such blessings to the poor.

Amount received	$602 30
Amount paid out	$599 30
Balance	$3 00

Cash on hand Fifth month 1st, 1869, $3 10.

JANE C. RUSSELL, *Treasurer.*

HANNAH W. HAYDOCK, *Directress.*

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SARAH H. BAKER,
CAROLINE HAYDOCK,
MARY L. PARSONS,
} *Superintendents.*

NEW YORK, 5th mo., 1869.

THE COMMERCIAL EXCHANGE.

In the Fifteenth Annual Report of the Commercial Exchange Association, Gerard R. Tisdall, the secretary, speaking of disputes submitted to business men for arbitration, says: "A most beneficent feature in the by-laws of our association is found in its regulations for the adjudication of business disputes, by committees selected from its own membership. A desire to avoid the expense and delay incident to proceedings in courts of law led to the adoption of these regulations. It was felt that a dispute submitted to this body was much more likely to receive intelligent consideration than before any ordinary jury constituted by law. The disputants of the Commercial Exchange present their differences, in the truest sense of the phrase, to a jury of the peers. Men familiar with the character of the business in question, and conversant with all its details, must be better qualified for the fair and equitable consideration of these subjects. No matter how learned the Bench and Bar may be, nor how intelligent the promiscuous material which constitutes a jury may be, it is still true that no amount of theoretical ability can equal the value of long practical acquaintance with the points in issue. Business men now feel themselves adequate to the determination of all matters affecting their peculiar interests. They need but little outside help, and are less and less inclined to ask it, knowing, as they do, that such aid usually complicates the simplest cases, and becomes a source of great expense and vexation. We do not profess to set ourselves above the laws of our state and country nor to undervalue the talents of our lawyers; but, upon the same economical principles which have banded us together for the easier dispatch of business, we wish to rid ourselves of protracted litigation in cases of disagreement. Having, therefore, in view of this reasoning, established a Board of Arbitration, there is good cause for its permanent maintenance, and for such improvement in its administration as experience may suggest."

ITEMS.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD is now in successful operation. The San Francisco journals reach here in eight days, and several gentlemen have arrived in Philadelphia who have passed over the road in the time mentioned. The distance from Sacramento to Omaha is not accurately known. The commissioners appointed to examine the roads have recently reported on the condition of the track, as it was built on March 10th, 1869, and give the length at that date of the Union Pacific at 1035 miles; of the Central Pacific at 551 miles, with 193 miles uncompleted. These figures give 1779 as the distance from Sacramento to Omaha. The companies, however, have received subsidies in the following proportion: the Union Pacific, for 1030 miles, and the Central Pacific, for 741 miles, giving a total of 1771 miles.

SEVERAL attempts have been made lately in England to sell property seized for church rates. The effort gives rise to most extraordinary scenes, if not riots.

THE movement to legalize a marriage with a deceased wife's sister has been before Parliament, and was supported by John Bright, who characterized the traditions and sentiment opposed to it as mere "ecclesiastical rubbish." The bill passed to a second reading by 99 majority. The opposition to it is mainly in the Established churches, and those most nearly affiliated with them. The English Presbyterian Synod has just voted unanimously to petition Parliament against the bill. No passage in the Bible forbids it. In the theological literature of this country is a sermon against it by the younger Edwards.—*Exchange paper.*

THREE Japanese families have recently arrived in California with the intention of forming a colony. Thirty-seven families are now on their way, and eighty are preparing to follow, so that a settlement of 120 families will be made. These Japanese are bringing with them mulberry trees, bamboo shoots and tea plants for cultivation. It is asserted that many more Japanese, adherents of the Northern Daimios, who have recently been defeated by the Southern Daimios, will also emigrate. The United States is thus becoming a refuge for the persecuted people of Asia on the West as well as Europe on the East.—*Phil. Ledger.*

THE DEATH PENALTY.—It is announeed that the Court of Appeal of Italy, which has for some time been engaged in revising the Penal Code of that kingdom, has completed its labors, and by a unanimous vote agree to report that the punishment of death should be abolished.

AN exchange paper says two posts split from the same log were set for gate posts, one top end in the ground, the other butt end in the ground; the first post lasted seventeen years, and the other ten years.

A State Convention of the colored men of Maryland met at Baltimore recently. Resolutions were adopted asking that colored apprentices be admitted in all trades, thanking the President for his appointment of colored office-holders, and pledging support to the regular Republican ticket in Maryland.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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T. Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

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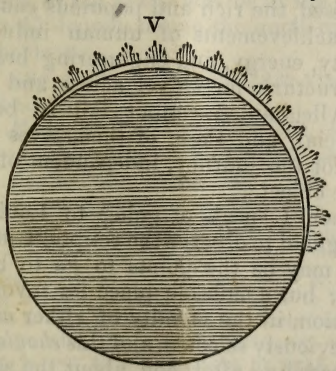
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For Friends' Intelligencer.

ASTRONOMY.—NO. I.

BY BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

The Total Eclipse of the Sun, Eighth mo. 7, 1869, *as it will appear at Philadelphia when greatest.*



It may be remembered by the Editors of the Intelligencer, who were among my auditors, that in the winter of 1845–6 I delivered a Course of Lectures on Astronomy among other branches of Natural Science, at the Lecture Room of Friends' Central School in Philadelphia, in one of which I exhibited a diagram of the Eclipse of the Sun in 1869, which I had calculated a number of years previously, showing the phase of the eclipse as it will appear at Philadelphia at the time of greatest obscuration.

What then seemed far in the remote future is now near at hand, and I have thought it might not be unacceptable to you and your readers, especially the younger portion of them, for whom these communications are principally written, to have a little account of the interesting phenomena that are now soon to occur, which will be followed in a few numbers of the Intelligencer by some other facts in this interesting and instructive branch of Natural Science. In the language of the Psalmist, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth His handy-work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge." Psalm xix. 2, 3.

The moon being an opaque body, always casts a shadow, or *umbra*, in a direction opposite to the sun, and when the moon passes through its conjunction, or period of new moon, in the 8th month next, being near its descending node, its shadow will trail in a *southeasterly direction*, all across the American Continent, from the Pacific coast, near Alaska, on the north-west, to the Atlantic Ocean on the coast of North Carolina; giving an oblique belt of about 140 miles in width, from ocean to ocean, in which the sun will be totally eclipsed, and affording a rare opportunity for witnessing that grandest of celestial phenomena.

The central total eclipse will begin in Siberia, in longitude 165° 26′ west from Washington, latitude 52° 42′ north, at the time of the sun's rising at that place, which will be

38 minutes after 3 o'clock in Washington, mean or clock time. The centre of the path of the total eclipse (the whole path, as before remarked, being about 140 miles in width) then proceeds northward and eastward, through Siberia, over the town of Okhotsk and northern coast of the sea of the same name, and across Kamschatka in Asia, and on until it reaches the latitude of 64¼° north, and long. 97¾° west from Washington, at 23 minutes after 3 o'clock, Washington mean time, near and a little south of Behring's Strait.* It then enters upon the Continent of America, crosses the Peninsula of Alaska (our newly-acquired territory) and the British Possessions, and enters the United States in the north-eastern part of Montana, passes a little north of Fort Charles, thence into Dakota, and crosses the Missouri river a little north of Hawthorne Bluffs; thence through the southwestern part of Minnesota, through the central part of Iowa, entering that State at the northwest corner, and leaving it near the southeast corner, the central line passing a little south of Iowa City and Burlington, so that the path of the total eclipse will cover more than three-fourths of that State, including the counties of Marshall, Johnson, Cedar, Muscatine and Henry, where our Friends reside.

The central line then crosses the Mississippi a little south of Burlington, and enters Illinois, passing near Nauvoo, Peoria, Springfield and Palestine in Illinois; Vincennes and New Albany, and over the settlement of our Blue River Friends, in Indiana; near Louisville, Bardstown and Lexington, in Kentucky; across the southwest part of Virginia, a little southwest of Lebanon and Abingdon; near Elizabeth Town and Greenville, in Tennessee; and through the central portion of North Carolina, from the northwest corner, to Cape Lookout. Like the State of Iowa, the path of the total eclipse (it must be remembered that the *path or space within which the eclipse will be total* extends about 70 miles on each side of the central line we have been tracing) will cover more than three-fourths of the State of North Carolina, and of course the eclipse will be total at Raleigh, Fayetteville, Newbern, Wilmington, &c. It then passes into the Atlantic Ocean, and the central eclipse ends in the Atlantic Ocean, east of South Carolina, in long. 9½° east of Washington, and lat. 31¼° north, nearly east of St. Simon's Island on the southeast coast of Georgia, at the time of sunset at that place, which will be 8 minutes past 6 o'clock, P.M., mean time at Washington.

* Young persons will be benefitted by finding all these places on their maps.

Persons from Pennsylvania, New York and Maryland, and neighboring localities, who desire to witness the phenomena to good advantage, I would recommend to go either to Louisville, Ky., or Springfield, Ill. There are points in Virginia and North Carolina that are nearer, but in these the total eclipse occurs so short a time previous to sunset, that those who wish to see its full grandeur must travel westward, to meet the trailing of the moon's shadow across the continent while the sun is higher above the horizon. Springfield may be readily reached by either of two routes: by Harrisburg, Pittsburg, Steubenville, Columbus, Indianapolis and Lafayette; or, after arriving at Pittsburg, go through Alliance to Cleveland on Lake Erie, thence along the Lake shore to Toledo, and then through Fort Wayne, Logansport, and Lafayette, to Springfield.

To reach Louisville, travellers may go through Harrisburg, Pittsburg and Columbus to Cincinnati, then down the Ohio River by steamboat or railroad to Louisville; or, through Baltimore, Harper's Ferry, Cumberland and the Maryland Coal regions, Piedmont and Grafton, to Parkersburg on the Ohio River; then down the Ohio by steamboat or railroad to Louisville.

In both instances I would recommend to take one route going, and the other returning. To those to whom it is new, the impress of the beautiful and grand scenery that will be witnessed, the rich and populous country, the vast achievements of human industry, ingenuity, energy, and engineering bravery, in the structures for travel across and through the Alleghanies, cannot fail to be highly beneficial, and these of themselves will pay well for the journey, independent of the scientific object.

When I speak of going to Louisville or Springfield to observe the eclipse, I mean that these may be the points to go to by *public travel;* but a suitable place for favorable observation, in the vicinity of either city, must be previously selected, and this *should* be done the preceding afternoon, about the same time of day that the eclipse will occur.

The middle of the eclipse at Springfield will be about 7 minutes after 5 o'clock, P.M., and at Louisville about 25 minutes after 5, in mean or clock time at each place; and the eclipse at each of these cities will *begin about one hour earlier* than the middle, and *end about one hour later.* The times of the beginning, middle, &c., of the eclipse, at different places, can be obtained from the local almanacs.

Persons who desire to make practical observations of the phenomena, to which they can afterwards refer, should previously pro-

vide themselves with a thermometer, a smoked glass,* a time-piece, a lead pencil, and some paper, part of which should be appropriately ruled for recording observations of the thermometer, every ten minutes, commencing at about half-past 3, and continuing to the close of the eclipse.

Some points to which the attention may be directed besides the thermometer are,

1. The peculiarity of the light and shade through the leaves of trees in different phases of the eclipse, especially as it approaches totality, exhibiting representations of the bright and obscure parts of the sun.

2. Whether there is any thing peculiar in the behaviour of domestic fowls, birds, and animals, at the time of total eclipse.

3. Whether any planets or stars are visible during the total eclipse.

Venus will be about 30 degrees east of the sun; that is, in the direction the sun passes in the sky.

Mars will be about 40 degrees east of the sun.

Castor and Pollux, in Gemini, will be about 13 degrees above the western horizon.

Regulus, in Leo, at the end of the handle of the "Sickle," will be about 10 degrees east of the sun.

Spica, in Virgo, about 60 degrees east of the sun.

Arcturus, in Bootes, will be on the meridian, about 70 degrees above the southern horizon.

Lyra, in the Harp, will be in the northeast, about 45 degrees above the north-east part of the horizon.

If any stars or planets are visible, they will be some of these.

4. *Radiations* or *corruscations*, streams of red, and sometimes white light, passing out from the last line of the sun's disk, *just as it is being wholly hidden by the moon*, and then again just as the sun *begins* to emerge from behind the moon. They are said to be very beautiful, and even grand, and may be seen without instruments by a person with good sight.

These points should be divided among a company of observers, assigning two or three persons to each class.

Another opportunity after the present of witnessing the phenomena of a total eclipse will not occur in this country until the 28th of the Fifth month in the year 1900.

Although the phenomena are much the most striking and impressive where the eclipse is total, yet they will be very interesting, and well worthy of note, in the peculiarities of the shadows, change of temperature, &c., on each side of the path of total eclipse, and consequently throughout Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, &c. At Philadelphia, the sun will be 11.5 digits eclipsed; that is, all but about one-twenty-fourth part of its diameter will be covered by the moon.

Sandy Spring, Md., 6th mo. 1st, 1869.

P. S.—By a letter from the Superintendent of the National Observatory at Washington, I have been informed that a party sailed for Alaska on the 21st ult. with the necessary instruments to make accurate scientific observations on this eclipse, on behalf of the Observatory; and that a second party, connected with the Navy and the Army, will leave Washington with the same interesting object, the last week in Seventh month, and select a station at or near Des Moines or Mitchellville, Iowa.

It is understood that Prof. Coffin, Superintendent of the Nautical Almanac, will also have a party to observe, at Burlington, Iowa, or in that vicinity.

A. M. Reid, of Steubenville, a Presbyterian clergyman, in a recent sermon seems to hint at the ministry of woman as one of the impending developments of the progress of modern Christianity. After recounting her special agency in fashioning the infant mind of the race, he says: "'Her gentle, loving, Christian life is an *irresistible inspiration*. As a Christian teacher, her power in moulding character is incalculable. If asked who in this town has been instrumental in saving most souls, you would all probably name a woman." This language, although smacking somewhat in its inferential consequences of the philosophy of August Compte, comes from an unimpeachably orthodox source, and is significant as evincing the drift, perhaps unconscious, of modern Protestant thought. It certainly grounds an argument for woman suffrage in congregational matters, and the logical inference is fair that if woman is such

* The best way I have been able to discover to smoke a piece of glass with which to look at the sun, is to take a *broad-wick* kerosene lamp, as ordinarily burning, remove the chimney, and, as the object is not to obtain light or heat, but *smoke*, lower the wick till a dim flame is produced, then hold the glass on the flame till it presses it down about one-half its height, moving the glass slowly about continually, over the flame, and, every few seconds, taking it off to cool. The point is, not to let the glass get too hot, or it will break. A piece of common window glass, 8 inches long, and 4 wide, more or less, answers the purpose well.

For the coming eclipse, there should be several spots, about an inch and a half in diameter, smoked on the glass, of different densities, the darker to use when the sun is but little eclipsed, and the less dark when it is most obscured.

The glass should be smoked *on one side only*, in order that the smoke may not be removed when the glass is laid down, or transferred to the face of the observer when it is in use.

a power in the Christian world, her field of operations should not be cramped by ecclesiastical traditions and rules. The pulpit should not be closed against inspiration.—*Exchange paper.*

A Memorial concerning our deceased Friend,
RUTH PYLE.

Believing there are many among us to whom the memory of this beloved Friend is precious, we have felt a concern to pay a little tribute to her worth, in the hope that it may prove to survivors a source of encouragment, that they, like her, may "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." We have but the remembrance of a portion of her earnest life from which to draw, having but little account of her early years; our recollections of her being when she had become enlisted under the banner of the Lord, showing by her devotion to His holy cause that it claimed her best affections.

She was, indeed, an untiring laborer for the truth, willing to spend and be spent for its advancement; being frequently engaged in religious visits to many of the Meeting, and also that closer service, visiting the families of some within her own Yearly Meetings, and at times extending her labors to the Meetings of New York, Genessee, Ohio, Indiana, and Baltimore. From such arduous undertakings she was favored to return, bringing testimonials of the unity of the visited, and that *greater* evidence, the peace and satisfaction of her own mind. In these labors she realized the Psalmist's declaration: "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Her testimony in regard to family visiting was, "If our Society dwelt deeper, more of this service would be required at our hands, and we would be a stronger people therefor."

She drank deeply of the cup of sorrow, in the death of her husband; yet of this she could say, "May I bow low and kiss the rod, though I find this to be a hard lesson, and it is only at times, and then through renewed ability, I can attain to it; yet I trust I am laboring after the state, wherein I shall at all times be enabled to say, 'Thy will, O Father, and not mine, be done.' O happy state! and one that requires every particle of self to be subdued; and the secret language often is, O, my soul, how many deaths thou hast to die! Yea, many baptisms, yet unfelt, may be necessary for thy refinement; many have already fallen to thy lot; but, saith my soul at this time, 'O Lord, may thine eye not pity, nor thine hand spare,' until all that is of a proud and rebellious nature in me be brought low; though it may be needful again and again to prove me, as at the waters of Meribah; and cause my dwelling to be, as it were, between the 'upper and nether millstones;' or where the 'heavens may seem as brass, and the earth as iron;' only be pleased to be with me, and cause thy right hand to sustain me, with thy holy aid and requirings, 'then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee.'"

If practicable, she was always ready to attend the calls of the sick and afflicted, where her services were truly acceptable, and will long be held in grateful remembrance; and the practical testimony she bore to the right employment of time, and simplicity of living, was a speaking example.

In the attendance of our religious meetings she was indeed remarkable, seldom permitting inclemency of weather or difficult traveling to prevent her, although she mostly came alone in the latter years of her life; yet her trust in the Divine arm was so strong, that, when being remonstrated with by her friends upon the danger, her quiet reply was, "I have always been cared for, and I think I shall get along;" and when assembled, her solid deportment, bore evidence of a mind centered in God. She was a faithful watchman on our "Zion's walls," ever ready to sound the alarm at the approach of danger; and through many years of her life was truly esteemed a "mother in Israel."

During her last illness, which was short, with but little suffering except bodily weakness, on being inquired of how she felt, replied, "I am very weak, but my work appears to be done; all is peace within,"—after a pause adding, "but a feeling of sadness seems to pervade my mind, that I am leaving our Society in such a weak state; a Society for the advancement of which in best things I have long and ardently labored; but a ray of hope seems with me; there will yet be raised up faithful servants, even among the children who are under the qualifying hand, to stand as advocates in support of our precious testimonies."

She departed this life the 16th of Twelfth month, 1864, aged nearly 81 years, forty-one of which she was an approved minister. Her remains were interred in Friends' burying-ground, at London Grove; after which a solemn meeting was held.

Read and approved in London Grove Monthly Meeting of Friends, held the 8th of Fourth month, 1868.

JOS. W. ROBERTS, } *Clerks.*
ORPHA H. PYLE, }

Read and approved in the Western Quarterly Meeting of Friends, held 21st of Seventh mo., 1868. ELLWOOD MICHENER, } *Clerks.*
MARY S. MICHENER, }

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE LESSON OF THE HOUR.

Scarcely a day passes that has not its lesson of deep instruction for each of us, if our hearts are open to its teachings.

Enjoying to the utmost, the pursuits and pleasures of the country, I might be tempted to question the Divine ordering that cast my lot, until far into the term of middle life, among the bustling scenes of a large city, had I not long ago learned to accept with thankfulness whatever is set before me, believing firmly that He "who doeth all things well" knows much better than finite creatures like ourselves, what is best for us.

In the country we are brought into closer relationship with nature. We see more of what the Psalmist calls the "handiwork of God," —the miracle of creation is daily repeated. Everything teems with life. Do we but stir a leaf, some tiny insect has found a shelter under its green canopy. Move but a chip that has lain a few hours on the moist earth, something that has life hurries to escape observation.

Yesterday S. was turning over a pile of garden pales, which had been lying on the grass since early spring, and were almost hidden by the rank growth around them. Soon an humble-bee flew out, and circling around, showed signs of great distress. Lifting one of the pales, S. came across her nest. It had evidently been made by a field-mouse, and deserted by its original occupant. The bee seeing such comfortable quarters without a tenant, had taken possession. As he lifted the soft bed of fine hay and placed it in my hand, I was at a loss to know what the queer little brown lumps it contained could be, they were the oddest things for eggs that I had ever seen in any nest. Being curious to examine its contents, I brought it to the house and placed it on the ledge of the window near which I usually sit. Nothing that I have investigated lately has awakened so tender a cord as has this rude ungainly cell in which the mother bee has so carefully tucked in her embryo progeny—and this was her home life!

How many of us might learn lessons of tenderness and care from this simple creature. How patiently has she labored, not to clothe herself in gaudy robes, that she might sport through the sunny hours in idle gaiety, but to prepare and provide for those who are to come. What hours of toil has that little nursery cost her! how many times has she folded her weary wings to rest when the day was over! and with what happy forgetfulness of the past has she spread them again, when the return of morning called to a renewal of her toils. Miles and miles away from this little nest she may have flown to gather the precious stores with which she has so cunningly fashioned it. The little brown lump, no larger than a filbert, looks precisely like maple sugar; in it the embryo colony are held, while side by side a cell filled with honey, and left open at the top, stands ready with its sweet contents for the newly-hatched brood. All that her mother instinct teaches has been faithfully performed, and but for the rude hand which bore it hence, she might now be covering her precious charge with the wings of motherly affection, warming into life the latent germs it contains.

Standing as I now do among the frosts of autumn, my thoughts go back to the years when little hearts turned to mine for sympathy, and little wants called forth increasing care and energy. How stands the record? Was the mother always true to her trust? Ah! there is more required than food and clothing for the precious immortals entrusted to our human guardianship. Does the little one always receive what it most craves, the fulness of a mother's love expressed in *voice* and *manner*, as well as *felt* in the inmost recesses of her heart? I fear many of us have laid up, and are still laying up for ourselves, a harvest of untold anguish, which, in the years to come, will wet our pillows with unavailing tears. Those little eyes that through the shower our hasty word, or it may be cruel blow, has caused, look up appealingly into our own. How they haunt the memory! how they humble the poor heart that would fain believe it has *tried* to be faithful to its trust!

Guard well the precious charge with which thou art entrusted; let the hours of childhood be sunny and joyous; above all things, feel with and for the child in all its little joys and sorrows. There is nothing will so strengthen the bond of union, or call forth the devotion of a child and secure prompt obedience. Said a precious little boy of only seven summers to his mother, "If I had little boys, I would not whip them." What a commentary on that saying of Solomon which is so often quoted by the advocates of corporal punishment. That dear child had already come into the gospel state of peace, while many travel the path of life for threescore and ten and do not attain to it.

Happy indeed must that mother be who, when the record of the past is summed up and she is called to account for her stewardship, can say, "Here am I, Lord, and the children Thou hast given me." L. J. R.

6th mo. 9th.

Childhood's Trust.—"I asked God to take care of Johnny, and then I went to sleep!" said a little boy, giving an account of his

wandering in the woods. How touching! Holy childhood! Let me sit at thy feet, and learn of thee! How dost thou rebuke me, with thy simple faith and earnest love!

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

It has been said that women's influence is powerful either for good or evil. If it does exert the potency for good that men would have us believe, why do they not more generally practice those lessons of morality and religion which they learn while young from mothers and sisters, and which are of vital importance to every human being? None but mothers know the anxiety they feel for the welfare of those around them, and when they see beloved ones treading the "broad way that leads to destruction," their agony is beyond expression. I once saw a picture representing a mother reaching vainly out of Heaven to save her son from the evil one who was dragging him in chains down to the bottomless pit. It was enough to startle the most indifferent mind, and it made a vivid impression upon mine.

It is a favorite theory to place the greatest amount of responsibility upon the mother's shoulders; but if the father of a family does not by his precept and example aid her in impressing religious principles on the minds of the children, it will oftentimes be a difficult task for her to do it alone. But mothers should not feel excused from giving religious and other useful instruction, even under discouragement, remembering the promise of Scripture, "Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shall find it after many days."

Young women should insist upon their companions of both sexes paying respect to the fundamental rules of the Christian religion, in order to be a help and not a hindrance one unto another. Some slight experience in this matter enables me to say that firmness on our part will do much to restrain others from even the appearance of evil. It is needful that habits of sobriety should be formed in early life, as it is a rare thing to attain them after indulging in dissipation for a series of years; and a man is not likely to give up his vicious practices on account of the love he bears to his family and friends. The love of God which cleanseth from all sin may enable him to do so; and while we can name a few who have returned to the Father's house, there have been many more who have not.

I also believe that the extravagance, tight-dressing and late hours, indulged in by women of this generation, are sins against heaven for which they will have to suffer. Where fashion conduces to comfort, it is well to follow it, and no farther, "minding the light" even in "little things," for it is only "those who are faithful in the little who can be made rulers over more." In conclusion, I would say to my sisters everywhere, "Let your light so shine before men, that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father who is in Heaven." R. N. M.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

ON TAKING AND ADMINISTERING AN OATH.

Those in profession with Friends generally acknowledge that it is inconsistent with the fundamental principles of Christianity to take an oath, and that it is the duty of all who may be concerned for the advancement of the Truth to discourage the practice.

If we endeavor so to order our conversation that we can at any time appeal as to the sincerity of the heart to Him who knows its most secret feeling, men will soon learn that our yea *means* yea, and our nay *means* nay. Jesus tells us that "whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." As soon as a person feels a disposition in himself to make false assertions, he fears such deviation from truth will be noticed by others, and he is then willing to take an oath, in order to defend himself against the suspicion of his fellow men. But when a man's only guide is the "Spirit of Truth," which leads into all Truth, no such fear is known, for he feels that God, who directs his ways, is able to sustain him in his assertions. Such a man *cannot* "kiss the book," for by so doing he would hold up an outward form as of greater importance than the power which God has placed in him, even His own Holy Spirit.

The question now arises, is it consistent with a Christian's duty to *administer* an oath? The attention of the writer has been called to this subject by some of his young friends whose official duty it is to administer the form of oath or affirmation as prescribed by law, and he would be gratified if others would give their views. It is a subject in which he feels a deep interest. S. K. E.

The moment a man parts with moral independence,—the moment he judges of duty, not from the inward voice, but from the interests and will of a party,—the moment he commits himself to a leader or a body, and winks at evil because division would hurt the cause, the moment he shakes off his particular responsibility, because he is but one of a thousand or million by whom the evil is done, that moment he parts with his moral power. He is shorn of the energy of single-hearted faith in the right and in the true. He hopes from man's policy what nothing but loyalty to God can accomplish. He substitutes coarse

weapons, forged by man's wisdom, for celestial power.

THE PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

Choy Awah, a young Chinaman, is a scholar at the Five Points House of Industry. He reads the Testament in English, and then gives the sense in a dialect of his own. The following is given in the *Monthly Record* for May. It is the Parable of the Prodigal Son:

A man, he two sons. Son speak he to father; father got money; give some he; father he take it all right. I just now give you half. He give him half; he go long way—like me come China to New York. No be careful of money, use too much; money all gone; he very hungry. He went to man. He want work, he say; all right; he tell him to feed pigs. He give pigs beans; he eat with pigs himself. He just now talk, "My father he rich man—too much money. What for me stay here hungry? I want go back and see my father. I say to him, I very bad. He knows I bad. Emperor (God) see I bad. No be son, me be coolie." He go back; long way, father see him. He take him on the neck. The son say, "I very bad. I just now no be your son: I coolie." His father talkey to boy, and say, "Get handsome coat; give he ring; give he shoes; bring fat cow—kill him; give him to eat." They very glad. He all same dead; just now come back alive; he lost; he get back. Number one son come. He hear music; he tell servant, "What for they make music?" He say, "You brother come back; your father very glad; he no sick; he kill fat cow." Number one son very angry; he no go inside; very angry. Father he come out; he say, "No, no be angry." Number one son, he say, "I stay all time by father; never make him angry. My father never kill one fat cow for me. My brother he very bad; he use money too much; he have fat cow and music." Father say, "You no understand; he just dead; he now come to life; he lost; he now come back." They make music.—*Exchange paper.*

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

We have been very busy with our farming operations, and so far there is every prospect of a fruitful season. The farmer's is called a life of independence. In one sense it is so, perhaps, more than any other, but in every branch of business to which the mind and efforts of man can be directed, he is dependent on the blessing of Providence, who, though He can bless, can also blast, and often does blast the energies of presumptuous man, and levels his labors with the dust, to teach him a lesson of dependence and humility. The pious husbandman prepareth the earth for the reception of seed; he soweth it, and rejoiceth in hope of the increase, knowing on whom is his dependence, and that he cannot command the clouds nor the dew to moisten it. But "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." He visits it and waters it; He settleth the furrows thereof, He maketh it soft with showers. "He blesseth the springing thereof; He crowneth the year with His goodness, and His paths drop fatness." Read attentively the 65th Psalm, and mark the sense of deep and heartfelt gratitude which breathes through the whole of it.

How important it is for us to remember that all our comforts and accommodations in this life are but lent for a season, and when we consider the tenure by which we hold them, pride should give place to humility, and gratitude retain the seat which exultation would fain usurp. While we are enjoying many comforts in the decline of life, that perennial bloom which knows no change is often the subject of our thoughts, and I hope the object of our greatest solicitude. As revolving years are passing, may it become increasingly so with us, and with you. Our love is to the dear children. Let us remember that they and we are under the notice of Him who careth for the sparrows, and I do not believe your admonitions and tender solicitude will be lost upon them. Though the husbandman cultivates the earth, he waiteth long for the precious fruits, which are matured in due season.

It is the part of wisdom to pursue a straight forward path—to do what our hands find to do, carefully attending to the Guide; and then leave the result to Him who sees us just as we are, and who appreciates the *motives* of our action. Be assured, my dear friend, "He will not condemn us for *errors* that are not wilful, for "He knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust."

The dear young people had a wet day for their marriage, and it brought to mind the day of *our* marriage. It was very rainy, but the mental serenity was not disturbed by the elements, for the distinguished guest who presided at the marriage at Cana of Galilee was also there, and a lapse of many years has not effaced the impression of that day of days, and its attendant circumstances. We should be thankful for the recurrence of any circumstance which leads the mind to commemorate

the goodness and mercy of Him who wrought the miracle in Cana, and who has preserved us in love to Him and to each other to the present day; and may it be consummated beyond the "things that are seen." These we know are temporal and swiftly pass away, but those that are "not seen are eternal."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 19, 1869.

INDIAN AGENCY.—We acknowledge the reception of letters containing the pleasant intelligence of the safe arrival of our Friends at "Head Quarters" of the Omaha Agency, Nebraska.

To avoid repetition, instead of publishing these letters entire, we have made such extracts as will furnish our readers with a knowledge of their contents. E. Painter writes that his wife, himself and their young friend Jesse Lancaster were in good health and were preparing for the interesting labor before them. In Omaha City they met with an employée of the Agency who took them part of the way in a light spring wagon. They passed through a rolling prairie, then along the edge of the bluffs that skirt the immense valley of the Missouri River, which is in some places many miles in width, and stretches away in the distance, an unbroken plain, carpeted with beautiful verdure. The country along the western border of the river exceeded in beauty and fertility anything E. P. had imagined.

At the village of Decatur, near the lower corner of the Reservation, distant about ten miles from the Agency, a young man on intimate terms with the family of the former Agent, volunteered to convey them the rest of the way in his carriage. Upon their arrival they met with a cordial reception, although the proprietor, William A. Callon, was from home, and instead of a dreary hovel which they expected to occupy, they found comfortable buildings, and thus far had been kindly entertained. The following interesting particulars are also given by E. P.:

"The Omaha Indians have over 205,000 acres of land on this Reservation; some of which is a beautiful rolling prairie with timber skirting along the streams. Cotton-wood, oak, walnut, maple and ash are among the varieties of wood found here. The Reservation is well watered, and said to have some beautiful valleys west of the Agency buildings, but as the tract is about thirty miles in length in that direction, I have not yet had an opportunity of inspecting them. The land is very productive, and requires no fertilizers whatever. We were told by a person we met on our way, that he had known corn to be planted fourteen years in succession on the same ground, without any apparent diminution in its productiveness. There is an abundance of wild fruit here, consisting in part of gooseberries, raspberries, strawberries, and plums of several varieties; also grape vines now in full bloom. We feel very thankful that our lines have been cast in such pleasant places. The atmosphere is clear and pure; and we are informed that in the winter the mercury stands sometimes as low as 26 degrees below zero; though in summer the weather is very warm. We passed by one of the Indian villages as we came along, composed partly of miserable mud hovels, and partly of a kind of tents called tepees, made of buffalo skins stretched on poles, set up in the form of a cone, with a hole at the top for the smoke to escape. In these they pass the winter, no matter how severe. The Indians, both men and women, dress in blankets of the most bright and gaudy colors they can find, though a few clothe themselves somewhat like the whites. We have met with a number of them, who seem glad to see us, and honor us with a grunt and a pleasant smile as we shake hands with them. There are seven chiefs of the tribe—Yellow Smoke, Fire Chief, Standing Hawk, and others whose names I do not remember. I think one of them is called Cin-de-ha-ha. I will probably meet them in council in a day or two, when they will expect me to make a speech.

I have not entered yet upon my official duties, my predecessor being still absent, though we look daily for his return. I am called *Major*, the Indians bestowing that title upon the incumbent of the office, the Government, I am told, also assigning it to the Agent of the Reservation. I do not expect, however, to avail myself of the military character, nor to use the cannon and rifles in the block house, which stands on a knoll near the agency buildings. I find a field of labor here beyond anything of which I had the remotest conception, and hope honestly, earnestly and prayerfully to discharge the duties assigned me to the best of my ability. The Indians appear anxious to have their lands allotted to them in severalty, and each to own a farm in his individual right. This is one important step towards their civiliza-

tion and the improvement of their general condition. I should have said, when speaking of the Indian villages, that there are a few cottages upon the Reservation which are built of wood, with some appearance of comfort. A mission school under the auspices of the Foreign Board of Missions of the Presbyterian Society has been kept, but is now vacated. At some future time I may offer some further remarks in relation to our labors if the foregoing is acceptable. E. P.

Another letter in alluding to the Agent's house, says it is quite large and painted white, with some locust trees about it. There is a good garden opposite, and a spring of water not far off, and plenty of water and ice. In the stable there was a pair of fine horses, and the mill made good flour and corn meal. Our Friends were told by a Pennsylvanian that the land was more productive than that of his own State. There were several white women in the settlement, and things in general were much more comfortable than they had supposed. Their informant said there was a young educated Indian on the Reservation, who was considered quite a Nabob, named Joe. He had a fine house and grounds of his own all nicely kept. There is a new mission house for the interpreter, and a large house for meeting and a school. About fifteen of the Indians are members of the meeting. E. P. and company had received a letter from the Agent giving them a welcome.

We hope to continue to hear from our Friends, who are engaged in the important work of pacification and civilization. The first must be accomplished before much advance can be made in the second; and who more likely to appease the wrath of the Indian and gain his confidence than the representatives of Wm. Penn, whom he traditionally venerates?

MARRIED, on the 20th of Fifth month, 1869, at the residence of the bride's parents at Herricks, L. I., with the approbation of Westbury Monthly Meeting, GEORGE B. TITUS, of Westbury, to MARIETTA, daughter of Isaac U. and Mary C. Willets.

——, on the 26th of Fifth month, 1869, with the approbation of Chester Monthly Meeting, N.J., at the residence of the bride's brother, T. C. Andrews, JOSIAH, son of Reuben and Hannah Roberts, to ANN B., daughter of Benajah D. and Ann C. Andrews.

DIED, at his residence in West Nottingham, Chester Co., Pa., on the 29th of Fourth month, 1869, DANIEL STUBBS, in his 57th year; a member of East Nottingham Particular and Monthly Meetings. His end was peace.

DIED, at Plymouth, on the 4th of Fifth mo., 1869, our valued and much beloved Friend MARY C., wife of Joel Lare, in the 62d year of her age; an elder of Gwynedd Monthly Meeting.

——, on the 30th of Sixth month, at the residence of her grandfather William Phillips, Pennsgrove, Chester Co., Pa., ANNA T. PARKER, only daughter of Mary R. Parker, aged 8 years and 9 mos.

——, in Philadelphia, on the 21st ult., ELIZA T. WAYNE, for several years an Elder, and at the time of her death an Overseer of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting of Friends.

——, suddenly, at Flushing, on the 30th ult., JOHN WINE, in the 79th year of his age. The peaceful close of the well-spent life of our venerable friend deserves a passing notice. He was in early manhood convinced of the principles of Friends, was received into membership, and soon after publicly espoused the cause of Christ, which he endeavored to adorn by a life of practical righteousness, and by a consistent and exemplary deportment. Through the mellowing influences of ripened years, he experienced an enlargement of heart which seemed to embrace in love the whole human family. His illness was short and at times painful, but he awaited his departure with composure and resignation. On First-day evening he retired to rest at the usual hour, and his attendant entering the room shortly afterward, discovered that the spirit had taken its flight.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The Executive Committee will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, Sixth mo. 25th, at 3 o'clock.

T. GARRIGUES, Clerk.

From the Evening Bulletin we extract the following notice of the Pennsylvania Training School for Feeble-Minded Children. It is well to remember every class in our community, and while it may not be in the power of all to do much for others, the widow's mite, of which we read, should encourage us not to withhold the trifle at our command. Sympathy for suffering humanity brings us nearer to the Fountain of good, and if we have naught but a cup of cold water to offer, this will bring its own reward. But often with a little effort the adage is verified to our humbling admiration, "that where there is a will there is a way."

TRAINING OF THE IMBECILE.

It is only within a very few years that any success has been achieved in the development of intellect in the idiotic and imbecile. For ages this species of human infirmity was regarded as incurable, and the poor unfortunates whom Nature had left without the means of self-guidance and protection, lived and died, for the most part, the victims of poverty and cruel neglect.

We live in a better age, when Science and Charity go hand in hand, the former encour-

aging, instructing and helping the latter in the Divine work with a skill which seems limitless, until there is scarcely a form of human malady which is not brought within the range of possibility of cure, or, at least, of amelioration.

Among the numerous institutions devoted to the great work of Charity, there are few whose field is so difficult, or whose work is so necessary as the Pennsylvania Training School for Feeble-Minded Children. Whoever has any knowledge of the difficulties of the ordinary care and training of children knows the incessant demand that there is for patient, judicious, hopeful devotion to the work, even under the stimulus of the abundant harvest of satisfaction which such a field produces. But there is something heroic in those who are able and willing to expend all this labor and devotion upon the care and training of children who are hopelessly idiotic, or whose mental imbecility is such as can only be overcome by an amount of persevering, patient ingenuity which very few men or women possess, and which is, to the mass of people, quite inconceivable.

The Pennsylvania Training School for Feeble-Minded Children has now been in operation for sixteen years. * * * * *

In the State there are from three thousand to thirty-five hnndred idiotic or feeble-minded children, and experience demonstrates that about one-sixth of this number may be cured, and so grow up as not to burden but to help the community, while all of them present a pitiful appeal to the tender mercies of the people of Pennsylvania.

It is no reflection upon the people of Philadelphia that this work of pure humanity and charity has become gradually burdened and hampered with an oppressive debt. The men who have devoted themselves to it, with so much of the best sort of moral courage—and few can realize how much moral courage is needed to spend one's life in the education of those who have, by nature, no sense of moral responsibility, and often none of ordinary physical decency—and with so much success, have struggled hard to escape the necessity of appeals for public aid. The masses of this community, always ready to respond to proper demands for aid in all charitable work, have known little and thought less of an institution which has worked too quietly to be much noticed. When such wants are made known by the few who work to the many who give, they rarely wait long for a generous supply; and we are very sure that now that the Pennsylvania Training School asks the people of Philadelphia for $10,000 in order to secure the recent conditional State appropriation of $5,000, and so to relieve this admirable charity from the pressure of debt, we are sure that the appeal will receive a quick and liberal response.

CONSANGUINEOUS MARRIAGES.

Abundant induction of facts seems to show that deterioration of offspring follows consanguineous marriages. Dr. Nathan Allen has compiled numerous facts illustrating this. Nowhere are cretinism, idiocy and congenital deafness so frequent as in the secluded valleys of the Canton of Berne, where the families are all connected, and cousins intermarry as a matter of course, so as to keep the inheritance undivided. M. Baudin found that while consanguineous marriages form but two per cent. of the marriages of France, 25 per cent. of the deaf-mutes are the offspring of such marriages. Scrofulous and tuberculous diseases are frequent in the progeny of such wedlock. Dr. Bemiss collected statistics of 833 consanguineous marriages. The whole number of children was 3,742, of which 1,134 were defective; 145 were deaf and dumb, 85 were blind, 308 idiotic, 38 insane, 60 epileptic, 300 scrofulous, 98 deformed, and 883 died early. In 1848 in Massachusetts the parentage of 359 idiots in an asylum was ascertained, and 17 were the children of parents known to be blood relations. In these 17 families there were born 95 children, of whom 44 were idiots and 12 others scrofulous or puny. In one family of 8, 5 were idiotic. Another family had 4 idiotic, and 4 other deformed children. A late report of the Kentucky Deaf and Dumb Asylum states that from 10 to 12 per cent. of the deaf-mutes are offspring of the marriage of cousins. Dr. Mulligan, of Dublin, found 100 mutes among the children of 154 families where the parents were cousins. Dr. Buxton, of Liverpool, found 269 mutes among the children of 170 such marriages.—*The Independent.*

THE INDIANS.

The following letter was addressed by H. B. Whipple, Episcopal Bishop of Minnesota, to a member of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, and intended to be laid before the Convention of Friends who recently met in that city to consider the suffering condition of the Western Indians, and the request made by President Grant in relation to the appointment of Indian Agents, but it was not received in time.

The letter contains so much valuable and practical information from one who has long labored in the cause, that we think it will prove interesting to our readers:—

"FARIBAULT, April 16th, 1869.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I am very glad that your Society has decided to take hold of this Indian business. You will have trials and difficulties beyond anything you have ever met, but God will help you. You ask my advice. I can only say, do not allow any one to be concerned with you, unless you are assured, beyond question, of his integrity. Many of the old Indian rings will profess such love for the poor Indians, and such respect for Friends, that Satan would seem to have put on the dress of an angel of light. You cannot afford the risk of taking counsel, or employing any one you do not know. *Be sure of this.*

"The Indians have been so long deceived, it will take time to regain their confidence; but your people will do it.

"The first requisite in civilization, is authority to give to every Indian a piece of land, to be his own. You must be able to do it. Men have no manhood until they have personal rights.

"2. You need to teach them to labor. The Indian men are unused to it; the muscles of their arms are poorly developed, much less than their women. It should be gradual; say a given number of hours a day; and those who work should be encouraged by small gifts, as payment, as tea, sugar, coffee, etc.

"3. You would do well to teach the boys or young men the use of tools. A rude table, or chair, or trunk, or bedstead made by them, is worth more than the most valuable furniture.

"It may be a question where you are to begin. If your people have selected no place, I would have advised you to be sure and select a people who have good land, which will repay effort. I should have been deeply grateful to have you come to Minnesota. The Chippewas have an excellent couutry at White Earth, at Leech Lake, and Red Lake. But you will decide best,

"The things necessary to elevate the Indians:

"1. Knowledge of God, and duty to him.
"2. Personal rights of property.
"3. Protection of law.
"4. Habits of industry.
"5. Education.

"The whole matter is one of simple common sense. The same rule is good with Indians as with whites. It may be a heartaching work, but if one soul is saved, if the load is lightened from one poor heart, you will be overpaid. Praying God to bless you,

"With much love,
"Yours faithfully,
"H. B. WHIPPLE."

To BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

A HOME TO REST IN.

The world, dear John, as the old folks tell us,
Is a world of trouble and care;
Many a cloud of grief will enfold us,
And the sunshine of joy is but rare,
But there's something yet to be bright and blest in,
No matter how humble our lot;
The world still gives us a home to rest in,
Its holiest, happiest spot.

Sweet home! dear home! on the northern heather,
On the sunniest southern plain;
The Lapland hut in its wintry weather,
The tent of the Indian main;
Be it gorgeous wealth that our temple is drest in,
Be it poor and of little worth,
A home, OUR HOME—a home to rest in—
Is the dearest thing on earth.

But time, dear John, is using us badly;
Our homes crumble day by day,
And we're laying our lov'd ones, swiftly and sadly,
In the dust of the valley away.
There's a death robe soon for us both to be drest in,
A place for us under the sod;
Be Heaven at last the home we shall rest in—
The rest of the people of God!

I'VE BEEN THINKING.

I've been thinking, I've been thinking,
What a glorious world were this,
Did folks mind their business more,
And mind their neighbor's less.
For instance, you and I, my friend,
Are sadly prone to talk
Of matters that concern us not,
And others' follies mock.

I've been thinking, if we'd begin
To mend our own affairs,
That possibly our neighbors might
Contrive to manage theirs.
We've faults enough at home to mend—
It may be so with others;
It would seem strange if it were not,
Since all mankind are brothers.

Oh! would that we had charity,
For every man and woman;
Forgiveness is the mark of those
Who know "to err is human."
Then let us banish jealousy—
Let's lift our fallen brother,
As we journey down life's road,
"Do good to one another."

[From The Independent.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

I thank my God, I feel that not alone
On mountain peaks His blessed sunshine glows,
And dews drop sweetness; even here, far down
In meads, a lily grows.

I am His work who made the evening star;
Wherefore I lift to him my flowerets bright.
They die to-morrow, but to-day they are
Beautiful in His sight.

I look upon the hills, and sometimes dream
How they rejoice in morning's earliest light;
And how serene, and strong, and still they seem
To guard the valleys all the gloomy night.

'Tis said the heights are cold—it may be so;
That winds are keener there, and winters drear.
I know not how it is; I only know
My God has placed me here—

Here in this little nook of earth—my own—
And sent a sunbeam—mine—to cheer my heart;

He bids me bloom—perhaps for Him alone;
Is there a better part?
I bloom—stars shine—we bloom and shine for Him.
We give our best—grand world and humble flower—
A light through ages never growing dim—
The fragrance of an hour.
So then He smiles, and takes with equal love
Our equal gifts, nor knows or great or small;
But in His infiniteness reigns above,
And comprehends us all. H. N. E.

From The Boston Transcript.

"TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION."

The following incident was related to me by a man discharged from the prison this year (1868), verifying the saying that "truth is stranger than fiction:"

Some years ago, a gentleman, his wife and only child, a boy then five or six years old, visited the institution. They were shown through the workshops and prison by an officer, who pointed out the different objects of interest as they passed along. The gentleman was inquiring about a man who had recently been sent to the prison for life for murder. "By the way, this is his room," said the officer, stopping before one of the cells, the door of which stood open. The little boy, with a child's curiosity, stepped up and looked in; his father came up behind, and playfully pushed him in and closed the door. The little fellow shrieked to be let out; the door was immediately opened, and he ran, sobbing, into his mother's arms; and she, brushing back the light curls from his forehead and kissing him, said soothingly, "No, no; they shan't shut up my little son in prison." The boy was terribly frightened; he turned his eye once more towards the dreaded cell, and for the first time noticed on the door, in large yellow figures, the "No —." The incident made a deep impression upon his mind. Time passed on; he grew up to manhood; his father and mother were both dead, and he left alone. He became a sailor, and a good one, rising step by step, till he was second in command of one of the California steamers sailing from New York. But, alas! in consequence of that vice which has dragged down so many even from high positions, he lost his situation, came back to Boston, sank lower and lower, and was finally arrested for breaking into a store, and sentenced to the State Prison for four years. When received at the prison, he was taken to the bath-room (the usual custom), bathed, shaved, hair cut, clothed in the prison dress, and then conducted to the room he was to occupy. Judge of the horror and consternation of this young man, when he found himself standing before, and the officer unlocking the door of the same cell, "No. —," into which he, when a child, had been thrust for a moment by his father. In relating the story to me, he said no one could imagine his feelings, when he found himself an inmate of that cell; every incident and scene from childhood rushed upon his mind; the exclamation of his mother, "No, no; they shan't shut up my little son in prison," rang in his ears; he threw himself upon the stool, and wept like a child. Gradually he became more calm, and began to realize his situation. Reflection brought with it better thoughts and brighter hopes: instinctively he sank upon his knees, and, in silence, breathed a fervent prayer to God for strength to sustain him in his great affliction. It is a consolation to feel that neither bolts, bars, nor stone walls can prevent a supplication from reaching His ear, though uttered in a whisper and coming from a State Prison convict. He rose from his knees with new life and brighter hopes, and with a determination to redeem his lost character. He served out his sentence, and on his discharge, with the assistance of the late Governor Andrew, who had become greatly interested in him, obtained a situation on board of one of our frigates, then about to sail from this port. A few months later I received the following note from him:

"PALERMO, August 7, 1863.
On board U. S. S. C——.

Mr. Gideon Haynes:

Honored Sir: I deem it my duty to drop you a line. I should have written you long ago, but I thought it might be best to delay it until I had been long enough in the service to know whether I liked it or not. It was rather hard at first—at least it seemed so to me; but now I can say I am perfectly satisfied, and was never more at home in a ship than I am in the good ship C. I have the good will of all the officers, and especially the captain. I am cockswain of his boat, and he tells me that he will get me an appointment as boatswain in the service on my return; this will be a good provision for me for life. We have had a splendid cruise of it so far, having visited Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibralter, Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, and this port. We sail to-morrow for Smyrna, and shall return to Genoa next fall, to winter. Please give my respects to all the officers; and will you have the kindness to remember me to one of your men, William McN.? He bears a hard name, I know, but he was always kind and obliging to me, and it is difficult for me to forget a kindness in any one. . . . I shall be pleased to have a line from you at any time.

I remain you sincere friend and well-wisher,
E. K. G."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

HOW TO VIEW THE ECLIPSE.

Take a card, puncture it with a stiletto, hold it so that the sun's rays passing through

the orifice will fall upon a white surface, such as a window-shutter, and there will be seen an exact image of that luminary. The progress of the eclipse can then be watched without dazzling the eyes. N. R.

From Kindergarten Guide.

LETTER ON OBJECT TEACHING.

(Concluded from page 237.)

Children love to use their fingers, and I give them a slate when they come to school, and teach them to print, which accelerates the learning to read. I encourage them also to draw from beautiful outlines, from things they see in the room, and also from their own fancies. I draw upon the black-board before them, very slowly, giving directions for imitation. I never criticise their productions, whether successful or not. I often see a promise in the freedom of a stroke, or in the child's appreciation of his own drawing, which an unpractised eye could scarcely detect. If a little child brings me a slate with three marks drawn upon it which he calls a horse, or a dog, can I be so unsympathizing as to question it? Perhaps I add ears, legs or a tail, and my little disciple does not know the next moment whether he or I completed the picture, but the next specimen of his art will probably have at least one of these appendages.

I drew on the black-board to-day, a square house, with a door in the middle of the front, a window on each side the door, and one in each chamber over the parlors. Two chimneys surmounted the house, and the windows were divided each into six panes of glass. These things I mentioned as I drew them. It was not many minutes before I was called to look at two houses of four times the size of mine, with the additional embellishment of stairs to go up into the chambers, one of the windows open (which I thought decidedly the stroke of genius in this artist,) smoke from the chimneys, steps to the doors (my house had been left hanging in mid-air,) pumps with individuals, I cannot call them men, suspended to their handles, and various other hieroglyphics which I could not stay to hear explained. These limners are four years old, their faith in themselves and others yet unshaken, and I should be the last one to suggest that stairs could not be seen through the walls of a house, or that men were not lines and dots, or birds as large as houses, for I have known children to cry at such criticisms, and to be quite checked in their artistic exploits by a laugh.

After such rude practice as this, the child, by imperceptible advances, begins at last to see things more as they are, and then a little criticism is safe, but it must still be guarded, sympathizing, and helpful. The next thing to be inculcated after this is that objects must *not* be drawn just as they are, but only as they appear. I made this remark to a child of seven to-day for the first time. He had learned too much to make similar mistakes to those of the little people lately mentioned, but in attempting to copy the drawing of a stool, he could not comprehend how the rungs joining the legs of the stool could be drawn so as to look right, because one of them could not *really* be made to pass behind the leg. I pointed to a chair and told him to suppose he was drawing it upon the wall near which it stood, for his paper represented that wall, though for convenience sake it was laid flat upon the table. I asked him if he could see the whole of the legs farthest from him, and if the rungs of those legs did not pass behind the front legs. He saw it clearly. Then I told him we must draw things as they appeared, not as they really were. Nothing must be drawn which cannot be seen, although we know more is there than we can see without going behind it. He was delighted with this discovery. Now he understood about the rungs of the stool, and also why two legs appeared longer than the other two. The stool was finished intelligently, though not with elegance, and the paper was sprinkled with attempts at various chairs which he could see from his seat, some of which really looked as if one could sit down in them, and not as if they were flattened out and hanging against the wall. Some of the legs would have gone through the floor, to be sure, if they had been real chairs, in order to afford a comfortable and even seat, but I saw that the idea was seized, which was quite enough for my unexacting demands. A child much younger and less practised, drew the same stool right, without a word from me, and probably would be completely puzzled were I to give her the same explanation, for art speaks to her without articulate voice. I have one little girl with eyes which she seems scarcely yet to have used. I took a great deal of pains to teach her to draw a little upon the blackboard last winter, but if I drew a perpendicular, she thought she imitated me by drawing a horizontal line. I endeavored to wake up the love and perception of form by hanging upon the board various exquisitely shaped vases and leaves, but neither these nor rectangular forms aroused her imitative powers. I never ceased to make these trials, for I remembered that a genius in that line once said to me, "the art of seeing must precede the art of drawing." During the long vacation she resided in the country, and nature must have opened her eyes, for since she came back to school (about two months ago,) she has actually been able to im-

itate quite intelligibly some of those very forms, and prefers some of them to others. I assure you I enjoy her imperfect performances far more than I do the successful efforts of many others. A German friend gave me a book the other day which promises to pour a flood of light upon what I now look upon as my benighted efforts to simplify to children the art of drawing. It is the method of a man of genius, discovered after much groping. He, too, had wooden models made, and stood by them, and pointed out to his pupils which part to draw first, as I have done, but at last he had reduced the whole thing to a few lessons upon some rectilinear blocks, a niche, a cylinder, a grindstone, and a ball. I am revelling in the perfect adaptation I see in it to the end proposed, which is practical teaching of perspective, without a word being said about vanishing points, aerial perspective, or any of those technicalities which weary my unmathematical brain, and which I have faithfully administered to myself from time to time.*

To vary the occupation of my cherubs, I let them write Foster's prepared copies with a pencil, which helps very much to regulate the motions of the hand, as there is great interest felt in tracing each mark upon the blue line, They also look at pictures in books and on the wall, where I hang all the pretty things I can find, and tell me what is in them ; and sometimes amuse themselves at a table of shells, where I hear them recounting in low voices the histories I have given them of these little tenants of the seas. When I kept caterpillars, or rather raised butterflies, they never were tired of watching the chrysalides, hoping to see the expected butterflies. After these came forth in their glory, we were all poisoned by handling the cocoons, and since that experience of itching hands, and arms, and swollen eyes, I have been afraid to venture upon that branch of natural history. Shells are the most convenient natural objects for children to handle. We talk over flowers often, and I teach the names of their different parts, and encourage the children to make collections of leaves, and learn the names of their shapes, preparatory to learning the art of analyzing them thoroughly. For this purpose I have drawn all the shapes I can find named in botanies, into a book, from which I teach them. Flowers are better for teaching beauty than botany, to little children, as they object particularly to tearing them to pieces.

I have not said one word about my little Robin, who stands most of the time at the window watching the horses in the stable opposite, the scene being often spiritualized by the descent of a flight of pigeons, which he generally apprises us of by a shout. Occasionally he turns round and sits down, and watches inside proceedings, and when an interesting story about living things is in progress, I sometimes find him in my lap, or behind me in the chair I am sitting in. His eyes are blue, and his long golden straight hair hangs down from his tall forehead like a cleft banner of light. Robin will not look inside of a book yet. He is like a caged bird in the city where he is imprisoned in winter. In summer he lives out of doors, and rides on horseback on his father's knee, and holds the reins in driving. His mother says horses are the predominating idea, and also sentiment of his life, at present, and this stable-peep into their city life is duly recounted every day at home. I often mourn over my lost residence by the Common, where the children who looked out of the window could see trees and a lovely landscape, but you must not think I allow my scholars to be pent up five hours in the house. Twice a day, I array them all, summer and winter, and take them to our city paradise, which happily is very near. There we actually see a squirrel once in a while. One day we saw a butterfly emerging from its chrysalis, and always the sparkling water and waving trees. And we have clear space and fresh air for half an hour. If you will not tell, I will confess that I have sometimes coasted down the least public side of Fox-hill with a babe in my lap, and I find that I have not forgotten how to slide,—an accomplishment in which I excelled in my youth. In wet weather, I put on some of the out-door garments, open a window, and have a merry dance or play. The material for the early cultivation I would give is all nature, and art taken picturesquely. The nomenclatures of science are not for children, but its beauties and wonders are, and may be culled for them by a skilful hand till they have had a peep at the wide range of the universe. I believe you think it best not to open these store-houses until the mind is capable of comprehending them more fully, but I cannot think so, dear Anna. Children's love of nature forbids me to think so. I once opened a little soul's eyes with a bunch of flowers. It was a child who had never been to school before, but who had not been cultivated at home, because her mother had suffered from being over-educated, and wished to try the experiment of *nature*, as she called it,—by which she meant, I perceived, total neglect. She had allowed her, therefore, to

* The work referred to, by Peter Schmid, of Berlin, was subsequently translated and published in the 6th vol. of the *Common-School Journal*, and afterwards in a pamphlet called the *Common-School Drawing Master*. It is largely used in the public schools of Germany, and formed a new era in Germany, in the teaching of Perspective Drawing, as truly as *Colburn's First Lessons* formed a new era in the teaching of Mental Arithmetic here.

grow up in the nursery and in the care of servants, both of which I consider as far from *nature's* teachings as possible.

The child was afraid of me and of the children. She looked at us for about three weeks with a fixed gaze as if we were not living beings, but perhaps walking pictures, her features only occasionally relaxing, I should rather say puckering into a woeful wail, which expressed utter desolation and want of comprehension of our natures. She was impervious to all my blandishments, which I lavished more bountifully than usual to meet the case. When spoken to, she answered in a monosyllable, or not at all. When she wanted anything, she spoke one word to convey the idea, as a savage would, (she was five years old), and these utterances were never voluntary. She liked to sit close by her brother, who was two years older than herself, and who treated her with great tenderness and gentleness, though every manifestation from her was of the roughest kind. I was sure, however, that I did not see the whole, for his manner of taking her hand and saying "little sister" was so peculiar, that I did not doubt she was genial to him when not in this purgatory of people.

One day I had a beautiful bunch of flowers from a greenhouse on my table. This child's grandfather owned a greenhouse, but perhaps she had never been allowed to handle the flowers, which were altogether too precious for children, and wild pinks and violets had not been accessible to her. I had been trying many days in vain to interest her about a bee of which I had a picture. I had told her the bee made honey out of flowers. On that day I drew the tumbler that contained these splendid denizens of the greenhouse to the edge of the table, and said,—

"Did you ever see a little bee making honey?"

"No."

"Did you ever go into the country in summer when the grass is all green?"

"No."—(I knew she had.)

"Did you ever see pretty flowers growing?"

"No."

"I will tell you how little bees make honey—did you ever eat any honey?"

"Yes."

"They have a long hair sticking out of their heads, and they put it in there, where that yellow dust is, and there they find a little sweet drop that tastes like sugar, and they carry it home, and put it into a little hole, and then they come and get more, and carry that home, and they put that yellow dust into a little pocket by the side of their little leg, and by and by they get enough to make a great deal of honey."

"Do the bees make it all themselves?" said she, with a brightening look, (the first look of intelligence I had seen), and at the same time making a plunge at the flowers.

"Yes," I said, and taking them out of the glass I put them all into her hand, for I did not even know that she could speak plain. She seized them eagerly, and without taking her eyes from them went on volubly asking a great many questions. I described the hive and how they all lived together, and told her God must have taught them how to make honey, for they could not speak or understand anybody's words, and that if they wandered ever so far away from their hive, they always knew the way back again. She held the flowers all the rest of the morning. When school was done, I told her to put them into the glass, and she should have them again in the afternoon. As soon as she returned, she very unceremoniously took possession of them,—the first act of volition she had ever ventured upon in my presence,—and nestling close to me asked me the same questions she had asked before, over and over again, and repeating them, and hearing my answers again and again, whenever she could secure my attention. As long as the flowers lasted, she seized upon them every day, and after they were withered to all other eyes, they retained their charm in hers. I varied the lesson often, by telling her of the silkworm, of the butterflies, and of many varieties of the bee family, and from that time a communication was established between us. She was never afraid of me any more; liked to sit near me; and have my sympathy in all things, provided I did not express it too openly. It was curious to see such *mauvaise honte* in such a tiny thing, for she was always reserved, and often relapsed into long silences, and was wholly without enterprise in matters in which the other children were very active, such as drawing, making block-houses, and even playing. But I could catch her eye at any time by a story of any living thing, and she would sometimes surprise me by the intelligence of her questions. For a long time she could not learn to read, or rather would not. Every new attempt at anything was begun in tears and despair, not from weakness, but from pride apparently. Her mother had begun to think it time to attend to her poor hidden soul a little; and after a long summer vacation which she passed in the country, she came back to school with pleasure and with a new face, and though always backward in comparison with children who had had motherly intercourse, and been taught early to use their faculties, she went steadily on. There was no competition to discourage her, and she learned to read immediately when she once wished to.

None but mothers can do justice to little children. She sometimes made me think of your remark that every child needs *four* mothers. But I think the two heaven-appointed parents will do, if they see their duties and fulfil them.

To disarm your opposition about sending such little tots to school, I assure you that many of my mothers tell me that the transition from nursery life to my little community has cured children of fretting and other faults, and that they repeat the occupation of the school-room in their home plays.—Read "Christian Nature," by Dr. Bushnell.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

FIFTH MONTH.

	1868.	1869.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	13 days.	14 days.
Rain all or nearly all day	4 "	4 "
Cloudy, without storms	8 "	3 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	6 "	10 "
	31 "	31 "

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1868.	1869.
Mean temperature of 5th mo., per Penna. Hospital,	59.66 deg.	63.49 deg.
Highest do. during mo., do.	80.00 "	88.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	42.50 "	42.00 "
RAIN during the month, do.	7 in.	4.23 in.
DEATHS during the month, being five current weeks for each year.	1215	1270

Average of the mean temperature of 5th month for the past *eighty* years	62.61 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1802–1826	71.00 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1848	51.75 "

WINTER TEMPERATURES.

Mean temperature of the three spring months of 1868	50.88 "
Mean do do do do 1869	50.90 "
Average of the spring temperature for the past *eighty* years	50.90 "
Highest spring mean occurring during that entire period, 1826	55.00 "
Lowest do do 1799–1843	46.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.	1868.	1869.
First month	3.62 inch.	4.28 inch.
Second month	2.52 "	4.76 "
Third month	3.36 "	5.30 "
Fourth month	5.44 "	2.12 "
Fifth month	7.00 "	4.23 "
Totals	21.94 "	20.69 "

It will be seen by the above that the temperature of the month under review not only exceeded the corresponding one of last year, but reached nearly a degree above the average for the past eighty years. Also, that though rain fell one more day, there was a considerable decrease in the quantity, while the entire quantity for the year thus far has nearly equalled that of last year. The spring temperature for this season was very near that of last, and precisely the average for the past eighty years. The deaths for the month exceed those of last year somewhat.

On the 29th of the month, about 11 o'clock in the evening, a *brilliant meteor* was observed by many persons in this city, and has been thus described:

"It was first seen at a point ten degrees N. N. W. of the star Altair, or *a* Aquilæ—its size not being at that moment particularly large. It moved in an arc of thirty degrees to the N. E., and, as it pursued this course with rapid movement, its size and volume of light increased in a prodigious manner. It threw out a train of sparkles of a bright rose color, though the nucleus of the meteor was of a pale greenish hue. The duration of its flight was about five seconds; it then exploded into flaming fragments, which were speedily extinguished, and all the region became dark again. The darkness of the night, the moon being obscured, made this wonderful phenomenon the more apparent. The light of the meteor was much brighter than the brightest moonlight, and the shadows it cast were proportionably intense in their obscurity."

During the month (either on the 19th or 26th) a huge water-spout passed over Long Island Sound.

Striking the beach fronting the castle, the vast pillar of water broke, and the shore for an eighth of a mile was deluged by its flood. The phenomenon was witnessed by John Banvard, who speaks of it as a wonderful natural curiosity.

This immediate vicinity has fortunately escaped such visitations, but we hear of them from all quarters.

A terrible rain and hail storm passed over Wheeling on the 28th—the hail stones said to be as large as a man's fist. The loss of glass in two hotels alone amounted to $2000, while the total loss is variously estimated from $20,000 to $30,000.

PHILADA., 6th mo. 4. J. M. ELLIS.

ITEMS.

THE President issued a proclamation abolishing the discriminating duties levied upon merchandize imported in French vessels, the French Government having abolished the discriminating duties on American vessels.

THE AURORA BOREALIS, as is well-known, affects the operation of the telegraph lines, which can only be worked by taking off the batteries and using the atmospheric magnetism. The operation of the lines in this way, however, is very unsatisfactory, as the waves of electricity are very fitful, constantly changing their direction. A method of remedying this irregularity was tried with success during the great magnetic storm of 4th mo. 15th last, on the lines between New York and Boston. Two of the wires were removed from the earth at Boston, and connected together so as to form a continuous line, and in this way the disturbance upon the one was neutralized by the other, the current running between New York and Boston and back on the wires, and without a return, by means of the earth.

EVERY one has seen in old books the round holes eaten into them by insects. They are produced by what is called the boring wood-beetle. A case is recorded where a single insect passed through 27 folio volumes, standing together on a shelf, in such a manner that a cord could be passed through the hole from the first to the last and the whole 27 volumes could be lifted by it at once.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

ASTRONOMY.—NO. II.

BY BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

The Stellar Systems.—Introduction.

The stellar systems are justly regarded as the most elevated and wide-spread branch of the noble science of Astronomy.

In introducing any subject, however, to the attention of others, there must be a known stand-point from which to commence the examination. Dr. Johnson truly remarks, "The only mode by which we can arrive at a knowledge of what we *do not know*, is by means of what we *do know*." And Pope speaks to the same effect:

"Then, say in Heaven above, or Earth below,
What can we reason but from what *we know*;"

that is, by reasoning from the *known*, to understand the *unknown*.

Hence, as a starting-place for gaining an increased knowledge of the stellar systems, and the vast multitude of orbs composing them, let us begin with the globe on which we have our home, see what definite ideas we have of it, and endeavor to give a greater distinctness to their outline. Then we will endeavor to extend our path understandingly, and gradually travel out to these remote and grand objects of contemplation.

It is very difficult to get even approximately a correct idea of large bodies, or large numbers. To count a million at the rate of 100 per minute, incessantly day and night, requires 6 days, 22 hours, and 40 minutes. And to count a "billion," or a million million at the same rate, requires over 18,000 years!

Our Earth is a very large body. Of its size we gain but little just knowledge by a statement of its dimensions in numbers, that its diameter is about 8,000 miles, and its circumference about 25,000 miles.

The most successful attempt I have met with to lead the mind out to a comprehension of its great magnitude, is that made by Doctor Dick in his "Christian Philosopher," when he says, in substance, "If a person from a mountain could view 40 miles in every direction around him, which would include a circumference of 250 miles, and, after contemplating the scene for an hour, could pass instantaneously to another such mountain, and so on for 12 hours, and 12 such views in a day, it would require 9 years and 48 days before the whole surface of the globe could be contemplated, even in this general and rapid manner."

Again he says: "Were a person to set out on a more minute survey of the terraqueous globe, and to travel till he passed along every square mile of its surface, and to continue his route without intermission, at the rate of 30 miles every day, examining the country for half a mile on each side of his path, it would require 18,264 years before he could

finish his tour, and complete the survey of this 'huge rotundity on which we tread;' so that had he commenced his excursion on the day that Adam was created, and continued his journey to the present hour, he would not have accomplished one-third part of this vast tour."

The next point of consideration after the size is, that this *vast body is in motion*, and in a *very rapid* motion, too, revolving around the bright orb of day, at a distance from it of about 95 millions of miles, with a velocity of 19 miles in a second of time, or 100 times as fast as a cannon ball moves when it is just discharged from the cannon.

Now, the grand ideas which the study of Astronomy is eminently calculated to awaken, are the *immensity* of space, the unerring certainty and fixedness of results in all the operations of Nature, and the *three great attributes* of Deity,—Wisdom, Goodness, and Power.

In the motion of the Earth, we arrive at the first great evidence of *Power*. As certainly as the Earth is in motion, so certainly has it been put in motion by its Creator; and in order to form a little idea of the vastness of power necessary to put such an immense body as our Earth has been shown to be, into so rapid a motion as 100 times that of a cannon ball, let us try to conceive the force requisite to stop its motion, for these forces or powers must be equal. This is evidently beyond all practical computation or conception! The power of all the human beings, animals, and machinery in the world would not avail one iota towards accomplishing such end!

But the Earth is but one of the bodies of the solar system, several of which are much larger than our globe, and all of them moving around the sun in rapid motions, which they have received from the same Omnipotent Power.

This motion of the Earth causes all its inhabitants to be carried along through space as in a great travelling car, the passengers conducting their various avocations during their grand voyage in the heavens, moving 19 miles every second of time, or 1,000 miles while reading a column of this paper, so that when we finish reading a column we are 1,000 miles in space distant from the spot at which we commenced it. How grand and suggestive the idea!

Further; as we gaze into the blue arch of heaven, with our faces turned towards the meridian sun, *we know* that six months ago we were in the "depths of Ether," just as far away beyond that luminary in the "sky," as we now are on this side of it; and in six months to come, we will be there again; 190 millions of miles from where we now are!

Three months ago, we were half a quadrant, or 45 degrees to the *east* of where we now see the sun in the heavens, immersed in the blue ether, 130 millions of miles from our present position! and in three months to come, we will be 45 degrees *west* of the sun, immersed in what appear to be the depths of space, in the sky, 130 millions of miles from where we now are.

Now, these are facts. Do we realize them? Can we let out our imaginations to comprehend them, with their intrinsic interest, sublimity, and grandeur? *It is difficult;* but the effort to do so is profitable. It exercises the faculties of wonder and awe, branches of the religious element or sentiment in man, and tends to humility and reverence, and thence to devotion.

I just spoke of these statements being facts. You desire some evidence. I will give it.

The different members of the solar system are connected, and we with it, by gravitation. The truth discovered by Newton, that *the attraction of one quantity of matter for another, was always in proportion to the quantity of matter in the attracting body, divided by the square of its distance from the body on which it acted*, is the basis upon which all astronomical calculations, predicting eclipses, the rising, setting and southing of the moon, and the positions of the planets among the constellations rest. By this law of attraction, as it is called, astronomers have calculated the exact combined influence of all the other planets of the solar system upon the motions of the earth and moon, and of these on each other, and predicted, for many years in advance, the *precise instant* when the moon's circumference will just touch the edge of the earth's conical shadow, in its revolution around the earth; when it will just leave the shadow, and how deeply the moon will be immersed in the shadow of the Earth at the time of greatest eclipse. *All these predictions have been invariably verified to the greatest precision.*

Also, astronomers have predicted from the same laws, and with the same certainty, the *very instant* when the sun's and moon's edges will first come in apparent contact at a certain place on the Earth; when they will just appear last in contact; how much of the sun's surface will be covered by the moon at the greatest eclipse, and the very instant of local time at which these respective phenomena occur, and *all have come off precisely in accordance with previous calculation. The basis must hence be certain.*

I have calculated most of the eclipses of the moon and sun which have been, or will be visible in this country, from the one in the year 1819 to the close of the present century, and including the total eclipse of the sun which will occur on the 28th of the 5th month, in the year 1900. In the last number of the

Intelligencer I gave the predicted path of the total eclipse of the sun on the 7th of 8th month next, from ocean to ocean across the American Continent, and specified some places at which the eclipse can be favorably observed. Now, as those eclipses which I calculated several years previous to their occurrence for 1821, '27, '31, '36, '38, '51, &c. &c., all came off *precisely* according to what had been previously predicted, *I* have no apprehension whatever but that those in the future, the calculations of which rest upon the same basis, will also occur at the time predicted, and verify the *invariableness* of the movements of the bodies concerned in producing eclipses, and that these movements are known with certainty. And if the eclipse shall occur as predicted on the 7th of 8th month this year, and be total precisely at the times and places specified in its route across our whole Continent, I claim (is this not reasonable?) that the statements I have previously made, and similar ones which I have to make in these communications, are *facts—known, demonstrable facts;* for they all rest on the same basis, and must stand or fall together.

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

An Essay read at a Meeting of Friends to promote subscriptions to Swarthmore College, held at Lombard Street Meeting-House, Baltimore, 6th mo. 10th, 1869. By JOHN. R. KENLY.

It would be difficult to explain why it is that an appeal for pecuniary aid, whether the object be for public or private use, is met with an instinctive objection. Men will give, sua sponte, of their own volition, where the object *itself* is presented, clothed with its own dress and address of want. We give cheerfully to the suffering individual; we *resist* when another asks charity for him. There are but few of us who have not had this experience, abd hence sensitive persons are averse to and avoid being placed upon committees whose duty it is to solicit money for an object, be it ever so praiseworthy. Truly it is a thankless labor, and those who *do* lay aside their personal feelings, and engage voluntarily and without reward in the promotion of a good work, deserve at least the sympathy of those who *say* that they approve of their purpose.

I am in hearty sympathy with the objects of this meeting, and wish that I could do more than give my countenance to their support. It appears to me that the Society of Friends owes to the memory of its founders, that the people of this country should be better informed as to its principles and Church government. The ignorance in these matters surpasses belief, except to one who has travelled much in the various States of our Union. Outside of the very limited area of the Society and its direct influences, the word "Quaker" carries with it the oft-told story of a visit to New Lebanon and the peculiar ceremonies performed by the community there. You may bring an intelligent citizen of *this* community, a member of another church, into the meeting which assembles in this house, and you will see a smile spread over his face, which nothing but a proper sense of decorum keeps within limits, at the silence which surrounds him and the mode of worship, which he does not understand and cannot comprehend. If there be *preaching*, you will perceive a marked change in his demeanor: he is all attention, listening to every word that falls from the minister's lips, and the light of truth may and often will find a lodgment in his breast. He may never again enter a Friends' meeting house, but he will never again laugh derisively when he hears this Society spoken of.

Build up Swarthmore College, and it will preach a sermon that the nation will listen to; it will remove much of the ignorance now existing, and win the favorable consideration of thoughtful men everywhere, provided that Friends be true to their principles. No better way of keeping them true can be devised, than by the establishment of such an educational institution, and bringing within the compass of its walls the *literature* of *Friends*, which any church might well cherish an esteem, calculated as it is to beautify and illustrate the paths of learning and of science by the Christian light of its pages. As the plant instinctively reaches toward material light to strengthen and develop its growth, so does the human mind, as it advances in knowledge, yearn for that spiritual light to the soul, which, if we have faith in what we profess, may be nourished and expanded by the writings and lives of those Friends whose ministry upon earth was, to follow the Light. Let there be this pabulum in the libraries of Swarthmore, and as surely as the operation of physical laws will be the moral growth of its inmates.

The day of the inauguration of this institution will also be one of marked importance in the annals of the Society, for the attention of the intelligent classes of the whole country will be drawn with friendly interest to the subject. What and who are these people that have thus established a college scarcely second to any in the land in the width and scope of its instruction? Look—it is within the borders of a commonwealth founded by one of the same people. Who are they? These

and similar inquiries may lead the inquirer to learn *who* George Fox was, and perhaps to read his life. Ah, it will be a good thing for this country when its citizens learn the testimony he bore for truth and conscience' sake.

It needs but enlightenment, it needs but information, for civilization to know how much it is indebted to the humble Society of Friends; and we trust and doubt not but that Swarthmore College, in extending the area, will never lessen the weight of the precious testimonies borne of the people called Quakers.

It has been but comparatively a short time ago since men and women frequented the homes of *astrologers*, to learn the future of their own lives and the current of events. These astrologers pretended to foretell the future of men and things by the position of the heavenly bodies, of whose laws and movements they were utterly ignorant. So great was the delusion, that the spiritual anathemas of the church were powerless to resist the tide of superstitious beliefs in the planetary influences of certain "houses" in the provinces framed by these charlatans to tyranize over the minds of credulous people. Has it ever occurred to those who are opposed to a scheme of wide and enlarged education, what it was that swept this "cunningly devised fable" into everlasting obscurity? It was education. It was by education in astronomy; it was by being taught the laws which govern the solar system, that the true light which shineth from above dispelled the darkness which was upon the minds of men, and set free the soul, to contemplate with love and admiration, instead of fear, the glorious beauties of the work of His fingers, "who telleth the number of the stars and calleth them all by their names."

If it were for none other than opportunity for the study of astronomy, we would earnestly advocate the completion of Swarthmore College, for it seems to us that there is a peculiar affinity between a Friend and this interesting science. The habit of self-examination, of self-communing, irresistibly draws the mind upward, and as the soul approaches the hills whence cometh its help, the mental vision, illuminated through the aids of this science, may hereafter find language to draw men into humble, silent worship of the Almighty Father and Maker of all. We believe that many of you will live to look with commendation upon the efforts that were made to build up so worthy a memorial of the principles and aims of the Society of Friends.

We believe that it will do great good; that it will extend and spread the lessons of Him who taught on the Mount; that it will prove of incalculable benefit to Friends and the children of Friends, as well as to others; and that it will be remunerative to the stockholders, for it will supply just such a want as is now felt—a religious, not a sectarian education, for the youth of both sexes. Complete it, and our word for it in a few years it will be well filled with students from every section of our common country.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

From the Preface to "G. Frost's New Exposition to the leading facts of Geology." (Copyright secured.)

In a literal point of view, not much reference is had in this exposition to the Scripture record of the creation of the world, believing that the arithmetical meaning ordinarily attached to the numeral 7 in the history of the creation is not what was intended by the sacred historian.

Much labor has been bestowed by authors to reconcile the Scripture account with the present and past geological condition of our planet. The present work is not especially intended either to sustain or to question the literal verity of the sacred history of the world's creation.

As the Scriptures were not written to expound mere geological facts, it necessarily follows that no discrepancy between the written records and the rocky tablets should be permitted to impair the purpose for which the Scriptures were written.

In the judgment of the writer, the verity of the principles of the Christian religion should not be made to depend upon the precise literal accuracy of the Jewish records. The progress of geological knowledge is supposed to indicate great discrepancies between the scriptural and the geological evidences of the present day, but who is willing to assert that the geological theories of the present time are irreversible.

In no respect is the discrepancy greater than in the supposed lapse of time needed to complete the creation of the world. The book of Genesis teaches that, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," and, "On the seventh day God ended His work which he had made;" whereas modern geologists teach that myriads of ages elapsed during the processes of that great event; but are we prepared to define positively what chronological meaning the compiler of the book of Genesis intended to affix to the numeral "7," which comprises the entire term or cycle of the world's creation.

Cruden's Concordance says: "Seven in Scripture is used for a number of perfection; also for a great number." As no other nu-

meral is thus distinguished in the Scriptures, it would appear that in the view of the sacred historian this had a meaning, or was susceptible of a meaning, essentially different from what is ordinarily attached to it, in chronological or other secular affairs or events.

As a large part of the Scriptures, especially of the Old Testament, is a record of events pertaining to the secular condition of the Jews, and to their political and social and ecclesiastical affairs, there is no reason to believe that the numeral "7" would necessarily occur more freqently than among any other cotemporaneous people.

And when we take into consideration that the numeral "7" occurs in the Scriptures nearly one hundred times, and unaccompanied with any explanation why events, names and circumstances should have occurred so numerously as to render the use of that exponent necessary one hundred times correctly to expound their history, are we not warranted in the assumption that the numeral under consideration did, in the intention of the compiler of the Scriptures, possess a mystical or symbolical, or indefiniteness of meaning, more or less distinct from what we ordinarily attach to it.

The second definition of Cruden says: "Seven is also used for a great number." In regard to the problem under consideration as to the lapse of time needed to perfect the processes of creation, it would appear that this definition is sufficiently comprehensive to reconcile the Scripture account with the present geological condition of the crust of the earth, provided that geological condition is correctly expounded, and in accordance with the principles enunciated in the following work.

From "The Still Hour."

YE SAID ALSO, BEHOLD WHAT A WEARINESS IS IT! *Matt.* 1 : 13.

We offer many dead prayers, through *mental indolence.* This fact is often forgotten, that prayer is one of the most spiritual of the duties of religion, spiritual as distinct from corporeal. It is the communion of a spiritual soul with a spiritual God. God calls himself the *Former*, only, of our bodies, but the *Father* of our spirits. So prayer, to be a filial intercourse with Him, must be abstract from sensation. Do we not naturally seek darkness in our devotions? So, too, do we seek stillness and solitude. Only a Pharisee can pray at the corner of a street. A truly devoted spirit learns to sing from its own experience—

'Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborn,
The world I leave.'

Physical enjoyment is as much a drag upon the spirit of worship as physical pain. We worship One who is a Spirit. A soul caught up to the third heaven in devout ecstacy, cannot tell wether it be in the body or out of the body.

These well-known phenomena of prayer suggest its purely mental character. They involve, also, the need of mental exertion. 'We may pray with the intellect without praying with the heart; but we cannot pray with the heart without praying with the intellect.'

True, there is, as we shall have occasion to observe, a state of devotional culture which may render prayer habitually spontaneous, so that the mind shall be unconscious of toil in it, but shall spring to it rather as to its native and wonted atmosphere of joy. This is the reward of practiced efforts in all things. But who can number the struggles with a wayward spirit, which must create that high deportment in devotion?

True, there may be hours when the mind is alert, from other causes; when the fountains of the soul are unsealed by a great sorrow, or a great deliverance; when *before* we called, God has heard us, and the Spirit now helps our infirmities, so that thought is nimble, sensibility is fluent, and the mouth speaketh out of the abundance of the heart. Yet such unforseen and gratuitous aids to mental elasticity are not the *law* of devotional life. In this, as in other things, no great blessing is given thoughtlessly, and none can be received thus. The law of blessing allies it in some sort with struggles of our own.

True, God's condescension is nowhere more conspicuous than in His hearing of prayer. No ponderous intellectual machinery is needful to its dignity: no loftiness of reasoning, no magnificence of imagery, no polish of diction, no learning, no art, no genius. In its very conception, prayer implies a *descent* of the Divine Mind to the homes of men; and with no design to lift men up out of the sphere of their lowliness, intellectually. Bruised reeds, smoking flax, broken hearts, dumb sufferers, the slow of speech, timid believers, tempted spirits,—weakness in all its varieties,—find a refuge in that thought of God, which nothing else reveals so affectingly as the gift of prayer, that He is a very *present* help in every time of trouble. He whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, 'has come down and placed Himself in the centre of the little circle of human ideas and affections,' as if for the purpose of making our 'religion always the homestead of common feelings.' It has been debated by philosophers, whether prayer be not of the nature of poetry. Yet poetry has seldom attempted to describe prayer; and, when it has done so, what is the phraseology in

which it has spoken to our hearts most convincingly? No; it portrays prayer to us as only

'The motion of a hidden fire
That *trembles* in the breast,'—

as the mere 'burden of a sigh,' the 'falling of a tear,' 'the upward glancing of an eye,' the 'simplest form of speech' on 'infant lips.'

All this is true, and no idea of the intellectuality of prayer should be entertained which conflicts with this. But we degrade the dignity of God's condescension, if we abuse His indulgence of our weakness to an encouragement of our indolence. Must we not wince under the rebuke of the preacher at Golden Grove: 'Can we expect that our sins can be washed by a lazy prayer? We should not dare to throw away our prayers so, like fools.'

Coleridge, in his latter manhood, expressed his sorrow at having written so shallow a sentiment on the subject of prayer, as that contained in one of his youthful poems, in which, speaking of God, he had said—

'Of whose all-seeing eye
Aught to demand were *impotence* of mind.'

This sentiment he so severely condemned, that he said he thought the act of praying to be, in its most perfect form, the very highest *energy* of which the human heart was capable. The large majority of worldly men, and of learned men, he pronounced incapable of executing his ideal of prayer.

Many scriptural representations of the idea of devotion come up fully to this mark. The prayer of a righteous man, that availeth much, which our English Bible so infelicitously describes as 'effectual, fervent,' is in the original an '*energetic*' prayer, a '*working*' prayer. Some conception of the inspired thought in the epithet may be derived from the fact, that the same word is elsewhere used, to intensify the description of the power of the Holy Spirit in a renewed heart. Thus: 'According to the power that *worketh* in us,'—the power that *energizes* us in a holy life:—such is the inspired idea of a good man's prayer.

What else is the force of the frequent conjunction of 'watching' and 'praying,' in the scriptural style of exhortation to the duties of the closet? Thus: 'Watch *and* pray,' 'watch *unto* prayer,' 'praying always *and* watching,' 'continue in prayer *and* watch:' there is no mental lassitude, no self-indulgence here. It was a lament of the prophet over the degeneracy of God's people: 'None *stirreth himself* up to take hold of Thee.' Paul exhorts the Romans to '*strive* together with him in their prayers,' and commends an ancient preacher to the confidence of the Colossians, as one who '*labored fervently* in prayer.' There is no droning or drawling effort here.

Indeed, what need have we of more significant teaching on this point than our own experience? Setting aside as exceptional, emergencies in which God condescends to our incapacity of great mental exertion, do we not habitually feel the need of such exertion in our devotions? Is not even a painful effort of intellect often needful to recall our minds from secular engagements, and to give us vivid thoughts of God and of eternity? I do not assume that this *ought* to be so, or need be; I speak of what *is*, in the ordinary life of Christians.

Prayer can have no intelligent fervor, unless the objects of our faith are represented with some degree of *vividness*, in our conceptions of them. But this is a process of intellect. As we must have clear thought before we can have intelligent feeling, so must we have vivid thought before we can have profound feeling. But this, I repeat, is a process of intellect.

Yet, do we not often come to the hour and place of prayer, burdened by an exhausted body; with intellect stupefied by the absorption of its forces in the plans, the toils, the perplexities, the disappointments, the irritations of the day? How wearily do we often drag this great earthen world behind us, into the presence of God! Is not our first petition, often, an ejaculation for the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit? But, in such a state of body and of mind, to acquire impressive conceptions of God and of eternity, is an intellectual change. I do not affirm that a state of intellect is all that is involved here; but intellectual change is indispensable; and it requires exertion.

On this topic, what can the man do that cometh after the King? Let us hear Jeremy Taylor once more. His description of a good man's prayer, though well known, one can never outgrow.

'Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of our recollection, the seat of our meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest. Prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity and the sister of meekness. He that prays to God with . . . a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army, and chooses a frontier garrison to be wise in.

'For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back by the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every

breath of the tempest than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometime through the air, about his ministries here below.

'So is the prayer of a good man. When his affairs have required business, . . . his duty met with infirmities of a man, . . . and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud, and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose his prayer; and he must recover it when . . . his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God: and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of a holy dove, and dwells with God, till it returns, like the useful bee, laden with a blessing and the dew of heaven.'

For Friends' Intelligencer.

KINDERGARTEN SCHOOLS.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., April, 1869.

My dear friends.—Since my return I have been so busy that I really have not had time carefully to read over my letters that you published while I was in Europe, and which were so bad in their chirography that I ought not to blame anybody but myself for the mistakes, especially of proper names that I find in them.

But I did not give you a single hint upon a subject that engaged my attention more than any other while I was abroad. I mean Freidrich Froebel's primary education. The reason was that it was impossible, while rushing from place to place, to do any justice to a theory of so much importance. I did write to some friends, previously interested in the subject, several letters on the kindergartens of Hamburg, which they collected and published in the Herald of Health just before I returned; but these I should have revised by my later observations had I been here, and in fact I was sorry they saw the light. And now I desire to begin at the beginning and tell you and your friends all that I learnt; and all the more, because by the so-called Kindergarten which I founded in Boston in 1860, and by a Guide to Kindergarten which I published very soon after, I have contributed as much as anybody to mislead the public on this subject. Kindergartens, as they have been kept in America hitherto, have done entire injustice to Froebel's idea and method, out of which I conceive is to grow a whole system, commensurate in its scope with Christianity itself, it being the most profound application of the commandment to love God with all our *mind*, and *heart*, and strength, and our neighbor as ourself. Our American nationality, as it is now, made into the true temple of humanity by our Federal Constitution disencumbered of the compromises, giving for the first time in the course of history opportunity for the lionlike energies of man, "to lie down with the Lamb" of love, while "a young child shall lead them" to accomplish the manifest destiny of America, which I conceive to be nothing less than the redemption of all nations to the light and liberty of a real spirituality. For I am not daunted by the evil aspects of the present moment in this new country, which exhibits all "the disproportions of an ungrown giant." Nothing is yet stereotyped; and if the true education shall, as is entirely possible, be initiated in our primary schools, a single generation will give quite a millennial aspect to things.

In a new edition of my Kindergarten Guide, which I have published since my return, with a preface, some notes and some entire new chapters, casting out the old ones, I have affirmed, if not shown, that Froebel discovered a science and invented an art, as truly as did Newton and Laplace, and that it is necessary to learn this. Schermerhorn publishes the book this week, at No. 14 Bond St., New York, and I trust he will send one to you, as I asked him to do; and I hope you will carefully read at least its preface and the first fifty pages. The chapters on "the Kindergartner" and on "the occupations," I would like to have extracted in newspapers. But after all, there is ever so much more to be said, and perhaps I could not better develop the subject than to tell you of my observations and how the subject rose upon me from the beginning. But this is a letter long enough to begin with. Next time I will tell you of my visit to Hamburg. E. P. P.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Thy letter contained much that was very cheering and interesting to us. The quotation from Young's Night Thoughts is appropriate, and I admire the language with the exception of the word *fate*, which, although it may be proper, always conveys to my mind an idea of ambiguity and darkness, associated with early impressions of heathen mythology.

Neither do I subscribe to Young's observation that "we take no note of time but from its loss." It wants qualification, but I suppose it did not occur to the poet to make exceptions to the broad assertion, or, if it had occurred, it might have marred the harmony of a well-turned period.

Our cousin —— lies very low. A long and quiet life, spent in innocence, benevolence and charity, is soon likely to close in serenity and peace. I have known few if any brighter examples in the unobtrusive exercise of the Christian virtues; few who have kept, with greater stability, an eye to the standard of uncreated purity in meekness and lowliness of heart.

Thy affectionate salutation spake words of comfort and consolation, and strengthened me for the warfare and conflicts of the day. I am sometimes ready to conclude that there never was just such a time in our Religious Society as the present; and yet, in looking over the writings of the honorable and the worthy who have passed away, I find the same feeling or view of things was their experience; so that, upon the whole, perhaps it will be as well for each one of us to be diligent in performing our portion of labor, without looking too much upon others whom we may think fail to do their part. How emphatic is the injunction, "Study to be quiet and mind thy own proper business." This is a lesson I daily feel the necessity of learning more perfectly.

In recurring to our late little excursion among our Friends, an evidence is mercifully granted that the everlasting truth is gaining ground, and that, notwithstanding there is much within our borders that is appointed unto death, still the shout of a King is distinctly heard in the camp; so that it only remains for the faithful ones constantly to gird up the loins of the mind and watch unto prayer. I have a firm faith that He, who calls to the work, will equip for every encounter—for the Lamb and His followers will have the victory.

We had a Baptist minister at meeting yesterday, and after —— —— had spoken in all his sweet simplicity, this man arose and said he felt that he must express his entire unity, and tell us that his first serious impressions were in a Quaker meeting, into which he happened to stray when a little lad. He said, in the midst of their silence, to him so strange, an aged woman arose and said, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life." No other words were spoken in the meeting, but this had been a life-message to him, encouraging him in many trials. He seemed truly exercised by the good spirit.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 26, 1869.

Objections Answered.—A friend who has received a letter containing strictures upon language used by one of our correspondents, has so much unity with them, that although not designed for publication, he has sent us an extract from the letter, which we are disposed to notice, to relieve, if need be, the minds of others who *may* have been similarly impressed. Exceptions are taken to the language which occurs in an article published in the 2d No. of this volume, and endorsed in No. 10 by N. B. as "appropriate and consistent." The expression objected to is, "Let us pray for the completion of Swarthmore," &c.

In opening our columns to the views of Friends in relation to subjects which legitimately claim consideration, we have endeavored impartially to place before our readers the conflicting sentiments which have been furnished for publication, reserving, as has before been stated, the Editorial page for the expression of our own views. And we presume we feel *no less* care and concern than the writer of the letter from which the extract was taken, and the friend by whom it was forwarded, to publish nothing "that is not in strict accordance with Friends' principles and testimonies."

A criticism in the form of a suggestion, by H. J., on the phrase, "Let us pray for the completion of Swarthmore," will be found in No. 7 of our paper. But as the subject has been again introduced, we are willing to express our opinion of the language which appears to have been so differently understood.

In the re-perusal of the letter from Central New York, in reference to Swarthmore College, and also the comments of N. B. upon it, in a later No., our first impressions have been confirmed—that they convey the *earnest* concern of the writers for the welfare of our young people, and that while these are receiving a literary education, they should be

shielded from influences at variance with "the principles and testimonies" of Friends.

Regarding Swarthmore as an Institution pre-eminently designed to protect our children at a critical period in life, when the world is opening before them with its fashions and follies, its fascinations and allurements, they are *anxious* for its establishment. In earnestness of feeling the language was used, "Let us pray for the completion of Swarthmore," but we presume not with the idea that the spirit of prayer is at our command, nor with the least intent "to lower the standard of a qualification to pray," as implied in the extract to which reference was first made. We think that a *true* Friend cannot regard prayer in any other than a serious light; and in recognizing the fact that it is only as ability is furnished by "the Father" that any can pray "as they ought," he must feel that the aspirations of the heart are ever to be offered with reference to the Divine Mind. Truly, "God worketh all things after the counsel of His own will." When the heart is moved by the tendering influences of heavenly love to desire the good of all, or any special class of the human family, and believes that this good is to be attained, in a degree, through a given channel, what is more natural than to desire or to pray, as "prayer is the soul's sincere desire," for the accomplishment of this end? The subject of prayer has claimed a large share of attention in the present volume, and we trust with a reverent spirit. "In its most elemental form it is a cry of the soul for help, and springs not from the *reasoning* but the emotional part of our nature," and finds its *truest* expression in private utterance.

We believe the effect thereof depends more upon the sincerity with which it may be offered than the language in which it may be clothed, although the form of sound words is among the important matters to be observed on all occasions.

MARRIED, on the 3d of Sixth month, 1869, at the La Pierre House, Philadelphia, by Friends' ceremony, JOSEPH C. TOWNSEND, of Baltimore, to A. BELINDA, daughter of David Lee, of Harford Co., Md.

——, on the 10th of Sixth mo., 1869, by Friends' ceremony, at the residence of Thomas B. Suplee, SAMUEL T. LONGSTRETH to JENNIE L., daughter of Elizabeth L. and the late Wm. Jones, all of Philadelphia.

DIED, on the 12th inst., aged 31 years, HANNAH P., wife of John K. Wildman, and daughter of Cyrus and Ruth S. Peirce; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia. She was eminently true to her own convictions of right.

——, at his residence, New Salem, Albany Co., N. Y., on the 10th of Tenth mo., 1868, TITUS RUSHMORE, aged 67 years.

——, on the 4th of Sixth mo., 1869, ANNA W. RUSHMORE, wife of the late Titus Rushmore, aged nearly 65 years. Both members of Albany Monthly Meeting.

——, at Trenton N. J., on the 13th inst., WILLIAM C. BRANIN, in the 66th year of his age. A member of Chesterfield Monthly Meeting, N. J.

——, in Salem N. J., on the 3d of Sixth month, 1869, of pneumonia, OWEN JONES, in the 83d year of his age; an Elder and highly esteemed member of Salem Monthly Meeting. Seldom are we called upon to record the death of one so universally beloved. In his life were beautifully exemplified the Christian virtues, love, charity, humility, benevolence and hospitality. His quiet cheerfulness of disposition was remarkable, and made his company attractive to both old and young. "Truly his was a green old age." He was a diligent attender of meeting, and in his death society has sustained a loss. He lived according to the simplicity of his profession; and his peaceful close bore evidence that he "had fought the good fight and kept the faith."

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

A Meeting of the Committee to aid in Furnishing the College will be held on Third-day, 29th inst., at 3½ P.M.

ANNIE COOPER, *Secretary.*

It is due to our friend Elizabeth P. Peabody, to give an extract of a letter from her to one of the Editors. EDS.

There is a considerable mistake in having extracted Mrs. Mann's letter to Mrs. Lowell, as a description of a kindergarten. Mrs. Mann's letters about her own little school, kept in Boston between the years 1838 and 1844, was, as is stated in the preface, so much in the moral and genial spirit of Froebel, that I appended them to my guide instead of a more extensive disquisition upon moral and religious education. But Mrs. Mann's school was not in the form of a kindergarten; it was merely a genial way of teaching the ordinary things which the kindergarten postpones until the child has been trained in the exercises, enabling it to command the organs of sense, locomotion, and manipulation; and apply them practically, not only in what is ordinarily called play, but in the production of objects of beauty, by a method involving his acquaintance with the general laws of nature, which are the highest laws of art; the effect of which practical work (on the plan of the Creator's work), is to keep the heart pure and innocent, the temper sweet, the spirit pious towards God and man; and unfold the

mind into an intelligent apprehension of God's works in their form and meaning.

The children of a kindergarten are *directly* taken up in exercise and work, and indirectly, by means of these, brought to intelligence or knowledge of themselves and nature, and prepared "to look through nature up to nature's God." I wish this could be said in so many words in your next issue. One of the greatest hindrances to the spread as well as appreciation of Froebel's kindergarten, is the multitude of infant schools which have sprung up all over the land, in which ordinary instruction on the old plans is alternated with plays that are mere diversion and no means of education, as Froebel's plays always are. I made this mistake in my own kindergarten, and took a name to my school to which it had no right. I have said this in the preface to this new and revised edition, and indicated the true nature of the kindergarten; and it would be an immense satisfaction to me if the newspapers and periodicals of the country would give to their readers my own statement on the subject, for I consider it a subject of immense importance. It is in the primary education that the great reform in education must commence, which will raise it from the present state of mere intellectual excitement and acquisition, to a moral and religious character, by making it *practical*, that is, productive of *objects* that shall be exponents of the laws according to which they are made. It may involve amusements, but they are not merely bodily excitement, but also a training of the imagination upon the pillars of beauty and use, that hold up the roof of the temple of American civilization. It is education through human work, from motives of love to the neighbor, to appreciation of the Creator's works in nature.

From the Boston Transcript.

MODERN JERUSALEM.

Jerusalem stands on the summit of a mountain range extending many miles north and south, east and west. This ridge is broken up into countless white peaks and deep vales. These are entirely bare save when the dwarf thorn clusters, or some spring gushes out of the hillside, waking up grass and flowers, or some grape vine spreads out its broad leaves, or some orchards of olive trees cast their dull shadows over the parched ground.

On the summit of this range stands the Holy City, encircled by the valleys of Kedron and Hinnom. It is surrounded by an imposing wall, some thirty and forty feet high, upon the outside. At first sight, it would seem to be almost impregnable, but should some of the batteries of the nineteenth century be brought to bear upon it, we imagine it would soon fall. It is surmounted by numerous towers and parapets. There are now five gates through it into the city: the Damascus on the north, which is the ornamented gate; St. Stephen's on the east; the Western Africans' on the south; Zion's and Jaffa on the west. Formerly there were two others, known as the Gate of Flowers and the Golden Gate. The length of the walls is more than two and a half miles.

Entering the city, we find the streets are narrow, badly paved, if paved at all, and in places exceedingly dirty. There are two which are called the main streets; one commencing on the west, at Jaffa Gate, runs towards the east, and stops at the Harem. This is generally called the street of David. Another begins at the Gate of Damascus, and traverses the city north and south. These streets divide the city into four quarters. The northeast is the Moslem quarter; the northwest the Christian; the southwest the Armenian, and the southeast the Jewish. Many other streets lead into these and pass into various parts of the city.

The streets of the centre are covered with long, heavy stone arches, with few openings for the light to enter. Along the sides of these dark avenues are the principal stores and shops of Jerusalem. The rooms are from four to eight feet square, and six feet high. In these the merchants will have all their goods, and in the centre sits the salesman. Without getting up he can reach from the top to the bottom of his goods, and comfortably supply the wants of the buyer. It strikes me it must be hard work, nevertheless, to be confined the whole day to such a small compass. Only think of carpenters and blacksmiths shut up in so small quarters! The question naturally arises, where are the horses shod? Invariably, in the street; and it is an amusing process, indeed, for an American to witness. It requires one man to hold the animal, another to hold up the foot, and a third to fit the shoe and drive the nails.

Shoemaking seems to be the leading business of the city. No wonder at this, when we consider how terribly rough their pavements are, and how stony their roads everywhere.

Most of the people met in the public ways look pale and sickly, as though they were greatly in want of sunshine and good air.

The Jews take the lead in trade and many affairs. They are shrewd here, as in foreign lands.

Walking through these cheerless stone streets, I have felt as if in a vast, dismal prison. I would meet but few happy faces, and seldom, if ever, hear any merry or joyous tones.

I have aimed to see the modern city as it

is, and after spending some ten days of busy search within and about it, I am forced to acknowledge that I have not been able to find within these walls what would be called in New England a pleasant and home-like spot.

Of course, there are differences here. Some places are to be preferred to others. In the Christian quarter, occupying for the most part Mount Akra, we find better buildings and cleaner streets. By far, this is the most pleasant part of the city. Most of the houses are two stories high, with flat roofs for promenading and recreation. Here are the new English Church, a fine Latin Church almost completed, the Hospice of the Knights of St. John, the Latin and Greek convents.

In Jerusalem the people say, "How beautiful and pleasant is the Christian quarter!" This is to them what Broadway is to New York, or Tremont street to Boston. There, too, is the most remarkable building in the whole city—the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. No artist could call it a handsome structure, adorned with its twin domes, pillars and mosaics. It seems to be a confusion of styles. It was built by St. Helena and her son Constantine, on the site alleged to be the scene of the crucifixion, entombment and resurrection of our Redeemer. Legend and tradition have been active in making portions of this church most sacred. It is claimed, and different parts occupied, by the Latins, the Greeks, and the Armenians. As we entered it, a Greek priest first waited upon us to the central room, where he pointed out the Holy Sepulchre. This is made of beautiful marble. Superstition has hung about it two huudred lamps, which are kept constantly burning, and a mass of the most costly ornaments. It is a question if these are not more noticed and worshipped than the spirit of Christ.

Leaving this, a Latin priest conducted us to the place of the Holy Cross, which is said to have been discovered by the Empress Helena. From this apartment we passed to that of Mount Calvary. Here was pointed out the place where the three crosses stood.

After this we were specially shown so many objects that I cannot attempt to enumerate them all. Among others were the Stone of Unction, the Well of Helena, the place where Christ appeared to Mary Magdalene, the Prison of Christ, the place where the Cross was found, the bonds of Christ, the stairs of Golgotha, the tomb of Melchizedek, and many others of less note. After we had seen them all, I could but feel how fruitful is superstition, and how readily the ignorant yield to its teachings! Pilgrims from all nations flock around these fabrics day and night.

While we were in it, there was a confusion of tongues busy in prayer before the Armenian, Greek and Latin altars. This seemed to me more a Babel of Superstition than the sepulchre of the Blessed Redeemer. Were the place really known where the Saviour was buried, I trust it would be given alone to silent prayer and worship.

The Armenian quarter is situated upon Mount Zion. This is the highest part of the city. This sect is quite small, but wealthy. They have the richest and finest convent within the walls of Jerusalem; still, it will bear poor comparison with some in Italy and other parts of Europe.

The Citadel or Tower of Hippicus, is near the convent. It strikes me that in almost any other city they would not apply the word citadel to such a broken-down structure. It would be difficult to define its shape. I can say with truth, it is neither square nor round, and may possibly be a hundred feet high. It is now the abode of a few Turkish soldiers, who look as if they were dressed in slouchy petticoats and armed with rusty flintlock guns and heavy crescent swords. They strut and swell as though they were the great heroes of the land.

What is called the Jewish quarter in this city is to the east of the Armenian. We passed through this part twice, and I have no desire to see it again. In ancient times the Jews were noted for cleanliness and strict regard for the laws of health. But the mass of the Jews now in Jerusalem are right the opposite. Their houses are small, their streets are mere lanes, and many of the hovels in which they stay are moving with vermin. It is impossible to pass among some of the dwellings without being polluted. Their quarter is crowded full of occupants. They have immigrated from all parts of the world, and they seem willing to live any way for the sake of dwelling in their Holy City. There is now a great deal of poverty among them; still we have been told that they are improving. Some Jews in New York and other foreign countries have given liberal donations to aid the poor and furnish them with homes. How fortunate it is there are liberal souls in all religious sects.

The Jews have two synagogues here. These are not elegant without, and within they are quite plain. We attended one of their Sabbath services. It commenced by the men reading various portions of Scripture in a standing position. They alone occupied the main body of the church, while the women were hidden in a small gallery above. At the same time of reading they were swinging their bodies backward and forward, as if they were in extreme agony. By spells they would weep and beat their breasts. I endured this for more than half an hour, and

then left, feeling if this was Jewish worship I preferred to be spared from it.

On Friday afternoon, at three o'clock, we went to see the wailing of the Jews, which has long been an established custom with them. They have purchased the right of the Turkish Government to assemble every Friday afternoon, near one side of the Mosque of Omar, against a supposed portion of their ancient Temple, and there lament and weep over their fallen city and faded glories.

Men, women and children there assemble, all coming with Bible in hand and dressed in their best suit. The men wear a kind of long dressing gowns made of broadcloth or merino, or calico, of various colors, having the edges trimmed with fur; and upon their heads they wear caps turbaned also with fur. Their hair is cut short behind the ears, but hangs in long curls in front. The better class of women are clothed in a white loose dress and shawl.

As they approach the place of weeping they usually lean first, for a short time, with their heads against the wall, but soon begin to swing their bodies back and forth, wringing their hands, while a priest, or patriarch, leads off in reading selections from the Prophets in most wailing tones.

At certain periods all voices join in the cry, tears run down their faces, and they seem to be moved by the most agonizing sorrow. Old men and women were there with whitened locks and feeble step, and they bowed and wept in deepest grief. Little children, too, were there, their eyes moistened and voices trembling as they joined in the heart-touching lamentation.

No looker-on can doubt but there is sincerity in this service. The Jews feel that Jehovah hears their cries and prayers, and, according to prophecy, will restore to them, after long seasons of bitter wailings, their lost glories; gathering together all the scattered children of Israel, and henceforth permit them to live and die in the Holy City, and be buried among the graves of their fathers.

This practice is said to have been continued from the twelfth century, and perhaps from an earlier period. By the Emperor Adrian the Jews were driven from the city. During the reign of Constantine they were allowed to approach only near enough to see it; but at length they succeeded in purchasing the privilege of entering it once a year to weep, and at present they are allowed this privilege every Friday.

The Mohammedan quarter is the most extensive. However, in this part there is much space unoccupied by building, and unimproved. The inhabitants here cannot boast of neatness. I do not know as the Arabs or Turks ever do; from their general appearance I should not judge they could. There are many idlers here who live about the Harem, delighting in quarrels and insulting all who approach them. It is said there is much wealth here, but one would not mistrust it by going through it. The great attraction of this quarter is the Mosque of Omar.

This is the most magnificent building in modern Jerusalem. It stands on the summit of Mt. Moriah, where the Temple of the True God once stood. It seems sad that ground should be thus desecrated. Once it was consecrated by true worship, but now it is stained by false religion and the grossest superstition. This, like the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, is loaded with legends and rival fabrications. Some believe it contains the Ark of the Covenant, and the stone which Jacob used for his pillow. The Moslems regard it in sacredness next to the Mosque of Mecca. They point out the stone upon which Mohammed is to sit when he judges the world. Not until within a few years could Christians gain access to its interior, but the Pasha has found out they have money, and will pay a good round fee for entrance, and he is very glad to open the door and give them a glance at a few objects; but he is very careful to keep from them all the mysteries of Mohammedanism.

Some think that the surroundings of the Mosque are very beautiful. But if bare stones, a very few inferior trees, and large piles of rubbish can add great beauty to a place, then surely the environs of the Mosque of Omar possess it in excess.

Not far from this is the Harem, which is said to be well supplied with inmates. Mohammedanism makes woman a slave, and degrades her to the lowest condition.

Here, too, we find the reputed Pool of Bethesda. This is a dry cistern now, of large dimensions. For some two hundred years there has been no water in it, only for a little while after the winter rains. By no means is it empty, for it contains large quantities of dirt and filth.

The city is now poorly supplied with water. The people depend almost entirely upon cisterns for it. At this time, after the long, dry season, it is very poor. In almost every bottle that comes upon the table may be seen any quantity of animalculæ.

There are some fine wells in the vicinity of the city where good water is obtained. In the daytime men and women go through the streets with their goat-skin bags upon their backs, selling this water. We hope their number may increase, and the poor wretches become rich in distributing pure water to the thirsty.

No carriages are seen in this city. The gates are of such form that they could not enter, and should they once get in, there would be no streets in which they could run.

The pavements are so bad it is with difficulty horses and donkeys can get over them. The better classes have their horses, and the poorer their donkeys, and when they go out of the city they ride horseback.

The surface in and about the city is very uneven. It is strange the people will endure such rough streets and stony paths! When I asked why they did not improve the ways, the answer was, "Whose business is it?" So it is, perhaps will be, for ages to come; they will endure riding over them as they now are, because they do not know whose business it is to improve them.

A good variety of languages is spoken in Jerusalem—the Arabian, Greek, Italian, Armenian, French, German, Maltese, Russian, English, and I do not know how many more.

The population ranks as follows: 4,000 Moslems, 8,000 Jews, 1,800 Greeks, 1,300 Latins, and 900 of other sects, making 16,000 in all.

Each sect has its own schools. Most that the Moslems teach their children is the Koran. The Jews take special care to educate their children thoroughly into their doctrine.

The Armenians have a college, as well as lower schools. The English church here has about a hundred hearers on the Sabbath, and the German less.

These are the only established Protestant churches in the city. The American missionary has given up his field to the English.

The excavations which are being made in the city and upon the outside of the walls, under the direction of Col. Warren, are of special interest to those who are desirous of learning the location of Ancient Jerusalem, and the many places of peculiar worth connected with the history of our Saviour. Most of these works are outside of the walls, for the reason that the Sultan will not, at present, allow them to work where they would like, within the walls.

I spent a day in examining these works. Half a mile below the southeast corner of the city, in the valley of Kedron, some distance below the Pool of Siloam, they have discovered a large water-passage cut out of the solid rock, running towards the city. This is some six feet high and three wide. I followed it almost to the walls of the city, as far as they have opened it. Into this were four stairways leading from the surface, having from forty to sixty steps, where, it would seem, the people were wont to descend for water. Here they have found only relics of earthen waterpots. Above this they have put down shafts from sixty to more than a hundred feet, and at the bottom of those they have run off in horizontal directions. In one of them they have come to the side or corner of a large and finely wrought stone building. In others they have discovered remnants of pottery, locks, and various fixtures belonging to buildings.

They feel certain now that portions of the old city at least were many feet lower than the new. Col. Warren and those who have examined the subject carefully are confident, if these excavations can be continued, they will be able to decide positively where the Temple stood, and locate the walls of the ancient city. Thus the topography of Ancient Jerusalem will be decided.

Nov. 12, 1868. S. H. M'C.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"HAVE LOVE ONE TO ANOTHER."

BY ZAIDEE PARIS.

"Keep thou my lips!" be oft thy pleading,
For this our souls are daily needing,
And asking ones our Lord is feeding,
Then pray to love!

Know that He giveth for thy keeping
A heart where evil plants are creeping—
Weed thou with care, and still unsleeping
Guard love, sweet love!

Know, too, thy fairest buds will perish
If thou one bitter thought dost cherish,
Thy words will blast, or else will nourish
Christ's given love!

Then pause ere speaking of another!
Remember that he is thy brother,
That all but love Christ bids thee smother,
Then speak thou love!

Remember that thou art exalting
Thy little self, when thou art faulting
Another for his weary halting,
Then humbly love!

It matters not how small the failing,
Thy garments must in dust be trailing,
When thou dost stoop to the unveiling,
No ill speaks love!

Be thou as earnest in concealing
The earthly fleck as in revealing,
And thou wilt oftener be kneeling
For Christ's sweet love!

Speak, speak as if thou wert betraying
Thine own poor life's well-hidden straying,
And sweeter words will then be saying
Thy Saviour's love!

Speak, too, as if thy heart were aching
With every sound thy lips are waking;
Learn Christ's disciple must be taking
His tones of love!

Oh! grieve not angels that are bending
Above thy soul, by ever lending
A word to note some slight offending,
But breathe their love!

For thus thou'lt be thine own life losing—
The love of self—and meekly choosing
That holier life of Christ's infusing,
Love, heavenly love!

THE TWO WORKERS.

Two workers in one field
Toiled on from day to day;
Both had the same hard labor,
Both had the same small pay.
With the same blue sky above,
The same green grass below;
One soul was full of love,
The other full of woe.

One leaped up with the light,
With the soaring of the lark;
One felt it ever night,
For his soul was ever dark.
One heart was hard as stone,
One heart was ever gay;
One worked with many a groan,
One whistled all the day.

One had a flower-clad cot
Beside a merry rill;
Wife and children near the spot
Made it sweeter, fairer still.
One a wretched hovel had,
Full of discord, dirt and din;
No wonder he seemed mad,
Wife and children starved within.

Still they worked in the same field,
Toiled on from day to day;
Both had the same hard labor,
Both had the same small pay.
But they worked not with one will;
The reason let me tell:
Lo! one drank at the still,
And the other at the well.

—*Exchange paper.*

UNNECESSARY FEARS.

We live in a dangerous world, where casualties of every kind frequently occur, and where human life is liable to be destroyed at any moment by some unforeseen disaster. If we cross the ocean, we must encounter the possibility of shipwreck; if we enter a rail-car, we have no assurance that our train will not meet with a collision, or run into an open draw; and if we even mount a horse, or walk the public street, or sleep in our beds at home, we *may* be thrown, or struck by a falling sign, or awaken, too late to find the house in flames. Aside from accidents, we are exposed, oftener perhaps than we think, to the attacks of malicious persons, to poison, and to contagious diseases. Life being so surrounded by perils, care should certainly be taken not to add to the constant risk by imprudence and recklessness; but it is not the less great folly to be at all times expecting accidents, and on the look-out for them—suffering the apprehension of some dread calamity to spoil the enjoyment of present safety. Some persons exhibit a degree of fright, under what they consider perilous circumstances, which is quite disproportionate to the real hazard—springing only from ignorance, and, what is worse, their blind terror is very apt to lead them into actual danger, in escaping that which is purely imaginary. Every one, probably, has met with timid ladies, who feared to travel any distance by water, preferring always to take the rail-road when possible, in blissful ignorance of the fact that the per centage of accidental deaths on the latter is vastly the greater. A thunder-storm, again—how it sometimes terrifies those who ought to know better! It is shown by census returns that deaths from lightning, in the United States, are scarcely one-seventh as many as from falls; are, among women, outnumbered, forty to one, by those resulting from burns and scalds; and are not one-sixth as frequent as cases of accidental poisoning. How ridiculous, then, to run carelessly up and down stairs, to use fire freely in a dozen different ways, and to dose flies, ants, and rats with bismuth or arsenic, and yet cower trembling under a feather-bed when a slight clap of thunder is heard! If people would only consider a little, and not give way, as some do, to wild terror on the slightest imaginable occasion, much real suffering might be avoided, for half the miseries of life consist in anticipating the other half.

"LO! I AM WITH YOU ALWAY."

A mother, one morning, gave to her two little ones books and toys to amuse them while she went to attend to some work in an upper room.

A half hour passed quietly, and then a timid voice at the foot of the stairs called out,—

"Mamma, are you there?"

"Yes, darling."

"All right, then;" and the child went back to its play.

By-and-by the question was repeated:

"Mamma, are you there?"

"Yes."

"All right, then;" and the little ones, reassured of their mother's presence, again returned to their toys.

Thus we, God's little ones, in doubt and loneliness look up and ask, "My Father, art Thou there?" and when there comes in answer the assurance of His presence, our hearts are quieted. —*Exchange.*

From The Friend.

TREE MINING.

From the new work by Prof. Cook on the Geology of New Jersey, the following account of Tree Mining in New Jersey is condensed. In most of the marsh, known as the "Jersey Flats," near the upland, which is shallow, fallen timber is found buried; and the stumps of trees are still standing with their roots in the solid ground where they grow. The timber found in this condition is of oak, gum, magnolia, cedar, pine, and other species, such

as are now the natural growth of the country. Where they are of pine, cedar, or other durable wood, their broken and weather-worn trunks are seen projecting above the marsh which has overrun the place of their growth. On the land-side of the beaches, along the seashore, large numbers of leafless and dead red cedars may be seen standing in the marsh, the indestructibility of the wood keeping the trees erect, although the marsh has, in some instances gathered around them to the depth of several feet.

The remains of the trees are not equally abundant in all localities, owing partly, perhaps, to difference of exposure, but more to the differences in durability of the various species of wood. In many places where oak, gum, and other deciduous trees were known to stand formerly, there are no traces of them now; they have entirely rotted away. On the contrary, the pine and the red and white cedar are almost indestructible. Pine stumps are found several feet under the marsh, where they have been for an unknown period, and which retain the characteristic smell and appearance of the wood almost as perfectly as the fresh-cut specimens. At several places in southern New Jersey, an enormous amount of white cedar timber is found buried in the salt marshes, sound and fit for use, and a considerable business is carried on in mining this timber and splitting it into shingles for market. In some places it is found so near the surface that fragments of the roots and branches are seen projecting above the marsh, while in other cases the whole is covered with smooth meadow-sods, and there is no indication of what is beneath till it is sounded by thrusting a rod down into the mud.

The tree of which these swamps are composed, is the white cedar, the *Cupresus thyoides* of the botanists. It is an evergreen, which thrives best in wet ground, and in favorable situations forms dense swamps. It is most commonly found on the head-waters of streams.

Timber which is buried in the swamp undergoes scarcely any change; trees which are found several feet under the surface, and which must have lain there for hundreds of years, are as sound as ever they were; and it would seem as if most of the timber which had ever grown in these swamps was still preserved in them. Trunks of trees are found buried at all depths beneath the surface, quite down to the gravel; and so thick, that in many places a number of trials will have to be made before a sounding-rod can be thrust down without striking against them. Tree after tree, from two hundred to one thousand years old, may be found lying crossed one under the other in every imaginable direction. Some of them are partly decayed, as if they had died and remained standing for a long time, and then been broken down. Others have been blown down, and their upturned roots are still to be seen. Some which have been blown down, have continued to grow for a long time afterwards, as is known by the wood on the under side being hard and boxy. These trunks are found lying in every direction, as if they had fallen at different times, as trees would in a forest now.

The cedar logs which are buried in the swamps are mined, or raised, and split into shingles; and this singular branch of industry furnishes profitable occupation to a considerable number of men.

In conducting this latter business, a great deal of skill and experience is requisite. As many of the trees were partly decayed and worthless when they fell, it becomes important to judge of the value of the timber before much labor is wasted upon it. With an iron rod the shingler sounds the swamp until he finds what he judges to be a good log; he tries its strength and size with a rod; with a sharp cutting spade he digs through the roots and down to it; he next manages to get a chip from it, by the smell of which he can tell whether it was a windfall or a breakdown; that is, whether it was blown down or broken off. The former are the best, as they were probably sound when they fell. If he judges it worth taking, he cuts out the matted roots and earth from over it, and saws it off at the ends. This latter operation is easily performed, as the mud is very soft, and without any grit. By means of levers he then loosens it, when it at once rises and floats in the water, which is always very near the level of the swamp. The log is then cut into shingle lengths, and split into shingles. The logs are sometimes, though rarely, worked for thirty feet.

It is very interesting to see one of these logs raised. It comes up with as much buoyancy as a freshly fallen cedar; not being waterlogged at all. The bark on the under side looks fresh, as if it had lain but a few days; and what is remarkable, the under side of the log is always the lightest; the workmen observe that when the log floats in the water it always turns over, the side which was down coming uppermost. The buoyancy of the timber remaining, it is probable the lower logs rise in the mud when the roots over them are cut loose, and the logs which laid upon them are removed.

These logs are found not only in the swamp, but also out in the salt-marsh, beyond the living timber. Such marsh has, however, a cedar swamp bottom, which has been overrun by the tide. The heaviest part of the busi-

ness in making the shingles is done in the neighborhood of Dennisville.

By sounding with an iron rod, these logs can be felt under the surface at all depths, from one to ten feet, and some have said for even more than that. At Dennisville a well was dug in the marsh eleven feet in depth. The mud near the surface was the common blue mud of the marshes; at a small depth the peaty cedar swamp-earth was reached, and in it cedar timbers, logs and stumps, were found for several feet, and near the bottom the sweet gum (*Liquidambar styracfolia*) and the spoon-wood or magnolia (*Magnolia glauca*) were found. The well reached hard bottom. The white cedar grows on peat, and its roots run near the surface, so that it might be supposed the mud had settled with them, were it not for the fact that, when cedar grows where the mud is shallow, so that its roots reach hard bottom, its wood is unfit for timber, the grain or fibres being so interlocked that it will not split freely. Such is found to be the case in the buried timber; the bottom layer, as it is called, is worthless. From this the inference is conclusive that the hard ground was above tide-level when these trees grew. Large stumps are frequently found standing directly on other large logs, and with their roots growing all around them, and then logs still under these, so that one soon becomes perplexed in trying to count back to the time when the lower ones were growing. Dr. Beesley, of Dennisville, some years since communicated to the newspapers an article on the age of the cedar swamps, which was copied by Mr. Lyell in his Travels in the United States, in which Dr. B. says that he "counted 1,080 rings of annual growth between the centre and outside of a large stump six feet in diameter, and under it lay a prostrate tree, which had fallen and been buried before the tree to which the stump belonged first sprouted. This lower trunk was five hundred years old, so that upward of fifteen centuries were thus determined beyond the shadow of a doubt, as the age of one small portion of a bog, the depth of which is, as yet, unknown."

ITEMS.

"The Hadrosaurus, an extinct gigantic fossil reptile from New Jersey, which Mr. Hawkins is attempting to restore in its natural proportions at the Central Park, appears to have been shaped very much like a kangaroo, with its long, powerful tail trailing upon the ground, small front feet rarely used, but with birdlike hind feet, the chief organs of locomotion. Were the tail cut off and the front limbs altered into wings, the Hadrosaurus would be a bird. The similarity of his feet to the celebrated footmarks of the Connecticut sandstone has led some to suggest that the supposed birds of the track period were not true birds, but reptiles. Mr. Hawkins, at a recent meeting of the New York Lyceum, stated that some of the Connecticut impressions appeared to have been made by marsupials, or the kangaroo tribe. Prof. C. H. Hitchcock, of Dartmouth College, argued that, since both the marsupial and reptilian structure approximated to the bird type, the kangaroo shape of some of the stony tracks did not prove the Connecticut animal to have been a marsupial any more than a Hadrosaurus; and, as the reptiles predominated in that period, the presumption was entirely in favor of the simpler forms. Furthermore, as long ago stated, the footmarks were clearly made by three groups: first, the real birds; second, reptiles like the kangaroo and hadrosaurus; third, by true reptiles. He stated that several slabs displayed impressions of the tail, either trailing behind as the animal walked, or used as a support when at rest."

Jerusalem.—It is stated that a turnpike road is now in course of construction between Jaffa, the old Joppa, on the sea coast, and Jerusalem, a distance of thirty-six miles. The engineering is very rude, but part of the road is already finished, over which is running an omnibus, driven by a New England stage driver, one of the survivors of the American colony at Jaffa. The Turkish Government has collected $250,000 to pay for the road, and also compels the inhabitants to work upon it, at very low rates of wages. Toll gates have already been established. Jaffa is only accessible in a calm, but with this disadvantage, its exports of cotton, fruit, oil, and sesame seeds amount to $2,000,000 per annum.

By means of an exceedingly delicate galvanometer it has been demonstrated that an appreciable amount of heat comes from the stars. The image of a bright star, formed in the focus of a large telescope, falls on the surface of the thermopile, when the needle is deflected by the heat of the star. So delicate is the instrument that the apparatus must be attached for hours to the telescope before it will come to rest or the image of the star can be allowed to fall upon it. Arcturus and Regulus each deflected the needle three degrees in a quarter of an hour, and Sirius two degrees. Pollux gave a deflection of 1½ degrees; but, singularly enough, its companion star, Castor, gave no deflection.

Short Rule to Measure Grain.—An exchange says: "It is convenient to farmers and purchasers to have an easy and correct rule by which to measure corn in cribs. Here is one: Having leveled the corn in the crib measure the length, breadth and depth, and multiply them together, and deduct from the product one-fifth, and you have the number of bushels in the ear; for shelled corn take one-half. To be strictly correct, add half a bushel for every one hundred. Persons who are fond of cyphering can test the correctness of this rule by taking 1,878 solid inches for a foot, and 2,150 inches in a bushel, and see that the latter is nearly one fifth larger than the former."—*N. Y. Independent.*

There is a microscopic fungus always found in milk after being exposed for 15 or 20 hours in the air in summer, even before it tastes the least sour. Some German physicians think this fungus the cause of disturbances of digestion in children fed on milk; and they say that these often cease when precautions are taken, such as to give the milk as fresh as possible, and to keep it in a bottle completely filled and tightly corked. It should also be kept at a temperature as nearly as po sible that of the milk as it came from the cow.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

ASTRONOMY.—NO. III.

BY BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

The Stellar Systems.—Gravitation.—Light.

The same influences of gravitation extend to other parts of the solar system. The eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, so useful to navigators in determining their Longitude, can be, and are predicted on the same principle, for years in advance of their occurrence, and these predictions verified by the actual phenomena, with the greatest precision. From long and varied experience, astronomers are just as confident in the laws of gravitation, and their unerring results, as they are that the Sun will rise on any "to-morrow morning." Of this confidence I will give two suggestive and instructive instances.

In observing the motions of the planet Saturn, which is 900 millions of miles from the Sun, during the last century, disagreements between the observed and calculated places of that planet were detected, which could not be explained by any known cause. Notwithstanding these discrepancies, astronomers never doubted for a moment the truths and principles upon which their calculations rested, but concluded that some disturbing element, influencing the motions of Saturn, existed in an unknown planet more remote from the Sun than Saturn, and moving around the Sun outside of Saturn's orbit. This induced a search of the heavens for such body, and the search was sucessfully terminated in 1781, by "Sir William Herschell" discovering a planet, at nearly *twice the distance* from the Sun that Saturn is, and thus nearly doubling the dimensions of our solar system as before known to us!

Dr. Herschell called the newly-discovered planet Georgiun Sidus, in honor of his patron George III.; the French astronomers called it Herschell, after its illustrious discoverer; but the name of it has settled down to Uranus. Now, that confidence in truth,—in the laws of nature, which are the laws of God, and therefore fixed and eternal,—which would lead human intelligence to infer, from certain unexplainable irregularities in the movements of a celestial body nine hundred millions of miles distant from the observer, that a disturbing unknown element *must exist* beyond it, and then, upon consequent search being made, such element to be actually discovered,—the known leading to the unknown,—and found to be 900 millions of miles more remote than the body it disturbed, wholly invisible to the unassisted sight, its light being quenched in the depths of Ether, possesses very great and instructive significance. This is true *faith;* "the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen." If only the disturbances in our spiritual consciousness, which are as much realities as those, were alike regarded and acted upon, what an extensive, profitable,

and happy change would be produced in the religious condition of the human family, widening the flow of the heart's instinctive liberality, and doubling the sphere of its usefulness and enjoyment.

Although the discovery of this new planet, and using its necessary influence in the calculations, satisfied very nearly the previous difficulty in relation to the motions of Saturn, yet it was soon discovered that in the motions of Uranus there were inexplicable irregularities, similar to those which had formerly existed in the motions of Saturn: when a similar explanation was immediately offered, that the disturbing force which produced these irregularities resided in an unknown planet, still more remote from the Sun than Uranus. A young French mathematician, Le Verier, proposed to solve the problem, from *having the amount and direction of the force affecting the motions of Uranus*, to *determine* the *point* in *the heavens where the invisible disturbing force must be.* With immense labor and great care he made his calculations, ascertained the place in the heavens where this hitherto unknown body would be on a certain evening, wrote to his friend Dr. Galle of Berlin to direct his telescope to that part of the heavens on that evening, and *he would see* the disturbing planet. On the 23d of 9th mo., 1846, the evening designated, Dr. Galle did as he was directed, and was rewarded with the sight of the new planet.

This work of Leverier is justly regarded as the highest effort of pure analysis ever achieved. The planet thus discovered was at first called Leverier, after its discoverer, but the name of Neptune has been permanently assigned to it by astronomers. The planet Neptune is *a thousand millions* of miles more remote from the Sun than Uranus, and thirty times as far from the Sun as the Earth is, and viewed from Uranus, the Sun would appear only one nine hundreth part of the size it does to us. Now, such practical evidences of the correctness and reliability of the data upon which astronomical calculations rest, must inspire confidence in those facts and statements whose vastness renders them more difficult to believe; but all are equally true; all rest upon the same basis, and must stand or fall together. This fact must be borne in mind when we come to speak of the stellar systems.

The only known medium connecting us with the stellar systems is light; and one of the known facts concerning light, and one which concerns our present subject, is that it moves with a velocity of about two hundred thousands miles in a second of time, or as far as eight times around our large Earth while the "seconds pendulum" of a clock makes a single vibration. It thus, as a winged messenger, conveys to the eye of intelligence information of the existence of the body from which it departed when it commenced its rapid flight, though such body may be extremely remote. This distance which light moves in a second of time, will be used as a measuring unit, in giving the dimensions of what we know of the stellar universe.

Another fact in relation to light which connects itself with our present subject, may be introduced in the following manner: A piece of metal having its temperature gradually raised, continues to give out rays which are invisible to the eye, that is, which are incapable of stimulating the optic nerve, and which give no perception of light whatever, although they give evidence of heat both to the senses and to the pyrometer. When the temperature gets to near 1000 degrees of Fahrenheit, however, a set of rays are sent off, or the others intensified, which stimulate the optic nerve to impart the sensation of a *red color*, the invisible rays just referred to suffering no diminution. Continuing to raise the temperature of the metal, rays producing an *orange* color are next emitted, then *yellow*, *green*, *indigo* and *violet*, the rays successively developing, by the elevation of temperature, in the order of the colors in the prismatic spectum, all the previous colored rays, with those of heat, continuing to be emitted with each new one, so that when the violet is emitted as shown by the prism, the heated body assumes the appearance of a *white heat*, observed by the eye without the prism, showing that *white light* results from a combination of all the colors, and that the different shades of color through which a body passes as its temperature is raised from a red to a white heat, is the result of the combination of the several colors as they are developed in the prismatic succession.

A singular fact is also to be observed in the development. The red rays, for instance, do not come gradually, but burst with full brilliancy into the spectrum, when the temperature is attained which expels these rays, or induces their intensity. The same is the case with all the other colors. All the rays, visible and invisible, are *intensified*, so to speak, by the increase of temperature, after they begin to be emitted. For a knowledge of these deeply interesting facts, we are indebted to the researches of Prof. Tyndall.

This will enable us to understand the cause of there being *differently colored* stars; as also to comprehend the important fact not hitherto sufficiently insisted upon, that, as the point of temperature at which the emitted rays begin to be visible is towards the middle of the

temperature of combustion, there may be nearly as many *invisible* existing bodies, or *dark stars*, so to call them, filling up the vast spaces regarded as vacuities in the heavens, as there are visible ones. Bessell strongly maintained that such bodies do exist, and the name is applied to them of "Bessell's dark bodies;" and the beautiful researches of Prof. Tyndall have attached great probability to the opinion formed by an examination of the phenomena of the heavens by that distinguished astronomer. One of these "dark bodies," Bessell believed, existed near Sirius, around which that bright star revolved.

THE HONEY-COMB OF THE PSALMS.

BY THEO. L. CUYLER.

While we do not agree with some of our Scotch-Irish brethren that the Psalms of David are to be our *only* vehicle of sanctuary praise, we do agree with them in the profound love they bear to these wonderful lyrics of the Divine Spirit, and we heartily acknowledge that in all the Old Testament there are no utterances dearer to the devout heart than these delicious melodies. Sweeter are they than honey, and the honey-comb.

When we come to the Book of Psalms, we seem to leave the world and to enter the temple of Jehovah. Hitherto we have been in patriarchs' tents, in royal courts, and in the camp of the warrior. But now the gates of God's house swing open before us, and we hear the solemn voices issuing forth: "How amiable are thy tabernacles, oh! Lord of hosts! Blessed are they that dwell in thy house. Come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker."

As we enter this sublime house of prayer, the paltry vanities of earth pass away from our sight. Our souls are drawn upward from the world; and something of the feeling which overawed the disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration steals over our spirit. Before the soul's inner eye are unfolding things the most tender, the most melting, the most soothing, and the most lofty and majestic. At one time we are lifted into adoring rapture as we hear the voice of inspiration chanting forth, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth forth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." Then the mighty roll of triumphant anthems shake the arches. "Oh! sing unto the Lord a new song; for he has done marvelous things. His right hand and holy arm have gotten us the victory. Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein!"

And then, again, a low and plaintive sound steals upon the ear, like a lamentation for the dead. As we listen, we hear a voice, as the voice of a mourner wailing forth, "Have *mercy* upon me, oh, God! according to thy loving kindness; according to thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions. Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, oh, God! wilt thou not despise!"

Thus every utterance of devotion, from the loftiest praise to the lowliest penitence, finds here a place. In this "epitome of the Scriptures" nearly everything that belongs to the divine glory or to the Christian's experience is embodied. Both the external universe of God and the internal realm of the human heart are alike unfolded. All that can alarm the wicked, revive the penitent, console the afflicted, and elevate the saint are to be found in this marvelous and comprehensive Book of Psalms. Sweeter are they than honey, and the honey-comb.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

Sixth mo., 1869.

The following letter, written by a corrresponding member of the "Natural History Club" of Philadelphia, is offered for publication. Aside from the observations of value contained in it, and its rare and delightful spirit, we hope it may be *one* means of stirring up other *young women* to find recreation and profit in similar pursuits. J. G. H.

"The birds! the birds of summer hours,
They bring a gush of glee,
To the child among the fragrant flowers,
To the sailor on the sea.

And when their holy anthems
Come pealing on the air,
Our hearts go forth to meet them
With a blessing and a prayer."

Dear Club:—The birds are with us again, and, I doubt not that to you, as to myself, they have brought "a gush of glee," as you wandered "among the fragrant flowers." Earlier than usual have they left their winter homes to gladden us with their presence, for on the 13th of 2d month came the blue-birds, with their joyous carol, followed on the 14th by the robin, with its clear sweet song. Then the tide rolled back, for not until the 24th did we hear the red-winged starlings holding their "meetings" in the trees. On 3d mo. 1st, the purple grackles came to their nesting-place in the tall poplars; and on the 14th the kildeer plover flew high above me, uttering constantly its wild shrill cry. On the 20th, a flock of seventy Canada geese passed over, flying very low, following their leader, with his lonely "Honk," to the shores of the great northern lakes; and on the 28th, I noticed the pewit-flycatchers, or Phœbe-bird of New England. On the 1st of 4th mo., a

solitary rusty grackle, a pioneer perhaps of the main flock, alighted for a few moments on a tall tree-top, plumed itself, and rising high in the air, was lost to sight. On the 5th, I saw the chipping-sparrow, and on the 12th, three fox-colored sparrows on the horse-chestnut trees called me to listen to their low, sweet warble. On the 17th came the night-hawk and purple martin, followed the next day by the Savannah and white-throated sparrows, the latter the most beautiful of its tribe, journeying on to the Maine wilderness, where, accordiug to Thoreau, it gathers in countless numbers, and its peculiar notes ring loud and clear. The 25th was a warm, bright day, and the field sparrow, chimney swallow, tawney thrush, small blue-gray and warbling fly-catchers came, while the ruby-crowned wrens darted from tree to tree, the whole upper part of the head seeming, in the sunlight, one blaze of crimson light.

On the 26th I saw small flocks of yellow-rump warblers, searching for insects among the opening buds. These were in full plumage, but at times their markings are so different as to be taken for a new species. Their only note that I have heard is a short "chirp." The barn-swallows came on the 28th, and gave their last year's nests a thorough examination, as though calculating the probable cost of necessary repairs for the coming season.

On the 5th of 5th mo. the rice-bunting or bobolink was with us, with its liquid, gingling notes; and the Carolina pigeon, with its sad and plaintive call. On the 6th, the Baltimore oriole came to its accustomed place on the old willow, and selected a slender limb whereon to suspend its nest; while the 7th brought the ferruginous thrush, black and white creepers, black-throated, blue, and Tennessee warblers, wood-pewee flycatchers, black-throated, green, and Nashville warblers, and the purple finch. Wilson mentions this as being a winter bird, arriving in large flocks in October, but with much careful observation we have never found them with us in the winter, and but seldom see them in their spring migrations. Evidently since his time some birds have become rare, or changed their haunts, for many of the warblers he speaks of as being rare, are very abundant now. On the 8th, I saw the bay-winged bunting in the cherry tree, and also the American red-start. The latter bird deserves more than a mere passing notice, as it is one of the most beautiful of its kind. Actively engaged in the pursuit of minute insects, it seems ever conscious of its own beauty: by expanding and closing its wings and tail, it shows itself off to advantage. Its song, like that of all the warblers, is clear and sweet, causing everyone to feel better after hearing it.

The 8th brought the blue-yellow-back warblers, and the towhe bunting or "chewink."

Thus have I given the names and time of appearance of a few of the many birds that have been with us this spring; some of them have remained, but most merely paused in their journey to their summer haunts, and we shall see them no more until they turn sunward again, and may we then greet them as now, with a "blessing and a prayer." M.

DEBORAH MORRIS, *a Friend, who died about the year* 1800, *has preserved a family anecdote, by reciting it in her will, to the following purport:*

Item,—I give to my nephew, Thomas Morris, the large old-fashioned silver salver, which belonged to my dear aunt Elizabeth Hard, who with her husband came over (to Pennsylvania) with William Penn and other Friends. All that arrived in those early days wanted lodgings in the then wilderness, and hastened to provide themselves with temporary accommodations. Few of the first settlers were of the laboring class, and help of that sort was scarcely to be had at any price, so that many of the women set to work they had never known before.

My good Great Aunt (Hard) was accustomed to help her husband at building, and took one end of the cross-cut saw with him; she also fetched water for the mortar, wherewith to build the chimney for their cave. At one time her husband perceiving her to be over-wearied, said to her, "My dear, thou hadst better give over and see about dinner." On which, poor woman, she walked away, weeping as she went, for she knew their provisions were all spent, of which she had not told her husband, except a small quantity of biscuit and a little cheese, but she thought she would try if any of her neighbors had anything to spare. While reflecting on herself as she went along for coming to America to be exposed to such hardships, she felt reproved in her mind for distrusting a kind Providence who had hitherto provided for them. In this humble state she reached her cave, and on her knees begged forgiveness for having murmured against the will of her Heavenly Father.

When she arose to go and call on her friends to ask their charity, the cat came home from a foraging expedition, bringing a fine rabbit in its mouth, which she thankfully took and proceeded to dress it, as an English hare. When her husband was informed of the fact, they both wept with reverential joy, and thankfully partook of the food so seasonably provided for them.

Deborah Morris also bequeathed to her Uncle, John Morris, another family relic—a

silver turreen, upon which was engraved the device of the cat bringing home a rabbit in its mouth.—*Friends' Almanac.*

Man's Complex Nature—The Periods of Life —Truth, Manhood and Old Age. By ORVILLE DEWEY.

Under this head are to be mentioned, in the first place, the different periods of life. These steps of life all have their place, and give their aid in the process of human development. The physical adaptation in these periods of life, images and helps a moral adaptation. Look at the supple and flexible limbs of a child, at the strengthening bone of manhood, and at the relaxing fibre of age. How necessary are these; the one to the safe training of life, the next to its stable vigor, and the last to that loosening of the hold upon life's labors and cares, which is necessary to the quietude, the meditativeness, the ripened wisdom that befit the closing period of our earthly existence. This remark is familiar in physiology, but it is equally applicable to the moral economy of the human constitution.

Childhood is the world's great experimenter. It is the season, not of the deepest, but of the most rapid learning. It wants, therefore, a peculiar susceptibility to feel, a freedom to choose, and a flexibility to change. It must try this and try that, and not fix too strong a grasp upon anything. It must be full of hope and buoyancy and facility. Lay the weight of prejudice or custom, or matured vice, upon childhood, and it would be crushed entirely. We are alarmed when we see in a child, a disposition to prevaricate; but we should be shocked beyond measure if that practice were clothing itself with the strength of fixed habit. We are vexed when we see a boy taking on airs of superiority to his mates, on account of the homage paid to his parent's wealth or fame; but, thank Heaven! the great enslaving law of opinion yet bears lightly on his ignorance and innocence. But what should we think, if we saw the full-grown vices of sensuality or worldly ambition developing themselves in the body or mind of a child? We should give him up in despair.

You will be more sensible of this guardianship thrown around the earliest period of life, if you observe the barrier that separates childhood from manhood. In youth, and in its passage to maturity, there is a very singular crisis; the form, the face, the voice, the temperament, the sentiments, the passions, pass through a remarkable change. The previous time of life seems to have been a dispensation by itself; marked by a certain indifference, by a certain mingled levity and apathy with regard to the wider interests of life. The child has a safeguard in his profound *ignorance* of much that is around him. He lives in the midst of the world; but a friendly veil is thrown around him, that tempers its bright and deceitful glare. He lives in an enclosure protected from temptations that would be as wild beasts to his gentle innocence. His ambition does not wander beyond the school and the play-ground. The impulses of sense and passion yet slumber in his bosom. His loves are school-day friendships and family regards. His life is comparative joyance and repose. But now at length, the time comes when the great veil that hides the world begins to rise; when the first battle with the stronger powers that sleep in the human breast, is to be fought; and the previously secure and calm house of life becomes, as it were, a forge, an arsenal, a citadel. There are flashings out of new and unwonted fires; there is solemn and even sad brooding over the enterprises and destinies of existence; there are trumpet calls in the courtyard of the guarded house; there is the disturbance and disorder, the dust and confusion, the thronging thoughts and energies, that betoken the entrance upon a new and momentous scene. Forces like these would have split and shattered in pieces the frail and delicate tenement of childhood; but now, to virtuous resolution and youth's first struggling prayer to Heaven, strength is given to meet them.

The next stage is manhood. *Now* something is to be decided on, and something to be done. *Before*, there was activity; *now* there is to be work. There is to be plan, pursuit, profession—some end to be chosen; and there is to be a concentration of energies to gain it. The field is wider. Before, the word was,—"Learn these lessons and continue to learn them, and you shall be at the head." Now, many things are to be learned and many things done, to get to the head, or to get along at all. The head is, not a certificate, a diploma, a valedictory oration, but the leading-staff of empire, of authorship, of art, of business, of social or professional distinction. The world is full of varied interests, full of exigencies, full of competitors. The business of life is complicated, urgent, exhausting. Think of a child, a boy of fifteen, charged with all this care, this responsibility. It would confound and crush his faculties. Especially would it crush down all joyance and free growth. But all this, to right hearted manhood, is a noble culture. Manhood has powers for the task It has strength of muscle to work, strength of mind to act, strength of heart to endure. And the innocence of childhood is well exchanged for manhood's strength, for its courage, its manliness, its high integrity; for that grand equipoise of the faculties in which it

holds itself erect and firm, and stands before the world with foot and hand, and heart and mind ready for its work; ready to do business, to cope with difficulties, to subdue obstacles, to speak and act in the affairs of men and nations.

But the toil and strife at length are over; the bustle and turmoil of life have passed away; age lays its chastening hand upon the vigorous frame and the fevered passions; sager and more sacred thoughts take possession of the mind; the race is run, the battle is fought, the world is changed; and when that winter day of life is come, and the blossoms of hope and the fruits of ripened friendship are all scattered in the dust, the man says: "Let me depart, it is good for me to die."

And age, too, like every other period of life, is not without its own special fitness and personal vocation.

And now I say, that all this is naturally a progress in virtue. In one respect the visible is not an emblem of the spiritual life. Age, that declines in vigor, naturally grows in virtue. Its affections, I think, are usually as vigorous as those of youth; its wisdom is, of course, far greater. I do not forget that it is, in some respects, peculiarly tried. It is hard to give up some things to which it has been accustomed—the activity, the control of affairs, the indulgence perhaps of appetite. This last point I have sometimes seen to be one of especial difficulty. These, however, are but flaws upon the deep and quiet stream.

Still, age is naturally the maturity of virtue, of piety, of all that is noblest in the mind. Not till approaching the grand climacteric, perhaps, does the character usually arrive at its highest perfection. Great intellectual power, no doubt, is attained earlier; the culminating point of talent, authorship, statesmanship, military skill, is reached sooner; but not till a later day does humanity, even when thus distinguished, arrive at its highest wisdom, self-control, and sanctity; not till then, perhaps, are the great problems of the inmost life solved; the conflicting tendencies of the nature brought into harmony; and the utmost aims of human existence achieved. To me the grandest form of humanity is the aged form. I had almost said the most attractive beauty, taking into account the manners, bearing, and *expressions* of countenance. Youth, I know, carries off the palm, with most persons—the fair complexion, the glossy hair, the smooth brow and painted cheek. It is a sort of barbaric taste, I am tempted to say; but it is so prevalent, that I am quite sure a good-natured indulgence will be extended to an opposite opinion; it has so very little chance of prevailing. "Ay,"—it will be said—"criticize as much as you please, the claims of youth to all beauty and outward charms; they can bear it." But, in truth, the form that stands erect after the storms of seventy or eighty years have beat upon it; the face that bears on it the marks of all human triumph, of the last triumph, that over itself; the calm dignity and gentle courtesy and forbearance, in man or woman, that come from long reflection and patient culture; the holy serenity and assured trust, caught from the heaven that is near, and shining through the parting shadows of life; why, nature, I say, is not false to herself; *there is* the nobleness of humanity, and there are some of its noblest expressions. That aged form—how often, in fact, does it draw a thoughtful man in a gay company, from the charms of youth, and all the importunity of their attractions, to the side of its venerableness, wisdom, and beauty! The contrary tendency in this country or any other country, the tendency in society to separate the aged and the young, is one that is to be looked upon with the greatest reprehension. This pushing forward of the young to take all the places in society, to *be* the whole of society, ought to be repressed by their elders, with dignity and authority. Depend upon it, that all such breaking away from the great bonds of nature, from the venerable sanctities of life, is essentially degrading even to the taste of a people; and you may be sure that it is a vulger tendency of society that leads the young to wish, in their chosen happy hours, to separate themselves from their aged friends. I am not wandering from my proper theme. The point which I have ventured thus plainly to touch, concerns not only good manners, but good culture. It was meant, I believe, that youth and age should exert upon each other a mutual influence; that the aged should not want the cheering presence and attention of the young, nor the young, the wise and tranquilizing influence of the aged; that aged life should not lack entertainment, just when perhaps most needing it, and that young life should not rush into it, without the restraints of filial tenderness and respect.

Montaigne says, quoting, perhaps unconsciously, almost the very words of Cicero, "I had rather be old not so long, than to be old before the time." But we, in this country, think ourselves old before we are so, and actually grow old before we need. Society forces it upon us. "I have done with the world," says one; "I am getting to be an old man." And so he sits in his solitary room, perhaps; afraid that he shall be a burden upon the young company in an adjoining apartment. And suppose he is an old man—and not fifty, which is old for our pushing society—suppose he *is indeed* an old man; does it

follow that he is done with the world? Nay, if wisdom and experience and perfected character mean anything, he has now to exert a finer, nobler, and more beautiful influence upon the world, than ever.

DON'T WHIP THEM.

Mothers, don't whip them! Treat God's lambs tenderly. Compel obedience, but not with the rod. The other evening, whilst taking my customary stroll, the face maternal appeared at the door of a pleasant little home I had often noticed, and loudly ordered a little lad of three or so to "come in, and see if she did not do as she said she would." The mother, in her wrath at being disobeyed, re-entered the house, not hearing the little one's sobbing explanation that he had stepped outside to fetch the baby in. Directly the blows and piteous cries fell upon my ears. Undoubtedly the little one had gone beyond the prescribed bounds; but it was to bring the wee toddling thing inside, who as yet heeded not commands, however harshly given, and his full heart and meagre use of words withheld the power of explanation. Poor little man, how my heart ached for him! Kissless and sad he went to his bed. Mothers, do not whip them! Do not yourselves make shadows in the sunlight with which God always surrounds children. Do not let them be lulled to sleep by the falling of their tears, or by their own sad sobs and sighs. Far pleasanter it is, when you go to tuck them in at night, to find pink feet on the pillow, dimpled knees in air, toys yet in embrace, and smiles on their sweet mouths. Yourselves bear in mind their last words, "If I should die before I wake." Treat them tenderly. I took my little man a shot-gun to-night, and, handing it over the gate, I said, "Now will you mind mamma, and stay inside when she tells you?" I am sure the "me will" was very sincere; but, if they forget, bear with them. If childhood's days cannot be free from sorrow, surely none ever may.—*Exchange.*

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Our family are busily engaged in looking well to the ways of the household, both indoors and out. I know 'tis needful to take prudent care of the good gifts our Heavenly Father has bestowed upon us—both natural, temporal and spiritual; but I feel almost afraid *some* bright talents will be too deeply buried in the things of an earthly nature, and *hidden*. I know to be faithful in little things is the way to be entrusted with more of the King's treasures, and I feel thy tender and kind salutation, or caution, not to put aside any drawing of mind, to perform little acts of duty. Words like those are very precious to my heart. It would be a great privilege if I were so situated, that I could, when the feeling prompts, call at a friend's door and say, Come my sister with me, let us go out yonder, or up hither, for I know we are designed to be one another's helpers. "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." I have much to be thankful for, and if I improve all my present opportunities of receiving and conferring good, it will be well with me. I want to be a grateful receiver. Surely He who has been with us in the morning of our day will not forsake or cast us off now in the evening of life.

Thou mentioned that at your late Quarterly Meeting you had many *visitors*, and a wonderful outpouring of vocal communication. I often think of a remark of a friend, that, "it had always been a cross for him to *speak* in meeting, and he hoped it would never be a cross for him to keep silent." I love to sit in a good old-fashioned silent meeting, and feel the flowing of the Father's love to fill the heart so full as may be *felt*, but uttered not.

Our Select Quarter was a very good one, and I trust the feeling that was spread over the meeting was an evidence of its being a profitable and favored season. The word went forth with power—"I will get me to my watch-tower, and there I will hearken and hear what the Lord shall say unto me, and what I shall answer when I am reproved." The precious gospel Fountain was opened and flowed freely and sweetly, tending to the one point, the great need and importance of a faithful watching Spirit.

"We have so much to do for ourselves that we have no time to waste in dwelling upon the failings of others. We should aim higher, and live in a purer atmosphere."

I was greatly impressed by these utterances as they fell from the lips of our dear friend —— during our call on her. There was much teaching in them, and they were so refreshing too, and came with so much life, giving evidence of the purity of the heart whence they emanated. Surely they were the issues of life. We should number among our blessings the privilege of close companionship with those whose walk is with the Master.

I may not speak of all our feelings during that hour, but I have felt that when making such calls, if our minds or our thoughts were attuned to heavenly things, we would much

more often than we do find a chord touched giving a response which would minister to mutual refreshment. But when these evidences of remembrance lapse into mere formalities, or are embraced as opportunities for the indulgence of idle gossip or the chit chat of the day, the time thus used must be considered mis-spent, for it can yield no substantial good.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 3, 1869

"To him who Overcometh will I give to Eat of the Tree of Life."—Among the "Scraps from Unpublished Letters" in last number is the notice of an interesting and encouraging incident, based upon the above Scripture text, which shows that these were "a few words fitly spoken" which met the witness for Truth in the mind of a child, and proved to be "a life message," as was acknowledged even after the stature of a man had been attained. This message called not to any particular sect or doctrinal creed, but to that warfare which is between the flesh and the Spirit, and in which he who trusteth in the name of the Lord ever will have the victory. "To him who overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life."

It is well for us to gather encouragement whenever and wherever we can. It is well to gather roses instead of thistles when both are within our reach, in accordance with the exhortation of the apostle Paul to the brethren of his day, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things."

It would be for our benefit, individually and collectively, and tend to an increase of strength and happiness, did we keep before us the virtues rather than the faults of our brethren, and if, instead of dwelling upon the failings of the high professors and stumbling at the apparent inconsistencies of his life, we leave him in the hand of his Judge, who sees not as man sees, and turn our eyes to observe the many evidences around us, wherein is proved the sufficiency of the indwelling word as a guide and qualifier, our faith therein would be firmer, and we would find that he who trusts in the word of the Lord shall never be confounded.

We furnish our readers with another little circumstance of recent occurrence, which may revive the drooping faith of those who sometimes believe that the former days were better than the present. It has been truly said, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

A little boy, perhaps ten years old, was requested by his teacher to learn the 44th verse of the 5th chapter of Mathew,—"Love your enemies," &c.,—to repeat at First-day school. Instead of complying with the request, he told her "he could not learn that verse, for it was what he could not do—that his little neighbor had spoiled one of his nice play-things, and he could not love him, and so he could not say that verse."

Need we fear to have our children taught even the *letter* of Scripture, when the teaching is accompanied by an influence which brings home to the young mind a consciousness of individual accountability, so as to cause an application to itself of the beautiful precepts of Jesus. We believe the heavenly blessing rests upon such teaching, and that many an infant aspiration after good has been and will be strengthed by it.

In the case alluded to we may plainly see that the Witness for Truth worked effectively in the mind of the little child, and he thus recognized his accountability. It is interesting to observe the fine sense of justice and right which prevented this child from even repeating a text, the spirit of which he had not attained.

Were parents and teachers tenderly observant of such evidences of the bubblings up of life, they would indeed often be as schoolmasters leading the precious children to a saving acquaintance with the indwelling Word, which in a former day called "Samuel, Samuel," and which is now alike working in every mind, in order to perfect the great work of our preservation from "the evil that is in the world."

A New Meeting at Pennsbury.—We have been requested to inform Friends who

feel an interest in visiting meetings for Divine worship, especially those recently established, where their presence would be an encouragement, that an indulged meeting has been granted at the request of many persons (a majority of whom are not members of our religious Society,) at Penn's Manor, Bucks Co., Pa., called Pennsbury Meeting. It is held on the first First-day in each month, at 10 o'clock, A.M. Our informant states that six of these meetings have been held greatly to the satisfaction of those interested.

DIED, on the 30th of Twelfth month, 1868, PHEBE MACOMBER, in the 80th year of her age.

——, on the 27th of First month, 1869, ELEANOR HOXIE, in the 83d year of her age. These Friends were both members of Scipio Monthly Meeting, N.Y.

ERRATUM.—The Scripture text on page 261 in last number, "Ye said also, Behold what a weariness is it?" is from Malachi i. 13, and not Matthew, as printed.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

The Board of Managers of this Institution have determined to open it for the reception of pupils on the 21st day of Tenth month next. Applications for admission of pupils must be addressed to the undersigned, personally or by letter, stating full name, age and address of applicant, name of parent or guardian, and whether said applicant, parent or guardian is a stockholder in the College. The list will be opened for entering names on the 12th day of Seventh month and closed on the 2d day of Eighth month, and no names will be received before the first of these dates. An announcement of terms and other necessary information will be issued and mailed to the stockholders on or before the 1st of Seventh month next.

EDWARD PARRISH, *President*,
800 Arch Street, Philada.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

The Quarterly Meeting of "The Association of Friends for the promotion of First-day Schools within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting" will be held at Friends' Meeting-house, Salem, N.J., on Seventh-day, Seventh month 17th, at 11 A.M. All schools within its limits are desired to send reports and appoint delegates. Business of general interest will be transacted, and the different methods of conducting infant and other classes considered. All who feel an interest are invited to attend and participate. Friends of Salem have kindly extended an invitation to those who attend to remain over First-day, thus giving more time for the meetings of the Association, and also express the hope that there will be a full attendance.

The Steamer "Reybold" leaves Arch St. wharf, Philadelphia, at 3¼ P.M., Sixth day afternoon, and Salem on Second-day, at 7 A.M. West Jersey R.R. from foot of Market St. at 8 A.M. and 3½ P.M.; return at 6.45 A.M. and 3 P.M.

The Executive Committee will meet on Sixth-day evening at 8 o'clock, at Salem.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., } *Clerks.*
EMMA WORRELL, }

DESCRIPTIVE LETTER FROM A PHILADELPHIAN, DATED

PHILLIPEVILLE, ALGERIA, May 7, 1869.

This letter will give thee some account of places and people, somewhat out of the common route of travel, through which we have passed during the past few weeks.

Palermo is one of the most beautiful and important cities in Sicily. Its situation on a bay to the North is fine. Mountains of a picturesque outline, but of no great height, reach to the sea on either side and extend across the country behind it, so as upon three sides to surround it with a varied and interesting scenery. A wide street, shaded by several rows of trees, extends along the sea front of the city with handsome and well-built houses fronting upon it, from which you have a beautiful view over the waters and upon the mountains which form the headlands upon each side of the bay.

This fashionable drive is called the Marina. It leads to the public garden, a small, but neatly kept enclosure, nicely shaded and provided with seats for the comfort of the visitor. Adjoining this is the botanical garden, where a small collection of plants of the warmer climes will be found. The city of Palermo is built upon ground rising gently from the sea and at the foot of the amphitheatre, formed by the mountains surrounding it. The shape of this valley and the fertility of its soil have united to give it the beautiful title of the "*Conco d 'oro*" or "Shell of Gold," a not unmerited tribute to a soil productive of all the finest and most beautiful fruits that the taste of man can indulge in.

The oranges and lemons of Palermo are noted; the wines, almonds, peaches, figs and olives are abundant and excellent, and the whole country teems with a rich and varied cultivation.

The city, though generally a curious collection of narrow and crooked streets, is divided into four nearly equal parts by two avenues comparatively wide and quite straight, which cross each other at right angles. The Via Toledo is the main business street, and extends from the Marina to the Royal Palace, where it passes into the suburbs by one of the fine gateways, which the existence of walls renders still one of the peculiarities of the place. Nearly two hundred churches and formerly seventy-five convents existed in this city. Many of the churches are amongst the richest in the world, their internal decorations of marbles and mosaics being beautiful beyond description. The entire walls and ceilings and floors being covered with them, in the various forms of sculpture and bas-relief of rich and varied design—the mosaic of the Byzantine

style, with the entire ground of a rich gold color—the tracery and scroll work of the marble flooring, of beautiful design and finest workmanship. But the finest church in Sicily is that at Monreale, about four miles outside the gate.

The legend tells us that King William the Good, who ruled in the 12th century, while hunting on the mountains, fell asleep, during which the Virgin appeared to him, commanding that he should erect a church upon the spot where he lay. In obedience to this supernatural command, the present structure arose in the combined beauty of Byzantine, Saracenic, Norman and Italian architecture, although the Saracenic is the controlling style of the building and is seen in the marble panelling of the side-aisles. The Byzantine mosaics offer the most gorgeous display of that style of decoration that is in existence, covering the upper walls and ceilings with the richest and most varied display, combined by the artist's skill into a harmonious and charming whole. This is considered as the most curious as well as the most magnificent monument of the period, and the most splendid of the works of the Norman kings. The cloisters adjoining, (which were used as sheltered walks for the monks living in the convent attached,) surround a large garden filled with fruits and flowers. Two hundred columns, crowned with capitals of foliage and figures, and of such variety that no two are alike, form a picture of rare and attractive beauty. La Favorita, one of the summer palaces of the former kings, is at the base of Mt. Palegrino, which rises nearly 2000 feet, forming the western point of the bay of Palermo. Inside and out its decorations are mostly in the Chinese style, and though peculiar, are not strikingly beautiful. Large grounds, in poor order, surround the Casino and but little reminds the visitor that he is in a royal residence. One of the Florio steamers took us in 12 hours to Messina, at the north-east point of Sicily, where the Island approaches within a couple of miles to the coast of Italy. The Straits of Messina separate the two, and here is supposed to lie the once famous whirlpool of Charybdis on the coast of Italy, and the far-renowned rock of Scylla on the shore of Sicily. In avoiding the terrors of the one, the navigator too often rushed upon the terrors of the other. But the wonders of the whirlpool, like those of the Mælstrom of Norway, gain in power as their distance increases, and few at the present day, in passing the spot where a whirling and rapid tide caused such alarm to the navigators of old in their open boats, can be startled into even a momentary excitement.

The view of Messina from the water is very fine. A long range of handsome and well-built houses line the Marina; a forest of masts betokens the activity of its commerce; its numerous forts, bristling with cannon, protecting the harbor and crowning the hills above the town, and its many and quaint church towers, all combine to form a pleasing foreground to a picture, surrounded by hills in a high state of cultivation to their summits, and dotted over with convents, casinos and villages, while the snow-covered mass of Etna, 50 miles distant, crowns the whole with an unusual charm.

The town presents but little of interest. The cathedral is the prominent object, but though of much the same dimensions with, it lacks the rich decorations of Monreale and appears in comparison plain and insignificant. The archives of this church are rich in possessing a letter from the Virgin Mary, written by her and sent to the Messinese, in which they are assured of her special protection.

Two festivals are annually held there in honor of their patron, and the name "Letteris" is given to many of their children by the people living there. Almost every Sicilian town has its particular saint whose memory is specially venerated and worshipped from supposed influence in promoting their prosperity and protection from evils. St. Rosalie in Palermo, St. Agatha at Catanai, St. Diana at Syracuse, are a few instances of what in Catholic countries is an ordinary event. Towards sunset of the same day we were passing along the base of Etna, whose lofty snow-covered peak, 10,000 feet high, towers above all other mountains in Sicily, and forms a striking object in distant views of the Island. Shortly after dark we were at the grand Hotel Catania, and were more comfortably accommodated than for many a day.

The house is large, clean and well arranged, giving promise to the eye which experience fully realized. Our windows opened full upon the great volcano, at whose base we seemed to be, though twenty miles distant from its summit.

Mt. Etna is of course the all-absorbing attraction here. The Grecian and Roman antiquities seem quite dwarfed and commonplace in such a majestic presence, and are indeed almost buried beneath the masses of lava, which, at various periods of time, have flown in irresistible masses down into the sea.

Although less than 11,000 feet in height, Etna covers a vast region, and the nearest road around it is said to be 120 miles in length. Most of the space in this circuit is covered by lava emitted at different eruptions since the 6th century before Christ, and the

face of the mountain is now covered with little excresences, as they seem from a distance, but in reality by cones of former eruptions, of greater or of lesser size. The great cone at the summit is about 1,100 feet high, and those on the mountain sides vary from 700 or 800 feet in height to 100 or 200 feet. The highest of these, called Monte Rossi, from the redness of its color, was formed by the famous eruption of 1669, which covered the country with a line of liquid fire more than two miles wide, covered up in its course a large portion of the city, and ended its career by filling a large part of the port of Catania with a mass of molten rock. Everywhere throughout the city you see evidences of the desolation of that great outbreak. The present city, with its broad straight streets, rows of fine stores or handsome houses, stands upon the solid lava which swept over the ruins of its predecessor, and buried it in a sea of fire. In Catania we found, for the first time, and during the first weeks of April, that delightful spring-like warmth which is looked for in Italy, but which, during the present season, seems to have taken flight for some unknown region.

Vegetation was much more advanced than we found at any place further north. The vines, almonds, figs, olives, were in a forward state, showing fruit well formed, and all the fields were covered with luxuriant crops of grain and grass that gave promise of an abundant harvest. We started by carriage to Syracuse, but a small steamer stopped our course, and as the ferry-boat was aground upon a sand-bank, we were compelled to return to the hotel and await the steamer due in two days. Profiting by this detention, we visited Taormina, a city founded in the 4th century before Christ, and which afterward became one of the most populous on the island. Situated on a promontory rising almost perpendicularly from the sea to a height of nearly 1,000 feet, with a view extending on the north to the Straits of Messina and to the south to Catania, a distance in either direction of 25 miles, with the whole surface of Mt. Etna spread out before the eye, there are few pictures, even in this land of beauty, more attractive, lovely and peculiar. With their well-known appreciation of the beautiful, the Greeks built an immense open theatre upon a spot commanding the greatest charms of this charming panorama, from which, while seated in the auditorium, they could gaze over hill and dale, sea and shore, and even enjoy the great attractions that Etna offers to the eye. The ruins of this theatre, afterwards enlarged by the Romans to accommodate 40,000 persons seated, form one of the chief attractions, but the singular beauty of the situation and the fine panoramic view to be enjoyed, gave us a treat which we were quite unprepared for. Perched upon the summit of a peak 1,000 feet higher still, there rests a little village (like a bird's nest on a crag), in a spot so difficult of access, so disconnected from the world below, and possessing such indifferent attractions, that one wonders what could ever have induced a colony of anything but birds to establish itself on the rock. The early history of Sicily is so full of wars, piracy and destruction, that self-preservation seems to have been the motive for such curious locations as this of Gozza and other places built almost in the sky.

Syracuse, lying thirty miles south of Catania, has gradually shrunk into its present insignificant dimensions from having at one time been the largest of Greek cities, 14 miles in circumference, of wider dominion than Sparta and Athens, the antagonist of Rome and Carthage. The tomb of Archimides, discovered by Cicero 137 years after its occupancy, by means of the epitaph written by the great philosopher, lies a short distance beyond the present city.

A cave cut in the rock and of a peculiar form, having strange acoustic properties, is said to have been made by Dionysius, and used as a prison. An opening at the top of the vault, 70 feet high, is said to have been used by the tyrant to catch the secrets of the prison-house below; and as a whisper almost can be heard the length of the cave, 200 feet, and a loud call is lost in the multiplicity of echoes, it is not unlikely that the name of "Dionysius' Ear," given to this curious structure in the shape of the letter S, was indicative of the use to which it was applied. The remains of a Roman theatre, cut out of a rock upon a hill-side, call to mind that of Taormina, from similarity of situation, though in a less beautiful spot. In all these old Roman cities, the great care with which an abundant supply of water was furnished, is shown in the huge cisterns and the wonderful aqueducts by which they were filled. Here the Nympheum or reservoirs were cut out of the soft sandstone, and were supplied from springs in the mountains 18 miles distant. Close by is the Sepulchral road, an avenue cut out of the rock and lined on both sides with crypts containing niches for cinerary urns. The catacombs are said to exceed those of Rome in size and extent, but the time allotted for our stay did not permit a visit, so that we had no opportunity to see them. There is but little of interest in the city of Syracuse. The cathedral occupies the site of a Greek Temple to Minerva, founded 500 years B. C., and converted into a Christian church during the

7th century. Twenty one of the thirty-six columns, formerly part of the temple, remain embedded in the walls of the present church. There is but little beauty in either the inside or exterior of the cathedral, and seen after the rich churches of Palermo, it seems strangely deficient in those beauties to which I have referred.

The famous fountain of Arethusa rises by the sea-side, and is now enclosed in a well of masonry twenty feet deep and fifty feet wide. Papyrus and rushes grow in its clear waters, from whose abundant springs Lord Nelson watered his fleet, when on the way to the Nile and victory. We were on board our steamer by six o'clock P. M., and early next morning were at anchor in the splendid harbor of Valetta, the principal station for the English navy in the waters of the Mediterranean. 1,400 cannon of the largest sizes and most approved construction, with a garrison of 5000 or 6,000 men, aided by fortifications of wondrous extent and strength, seem to make any attempted attack a certain failure; but to add to the security of the place, every available landing on the island (which is about 20 miles long and half as wide) has been protected by fortifications sufficient to delay if not to prevent the landing of a hostile force.

Valetta fully deserves the tribute paid by Bayard Taylor, as being the most beautiful small city he had seen, if our limited acquaintance with such places enables us to judge. The town rises so rapidly from the harbor, as to make steps necessary in many of the streets, and makes the use of carriages unknown except in those of more favored grades. As the houses are built of pale yellow sand-stone, easily carved, a considerable amount of decoration is readily obtained at a small cost. This adds much to the beauty of the place. The streets are macadamized with a whitish limestone, from which a glare and reflection rises on a hot noon-day, that the color of the houses by no means diminishes.

Green and other colored glasses seem to be very generally used to shield the eyes, and must not only be a comfort but almost a necessity, until the sight accustoms itself to the brightness around. The transformation to a place where our native tongue was so common, made us feel more at home than is usual, but we soon found that a strange medley of language existed. Italian, French, Maltese, Arabic and English greeted the ear in turn. The Maltese, a medley of Italian and Arabic that seemed quite unlike either, and resembled neither of the others, was the prevalent tongue among the laboring classes. French (as seems to be the case all over Europe) was the neutral ground upon which different nationalities met, and was more generally used by strangers in intercourse with each other and with the shopkeepers. Trifling in size as Malta seems upon the map of Europe, it has filled a by no means unimportant place in the history of the world, and the successive powers that have ruled over it in turn show the value attached to its possession by the nations of all ages.

About 1500 years, B. C., the Phœnicians established a colony on the island of Malta, and remained its masters until expelled by the Greeks, who in turn were driven from it by the Romans. It afterward fell under the rule of the Goths, the Saracens, the Normans, the French, the Spaniards and the Germans, by whose Emperor, Charles V., it was transferred in A. D. 1530 to the order of the Knights Hospitallus of St. John of Jerusalem, after their expulsion by the Turks from the island of Cyprus. During the French revolution it was surrendered to Bonaparte, and subsequently was conquered by the English. It has since been more strongly fortified, and is now one of the strongest fortifications in the world. An effective blockade, excluding all provisions, would probably be the only means to reduce it, and as large stores are constantly kept on hand, this would be a tedious and doubtful expedient. While the Knights of St. John were masters of this island, they established themselves first at Cita Vecchia, where they built a cathedral and other fine houses. They afterward removed to La Valletta (named after a distinguished leader) and established a new city, erecting a larger and finer church, still in full preservation, several handsome palaces for the grand masters of the different nations ranged under their banners, and many other buildings still in existence, among which the palace of the grand master (now the residence of the governor) was one of the most important.

In the second or third stories of the houses of Valletta, according to the American term, (but in the first or second in European style,) a balcony projects over the streets, which, glazed in winter and shaded by jalousies during summer's heat, forms a pleasant lounge from which to see the street below. Space in the city is too valuable to allow of gardens. The terraced stone roof is the domestic promenade, and here you find the family enjoying the evening breezes after sunset has made the air more acceptable, than in the rooms below. The caleche and the go cart, types of the past and of the present, of the Maltese and of the English, are the ordinary conveyances in the city. The first is, a heavy carriage strung upon leather straps, at the extreme end of a pair of long shafts

to which a horse is fastened. The high and heavy wheels correspond with the otherwise cumbrous affair, and make the whole itself a load for an ordinary horse.

The go-cart is a jaunty little light affair without top, often without seats, except upon the bottom, over a pair of light wheels, and giving as much comfort to the animal in front as it abstracts from that within.

The women wear black dresses almost universally, with a silk head covering of the same color, gathered into a small bunch in the centre. This centre is placed on the left side about the ear, while the part passing over the head is stiffened with whalebone into an arch and falls down to the right elbow. The faldette has no beauty to recommend it, nor could we discover any other merit that it possessed save peculiarity. The men wear baggy trowsers, made of a square shape, with holes at the outside corners for their legs. A cap, over a foot in length, falls down the shoulders, a sash round the waist, and a sole of thick leather tied across the instep, completes the costume. Malta is exposed to high winds and quick changes of temperature. Of the first we had an evidence on the afternoon of our intended departure. We were anxious to avoid a week's delay for the next boat, but less desirous to go to sea in the gale that was over the waters. Our captain, a prudent Scotchman, thought it useless to be outside burning coal, when he could make no headway, and concluded to wait for the wind to lull. After thirty-six hours delay we left port on the Dido, a small steamer somewhat larger than her namesake, plying between Philadelphia and Camden, and after a voyage of fifty hours (which should have been half as many,) reached anchorage near Tunis. This city, the capital of the province of the same name, and the residence of the Bey, lies back from the coast at the head of a small lake. A ride of twelve miles from Goletta, its seaport, brought us to the town.

In many respects (excepting in the European quarter) it resembles most other eastern cities. Dirty, narrow and crooked streets, filled with Arabs in their white flannel bournous and fancy turbans, small shops in which the various wares of the East are carelessly displayed, while their owners sit cross-legged in utter indifference to the wants of his customers, form a whole, interesting as a novelty, but not charming as a thing of every-day life. The bazars are curious. They occupy a portion of the city exclusively, and consist of ranges of one-story stores open the entire front, and placed on streets, either covered by boards or arched with stone, so as to shelter from the sun. In these hot climes such precautions give a most delightful shelter from the noonday heat, and one is surprised in entering from the comparatively wide streets adjoining, to find so pleasant a temperature in these long, low, dark, vaulted passages. The hospitality of friends made our stay of eight days at Tunis very delightful. As you may like to know something of the better class of houses there, I will give a rough idea of ours. The first floor, or that next the ground, we know nothing of. Ascending a long flight of marble steps from a street, over which part of the house was arched, and turning to the left past the portion devoted to culinary concerns, we enter a room thirty feet square, with marble floor, and walls covered with glazed tiles to a height of fifteen feet; above that a row of windows, opening upon the roof, gave light and air to the Patio. The furniture of this hall was Moorish. A wooden table, elaborately painted and gilded, occupied the centre, brackets of various sizes and shapes, of corresponding style, hung upon the walls and in the corners, while divans covered with crimson stuffs were ranged around for the comfort of the visitor. The ceiling was elaborately decorated with Moorish designs.

Opening on either hand and in front were large double doors of glass, covered with white curtains of embroidered stuff, giving entrance on the right to a salon, on the left to a dining-room, and in front to a boudoir. From the latter, chambers opened on either side, while other rooms extended beyond the dining-room were used for similar purposes. Marble floors and tile-covered walls were the striking peculiarities of the style of this and other houses which we saw, and all were well adapted for a climate so warm in summer that business is suspended in mid-day and all exertion carefully avoided. While in Tunis we visited the palaces and gardens of several wealthy gentlemen. Of course the outside was all we generally saw of the former, but the latter were at our disposal, and the myriads of roses that lined the walks, mingled in exquisite aroma with the fragrance of the orange flowers that covered the trees. The ladies who visited the harem of the Bey and several of his officers returned highly delighted with their visit, and with the courtesy extended to them as friends of our hostess. The Bey, who is married to a princess, has but one wife; those who marry in lower rank are allowed several, but there were none among those seen who were remarkable for their beauty. In visiting the wife of the Bey of Tunis, a card was sent in as an inquiry if the party could be received. As a gracious answer was vouchsafed, the party entered by a door unlocked to admit them, and ascended to a large and finely furnished

saloon with divans around the sides and chairs upon the floor. The windows were all finely latticed, completely shutting out all external sights, but giving a very fair opportunity to those within. In a short time her ladyship entered, waited upon by ten or twelve attendants and accompanied by her two daughters. A profusion of jewels, of immense size and of great brilliancy, first attracted notice; afterwards the oddity of dress was observed, and the whole figure, face and decorations formed a picture so closely resembling the ridiculous as to make sobriety an almost impossible virtue. A pair of drawers, fitting tight to the person, and embroidered according to the wearer's taste, reach down to the feet, which are covered with slippers. A loose silk sack without sleeves, and long enough to fall below the waist, completes most of the costume visible to the eye. An easy negligé, better fitted for the seclusion of the harem than the reception of visitors. (We see very much the same dress on the Jewesses in Tunis, except that the sack extends below the hips and has arms to the wrist.) The head is covered with scarfs and handkerchiefs of bright colors, leaving the face only exposed to view. The hair was brushed smoothly down the side of the face and cut off square with the chin. You can readily see that a homely face in such a dress would require an immensity of jewels to hide its charms and make it less ludicrous than it appeared on the present occasion.

The Beyess and daughters were curious in their examinations of the faces dress and ornaments of their visitors, handling with eager interest what was novel or particularly handsome, and expressed unbounded pleasure at the beautiful face and rich attire worn by one of the American ladies. It seemed to give them satisfaction to be in turn the subject of Christian curiosity and comment, and to have their jewels praised and dresses examined. After partaking of "café noir," served in the small double cups so common in the East, the hostess rose, and giving commands to her daughters, invited her guests to visit the other parts of the palace. Accompanied by two tall black eunuchs, they went through doors, unlocked for their admission, into suites of richly-decorated rooms tenanted by numbers of female attendants awaiting orders from their mistress. Their dress resembled that described, but was plainer in stuff and decoration. A very large colored cotton pocket handkerchief seemed an essential to every toilet; and as snuff-taking was an universal habit, its use was not any great additional ornament.

About three hundred attendants composed this harem. At another palace an effort was made to lead the hostess to look out of an unlaticed window upon some gentlemen who were in conversation with the host below it, but she shrunk back with such a reality of distaste that they felt she was by no means an unwilling prisoner in her golden cage.

We parted from our friends at Tunis with regret, and reached Bone in Algeria after eighteen hours of pleasant steaming. This is a modern French town. Algiers province was occupied by the forces of Louis Philippe between 1830 and 1837, and all the improvements date since that period. The Arabs are not disposed to work, the French are not disposed to emigrate here, and the country suffers from want of labor.

I forgot to mention our visit to the ruins of Carthage on the seaside near Tunis. But few remains serve to show its former greatness. None indeed of Carthaginian origin, and only the cisterns and parts of an aqueduct fifty miles in length attest the power which it acquired under Roman sway. Part of the aqueduct is still in use to supply Tunis with abundance of pure water. Philippeville is another French town without any special attraction. We stopped here on our way to Algeria to visit Constantina, the last hold of the Arabs in this province. It is now a French town with an Arab quarter, bazaar, &c. Placed on the summit of a precipice 800 feet in height, and at an elevation of 2000 ft. above the sea, it was fitly chosen for the last stand of a race destined to fall before their powerful foes. The ravine surrounds the town almost entirely, cutting off all ingress save at two points. The view is beautiful, over a country broken by the chain of the lesser Atlas mountains, whose sides are covered with vegetation and crops.

HEEDLESSNESS.

Alas! I have walked through life,
Too heedless where I trod:
Nay, helping to trample my fellow-worm,
And fill the burial-sod:
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
Not unmarked of God.

The wounds I might have healed!
The human sorrow and smart!
And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part:
But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart.

—Hood.

THE UNSPOKEN PRAYER.

BY HARRIET M'EWEN KIMBALL.

I pondered how to shape my prayer;
I chose the words with pious care,
Lest with my lips I should betray
The wish my heart would hide away.

The thing I craved I dared not ask;
Yet, like a face behind a mask,
That wish looked up through every word,
And it was answered, though unheard!

CLEON AND I.

There is a whole volume of philosophy in the following lines, by Charles Mackay, which many would be the happier to make practically their own:

Cleon hath a million acres;
Ne'er a one have I:
Cleon dwelleth in a palace;
In a cottage I:
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes;
Not a penny I:
But the poorer of the twain is
Cleon, not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres;
But the landscape I:
Half the charms to me it yieldeth
Money cannot buy:
Cleon harbors sloth and dullness;
Fresh'ning vigor I;
He in velvet, I in fustian;
Richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur;
Free as thought am I:
Cleon fees a score of doctors;
Need of none have I:
Wealth-surrounded, care-environed,
Cleon fears to die;
Death may come, he'll find me ready—
Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charm in nature;
In a daisy I:
Cleon hears no anthems ringing
In the sea or sky:
Nature sings to me forever—
Earnest listener I:
State for state, with all attendants,
Who would change? Not I!

LOOK UP!

BY DANIEL MARCH, D. D.

Many years ago, a little boy, while playing in the streets of Baltimore, happened to stand at the foot of a long ladder and look up. He heard the sound of voices and hammers far up on the roof above him, and his childish curiosity impelled him to climb. He set his foot on the lower round and his hands upon the next, and then went on, slowly pulling himself up, hand over hand, round after round, until he was so high that a fall would be instant death, and yet he had not reached the top. He grew tired, and wished he had not begun to climb. He looked down to see how far he had come, and the great height made him giddy. He began to tremble with fear, and was fast losing his strength and his hold. Just then, a man passing along the street at the foot of the ladder, looked up, saw his agitation, and cried out in terror, "My —— that boy is going to fall!" Those startling words were heard by the poor child, and they made him feel much more like falling than he did before. He became more and more dizzy. He thought the ladder swayed to and fro like trees bent by the storm. He thought the house against which the ladder leaned, and all the houses in the street, were working and reeling, like ships on the sea. All at once he heard another voice, loud, cheery and full of courage, from the roof of the house above him, "Boy, look up." He did look up. Anybody would, hearing such a hearty voice as that. "All right now, come on." He was no longer giddy. He began to climb again, and soon he reached the hand of the kind and sensible carpenter on the roof, whose cheery word had saved him from being dashed, broken, bleeding, upon the pavement of the street. That boy became a man of genius and culture. His written thoughts went all over this land and stirred strong emotions in thousands of hearts. But to the day of his death, he never ceased to ascribe the preservation of his life and the accomplishment of all that he did in the world to the timely and encouraging words of the carpenter on the roof—"Look up,"—"all right now, come on."

There is many a poor boy, climbing the steep ladder of life, high enough up already to make it fatal to fall, and yet far from reaching a place of rest. He is weary, and getting discouraged. He hears many say, "He will never make anything,"—"He will never succeed,"—"He will certainly fall." And those cruel words make him feel as if there were no use in trying; he might as well let go, and fall at once, if fall he must.

And yet that poor bewildered boy only wants to hear somebody, from among those above him, say, with a kindly, cheery voice, "Look up." He only wants to see somebody above him, bending down to take him by the hand, and he will climb till he reaches the heights of heaven. It is a very easy thing to say to such a poor, struggling child, "Look up;" a very easy thing to stoop down and give him a hand. But those words of hope may save a soul from death; that helping hand may lift a weary child to the battlements of heaven.

And let no one think he has no influence worth using in the world, no power to do even infinite and everlasting good, so long as he can say to the tried and tempted, to the discouraged and heart-broken, "Look up." This is the cheering word which sounds through all the revelations of God to man,—"Look up." "Heaven is above you, the pit is beneath. It is safe to climb; it is destruction to stop and look back." O, ye halting and giddy climbers upon the steep ladder of life, look up and you will see that all above you is calm and steady, when the earth reels and trembles beneath. Look up, and keep climbing, and you will soon see a divine hand reaching over the battlements of heaven to take yours and help you in.—*Am. Presbyterian.*

BESSIE BARTON'S TEST.

"I wish I knew just what to do about it," were the words that again and again fell from Dr. Barton's lips; for the matter to be decided was a weighty one.

Each time they were uttered, the soft dark eyes of a young girl, who sat sewing near by, were lifted wistfully toward the gentleman, till at last he noticed the earnest expression, and asked: "What is it, Pussy? What do *you* think about it?"

"I should go by papa's rule," she replied, the crimson creeping into her fair cheek.

"And what may papa's rule be, little Bessie?" asked her uncle.

"Never to do anything, or say anything, or to go anywhere, when we cannot ask God's blessing to rest upon us. He says it saves a world of trouble, and is always a sure test."

Dr. Barton was a worldly man, who sometimes scoffed at the simple confidence of pious souls; but no such feeling tempted him now, and silently kissing the fair forehead of his niece, he left the room.

Uttered in weakness as it was, Bessie's lesson of trust proved the "word fitly spoken;" and not many months passed before he too claimed this test as his rule in life's duties and trials.

When our journey through life seems a tangled pathway, have we as sure a rule to guide our weak steps? Not all the wisdom of philosophy can yield so perfect a test. Do nothing but what you can ask God's blessing to rest upon. What a safeguard against the wiles of the tempter, be the lure ever so seductive! What a beacon in the darkest hour of doubt! To feel that God will bless our efforts, is a stronger staff to uphold our trembling steps than the most powerful of earthly helpers.

"Nothing but what God will bless." Write it on your heart; have it graven as a breastplate; it will never fail you. "I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." So He has promised, and He never fails to fulfil.—*Christian Treasury.*

ITEMS.

The Indians.—Colonel Randolph B. Marcy, Inspector General, U. S. Army, has recently written a letter to the Commissioners for visiting the Indians, giving his views in reference to the wisest policy that can be pursued at the present time in reference to the wild tribes inhabiting the unsettled portions of the United States. Colonel Marcy, during his thirty-seven years of service in the U. S. Army, has acquired an extensive acquaintance with the peculiarities of the Indian character, and his opinion is entitled to great respect. After citing numerous facts bearing upon the intercourse between the whites and the Indians, Colonel Marcy concludes by stating that the system of Indian affairs recently inaugurated by the Government, will if carried out and perpetuated in the same benevolent spirit in which it was conceived, result in more lasting benefits to the red man than anything that has ever before been done for them. He adds that the appointment of agents from the Society of Friends will prove eminently wise.—*Phila. Ledger.*

Deaf Mutes.—The School Committee of Boston has decided to open next 9th mo. in that city, a day school for deaf mutes, and has given notice to applicants for admission to send in their papers. Children from four years of age and upwards, not regarding the limits of fifteen years, can be admitted. The privileges of the school will also be allowed to children in the neighboring cities and towns upon the payment of the simple cost of tuition, which, it is estimated, will amount to $100 per annum for for each pupil. In case of the pecuniary inability of the parent or guardian, the tuition money will be paid by the State, upon the proper representation of the facts. This plan appears to be a judicious one, since it furnishes instruction to deaf mutes who either cannot be admitted into the regular institutions for this class, on account of want of accommodations, or whose parents desire to retain them at home.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

It is a very common but mistaken notion that rich and gorgeous flowers are a conspicuous feature of tropical landscapes. So far is this from being true that they are quite rare. The tropics produce abundant masses of greenery; but flowers are very generally inconspicuous. Often in Brazil, or in the most luxuriant forests and jungles of the Old World, scarce a single brilliant blossom will be seen in a long walk. Even the famous orchids generally have green blossoms, and those which are such splendid ornaments of our conservatories are quite rare. There are no such brilliant effects of masses of color as are to be seen so abundantly in the apple-trees, heaths, rhododendrons, laurels, and Judas-trees of temperate climes. In fact, a very large portion of the most showy cultivated flowers, like the lilies of Japan, are from countries within the temperate zones.

Under Sea Tunnels are attracting the attention of English engineers, and in addition to the projected tunnel under the English Channel, between Dover and Calais, it is now proposed to unite Scotland and Ireland by a tunnel, running from a point on the northeast coast of Antrim, Ireland, to Glenstrone, Scotland, passing through the high rocky peninsula called the Mull of Cantyre. The total length of the tunnel is estimated at fourteen miles three furlongs. The ground through which it would have to be dug, it is asserted, is exactly suited for tunnelling operations, and the sandstone for lining it can be had in any quantity on the Irish side. It is proposed to construct the tunnel for a single line only, the extreme depth being twenty-one feet, and the clear width at the level of the rails fifteen feet. Three lines of rails, to accommodate wide and narrow guage carriages, however, are to be laid. The time estimated for completing the tunnel is about six years, and the cost $21,250,000. To pay a dividend of five per cent., the road should earn $210 per mile per week.

Two magnificent antiques have been dug up at the excavations at Otiha—one a bronze statue of Venus, about four feet in height; the other a marble figure of Hermaphroditus.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

ASTRONOMY.—NO. IV.

BY BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

The Stellar Systems.—Distances of the Moon, Planets and Stars.

By careful trigonometrical observation on the Moon at the same instant of time, by two sets of observers, one in high north latitude, and the other far south of the Equator, the distance to that attendant of our Earth is readily and accurately determined, and is about 240,000 miles. On applying the same means for determining the Sun's distance, any base which can be obtained upon the Earth is found to be too small to give reliable results. Resort was therefore had to observations in high north and south latitudes on the transits of Venus over the Sun's disk, which was attended with the desired result. Dr. Halley first pointed out the practicability of this method of determining the distance of the Sun from the Earth, and of Venus from the Sun, but he did not live to see his prediction verified, having died in the winter of 1741–2, and there was no transit of Venus from 1639, observations and reflections on which discovered to Halley his method, to 1761, after his death. The transits in 1761 and 1769 were observed with the utmost perseverance and zeal in different quarters of the globe. That in 1769 was observed at Wardhuys in Lapland, and at Otaheite, one of the Friendly Islands, and from these observations Dr. Mashelyne deduced the distance of the Earth from the Sun to be about 95 millions of miles, and of Venus from the Sun about 69 millions of miles.

The next transits of Venus which will occur will be on 9th of 12th mo., 1874, 6th of 12th mo., 1882, and the 7th of 6th mo., 2004. That of 1874 will not be visible in this country, occurring during our night, but the other two will be, and no doubt they will be observed with that accuracy which the improvements in our instruments will admit. From the results of the observations on Venus in 1769, and Kepler's laws, the distances of the other planets of our solar system from the Sun were readily determined: Mercury 37 millions of miles, Mars 144 millions, Jupiter 490 millions and Saturn 900 millions.

The next problem was to obtain the distance of the fixed stars. It was confidently believed, that by taking accurate observations on judiciously selected stars when the Earth was in a certain part of its orbit, and then making similar observations six months afterwards, when the Earth would be in the opposite part of its orbit, and of course 190 millions of miles distant from the place where the first observations were made, and giving a base of these extremely great dimensions, the problem would be readily solved. But in this belief great disappointment was experienced. The stars were found to be much more remote than had been previously sup-

posed. The distance of the nearest fixed star is so very great, that two lines being drawn from a point at the distance of such star to opposite points of the Earth's orbit, 190 millions of miles apart, the angle formed by these lines would be inappreciable; hence, if a body of 190 millions of miles in diameter were placed at the distance of the nearest fixed star, the visual angle it would subtend would be too small to be perceived even with instruments. However bright it might be, it would appear simply as a point. To obtain an idea of the size of the angle thus formed, attach two long strings to points just one foot apart, and commencing near the attached ends, and keeping the two strings joined in the hand and preserving them of equal length, walk back farther and farther, then the angle made by the strings at the hand will become less and less. When the strings have lengthened to the distance of a mile, the angle would seem very small, and the lines appear parallel; but, when lengthened to forty miles, such is the delicacy of our present astronomical instruments, their angle of divergency at the hand can still be measured, and it is larger than the angle subtended by the whole diameter of the Earth's orbit, (190 millions of miles,) at the distance of the nearest fixed star!

Resort therefore was had to observations on *double stars*, like those on Venus and the Sun in a transit for obtaining the distance of the Sun, to obtain the distance of the stars, and Maedler and others directed their observations particularly to the star designated as 61 Cygni, that is No. 61 in the constellation of the Swan, and, with much labor, determined its distance. This is ascertained to be so great that it would require light, with the velocity that has been stated of two hundred thousand miles in a second of time, to travel for *ten long years* after it left that star, before it would arrive at our Earth!

Now, a very interesting inference is immediately deducible from this fact. In No. 3 of these communications it was stated that Neptune is thirty times as far from the Sun as our Earth is, and as bodies diminish in apparent size in proportion to their distance from the observer, to a person at Neptune, the Sun would appear only *one nine hundredth* part of the size it does to us; *very* small. But light travels from Neptune to the Earth in *four hours*, while from the nearest fixed star it is *ten years* in performing the journey. Then, using the velocity of light as the measuring unit, the distance to Neptune is *four hours;* that to the nearest star *ten years*. At the distance to Neptune, *four hours*, it has just been shown, the Sun would be diminished in apparent size to one nine hundredth part of what it appears to us; then what must be its apparent size at the distance of *ten years?* It is demonstrably evident that at the distance of the nearest fixed star, our Sun would be diminished in appearance to the *merest point*, just as a *small star!* This fact becomes more impressive when we have in mind that the diameter of the Sun is eight hundred and eighty thousand miles, 110 times as great as the diameter of our Earth, and that the distance from the centre of the Sun to its surface is *two hundred thousand miles greater than the distance from here to the Moon!* Hence if, as has been shown, at the distance of one of the stars, our *Sun* would appear the size which *that star does*, the interesting and most important conclusion irresistibly follows that *that star which thus appears as our Sun would do* at that distance, *must be a Sun* such as curs is. Every star we see in the Heavens, as also many more which we cannot see, is to be regarded as *a Sun*, and the centre of a system of worlds, —the abodes of intelligent beings, destined to an eternity of bliss! How sublime and suggestive! Well did the Psalmist exclaim: "When I consider Thy Heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that Thou visitest him? [Yet] Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands. Oh Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth!" Psalm viii.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A MEETING AT WILLIAMSPORT.

Feeling an interest in a few Friends at Williamsport, Pa., who have recently been induced for their edification and peace of mind to meet together for religious worship, I want the fact to be known. Being a great distance from any established Meeting of Friends, and not feeling easy to attend the meetings of other societies, which some of them had tried, after much serious thought a proposition was made and united with, to meet together after the manner in which they had been educated, which they commenced doing in Seventh month last. They generally have the company of several friendly people who are not members, and have at different times been visited by Friends travelling in Truth's service who happened to be informed of the meeting.

Williamsport is a new and growing city, through which there is a large amount of travel, and some Friends may be glad to know that there is a Meeting of Friends there It is for the sake of such that this notice is given

It is held on First-day mornings at eleven o'clock, at the house of Aaron and Joanna Shiffler, at the lower end of the town—that is, down the river from the depot about two miles. The Montour hack, which leaves the depot every time the cars come in, passes by the house.

Our Half Year's Meeting, (Fishing Creek), held last week, we felt was a favored season. We had the company of many Friends from other meetings, and gospel truths were largely expressed. The interest increased to the last, when we had a solemn parting.

6th mo. 27th, 1869. J. G. R.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE—*Course of Study, Discipline, etc. An Address delivered by* EDWARD H. MAGILL, *before Friends' Social Lyceum, in Swarthmore College Building, Sixth month 18th*, 1869.

In attempting to lay out a course of study for an entirely new institution like Swarthmore, which shall unite all the advantages of old and long-tried systems with whatever has been proved to be excellent and desirable in the newer modern methods, fitly combining the wisdom of the past with the ever-advancing theories of the present, we are deeply impressed with the importance of the work before us, in view of the lasting influence which it is likely to exert upon generations yet unborn. For six years this institution has been growing, in the outward; time and labor, energy and money have been freely but most wisely spent, and now that this preparatory work is so nearly accomplished, all minds are naturally turning their attention toward the organization of the College for which this great preparation has been made. The importance of right first steps is proverbial, and no one of us can now estimate the influence for good or for evil which those who are entrusted with the early organization of the college may, in its infancy, impress upon it. Surely none but prayerful hands should be placed upon such a work. That cardinal principle of Friends, to wait for the moving of the Spirit, to engage in no enterprise until we are sure that it is a work to be done, and that we are called to do it, had never more significance than here.

The complete organization of the College must, like the construction of the building, be a work of time. We cannot hope, at first, to do more than determine its general outline, and give it the right direction. We shall doubtless learn much by the experience of others, but in an enterprise like the present, the very first of the kind attempted among Friends on this continent, we must draw largely for our most valuable and available knowledge upon our own experience. Our aim must be high, for we shall surely not rise above it; and if we fall below it, ours will be but the common lot of human effort.

I propose to speak briefly of the general course of study at Swarthmore, the requisite qualifications for entering upon it, its duration, and general effect upon the minds of those young persons who pass through it. The minor details of the organization, and the practical application of our general principles to the daily work of the school-room, constitute the machinery, so to speak, by which our results are to be produced; and as the proper adjustment of this machinery appertains to the Faculty of the College, who, being left free as to *processes*, are to be held rigidly responsible for *results*, physical, mental and moral, a consideration of these details necessarily lies byond my present scope.

First, then, as to the requisites for admission to the preparatory department of the College, it is believed that no child of ordinary intelligence who has reached the age of 12 years but will be capable of entering profitably upon our preliminary course, and hence no examination for admission will be required, and no standard of scholarship set up. The time may come when we shall be in a condition to set up an absolute standard, and deem it advisable to do so, but at present it would be neither necessary nor desirable. The age of 12 years has been adopted as the earliest period at which parents would generally be willing to entrust their children to the influences of a large school, and deprive them, for the time being, of the guarded influence of the home circle. My own decided impression is that it would be better for children to enter upon our course at an earlier rather than at a later age; and as it becomes more and more generally understood that Swarthmore may be considered as another home, that it has a father, deeply concerned for the highest welfare of all the children, in the person of the President, and a mother, with her warm sympathy and most gentle and refining influence, in the person of the Matron, parents will no longer feel that they are incurring any risk in sending their children from under their immediate influence even at an earlier age. They will be the more inclined to this course on learning that the most ample provisions are made for their children's health and comfort; that their studies, made cheerful and attractive by intelligent and sympathetic teachers, are properly alternated with agreeable and healthful exercises; that a wise and careful moral supervision is constantly exercised over them in their hours of recreation as well as those of study; in short, that their three-fold

natures are harmoniously and symmetrically developed.

In our preparatory course, extending over a period of three years, especial attention will be paid to the essential branches which constitute a good ordinary English education; for although it is the especial object of this course to prepare for the collegiate course to follow, all experience in similar institutions teaches that a large per centage of the pupils will never get beyond it. The wants of this large class cannot properly be ignored, while at the same time we must exercise a jealous care lest, in providing for these to the detriment of those who will avail themselves of the full course of study, we permit our College to degenerate into a mere ordinary or high school. This is the danger against which Friends cannot be too early forewarned. I clearly foresee, to-day, that unceasing vigilance alone on the part of those who control the present and shape the future of this institution, will save it from such a fate, and make it what its early founders designed, a *College*, in its curriculum and in the facilities afforded for imparting the highest branches of knowledge, second to none in the land. I see already a tendency, not at all unnatural, to compare it with Westtown School, and the various private boarding schools throughout the country. Far be it from me to be guilty of the ingratitude of saying aught against the excellent school at Westtown, where two of the happiest years of my life were spent, now unfortunately restricted to the members of a portion of the Society of Friends; but ours is a school upon an entirely different plan; and we must never rest satisfied until it claims an honorable place in the rank of the colleges of the highest grade, more practical, it is true, and more in harmony with the progressive spirit of the age, it is hoped, than they, but affording a culture no less thorough and comprehensive. An objector recently stated that after putting more than $200,000 into this building, and the apparatus necessary for opening a school, we should not be able to accommodate more than a small fraction of the children, even of the Society of Friends. That objection tells the whole story. Under what impression was it made? Clearly, that the ultimate end and design of the institution was to educate children of all grades of acquirement, from the rudiments upward, graduating, it may be, a very select few of the best scholars every year. Now let such objections be answered by the statement that this is a *College* in fact as well as in name, built for future generations as well as our own; that 100 years hence this building, if no unfortunate accident intervene (against which it is most amply provided), will be as substantial and as well calculated to answer the great purpose of its erection as it is to-day; that the scheme of introducing a preparatory school within these College walls is but transitional; the first step in the ladder of progress, a means of preparing the children to benefit by the facilities which the College will afford them, and preparing the minds of their parents as well to go forward in this great educational movement in behalf of coming generations. I repeat, with emphasis, Swarthmore must not be allowed to crystallize into an ordinary high school, but it must ultimately (whether we of the present generation live to see it or not) be supplied with pupils well prepared in the rudimentary branches of knowledge by various academies and high schools throughout the country, which will serve as feeders to it; and it must itself stand out above them all, the crowning glory of our educational system, a shining goal, raising the standard of all the lower schools, bidding them come up higher. Thus shall its indirect influence be felt by thousands who never enter its walls. Swarthmore must come to this, or utterly fail of its high intent.

Object teaching and the study of things, rather than of words destitute of interest because imperfectly understood, and the various modern appliances for making study pleasant and attractive, will receive especial attention in the younger classes; and indeed throughout the entire course of study, collegiate and preparatory, it will ever be the aim of the Faculty to impart sound knowledge, and contribute to mental and moral growth, rather than to make a vain show of a given number of pages or volumes mastered. While we do not profess to be converts to the theory that teaching should be done without books, we are nevertheless most firmly convinced that books may be made a hindrance where they should be a help, and that very often they are the letter which killeth in the hands of teachers destitute of that spirit which maketh alive. Swarthmore has a right to the services of teachers of a different class. Those who enter upon duty here must be fully alive to the weighty responsibilities which they assume, full of love for the special work which they undertake to do, enthusiasts in it, and capable of inspiring their own enthusiasm in the minds of the young persons committed to their charge. Those who have liberally contributed of their means to the establishment of this institution, and of their time, and thought, and best energies to the wisest and most economical application of the means thus contributed, have a right to demand that the institution shall offer to their children educational facilities second to none which the country affords. Those who enlist in the

work of satisfying this demand may be sure that it is no place for sitting down and folding idle hands. They must be willing, setting aside other interests and duties, to put the best part of their lives into the great work. Then only can they hope to see the ripe fruit of their labors and their sacrifices, but if they are faithful to the end the reward will be great.

Admitted at the age of 12, the pupil may either enter at once upon a carefully prepared course of study, preparatory to our collegiate course, graduating at the end of seven years, three being set apart for the preparatory studies, and four for the College course; or, where there is no intention to graduate, a partial course may be pursued during one or more terms, such studies being selected as may meet the approbation of the Faculty.

With reference to our full course of study, this is neither the time nor the place to enter into detail; suffice it to say that we endeavor to avoid a course too exclusively either theoretical or practical; believing that in this as in other things the truth is found in the golden mean between the two extremes; or rather, we endeavor so to direct the young mind in its eager search after knowledge, (for the truest teaching is not *imparting* knowledge so much as enabling the mind to obtain it for itself), that the various subjects of inquiry are developed in their natural order, and theory and practice go hand in hand. One-half the controversy which exists in the educational world to-day, as to methods of instruction, and the relative importance of the various departments of human knowledge, arises from an unfortunate tendency to prepare exclusively for the special work to which the life is to be devoted, thus narrowing and cramping the mind for the sake of an abnormal development in a single direction, training to their very utmost capacity one set of faculties at the expense of others equally important. We cannot, it is true, too highly estimate the value of special training, and of almost exclusive attention to particular departments, to ensure the highest degree of success, and to enable us to do our part toward the increase of the sum of human knowledge; but unless we wish to become mere machines of very perfect construction, adapted only to a single end, let this special training be preceded by a generous and liberal culture, conducive to a harmonious and symmetrical development of the various faculties of the mind.

The pupils of the "out of course" department, consisting of such as cannot, for any cause, avail themselves of the full benefits which the College is intended to confer, will recite in such of the various regular classes as they may be qualified to enter; and although they must lose the benefit of the regular and consecutive course of studies, which we deem best fitted to prepare them for future usefulness, we yet hope to present to all such, facilities far superior to those which they would enjoy in our ordinary private boarding schools; and if at any time after entering the institution, through the influence of their instructors and the *esprit du corps* creating a new atmosphere around them, they should, with the approbation of their parents or guardians, change their plans, and decide to take our full course of study, the services of the Faculty would always be cheerfully given to enable them, by extra exertion, to prepare themselves for admission to the regular classes in full standing. We trust that as the institution makes its influence more and more widely felt among Friends, the value of our full course will be more and more generally recognized, and that the number of those who enter for a short and imperfect course will steadily diminish. Nor will the great privileges which Swarthmore affords be confined to the children of the wealthy and those in comfortable circumstances. We have every reason to believe that, if the institution meets the expectations of its founders, ample endowments will, in time, be made, to enable us to educate a large number of pupils free of all present expense, receiving from them loan notes without interest, to be repaid, when they shall be able to do so, in after life. Those who will avail themselves of this privilege will be likely to be a thorough, practical, self-dependent class of young men and women to whom the advantages of Swarthmore will be especially valuable. Each $5000 left as a permanent endowment would maintain forever one pupil in the College, free of all expense, even should the loan notes never be repaid, and we should have but little faith in the moral training of Swarthmore if we did not believe that they always would be, to the uttermost farthing, whenever the circumstances of the recipient would allow it.

Of what avail will it be for parents to make the sacrifice which they must to give their children a complete course of instruction at Swarthmore. The merchant will tell you that his son would be absent from home during some of the most valuable years of his life, when he might be acquiring a knowledge of the details of business, which would lay the foundation of an independent fortune; the farmer will say that his boys would return to the paternal hearth with ideas quite different from those which their fathers entertained, and totally unfitted for the arduous and now distasteful labors of the farm; the mechanic is confident that his son woud

return to him quite disqualified for earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, and ready to take up with any means which may offer of making a living without laboring with his hands; and the wives of these various classes will tell you, our daughters would return to us with their heads filled with other views than those which their mothers entertained before them; accomplished linguists and chemists and mathematicians it may be, familiar with history, the laws of nations and the theory of government, but totally incapable of ordering the homely affairs of the household with which every wife and mother should be familiar. Now those who raise these objections are honest and thoughtful men and women, who speak thus not in a fault-finding spirit, but because they are looking forward to what they conceive to be the highest good for their children, and their objections cannot be lightly set aside as unworthy, but must be met by plain and candid answers. What, then, is the aim of our existence here? Is it to hoard up wealth? Is it not rather for the development of the noblest faculties of our being to their utmost capacity, thereby fitting ourselves to do all the good possible to our fellow-men? What matters it whether we follow the particular business which our fathers followed or not? The merchant's, farmer's or mechanic's son may become a professional man if his tastes and inclinations prompt in that direction. If properly taught, he will always respect the business or occupation of his father, and, honoring the nobility of labor, will be ready to engage in it himself should circumstances require it; while, to whatever pursuit he may be called, the knowledge with which his mind is stored will be a source of life-long pleasure and satisfaction; and the young women, qualified by their thorough intellectual training for whatever vocations the increased facilities for the occupation of women may open before them, will be ready to take their places by the side of men as their equal and respected co-workers and counsellors. To all parents we would say, whatever else you give your children, do not fail to offer them all the educational advantages which your circumstances will permit. Never give them the bitter occasion to regret golden opportunities for knowledge, lost after it is too late to retrieve the error. For what do you toil early and late but to secure a competence for your children, and yet it were far better to leave them with a thorough education to begin the world for themselves, than loaded with wealth without that refining culture which liberal studies give. Do you seek your children's truest happiness in this world; would you make them the most useful members of society and a blessing to the age in which they live; do you even value wealth and position for them in mature age—a lower but not an unworthy motive; in each and every case I would say educate them thoroughly, even at the expense of all your worldly possessions if need be; and if more is needed, we hope that you may look to the endowment fund as a long and generous loan to do the rest. True happiness, the highest degree of usefulness, an honorable competence and an influential position among their fellows, will all be more certainly secured to them by these means than by any other, and you will find education (not merely the rudimentary and all-essential knowledge of the ordinary schools, but the highest and best education which colleges can give,) a more permanent investment than real estate, and more profitable than Government securities or first mortgage bonds of the Pacific Railroad.

The discipline of Swarthmore will be that of influence rather than of authority. Other things being equal, we recognize the principle that a school, like a nation or a family, is always best governed when it is governed least. Temporary repression to check immediate wrong-doing may sometimes be essential in any form of government, but he who imagines that any such means are actively reformatory, or indeed, of themselves, of any permanent value, is self-deceived, and no one who relies upon them as a means of discipline should be entrusted with the *mis*management of youth. The only really effectual means of governing young persons is by efficient moral training, instructing them how to govern themselves, and encouraging and trusting them to do it. The habitual resort to any forcible means to repress wrong-doing, or to an odious system of espionage to prevent it, are equally at variance with all sound views of government, and always weaken rather than strengthen the power of self-control of those over whom they are exercised. Trust young people; be not suspicious of them, and they will prove, as a rule, that they are not unworthy of your confidence. The rare cases of abuse of confidence must be firmly met as they arise, and treated with great care, having in view first of all the restoration of the offender, and second, the general good of the school. I am aware that this is an inversion of the doctrine as very often stated, but it is the truly Christian order; and no teacher has a right in such a case to apply the doctrine of "the greatest good to the greatest number," nor to make one of his pupils suffer a penalty for the benefit of his classmates, however flagrant the offence may have been; indeed it usually happens that the very course best calculated for the restoration of the offender

is, for that very reason, best adapted to exercise a salutary influence upon the rest of the school. Pupils who are taught to govern themselves in the absence of the teacher are incomparably better trained and disciplined than the faithful eye-servants of the rigid master, who, in the presence of their teacher, are models of obedience and docility. When I speak of force as contrasted with moral means, it will be understood that I include all those petty subterfuges to which teachers sometimes resort, and which are, in reality, in view of their effect upon the mind of the pupil, much more objectionable than the direct and straightforward application of corporal punishment as inflicted by a master of the old regime. Every idea of antagonism between teacher and pupil must be banished from the school-room, and a feeling of confidence must take its place, if we would exercise a healthful influence over the minds of the young, and be most successful in imparting knowledge. No true teacher will fail, when he finds the discipline of his class unusually difficult, to subject himself to the strictest self-examination, and he very often finds that the true origin of the difficulty lies in his own physical or moral condition. He promptly applies the proper remedy, and the clogged and retarded machinery of the school goes on as smoothly and harmoniously as ever. How different the result if his own self-love had prompted him to place the blame upon his pupils instead of where it rightfully belonged. An intelligent teacher who does not fail in self-government can rarely fail in the government of a school.

As in the case of the arrangement of the details of the course of study already referred to, so with regard to the practical application of general principles to the details of school and college discipline, the Faculty must assume the responsibility, being left free as to *processes*, and held rigidly responsible for *results*. You employ a physician and judge of his work by the general results which he produces, condemning or approving according to his failures or successes; but with the compounding and portioning out the medicines, prescribing the diet of the patient and his general management as to the details of the sick-room, the non-professional employer does not presume to interfere; so, if teaching is to be regarded as a profession, as it must be if the highest and best results are to be reached by those who engage in this arduous and most responsible duty, the non-professional employer, who understands the importance of the noble profession which is to exercise a life-long influence upon his children, will look carefully to *results*, leaving the *processes* by which those results are obtained to him who has made them the objects of special professional training and study, and has devoted his life to the work.

He who does a bad deed, says more strongly than words can utter, "I cast away a portion of future good; I resolve on future pain."

Scraps.

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Thy account of —— and ——, has been very encouraging. I hope they will be preserved in innocence and keep near their friends, but, above all, may their dependence be on the One Eternal Power. I think there is an increasing interest in best things in the minds of many among the dear youth in different neighborhoods, and I hope there will yet be those raised up who will not shun the cross, nor be ashamed to acknowledge they are on the "Lord's side," and who will be willing to speak the Word when He commands, and keep silent when they have not anything to say.

I felt the privation of being unable to attend our late Yearly Meeting, and mingle with my friends in its different engagements and concerns; but my Heavenly Father gave me another cup to partake of, and I was able to feel resigned. I have been comforted with the accounts I have received from those who were with you, and I cannot believe we are, or will be, a forsaken people. The same power and influence that brought Friends into silent waiting, and inward spiritual worship, is as able now as ever to bring forth "sons from afar, and daughters from the very ends of the Earth," and introduce them into this beautiful order. I have often thought when attending our large meetings, where there is so much said,—How apt we are to think the work is not complete unless we have a hand in it, and I believe that a benefit would result from having in our business sessions more opportunities of silent meditation. I want us to bear more practically than we often do, a testimony to the efficacy of secret spiritual travail. How much is contained in the Scripture injunction, "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear than to offer the sacrifice of fools."

The many sudden removals we have recently witnessed, are indeed calculated to awaken us to seriousness and to create fervent desires after an inheritance in a better coun-

try where there is neither vicissitude nor sorrow. Notwithstanding appearances are unfavorable on a view of the great mass, yet were all selected out of all nations and under various names, who are daily cherishing these desires, and pressing with earnestness and sincerity of heart "toward the mark for the prize," perhaps the beholder would gaze on the number with astonishment, not having enough considered that thousands in the Lamb's army sustain the warfare in retirement, expressing little, because they think lowly of their attainments.

. . . . . The world seems teeming with troubles of various kinds, which, let us hope, may have the effect to set our affections upon a better. Let us have a care, too, not to add to the gloomy catalogue those of our own making. In proportion to our care herein, access will, I assuredly believe, be mercifully granted to the only source of consolation which can never be exhausted.

"How great a matter a little fire kindleth." I am really grieved that anything should have occurred to separate in feeling, even for a moment, those who have always been very friends. This has happened through unwatchfulness, and I doubt not there has been fault on both sides. The wound can be healed by a little condescension and discretion, and I am not without a hope that it will, (and that speedily); yet the bare retrospect or remembrance of it may seem like a scar. Let us all profit by it, and increase in vigilance to the end of our days.

I know not how it may be with others, but with regard to myself, I know that in proportion to my entertaining toward any one, hardness, shyness, or any sort of leaven inconsistent with the Christian character, in that proportion is my communication with the source of Divine good obstructed.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 10, 1869

Friends in Remote Situations.—Amid the discouragement arising from the lukewarmness and neglect of many as regards keeping up with life and interest their small meetings, it is cheering to be informed, from time to time, of an awakening to the importance of this duty. To meet at stated times in company with those whose religious faith is like our own, in order that the spiritual life may be animated and the ties which bind us to each other strengthened, is surely a privilege as well as a duty. It is not unusual for individuals to prize this privilege the more when they are deprived of it, and we hope the example of the Williamsport Friends (a notice of whose meeting will be found in another column), may strengthen others who reside in places remote from any Meeting of Friends, to meet together, if but the two or the three, and *wait* for the Divine blessing. Even should the first experiences of such meetings be dryness and nothingness this should not discourage. The blessed Jesus uttered a parable for the encouragement of perseverance, the import of which is, that if the "Unjust Judge," "who feared not God neither regarded man," was moved by the importunity of a poor widow to grant her request, how much more will our Heavenly Father satisfy the sincere desires of His children, if in patience and simple dependence they wait His appointed time.

These small gatherings, where individuals come together from a common feeling of want, seem to fulfil the conditions to which a blessing is annexed, better than large gatherings where there is much vocal ministry. There has long been a feeling among the younger class amongst us that our religious meetings, as now constituted, leave unsupplied a very important want, to wit: that close religious intercourse which ought to exist between the old and the young, the experienced and the inexperienced, which intercourse is only possible in small companies. They feel that our large mixed meetings, our ministers galleries and long sermons divide the assembly too much into speakers and listeners; and thus people go to meeting to hear this or the other minister, according as preference dictates, rather than to seek at the one fountain for a common blessing. No immediate change in the organization of our meetings, even if such could be made, would supply the want alluded to. Individual faithfulness alone can give tenable ground in religious progress. If our dear young Friends, who sincerely feel the want of strengthening religious intercourse, would not attempt too hastily to supply it by joining other religious societies where more of it appears to prevail, they might find in a state of waiting and quietness, not only a deepening and strengthening of their own spirit-

ual life, but also a way opened by which they would be instrumental in helping their own Society to advance.

DIED.

ANDREWS.—At his residence in Philadelphia, on the 13th ult., Joseph B. Andrews, in the 67th year of his age.

RICH.—On the 30th of Sixth month, 1869, Esther L., daughter of John G. and the late Lydia Rich, in the 35th year of her age; a member of Fishing Creek Monthly Meeting of Friends held at Millville, Columbia Co., Pa.

HOAG.—At her residence Rensselaerville, Albany Co., N. Y., on the 27th of Sixth month, 1869, Catherine F. Hoag, widow of the late Henry Hoag, in the 86th year of her age; member of Rensselaerville Monthly Meeting.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

7th mo. 11th,	Buffalo, N. Y.,	3 P.M.
" " 18th,	Bethpage, L. I.,	11 A.M.
" " "	Jerusalem, "	3½ P.M.
" " "	Schuylkill, Pa.,	3 "
" " "	Galen, N. Y,	3 "

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

The Quarterly Meeting of "The Association of Friends for the promotion of First-day Schools within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting" will be held at Friends' Meeting-house, Salem, N.J., on Seventh-day, Seventh month 17th, at 11 A.M. All schools within its limits are desired to send reports and appoint delegates. Business of general interest will be transacted, and the different methods of conducting infant and other classes considered. All who feel an interest are invited to attend and participate. Friends of Salem have kindly extended an invitation to those who attend to remain over First-day, thus giving more time for the meetings of the Association, and also express the hope that there will be a full attendance.

The Steamer "Reybold" leaves Arch St. wharf, Philadelphia, at 2¾ P.M., Sixth-day afternoon, and Salem on Second-day, at 7 A.M. West Jersey R.R. from foot of Market St. at 8 A.M. and 3½ P.M.; return at 6.45 A.M. and 3 P.M.

The Executive Committee will meet on Sixth-day evening at 8 o'clock, at Salem.

Jos. M. Truman, Jr., }
Emma Worrell, } *Clerks.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

GENESSEE YEARLY MEETING.

The Meeting of Ministers and Elders convened at the usual time on Seventh-day morning, Sixth month 12th, 1869, and Friends were favored with a solid season of reverent waiting, during which living testimonies were borne to the all-sufficiency of that Power which the Psalmist declared to be the dwelling place of the righteous throughout all generations. While vacant seats, occasioned by the departure of dear Friends since last meeting together, was a cause of solemn reflection, others coming in to fill their places was a source of much comfort. The usual business coming before this department of Society was transacted in much harmony and love, under which the meeting closed. On First-day, a large concourse of people, particularly the youth, attended the public meeting, in which several lively testimonies flowed forth from deeply-concerned minds, greatly to the comfort of the assembled multitude, and particularly the weary and heavy laden. Those meetings seem to be greatly appreciated by the people of the neighborhood and the surrounding districts.

On Second-day morning, the Yearly Meeting for discipline assembled. A very precious solemnity was felt to cover the assembly, under which the Clerk opened the meeting, called the representatives, and read the reports from the subordinate branches. Epistles from all the Yearly Meetings in correspondence with this were read, furnishing evidence of a lively interest in each other's welfare. A committee was appointed to essay replies; also several other committees on various subjects claimed attention.

On Third-day, the state of the Society, as brought up in the reports in answers to the queries, was feelingly entered into, calling forth much salutary advice and counsel. The report of the Committee on Indian Affairs, together with the Joint Committee's report from some of the other Yearly Meetings on this deeply interesting subject, was read, (with open shutters) to both men and women's meeting, producing a sensation of joy, coupled with fear. The committee was reappointed and encouraged to labor in the concern with those of other Yearly Meetings.

On Fourth-day morning, meetings for worship, were held in the three meeting houses near by, much to edification.

On Fifth-day, a report from the Committee on the establishment of a Yearly Meeting School was read; and although way did not open to recommend the establishment of such a school, Quarterly and Monthly Meetings were encouraged to labor therein in their respective neighborhoods, and not suffer this subject of such vital importance to be lost. A proposition was received from women's meeting for the reëstablishment of the First-day afternoon meeting for worship, (which had, for several years, been discontinued,) at the time and place of holding this Yearly Meeting, which was united with. The reports of different committees, as also a minute embracing some of the exercises of this meeting, with one general epistle to other Yearly Meetings, were read, and separately considered. After which the Clerk read the closing minute, followed by a very solemn pause, under which the meeting closed with feelings of thankfulness. W. H.

Many of the waves of trouble, like those of the ocean, will, if we await them calmly, break at our feet and disappear.

NEW YORK YEARLY MEETING.

The Extracts from the Minutes of the above Yearly Meeting (Men's) have just been received. As they have probably been widely circulated, it seems scarcely necessary at this late period to give very copious extracts.

The following report was received from the joint Committee appointed last year, to visit our subordinate Meetings, for their strength and encouragement, to wit:

To the Yearly Meeting.

The Committee appointed to visit the Subordinate Meetings,

Report, That nearly all the Meetings comprised within the limits of the Yearly Meeting have been visited by some of the Committee. And although in many places, from various causes, the Meetings have become very small, there has been evidence furnished that there still exists a living seed, that has been refreshed and encouraged by the labors of this Committee, as well as that of last year. We are not without hope that the interest and care of this Meeting, in the appointment of these Committees, will result in awakening a greater regard for the maintenance of our Religious Society, and the highly inportant testimonies given it to bear.

While we are deeply sensible that the alone means of preservation, for individuals or organizations, is "the Grace of God, which bringeth salvation," yet we feel to encourage the acquisition of the knowledge of the History of this People, and a more intimate acquaintance with the provisions of good order, established for its government.

We also desire that the energies of the young and the vigor of more advanced age, may find proper exercise within our Zion, under the sanctifying power of Wisdom from above. For, as said the Apostle to the Gentiles, "there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations; but it is the same God which worketh all in all."

In concluding our labor of love, we have been made to feel that the servant faileth not of his reward. And the desire has been raised, that the work, which has been begun (we trust under Divine direction) may continue to have a place in the minds of Friends, exercised for the advancement of the cause of Truth.

The report of the labors of the Committee was satisfactory; and this Meeting sympathized in the hope expressed that their labors had been and would be productive of good. And although the Committee was released from further service *as a Committee*, yet concerned Friends were feelingly exhorted to individual faithfulness, to the pointings of duty in carrying out this important concern.

A Committee of men and women Friends was appointed "on the Indian Concern."

This Committee is to report annually to the Yearly Meeting a statement of its proceedings.

The proposition from the Meeting for Sufferings, that this Committee be authorized to draw on the Treasurer of the Yearly Meeting for an amount not exceeding Five Hundred Dollars ($500,) to defray any expenses that they may incur in carrying out the benovolent intentions of the Meeting, was united with, and the Treasurer was authorized to pay the Committee's drafts to an amount not exceeding that sum.

In appointing the Committee to engage in this important service, a deep feeling prevailed of the responsibility which rested on our Society in the acceptance of this important trust, so generously reposed in us by the Government of our Country; and desires were raised that the Committee, in all their movements, may seek for that Wisdom which alone can enable them to carry it out, to the benefit of the injured subjects that are measurably entrusted to our care, and to the honor of Truth; and thereby also to show that the confidence reposed in us has not been misplaced.

A proposition was made, that the reports that have been sent up from our subordinate Meetings, in regard to our members accepting offices of profit and honor in the Government, be hereafter discontinued. On consideration, the proposition was united with, and our subordinate Meetings were authorized to discontinue such reports in future.

The following Minute, embracing some of the exercises of the Meeting, to be sent down to our subordinate Meetings and absent members, is herewith appended:

"Through the condescending goodness of our Heavenly Father, we have been permitted to meet again in this, our Annual Assembly, and enabled to transact the affairs of Society in much harmony and brotherly love, and in this feeling our dear absent Brethren have been affectionately remembered, with fervent desires that they may be found faithful in the support of those important principles and testimonies bequeathed to us by our worthy predecessors in the Truth: amongst which stands pre-eminent that God is the teacher of His people Himself; and this is confirmed by the Apostle, who in writing to his brethren said, 'ye need not that any man teach you, but as the anointing teacheth you all things, which is truth and no lie.'

The non-attendance of meetings for worship

and discipline, by so many of our members, as exhibited in the accounts from our subordinate meetings, has been the occasion of much exercise; and a renewed concern was felt, that this affecting weakness might not be a cause of discouragement to the livingly concerned members, but rather that it may tend to stimulate them in a continuance of this most excellent practice, which we feel to be not only a duty but a precious privilege also. Then will the hands of all who are rightly concerned be strengthened to persuade and admonish, in the spirit of love, those who give occasion for concern, and come not up with us to these our 'solemn feasts.' Although we must acknowledge that a living Gospel Ministry is a great blessing to the church, yet let us when assembled in our respective meetings for social religious worship be not anxious regarding vocal ministry, but endeavor to have our minds centered upon the blessed Head of the Church, who has promised, that whether there be few or many, if gathered in His name, He will be in their midst. A feeling caution was expressed to those diligent in the attendance of our religious meetings, that the example of these may be such as to give no occasion of stumbling to the lukewarm and indifferent. For, as said the Divine Master: 'By their fruits ye shall know them. Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?"

When we love the Lord with all our heart, mind, might, and strength, as the first commandment enjoins, we shall witness a qualification to fulfil the second injunction, to love our neighbor as ourselves. 'By this,' said our Great Pattern, 'shall all men know ye are my disciples if ye have love one unto another.' Then would the unity of the spirit, and the bond of peace be preserved.

The value of the guarded training of our youth was impressively adverted to. And parents were most affectionatly addressed, to be very watchful how they yield a ready compliance to the natural pleadings of their offspring, to mingle in the vanities of a fading world. The bitter pang would be spared in after-consideration, when the solemn query shall be heard, 'where are the lambs I committed to thy care in the wilderness?"

The consequences affecting our immortal interests by visiting places of diversion were pathetically dwelt upon. That brief hour of existence, which the longest life may represent, is far too transient to be imperiled by contact with those lusts, which war against the soul.

A warning voice has been heard in behalf of our testimony against a mercenary priesthood.

The number of instances presented of marriages performed by their assistance, has caused mourning to concerned minds.

The unnecessary use of spirituous liquors has received attention, and though measurably clear, we were invited to continued watchfulness in relation thereto.

Our testimony against bearing arms and complying with military requisitions has given rise to lively exercise for its continued support.

We are impressively desired to seek the spirit of meekness in our treatment of offenders, which would make their reclamation our primary object. Though when such labor is ineffectual, we have the authority of the Divine Master, to issue our testimony of disunity.

We have been furnished with a letter from our friend Samuel M. Janney, recently received by a friend of this city, from which we have made some extracts. We hope in a future number to give a particular account of the council with the Winnebagoes, to which his letter refers. EDS.

THE INDIANS.

OMAHA, NEB., 6th mo. 18th, 1869.

We who are engaged in this work, appreciate the sympathy of Friends and feel very desirous that we may be able, with Divine assistance, so to shape our course as to give satisfaction. I fear that some will be looking for immediate results, or at least for a very decided improvement within the present year. Such persons should remember that it is a very long and tedious process to change the habits of a people, and introduce among savages the customs and ideas of civilization. We should remember how many centuries it took to civilize our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, and how easily some of the whites on our frontiers relapse into barbarism.

I have visited only three of the agencies; those for the Winnebagoes, the Omahas, and the Pawnees. With each of these tribes I held a council, and addressed them on subjects I thought pertained to their temporal welfare and their eternal interests. Their replies were respectful and satisfactory. They are evidently much pleased with the prospect of having Friends for their care-takers. They call the agent Father, the superintendent Grandfather, and the President of the United States Great Father, or Great-grandfather. Of these three tribes the Winnebagoes are, I suppose, the best informed, but the most demoralized; the Omahas the most orderly and virtuous, and the Pawness the most warlike. The last mentioned are less civilized than the others, but they have one redeeming characteristic, they do not drink ardent spirits, and will not allow it to be brought on their reser-

vation. The Omahas are a fine looking set of men; tall and straight, with Roman noses and generally good countenances. I have not yet seen a handsome Indian woman.

When I arrived at the Winnebago reservation, there was assembled near the agency house a considerable number of Indians of both sexes, who had met to witness a "squaw's game of ball." We expressed our wish to see it, and went on to the house for dinner. After dinner we came back to the place where the Indians were, but the squaws had finished their game and some persons thought they were rather averse to our being witnesses of it. I was told it was somewhat of a religious ceremony, and was gotten up on account of an Indian boy being killed unintentionally by one of his comrades. The parents of the deceased had received from the parents of the boy who killed him a present that was considered a sufficient atonement for the deed.

It is said they always feast and sing on the occasion of a death in the family or band. The tribes are divided into bands, and each band is led by a chief. He receives for his band the goods or rations of food supplied by the United States Government. The chiefs are appointed by the Indian agents and may be deposed by them.

The Winnebagoes have a code of laws prepared for them, I believe, by Col. H. B. Denman, late superintendent. The code is brief and simple, and is printed in a pamphlet in English. The chiefs are the judges, and they have a police force of Indians paid by the U. S. Government. I witnessed a trial of a woman accused of robbing a store at the agency. It was conducted with gravity and decorum; the chiefs sitting in a row upon a bench in the open air, the interpreter near them, the criminal seated fronting them, the superintendent and agent with other white persons on benches, and a circle of Indians seated on the ground or lying down, some of them squaws with their papooses tied to a board. The accused confessed her guilt, and said no one was concerned in the robbery but herself, which was much doubted. The goods had nearly all been found and restored to their owners.

There are fourteen chiefs, and nine are required for a quorum "on the bench;" but there were only seven present, and they had to defer judgment to another sitting. They have a jail, and I was asked whether she should be committed, but the police came forward and offered to take care of her and be responsible for her appearance at the next sitting of the court, which was agreed to. She has since been sentenced to twenty days imprisonment, and is now in jail. Many Indians being present, notice was given that a council would be held the next morning, and so ended my first day among the Indians.

To-morrow afternoon (Seventh-day) I expect to go out sixteen miles to Fort Calhoun, where there is a settlement of some six or seven families who sympathize with Friends and wish to attend a meeting. I feel it right to appoint one for First-day next.

There are Friends and friendly people here who would esteem it a privilege to attend a Friends' meeting, and I expect to hold one at our house as soon as we get settled.

I have engaged to rent a house which is now being built. It was begun *last week*, and is to be ready for us in three weeks from to-morrow—say 7th mo. 10th. It is to be two stories and have eight rooms; it is now so far advanced that the roof will probably be on it in three days.

In travelling from one of the agencies I passed by a town called Blair, having some forty or fifty houses that were only *two months* old. The lots were sold at auction in the 3d month last. They are a fast people here, and go with a rush. The land is mostly prairie, some of it level, but much of it beautifully rolling, as rich as land can be, and covered with high waving grass and wild flowers. The Indian reservations are the most beautiful lands I have seen. S. M. J.

A TRIP ACROSS THE PRAIRIE.

Omaha Agency, 6th mo. 11th, 1869.

Having some business near Logan Creek, about 20 miles distant from the Agency, I set out yesterday in a light vehicle, with a friend, to take a trip across the prairie to the point we wished to reach. After travelling about a mile on the smooth post road towards Omaha, we struck into an Indian trail that led in the direction we wished to go. As every one may not know exactly what an Indian trail is like, I will try to describe it. When these people go out on their customary hunts, or to visit a neighboring tribe, they set out in a string across the country, following one after another, whether it be on their ponies or on foot. This, after a while, wears quite a deep path through the thick grass of the prairie, about a foot wide, and being deepened somewhat by the washing of the rain, becomes difficult to travel in. Another path is then started about the distance of a carriage track from the other, and running almost as parallel as the track of one carriage wheel is to another. The second track after a while is abandoned for the same reason, and another and another is started; until in some places six or eight of these paths may be seen winding along over the sloping swells of the prairie. This is an In-

dian trail. After following this track over the rolling prairie for about ten or twelve miles, we came in sight of the beautiful valley of Logan Creek, at a point near where it enters the Omaha Reservation. The land adjoining this Reservation is being rapidly taken up by settlers, whose little shanties were dotted along the valley as far as the eye could reach. It was a beautiful sight to see their sturdy ox teams stringing along in the distance, patiently toiling as the keen plow rolled over thin slices of the tough and luxuriant sward of the prairie. This is the season of *breaking*, as it is called, which means a preparation of the ground for next year's crop, by turning over slices of the sward to the depth of about 2 or 2½ inches. The following spring the grass and roots having decayed, the ground is deeply plowed and is then ready to be planted with corn, or sown with spring wheat.

One of the first ideas that impresses a stranger when he sees a broad expanse of land, without a twig of any kind of wood as thick as a pipe stem, as far as the eye can reach, is this,—what is to be done for materials for fuel and fencing?

This problem is easily solved. The prevailing timber, where any is found, (and this is generally along the streams), is cottonwood. These trees grow to a great size. The foliage is very beautiful. The leaf resembles somewhat that of a Lombardy popular. The wood is rather soft, somewhat tough, and not very durable. For fuel it is rather inferior to oak wood. The great redeeming feature in this variety of tree is its rapid growth and tenacity of life.

At the valley of Logan Creek we met with an intelligent settler, who showed us a plantation he had set out to raise a supply of fencing materials and fuel.

The sets were planted the previous spring. They were then very small. He said he carried 2000 of them in a horse bucket. At a little over a year old they had grown to the height of 8 feet and were from 1 inch to 1½ inches in thickness. At 4 years old they are large enough for a fence rail, and when 6 years old they furnish an abundant supply of fuel. The seed of the cottonwood is enveloped in a light cotton tuft, whence its name originates.

This little winged messenger is carried by the winds to a great distance, and readily germinates and takes root whenever it finds a favorable position. Along the Missouri valley they come up by the million, and are pulled up by the roots and set out in a plantation, about as far asunder as corn-hills, and cultivated in the same way for about 2 years, after which they will take care of themselves. The object of cultivating them, when small, is to keep down the grass, and so prevent the fire from running through them and destroying the plantation; for be it known that King fire sweeps over the prairies here like a destroying angel, at least once a year; and woe unto the hapless settler who has not burned a belt round his buildings, or his stacks of grain or hay.

This may seem like rather a dry detail when coming from a country so fraught at this time with stirring events, and so rich in interest with every thing that concerns the civilization and improvement of the poor Indians, and the development of the fruits of the "Quaker Policy." As this is a large subject, I will defer my remarks for another occasion, and content myself with saying that we have an interesting field of labor among the Omahas, and are content with our allotment. Arrangements are already made to allot to them their lands in severalty, which is properly considered one of the first and most important steps towards their civilization and improvement.

E. PAINTER,
U. S. Indian Agent.

THE REWARD.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER

Who, looking backward from his manhood's prime,
Sees not the spectre of his misspent time?
And, through the shade
Of funeral cypress planted thick behind,
Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind
From his loved dead?

Who bears no trace of passion's evil force?
Who shuns thy sting, O terrible remorse?—
Who does not cast
On the thronged pages of his memory's book,
At times, a sad and half-reluctant look,
Regretful of the Past?

Alas!—the evil which we fain would shun
We do, and leave the wished for good undone:
Our strength to-day
Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to fall;
Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all
Are we alway.

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er his years,
Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful tears,
If he hath been
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,
To cheer and aid, in some ennobling cause,
His fellow-men?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in
A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin,—
If he hath lent
Strength to the weak, and, in an hour of need,
Over the suffering, mindless of his creed
Or home, hath bent,

He has not lived in vain, and while he gives
The praise to Him, in whom he moves and lives,
With thankful heart,
He gazes backward, and with hope before,
Knowing that from his works he nevermore
Can henceforth part.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

GOD'S LETTERS.

BY ZAIDEE PARIS.

Beautiful butter cups—letters of gold—
The Father hath painted on hillside and wold ;
And hyacinths, tulips, and lilac buds blow
Where are daffodils fair, and lilies of snow.
And deep in the wood there is lettering, too,
Of anemonies white, and violets blue,
Of trailing arbutus, and delicate fern,
Till later, the crimson lobelias burn.
And holy and sweet are the words that they spell—
These wonderful letters God writeth so well—
Which angels are singing, which song birds have caught,
Which Heaven is dropping in man's troubled thought ;
Which nature is shouting in anthem so grand :
"God is love ! He is love !" all over the land.
Then echo it softly in thought, word, and deed,
And hearts shall own blossoms from Christ's precious seed ;
The winter shall pass, and the spring-time be given,
And the summer be peace, in God's beautiful Heaven !

CHINESE CHARITIES.

That benevolent societies are found in a heathen land may appear strange to Western readers ; but it is a fact that they exist in China in numbers and variety hardly exceeded in Christian lands. In comparing these institutions with those of the West, one is also struck with a similarity which exists in their nature and objects. We have here orphan asylums, institutions for the relief of the widows, as well as for the aged and infirm, public hospitals, and free schools, together with other kindred institutions more peculiarly Chinese in their character. Moral tracts are also distributed to a great extent. . . . .

Orphan asylums are found in almost every city, and frequently in country villages. They are established by a wealthy individual, or several individuals associated together, and are sometimes supported by a permanent fund, or the proceeds of lands given for that purpose. Most children brought to these establishments are infants whose parents are too poor to support them. The great majority of them are girls. They are put in the charge of foster-mothers, who generally live at their own homes, and are required to present them for inspection at the asylum every half-month, when they receive their regular stipend. When the children are about two years old they are brought back to the establishment, and several are put under the care of one nurse. When they have arrived at a suitable age, boys are put out as apprentices to learn trades, or sent to free schools ; girls are sold to the poorer classes, according to the custom of the country, as wives. Children of both sexes, however, are not unfrequently adopted, and treated by their benefactors a their own. . . . .

In Hang-chow, the provincial capital of Chekiang, I found in connection with a variety of benevolent institutions, an Asylum for Old Men, in which I became particularly interested, and which I frequently visited. It contained, in 1809, about five hundred inmates. The building was large, the beneficiaries were made very comfortable, and everything connected with the establishment was carried on with as much order and system as in our own country. In addition to an immense dining-room, kitchen and sleeping apartments, conveniences were afforded in separate buildings for making different articles of handicraft, and the inmates were at liberty to spend as much time as they chose working at some trade, and to make such use as they pleased of whatever they might earn in this way. . . . .

Societies for affording pecuniary aid to widows are very common, and exist either independently or in connection with societies embracing several distinct objects conjointly. Immediately after the death of her husband, the widow receives a larger stipend than at any subsequent time, in order to assist her in providing for her young children. This allowance is gradually diminished ; and as old age approaches, women of this class, if they have no children able to support them, are sometimes transferred to another establishment which provides for the wants of the aged and infirm. When a respectable and worthy widow is in want, and the limited number of beneficiaries in the public asylums is complete, private individuals frequently make contributions to afford relief in these particular cases. The peculiar interest felt in this class of woman is due to the views of the Chinese respecting the disreputableness of the second marriages of widows. Among the poor, and in case of widows who have no children to depend upon in after-life, a second marriage is allowable, though the opposite course is spoken of in terms of the highest commendation as honorable and meritorious. The ground for this feeling seems to be respect for the memory of the deceased husband. . . . .

The gratuitous distribution of medicine is quite common in China. In the summer especially, certain remedies much prized by the people may be obtained free of charge from societies which include this among other objects for which they are instituted. There is a very common mode of practicing the healing art, professedly from benevolent motives in which a selfish motive is too apparent. Notices may continually be seen placarded in public places calling the attention of the pub

lic to some distinguished personage of the Esculapian school who has learned his art at the capital, or from some foreigner, or from some distinguished native practitioner, or by communication with the genii, who is desirous of relieving those who are in a condition of suffering and distress, and will give them an opportunity to avail themselves of his knowledge and skill without charge, except for the cost of medicine.

A new enterprise, originated a few years since in the city of Suchow, has since been introduced into other places, which cannot but be regarded with peculiar interest. Its express object is "the suppression of immoral books." This enterprise has also gained the sanction and concurrence of the authorities, and has already done much towards checking the influence of this source of demoralization. The people are not only requested, but required to bring such books as have been prohibited to the head-quarters of this society, where they receive an equivalent for them in money. Not only books, but the stereotyped blocks from which they are printed, are thus collected at a great expense, and all are together, at stated times, committed to the flames. Several of the celebrated standard novels of China, which in a moral point of view will bear favorable comparison with some of the popular literature of our own country, have fallen under the ban of this society, and cannot now be obtained without great trouble and expense. Instances have occurred in which booksellers who have continued to sell immoral works in the face of these regulations, have become obnoxious to public authority, and incurred a great sacrifice of reputation and property. . . . .

There are in Chinese cities public asylums, sustained at the expense of Government, containing a limited number of diseased and disabled poor, who receive a daily allowance insufficient for their support, and eke out the remainder of their living by begging. They are more successful than others, as they carry the evidence of their misfortunes in their physical infirmities, and some of them amass considerable property. These also have their heads or leaders, some of whom are brokers and billshavers. They sometimes buy bad bills at a discount, and collect them by attacking the house of the delinquent debtor with an army of beggars, until he is glad to get rid of them by paying it.

The most popular of the benevolent institutions Ningpo, and the one having by far the largest income, includes a variety of objects. It has a fund for providing coffins for the poor, a fund for carrying coffins which have been thrown carelessly aside to some suitable place for interment, and one for collecting and burying again human bones which are found exposed to view; also a fund for providing medicine in summer, and warm clothes in winter; a fund for the relief of widows; one for gathering old printed paper, and the only one in Ningpo, for suppressing immoral books. This society has a large building, with as many secretaries and superintendents as are necessary for the orderly and efficient carrying on of its extensive operations.

It is also worthy of remark, that most of the roads and fine arch bridges, as well as the public buildings of China, are constructed by voluntary donations. In connection with these public works it is very common to see stone tablets erected containing the names of donors and the amounts of their subscriptions.

Tea is in many places provided for travellers, and offered gratuitously in resting houses by the roadside. Poor scholars are furnished with money for travelling expenses in attending literary examinations.—*China and Chinese.*

It is the sensualities, the earthliness of those who give the tone to public sentiment, which is chargeable with a vast amount of the intemperance of the poor.

From The Cultivator and Country Gentleman.

EARNED PENNIES AND GIFT PENNIES.

It is a hard matter for a stirring boy to be contented and happy, when he has not a cent in his pocket. Yet, of the two extremes, it ruins him far quicker to have an unstinted supply of spending money, which costs him nothing.

A gentleman who had ground along through his childhood in extreme poverty, afterwards became a man of wealth. Remembering his own early days, and the joy which chance dimes and quarters gave him, he determined that his boys should be made happy by most lavish supplies of money. He failed utterly in making them happy, and two now lie in drunkards' graves, while a third is rapidly tending the same downward road. The fourth has failed in everything he has undertaken, and is now settled down on a little farm near his father, where the old gentleman can keep his eye on him.

The golden mean is the wise course in this as in almost everything else. But to have a boy fairly appreciate the worth of money he needs to earn it. A gentlemen who rose to a high position as a wealthy merchant, said he laid the foundation of his fortune chopping wood at twenty-five cents a cord. He gained about thirty dollars in this way, and whenever he was tempted to waste a quarter on some trifle he could just as well do without, he would say to himself, "There goes a cord

of wood." It served as a powerful check to extravagance, and the lesson he learned from that wood-chopping experience was faithfully drilled into the minds of a succession of clerks who came under his influence, thus giving their habits a bent in the right direction. Would that more of our young clerks had similar employers.

Nobody has a better opportunity to place his children in the way of earning something for themselves than the farmer. A little plot of ground to cultivate, would never be missed from his acres, and if it was the very heart of his farm that was thus appropriated, it would more than pay in the advantage to the children. The finest estate you can hand down to them would be worthless without *good habits and principles.* You may well spend all your income in forming such characters. To form right characters is the great object of our existence here, not the addition of field to field, as the accumulation of riches. Yet how few give the slightest attention to this subject with respect to their children. To get the largest amount of work out of them is the chief consideration, often to the sad neglect of their mental culture.

Work which the child is forced to do for the profit of another alone, is heartless drudgery, but if the stimulus of a share in the profits is added to it, what a spring it gives to all the powers! A father has a right to look for help from his boys, proportioned to their strength, while they are dependent upon him, but if he is wise, he will also give them a proprietorship in something about the place, and he has bound their hearts to him and to their home with a double cord.

A little strawberry bed to cultivate, a few dozen blackberry and raspberry bushes, a patch of early cabbages, or anything that can be easily marketed, and will bring them in fair returns, is sure to awaken an interest in such pursuits which is worth more than the money. Then a boy or girl is richer over a few shillings they have earned by real work than over the same number of dollars which have been given them. Every one knows how much farther earned pennies go than gift pennies.

It is a great deal easier to go without a luxury that we have the money to buy, than to do without it when we have not the money. Boys don't hanker after the candy in shop windows half so much when they have a few pennies in their pockets, as they do when they havn't a copper in the world.

If they are taught the great lesson of "Spare well, spend well," they are better off with a little money than without it, and nothing teaches the lesson like being helped to "earn well." J. E. McC.

ITEMS.

Fossil Ivory.—Among the resources of our new territory of Alaska, its richness in fossil ivory is not the least in importance. Several localities are known to abound in this substance—the tusks of the mammoth, or hairy fossil elephant. The ivory of which these are composed is of fine quality, and for many purposes equal, if not superior, to that of the living elephants. This substance is, however, better known as a product of Siberia, where trade in it has been carried on for hundreds of years. The tusks obtained weigh from 100 to 450 pounds, becoming smaller to the northward, but increasing in number at the same time so as to excite the profoundest astonishment. The surface of the ground of one of the Lachow islands is said to be completely covered with mammoth bones. Tusks have been brought thence for hundreds of years, without apparently reducing the supply in the least. About 40,000 pounds are collected annually in New Siberia, representing at least 300 mammoths, so that in the 200 years of trade with that country, the tusks of 60,000 animals must have been collected. Some of the tusks are so large as to render it impossible to remove them except in pieces. They are found lying either on the surface of the ground or beneath it, sometimes buried in the bogs, or heaped up along the mouths of the rivers, covered with sand, or frozen in the cliffs by the sea. Entire skeletons occur, sometimes singly, at others aggregated, as if an entire herd had been suddenly destroyed. The country in many places is said to resemble, with its scattered, unburied skeletons and bones, some vast battle field.

The Cotton Mills in the United States are 6527 in number, running 7,585,082 spindles, and consuming 417,367,771 pounds of cotton per annum. This gives to each mill an average of 1162 spindles, and a consumption of 63,945 pounds of cotton per annum. The statistics, arranged according to the great geographical divisions of the country, are as follows: Northern States, 6441 miles, running 7,359,020 spindles, consuming 385,952,021 pounds of cotton annually. Southern States, 86 miles, running 226,062 spindles, consuming 31,418,750 pounds of cotton annually. This gives to each of the mills in the Northern States an average of 1141 spindles, and an annual consumption of 59,921 pounds of cotton, and each of the mills in the Southern States an average of 2628 spindles, and an annual consumption of 365,299 pounds of cotton. The mills in the Southern States, it will be perceived, are large establishments.

In Dennisville and other places in New Jersey quite a heavy business is done in raising cedar trees out of the marshes in which they were buried many centuries ago, and covered with peat. The cedar is a remarkably durable tree; and this quality, added to the antiseptic power of the peat explains the appearance of the logs, which seem as fresh when first taken out, and, indeed, as buoyant, as if they fallen but yesterday. The wood raised from these buried forests is mostly made into shingles. It is found that those trees which were blown down are more valuable than those which were broken off, as they were more generally sound at the time they fell. Tree after tree, from 200 to 1,000 years old, may be found one over another in the salt marshes on the "Jersey flats," showing the immense age of the lowest layers, and also showing that this region has been gradually sinking for thousands of years. In one case a tree with 500 annual rings was found directly under the stump of another in which 1,000 were counted. *Ex. Paper.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

ASTRONOMY.—NO. V.

BY BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

(Concluded from page 290.)

The Stellar Systems.—Nebulæ.

The stars in the heavens are not distributed with anything of regularity, but exist in clusters called Nebulæ, from their resemblance to a cloud; and the Nebula of which our sun is a constituent, is estimated to contain 1,000 millions of stars, or nearly as many as there are inhabitants on our Earth; and, by analogy, as our sun, *which is one of the cluster*, is so circumstanced, each *star is believed to be the centre of a system of worlds;* save that some systems may possess, in Binary and Ternary stars, two or three (or more) suns, around which the planets revolve in modified hyperbolic orbits, such stars being in their foci. It is estimated that there are about 3,000 Nebulæ in the northern hemisphere. From the remotest stars in "our Nebula," that is, in the Nebula of which our sun is a constituent, and which is just like the others, only that *we are nearer to it*, Light would require 5,000 years to reach our Earth. It being the light which falls on the eye at the *time we look at a star*, which renders it visible, and not the light which is then leaving it, the light which falls upon our eyes when we look at one of these remote stars must have left the star 5,000 years ago, and has been winging its untiring flight, with its immense velocity, ever since, on, on, on, to bear to its conscious recipient, whoever it might be, the intelligence of the existence of the star from which it was emitted, when it set out on its errand 5,000 years before. And should the star be extinguished, the light which had been just previously emitted would continue to render the star visible to successive observers upon the Earth for 5,000 years thereafter. All the visible stars belong to our stellar system. They are very irregularly distributed through the space they occupy, some portions of the heavens being almost destitute of stars, while in others they are gathered into clusters, as the Pleiades, Orion, and many others, adding greatly to the grandeur and sublimity of the night scene.

> "Teach me by this stupendous scaffolding,
> Creation's golden steps, to climb to Thee."
> —*Young.*

It is inferred from their analogy to our own, and reasoning from what we know, that each of these numerous Nebulæ in the heavens is a vast collection of suns, the centres of millions of revolving worlds!

Many of these Nebulæ can be resolved into distinct stars by telescopes of sufficiently high magnifying power, and such are called *resolvable Nebulæ;* while others have hitherto resisted the power of any telescope to break them into stars, and such are said to be *irresolvable.* These Nebulæ may be likened to a number of bodies of woodland, remote from

one another, in an otherwise cleared country, the trees representing the stars. If a person were near the centre of such woods, say of ten acres, and could see through the trees a second one, say twenty miles off, of about the same size, the trees in the one where he was would be all around him on every side large and distinct, while those in the other would be dim, and all clustered together to his vision, so that the visible space they occupied would be so small as to be covered by his two hands held open before him at arm's length. Now let him set out to travel from woods No. 1, where he is, to woods No. 2 at 20 miles distant, which appears so small. The trees of No. 1 retire more and more back of him, as he moves from the centre nearer and nearer to the edge of the woods; and, when he gets outside and recedes from it, the trees which were around him are now all behind him; and as he goes on further and further from them, they seem to be clustering nearer and nearer together every time he looks back at them, while those of No. 2, to which he is travelling, begin to expand out, the woods appearing larger and larger, till, when he gets half his journey performed, the two woods occupy equal spaces in his sphere of vision. As he continues on, the trees of No. 1 appear to get closer and closer together, and those of No. 2 to get further and further apart, till, when he gets to the centre of No. 2, the trees are all around him as they were in No. 1, while those in the one he left are all clustered together to his vision, so that the space they occupy is not larger than his two hands.

Such is the difference between remote Nebulæ, and the one in which we are. Doctor Herschell, with his forty feet telescope, discovered a Nebula *just in the farthest verge of telescopic vision*, which much resembles in shape and size the one of which our sun is a constituent, occupying in appearance from this immense distance a space in ether not larger than one's two open hands; from which Nebulæ it is estimated, light would require over one hundred and twenty thousand years to reach our Earth. Now, in order to try to get a *little* idea of the size of our solar system, our stellar system, and of the distance of this Nebula, let us, in imagination, travel out from our Earth to this Nebula, like the supposed person from one wood to the other, with the velocity of light, 200,000 miles in a second of time. One second and a fifth brings us to the distance of the Moon; 8 minutes to that of the Sun; 40 minutes to Jupiter; where we must look back at our Sun, and we will find it diminished to only one twenty-fifth part of the size it appeared to be when we set out; one hour and twenty minutes brings us to Saturn; 2½ hours to Uranus, and 4 hours to Neptune, the extreme limit of our solar system, where let us stop to rest. We look back at our sun. It has dwindled down to only one nine-hundredth part of the size it was when we commenced our rapid journey, although only four hours on the way. But the stars in their respective constellations still blaze around us, without any alteration in their relative positions or appearances, the comparative little distance we have travelled being inappreciable, compared with the immense space which still separates us from the nearest star. Let us then set out again with the same immense velocity, as much as eight times around our Earth in a single second of time, for this nearest star, 61 Cygni, and we must go on, on, on—month after month, and year after year—on, on, on, for ten long years, before we accomplish this second stage of our journey by arriving at this star. Here let us again rest. We look back at the sun which we left. It is a *mere point;* but, we have a bright one near us, the small star we set out for having, by our approaching it, swelled out into a brilliant sun, and its beams at the same distance just as cheering and invigorating as those of the one we had so often enjoyed! Let us resume our journey. Having arrived at the nearest fixed star in our own stellar system, we must push on, on, on, on, year after year, and century after century, passing star after star of our Nebula, till, at the end of 5,000 years of travel at the tremendous velocity of light, we reach the farthest star of our own stellar system; and the whole of our cluster is thence behind us, and its individual elements, as we proceed on, on, on, are gradually huddling themselves together in a cluster nearer and nearer one another, like the trees in a wood from which we are receding, while the Nebula to which we are winging our way, is as yet but little expanded or changed, owing to the *comparatively short* distance we have yet travelled.

But as we go on, on, on, thousands of years after thousands of years, with the same amazing and undiminished velocity, and then thousands of years after thousands of years many times repeated, the cluster we have left contracts more and more by the diminution of the visúal angle under which the continually increasing distance exhibits it to us, while that to which we are approaching, gradually and correspondingly expands, till at the end of the flight of 120,000 years! twenty times the period which has elapsed since the epoch assigned to the creation of the world! we arrive at the nearest constituent of that Nebula; and then persevering in the same course with the same velocity for five thousand years more, we will come to the corresponding position in *that* stellar system which we left in *ours*.

Now let us rest and look around. Have we got to the *edge* of the universe? No: we are apparently *right in the middle* of it, as we were at home. As the ancient philosophers said of Deity, so is it true of His universe, its *centre is everywhere, but its circumference nowhere.*" We look out from our new resting-place, as we did here, through countless stars and constellations, all shining in their brilliancy, beauty, and grandeur, spread out at immense distances on all sides; see numerous Nebulæ; and we seem apparently right in the centre of creation!

Let us look back at the Nebula we left. All these stars which here appear so large, so numerous, so distant on every side, so brilliant, and in their combined effect so grand, lie clustered together in an apparent space not larger than the two open hands, their combined light, including that from our sun, feebly rendering visible, like a light mist, the little spot they occupy in the heavens. Where now is *our large Earth*, as we are accustomed to consider it, when our *whole stellar system* is but an indistinguishable point? and where are *we* and our possessions, great as they may be, upon it? We are thus enabled to see our extreme *personal* or physical insignificance in the outward creation, calculated to inspire us with deep humility, yet, when we regard the *soul*, and it *obedient to the laws of the Creator*, it swells out to the dimensions of the universe in its fullest expansion, the great sphere of its eternal existence and activity!

Then the immensity of *power* of the Great Creator and Sustainer of this universe, which we are thus brought to contemplate, so calculated to call forth feelings of awe, reverence and devotion! As before remarked, our whole large Earth is in motion around the sun, with a velocity of 19 miles a second, being about 100 times as great as that of a cannon ball just discharged. As certainly as it is in motion, which is a demonstrable fact, so certainly has it been put in motion. Now the same force is necessary to put a body in motion which is required to stop it. To stop a hundred pound cannon ball at its initial velocity we well know would require much force. To stop one moving with a velocity 100 *times as great*, which is the velocity of the Earth, would require 100 times as much force. Then when we consider the force necessary to stop as many such balls as the weight of the Earth would make, we find the requisite power to stop the Earth, rises entirely above all human conception. But our Earth is only one of the large number of planets of our solar system, among which is Jupiter, 1500 times as large as our Earth, all in rapid motion, and all were *put* in motion, and are *kept* in motion by the same Power.

And then, *our sun* is but one of *a thousand millions of suns in our stellar system*, which there is no doubt whatever, are centres of as many systems of worlds, all in motion, and all put and preserved in motion by the same wonderful Power!

Moreover, *our stellar system*, or Nebula, is only *one of many thousands of Nebulæ*, each composed of countless suns, and systems of revolving worlds, all of which vast machinery was set in motion, and is maintained in motion by the Eternal Omnipotent Power, who preserves all in beauty, harmony, and order, so that a sparrow does not fall without His notice, and who is particularly regardful to protect and sustain His humble, dependent children.

The outward practical benefit to man of these remote Nebulæ is very small. Such vastness in space and power must, however, when revealed and contemplated, exert a salutary influence somewhere, and this is *on the heart* when in a healthy condition. It is our privilege *now*, to realize the fact that the Great Creator and Sustainer of this vast universe of bodies, *cares for us individually;* that He is near *to each one of us*, and near us as a Father and a friend, ready to employ all His power to help, protect, and bless us, if only we will permit Him to do so, by putting our trust in Him, and obeying His laws which He makes manifest to us.

"Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise."

Sandy Spring, Md., 6th mo. 8th, 1869.

Remember that *character is essential to success in life;* and that character is the best which is real and thorough—true and genuine to the core—which has nothing underlaying it of the consciousness of secret sin; which is as pure and unspotted as it is thought to be, and the moral and manly virtues of which are based upon and inspired by a religious faith—by that love and fear of God which at once preserve from "great transgressions," and prompt to the cultivation of every personal and social virtue.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
And ask them what report they bore to heaven;
And how they might have borne more welcome news,
Their answers form what men experience call;
If Wisdom's friend, her best; if not, worst foe.
O reconcile them! Kind Experience cries,
"There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs;
The more our joy, the more we know it vain;
And by success are tutored to despair."
Nor is it only thus, but must be so.
Who knows not this, though gray, is still a child.
Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,
Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.

A MEMORIAL

Of Oswego Monthly Meeting, concerning our beloved Friend ELIZABETH HAVILAND, *deceased*, approved by Nine Partners Quarterly Meeting, and examined by the Meeting for Sufferings of New York Yearly Meeting.

"Sensibly feeling the great loss we have sustained in the removal of this our beloved Friend, and believing that the remembrance of those whose virtuous examples give evidence of faithfulness to manifested duty, has a tendency to strengthen and encourage others to walk by the same rule, and mind the same thing, we feel it right to give forth this memorial concerning her; fully believing she has received the answer of well done good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over more; enter thou into the joys of thy Lord.

She was born in the town of New Fairfield, State of Connecticut, in the year 1787.

Her parents, Richard and Abigail Sudlow, were received members of Oblong Monthly Meeting; and feeling a concern for the guarded education of their children, they requested for their daughter while young in years; but as she grew towards womanhood, she inclined to mingle in the gay and popular circles of the age, and share with them in the alluring vanities of the world; and by not taking heed to the reproofs in her own mind, and the tender counsels and admonitions of her concerned Parents and Friends, she continued in those things till her marriage with one out of the Society; and she was deprived of her right of membership.

In 1809, she removed with her husband to the town of Patterson in the State of New York, and occasionally attended the Valley Meeting, a branch of Oblong Monthly Meeting; and though still prone to vanity and lightness, yet the precepts of her education, together with Divine Grace upon her mind, led her at times to reflect upon her past and present condition; and by taking heed to that Light that makes manifest, she was enabled effectually to commence the work of self-denial, in refraining from those vain amusements that had captivated her youthful mind.

She at length became a steady attender of meeting, and after a time, at her request, was restored to the unity of her Friends; and by attention to the voice of Truth she learned in the school of Christ, that it is by the way of the Cross that the Crown is obtained, and true happiness experienced. Thus abiding, she was qualified to instruct others, and became a faithful Minister of the Gospel. It may truly be said of her that she was a preacher of righteousness both by example and precept. She was remarkably careful not to move in the exercise of her gift without a renewed qualification from the holy fountain; knowing that without bidding, it is in vain to put forth the hand to steady the ark. Her communications were short and generally very impressive; and she was remarkable in prayer for fervency of spirit.

Frequent and urgent were her appeals to the young to shun the alluring vanities of the world, and its fascinating amusements, which in the early walks of life led her astray from the pathway of holiness, and caused her to suffer the penalty of condemnation and anguish of spirit.

In the year 1825, she removed with her husband and family and settled in the verge of this Meeting.

Her husband, John Haviland, subsequently to their marriage, became a consistent member of Society, and they lived together in near unity about fifty-eight years.

Her travels abroad in the line of the Ministry were not extensive, being mostly confined within the limits of her own and neighboring Quarterly Meetings, and often engaged in visiting families therein; and in this particular service she was eminently qualified, being peculiarly gifted to point out the states and conditions of those with whom she mingled in spirit, and to offer a word of consolation and encouragement to the afflicted, and true mourners in Zion. In the year 1845, she obtained a minute to attend Ohio Yearly Meeting, and to appoint Meetings as Truth might direct. During the course of this visit several circumstances occurred to show her devotedness to the cause of Truth, and her obedience to its dictates.

The following are extracted from the Minutes of a Friend traveling with her without her being aware that they were recorded:

'At one time after attending a large and favored Meeting, we were accompanied by about twenty, mostly young people, to the house of an afflicted family; the mother having been confined to her bed upwards of twenty years, and the father having become disheartened by dwelling on the dark side of things, which disqualified him for the varied duties of life. After a little while Elizabeth invited the company to retire in silence together, when the stream of Gospel love flowed so sweetly from her lips, that all present were melted into tears of gratitude. The father was not present, but we were afterwards informed that he was within hearing. After a pause of silence, she was moved to speak to a state not included in this circle, saying, thou hast been the visited of the Lord,—His Light has shone round about the feet of thy mind, pointing out the path of duty before thee, and thou hast measureably known Him

to be a wall of defence against the enemy, and the gates thereof to be praise; and so long as thy feet were established upon this wall it was beautiful to look upon. The Lord blessed thee, and thy peace flowed like a river, and caused thee to become a fruitful vine bringing forth good fruit; but—alas! thou hast not been faithful; thou hast suffered a wild vine to spring up, that obscures thy spiritual vision from beholding this wall and its former loveliness, and its beauty has thereby departed from thy sight, and the reasoning powers of thy mind suffered to wander in the wilderness of despondency; and thou art again exhorted of the Lord, through this unworthy instrument, to prune away the wild vine from the wall, that the live branches may put forth, and its former beauty again appear, and thy feet become established upon it, and to know again of walking in the light of the Lord; which I leave as a legacy of His redeeming love.'

About this time there was much excitement in the country in regard to Slavery. And the early part of that Yearly Meeting became so unsettled by the subject, that during one entire day no way appeared to move forward with the business of the meeting in its usual order; and on the following morning the same opposing spirit appeared. When in this embarrassed condition, Elizabeth came into the men's Meeting and soon appeared in supplication in a powerful and affecting manner; and then in a communication no less impressive. When she withdrew, the meeting sat for a time in profound silence; and then proceeded with the business in much harmony and condescension.

At the close of the Yearly Meeting appointments were forwarded for Meetings for about forty miles.

After traveling a few miles Elizabeth felt impressed to stop at a house then in sight, where they found a lone woman, whom she requested to sit down in silence. After a solemn pause she was led to speak upon the subject of self-destruction.

When they were about leaving, the woman acknowleged that she had been under that temptation, but thought now she should put it from her.

In seasons of prosperity, as in adversity, she would gather her family around her, and as she bowed in prayer would humbly petition the Father of all sure mercies for their preservation with her own soul; extending a desire for every class, that all might be gathered into the rest prepared for the righteous.

The last opportunity she had with them while in her usual health, and while some of them had been suffering many weeks with sickness and disease, she petitioned her Heavenly Father, in great fervency of spirit, that if He was about to require a sacrifice in her little band, she might be accepted, and those still lingering be restored again to health.

It was not long after before she was taken sick and passed away, with but few days' illness, and before the rest had recovered. She had many times expressed a desire that she might retain her mental faculties till the lamp of life went out; a request in a remarkable manner granted her.

She was enabled to give counsel to those around her, in her last hours, admonishing all to be faithful to manifestations of known duty.

And although we deeply feel our loss, still there is cause for rejoicing that she had been a faithful servant in her day, and that her sun set in brightness.

She quietly departed this life on the Sixth of Second month, 1868, aged eighty-one years and two months.

Signed by direction and on behalf of Oswego Monthly Meeting.

CLARK C. BARMORE, *Clerk.*

PHEBE J. HAVILAND, *Clerk for the day.*

THE grandeur of man's nature turns to insignificance all outward distinctions. His powers of intellect, of conscience, of love, of knowing God, of perceiving the beautiful, of acting on his own mind, on outward nature, and on his fellow-creatures,—these are glorious prerogatives. Through the vulgar error of undervaluing what is common, we are apt, indeed, to pass these by as of little worth. But, as in the outward creation, so in the soul, the common is the most precious. Science and art may invent splendid modes of illuminating the apartments of the opulent, but these are all poor and worthless, compared with the common light which the sun sends into all our windows which He pours freely and impartially over hill and valley, which kindles daily the eastern and western sky; and so the common lights of reason and conscience and love are of more worth and dignity than the rare endowments which give celebrity to a few.

It is possible to read too much. The mind cannot be fitted for the great battle of life by the aid of books alone, although they form an essential part ot the aliment required for its healthy development. It needs a *variety* of food. It grows by independent reflection and observation, as well as by feeding upon the thoughts of others. Gorge it with book knowledge, and the result is pedantry, which is only one degree more tolerable than ignorance itself.

EXTRACT FROM WILLIAM DELL.

A true Christian hath this life of Christ, not only in union, but also in *manifestation*. For when a Christian partakes of Christ's life by faith, this life will not be idle in him (which is against the nature of all life, but especially of this) but most active and operative; and it will manifest itself especially two ways, namely, *both in holiness and comfort.*

1. This life will manifest itself in holiness, in the very holiness of Christ, which is the holiness of the Divine nature communicated to the human nature; the Spirit itself, which is given to a believer, as the outgoing of the life of God within him, worketh its own works of grace and sanctification in him, and communicates the same holiness to him, a member, as to Christ the head, though in a far different degree.

2. This life of Christ in a Christian will manifest itself in comfort as well as in holiness. And this is the life of our life, and the next and necessary result of holiness; wherefore it is said, that the kingdom of God stands first in righteousness, and then presently in peace and joy; and the same Spirit that is given for a sanctifier, is also given for a comforter: and Paul saith, Romans viii., that to be spiritually minded is not only life, but life and peace. For when a believer finds in himself a new nature through a new birth, and the law of God within his heart, and some strength to obey God, and to do His will, then he begins to find also a sweet and heavenly peace within him, and many times, joy unspeakable and glorious. And thus is a crucified Christian's new life manifested, both in holiness, and also in spiritual peace and joy.

TRAINING.

It is peculiarly important to bear in mind the way in which children *see* everything, and instinctively judge by what they see. Hence the whole manners, ways of speaking, customs, &c., of parents, *must be ruled by the rules they teach*, else their teaching, however good, will produce little fruit. For example, we teach them to be truthful; then we must be strictly truthful ourselves. We must not pay false compliments nor exaggerate stories, nor conceal half of things when telling them. Or we teach them to be kind; then we must show kindness to all. There must be no harsh words to servants, nor to them; nor must we ever fail to act kindly when the opportunity for being kind presents itself.

Nothing can be a worse lesson than that the parents may do many things which the child may not. *In a sense*, it is true; but not in the sense in which it is often said. In all such matters as kindness, truthfulness, gentleness, &c., the parents must act under exactly the same rules as those they teach their children.—*Moravian.*

From the Anti Slavery Standard.

THE INDIAN EXPERIMENT.

Benjamin Hallowell, of Maryland, an influential, representative Friend, of the Hicksite branch of the Society, met a large number of the Friends of this city, and Brooklyn, at the Fifteenth street Meeting House, on the 28th ult., and made a very interesting report of the present condition and progress of the work among the Indians in charge of the newly appointed Quaker Superintendents and Agents. Friend Hallowell, who has long been deeply interested in behalf of the Indians, is a man of more than average ability, with most refreshing earnestness, venerable in years, and in form and feature not very unlike Elias Hicks. It was through him, we believe, that President Grant's proposition for Quaker coöperation in the conduct of Indian affairs first reached the Society. Of course only a beginning of the work has been made. The report embraced accounts of the arrival at their posts of duty, of a few only of the Superintendents and Agents, and of their reception by the Indians and whites. The Indians, who it seems still cherish pleasant traditions of William Penn and his associates, had heard that the Quakers were coming, and were prepared to give them a most cordial greeting. They were also very kindly received by the whites, the former Superintendents and Agents, whose places they were to fill. Superintendent Samuel M. Janney, of Virginia, well-known as a writer and historian among Friends, whose headquarters are Omaha city, had held preliminary council meetings with the chiefs and representatives of two of the tribes of the Reservation under his charge. The accounts of these meetings, which will soon be prepared for publication by Friend Janney, were listened to with deep interest. The Indians, with abundant reason, ask for fidelity on the part of the Government to fair promises made to them hitherto. The story of their wrongs is indeed most touching and pitiable. Never were a people more unscrupulously and shamefully dealt with. The kindly words of counsel and encouragement spoken by Superintendent Janney and other Friends who addressed them were received cordially and gratefully. It will be the policy of the Friends, in which it was affirmed that President Grant and the Indian Commissioner heartily concur, to have the Indian lands under their care promptly surveyed and, in accordance with the law of Congress, apportioned in eighty acre lots, to heads of families, with additional forty acre

lots each to the young men and women over eighteen, and to get these lots as speedily as possible under cultivation. The exhortations of the Friends to avoid intoxicating drinks, to active industry, to better treatment of women, to send their children to the schools, and to teach them to work, were listened to very attentively by the Indians, with a promised acquiescence.

The reports of recent troubles with the Indians have been greatly exaggerated, and with an evident unfriendly purpose. The lands of these Indian Reservations are among the most fertile of the West. They are coveted by the whites. There are those who seek a pretext for making war upon the Indians. They would either drive them from their lands, to be appropriated for railroad purposes and personal aggrandizement, or exterminate the tribes altogether. It is against this greedy and thoroughly unscrupulous spirit which the humane experiment with the Indians will have chiefly to contend. It will be a most formidable opponent. *If* the President and Congress jointly will hold in check and baffle the designs of these greedy speculators and land monopolists, and coöperate by wise legislation, we shall hear no doubt of the success of the labors of the Friends now as formerly among the Indians, and that they may be guided, happily for all parties, in the pathway of a true civilization and of equal citizenship.

The character of a language is not determined by the rules of grammarians and lexicographers, but by the usage of the community, by the voice and opinion of speakers and hearers; and this works most naturally and effectively when it works most unconsciously. Clear and manly thought, and direct and unaffected expression, every writer and speaker can aim at; and, by so doing, can perform his part in the perfecting of his mother-tongue. —*Whitney's Language and the Study of Language.*

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

It seems to me that the more I enjoy the privileges we have in this pleasant retreat, the more nearly am I drawn toward those whom duty constrains to remain in the close and bustling city. I often feel how pleasant it would be to have thee here, but the *over*-solicitude is checked by the reflection that the ever-present Power, which is needed to *restrain* when all is prosperous, can also *sustain* in seasons of trial. Oh, it is good to abide ever under the shadow of His wing!

Thou art ever associated, my beloved friend, with my highest and deepest feelings, and when favored to feel the nearest access to the Source of good, I seem to have thee for my companion. My *text* to-day was, "Behold the lilies of the field, how they grow," &c.; and thou shalt have a share of the *opening* upon it. *How* do they grow? In the first place, they constantly aspire upward; they open the leaf, bud and flower to every influence of the sun, the rain, and even the small dew; while the part without which they could not live is *hidden* in the ground, and lives on *hidden* nutriment. How apt a figure of the spiritual life! We are not to toil and spin even for the best robes, but, casting out the *evil*, wait to be clothed upon with that which earthly wisdom was never arrayed in.

I had just seated myself yesterday afternoon for the purpose of replying to thy last sheet, issued from thy sick chamber, when my son presented thy second, filled with sadness. I could not of course then use the pen; now I am so unnerved that it is with difficulty I express the feelings of my heart. I murmur not at the high behest of Heaven, for surely the Judge of all the earth will do right; but when such a bright light is taken from us, how can we do otherwise than most deeply feel our loss. I hardly knew till now how strong the tie was that bound our dear friend to my heart. For a time after I last saw her, I looked with trembling for the tidings of her being safely landed where sorrowing and sighing could find no entrance; but somehow I had lost sight of that feeling, and only thought of her as being one with us in the struggle for the prosperity of the ever-blessed Truth. But now it is allover, and we are left without the aid of her pure spirit! The blow to me is heavy indeed! Four months she was my precious companion in gospel labor, and few were ever more sweetly banded than we were. How hard the sundering of those bonds! But it is all as it should be. Her day's work was done, and why should we wish her longer tarriance in this scene of fluctuation and change. I can now in truth say, "The Lord gave and He has taken away, blessed be His Holy Name." We must now share deeply in feeling with her bereaved companion. I cannot offer one word of consolation; there is but One never-failing source of consolation for him, and that is the fountain of celestial Love: it was where his beloved, cherished one found all her strength. The same is open to him and us all; and how much more efficacious one drop from this heavenly stream is

in binding up the broken in heart, than all we poor mortals can do: but still sympathy from feeling hearts is good.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 17, 1869.

"TA-O-PI AND HIS FRIENDS, OR THE INDIANS' WRONGS AND RIGHTS."—This little work, recently published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada., contains an interesting account of the Episcopal Mission among the Santee Sioux Indians under the care of Bishop Whipple and S. D. Hinman, a minister. The condition of these Indians is invested with an especial interest, as the Nebraska Agency has now been committed to the care of Friends; and we cannot but hope that the best welfare of this injured people will be the *first* consideration with all, whether Friends or others, who are professedly laboring for them.

An address of Bishop Whipple at the funeral of Ta-o-pi, several letters on Indian civilization, with reports, &c., are included in the volume before us, making a book of 125 pages. Those acquainted with the successful efforts of Ta-o-pi (wounded man) in preserving the lives of the white settlers during the Indian war of 1862, may be gratified with a likeness of that noble chief as given in the frontispiece.

A REPUBLICATION.—We have received "A Discourse on Galatians ii. 19, 20," delivered in 1652 by Wm. Dell, and now republished in pamphlet form and for sale by Thos. W. Stuckey, 624 Weaver St., Philadelphia.

Wm. Dell was a writer of the 17th century, and often uses the mystical language of that age; but we can derive instruction from the spirituality of his views, with many of which we unite.

In another column we give a short extract from the work before us.

MARRIED.

At Richmond, Indiana, on the 3d of Sixth month, 1869, at the residence of the bride's father, Benj. Strattan, by Friends' ceremony, JOSEPH S. WALLACE to ESTHER A. STRATTAN, both of that city.

——, on the 1st of Sixth month, 1869, according to the order of the religious Society of Friends, HENRY CLAY LIPPINCOTT to MARY H. DAVIS, daughter of David M. Davis—all of this city.

DIED.

GARDNER.—On the 1st inst., Ephraim Gardner, in the 81st year of his age; a member of Baltimore Monthly Meeting.

THORNE.—On the 21st of Sixth month, 1869, in the 85th year of her age, Mary Thorne, widow of Isaac Thorne; formerly of Burlington Co., N.J., but for twenty-two years past a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends held at Green St., Philada.

WORRELL.—Near Mount Holly, N.J., on the 24th of Sixth month, 1869, of consumption, Daniel L. Worrell, son of Demas C. and Mary T. Worrell, aged 24 years; a member of Mount Holly Monthly Meeting. His close was peaceful, having an evidence of a blissful immortality.

MACY.—On the morning of Seventh month 4th, 1869, in the city of New York, Caroline R., wife of Silvanus J. Macy, and daughter of Thomas and Sarah P. Ridgway, of Philadelphia, in the 36th year of her age.

MOREY.—At his home, Oak Park, Cook Co., Ill., Daniel Morey, in his 80th year. In his life he was unobtrusive and plain, in his associations gentle and kind, in departing peaceful and calm. No enemies without to annoy, and none within to disturb, he closed as he had lived, at peace with God and men. Near thirty years ago he removed from Verona, near Utica, in New York State, with a large family, in the hope to settle them around him, but his plans failed. His sons chose other occupations than tilling the ground. Though separated from Friends and meetings, he raised his family with a love for the principles of the Society of Friends, and in the simplicity of practice they require, showing their power to control in adverse circumstances. How many difficulties might be obviated, if such as seek homes in new settlements would band together, that they might strengthen each other, and more effectually spread gospel truths in their sweet simplicity. S. H.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

First-day,	7th mo.	18th—	Schuylkill, Pa.,	3 P.M.
"	"	"	Bethpage, L.I.,	11 A.M.
"	"	"	Jerusalem, "	3½ P.M.
"	"	"	Galen, N.Y.,	3 P.M.
"	"	25th,	West Chester, N.Y.,	11 A.M.
"	"	"	Ridge, Va.,	11 A.M.
"	"	"	Back Creek, Va.,	3½ P.M.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS, NEW YORK YEARLY MEETING.

A Conference of Friends of New York Yearly Meeting, on the subject of First-day Schools, will be held at Westbury Meeting-house, on Fifth-day, Seventh month 22d, at 4½ P.M. (Westbury Quarterly Meeting is held in the morning of same day.)

The Executive Committee will meet at 4 o'clock.

JACOB CAPRON,
LYDIA A. LOCKWOOD, *Clerks.*

AN OPINION WORTH PRINTING.

Aunt Judy, a pious old colored woman, is said to have expressed herself as follows with reference to the vociferous habits of certain persons "at camp meeting:" "Taint de rale grace, honey; taint de shure glory. You hollers too loud. When you gits de Dove in your heart, and de Lamb on your bosom, you'll feel as if you was in dat stable at Beth'lem and de blessed Virgin had lent you *de sleeping baby to hold.*"

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

The Managers having concluded to open this Institution on the 21st of Tenth month, 1869, have issued the following Prospectus:

Prospectus of Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania, for its First School Year, 1869–70.

OFFICERS.

Clerks—Edward Parrish, Edith W. Atlee.

Board of Managers—Wm. Dorsey, Isaac Stephens, Joseph Powell, Edward Hoopes, Hugh McIlvain, Clement Biddle, T. Clarkson Taylor, Samuel Willets, Wm. H. Macy, Edward Merritt, Elwood Burdsall, Charles T. Bunting, John D. Hicks, Daniel Underhill, B. Rush Roberts, Gerard H. Reese, Deborah F. Wharton, Rachel T. Jackson, Helen G. Longstreth, Harriet E. Stockly, Letitia S. Cadwallader, Martha G. McIlvain, Elizabeth S. Worth, Anna M. Hopper, Elizabeth Dorsey, Hannah W. Haydock, Lydia A. Lockwood, Caroline Underhill, Ann S. Dudley, Eliza H. Bell, Ellen Riley, Elizabeth B. Smith.

Treasurer—Henry M. Laing, No. 30 North Third St., Philada.

Receivers.—Samuel Willets, 303 Pearl St., New York; Clement M. Biddle, 509 Commerce St., Philadelphia; Gerard H. Reese, Pratt St., Baltimore.

NOTE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The urgent necessities of the Building Committee, now compelled to complete the work entrusted to them; of the Household Committee, already engaged in the selection of furniture; and of the Instruction Committee, to whom has been entrusted the procuring of the necessary apparatus for instruction—make the prompt collection of outstanding subscriptions highly important. Some of these are of long standing, payment having been delayed till the money should be needed; others are more recent; payment of all is desired before the first of 9th month. The Receivers are—Samuel Willets, 303 Pearl St., New York; Clem. M. Biddle, 509 Commerce St., Philada.; Gerard H. Reese, Pratt Street, Baltimore.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

This Institution is chartered by the State of Pennsylvania, with all the rights and privileges granted to similar corporations in the United States. Ample College buildings having been erected by contributions, chiefly from members of the Society of Friends, they are now about to be completed and opened for the reception of pupils.

The location of the College is in Delaware Co., Pa., directly on the Philadelphia and West Chester Railroad, ten miles from the depot at 31st and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia; it is also approached by the Chester and Springfield road, which intersects the extension of the Delaware County Turnpike within half a mile north of the premises. The grounds, which include about 91 acres, are bounded on the west by Crum Creek, from which, and from springs arising on the premises, an ample supply of water will be furnished to the buildings. It is believed that no more healthy neighborhood is to be found; the site is elevated and the prospect extensive and diversified.

No expense has been spared in adapting the College edifice to its purposes; it is built of stone with inside walls of brick, provided with numerous flues for warm air and ventilation. Besides the necessary collecting and school rooms, it contains a Library, Museum and Chemical Laboratory, adapting it to the purposes of advanced education, and parlors, dining rooms, kitchen, dormitories, bath rooms, and every convenience for the comfort and health of a large number of resident pupils. Besides every precaution to prevent fire and extinguish it, if it should accidentally originate, fire-proof alcoves divide the structure into three distinct parts, and in addition to four substantial wooden stairways, there are two flights of iron stairs communicating with each floor.

The building is constructed and the grounds are to be laid out with reference to the proper separation of the sexes, of each of which an equal number will be admitted, but they will recite in the same classes, dine at the same tables, and mingle, under suitable supervision, in healthful recreation and social intercourse.

Organization and Studies.—At the date of this announcement some vacancies remain in the corps of Professors and Teachers, which it is the intention of the Board of Managers to fill at their next meeting. At present the Officers are as follows:

President, EDWARD PARRISH. *Matron*, HELEN G. LONGSTRETH.

Professor of Ethics, Chemistry and the Physical Sciences, EDWARD PARRISH.

Professor of Languages and Principal of the Preparatory Department, EDWARD H. MAGILL, A. M.

Professor of Rhetoric, Literature and History, ANNA HALLOWELL.

Resident Teachers, EMILY HALLOWELL and SUSAN J. CUNNINGHAM.

In addition to the resident Professors and Teachers, a corps of auxiliary Teachers and Lecturers will visit the Institution at intervals, and participate in the labors of instruction.

The Institution will be divided into two departments, the Preparatory School and the College, of which the former is adapted to prepare pupils for the latter.

The entire course of Instruction includes seven years, of which three are comprehended in the Preparatory, and four in the Collegiate course. Pupils will be taken for a single term, but cannot advantageously pursue the course of study for less than one year. Those taking only the Preparatory course will receive an ordinary common school education, with an elementary knowledge of the Latin and French languages, of Chemistry and of one or more of the Natural Sciences. Those graduating in the College must have read the leading Latin authors, perfected themselves in French and in either the Greek or German language, as they may elect, and be proficient in the higher Mathematics, the methods of Physical and Natural Science, Rhetoric, Literature, History and Ethics.

It is the intention, at the opening, to classify all the pupils who may enter into four classes, the most advanced of which will constitute a Freshman class in the College, and the remainder, the three classes in the Preparatory School, arranged according to their advancement in the leading studies pursued.

All the pupils will be equally under the care of the Professors of the College, although the details of instruction in the Preparatory department wtll be chiefly under the direction of Prof. Magill.

The discipline will be mild, though firm; the inculcation of high and honorable motives among the pupils and the maintenance of mutual confidence and accord between them and their teachers will be chiefly relied upon for the promotion of good order and their moral and educational development.

Although no form of dress will be prescribed for pupils, unnecessary trimmings and showy or expensive jewelry will be prohibited; and parents are earnestly desired to aid the Matron and Faculty in controlling the present growing tendency to extravagance and display in dress.

The care of the family will mainly devolve upon the President and Matron, who will counsel and advise with those of the pupils who may need it, and direct and regulate their intercourse with each other. Assisted by the teachers and professors, and by several other members of the Society of Friends, who will occupy useful positions in the household, it is believed they will be enabled to secure to Swarthmore superior social advantages, under influences favorable to religious growth and improvement.

Admission of Pupils.—In order to secure to all Stockholders equal privileges in the admission of pupils, it has been determined not to fix any standard of qualifications at the opening, but to admit all over twelve years of age who apply, until the necessary limit is reached, giving the preference to the *children and wards* of Stockholders, and if the number of these applying within the time fixed does not reach the limit, then the children of members of the Society of Friends will have the preference over others. The number of pupils to be admitted at the opening is seventy-five of each sex.

The books for entering the names of applicants will be opened on the twelfth day of Seventh month, and closed on the second day of Eighth month, 1869. Applicants must apply in person or by letter to Edward Parrish, President, 800 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and must state full name, age and address of applicant, name of parent or guardian, and whether said applicant, parent or guardian is a Stockholder in the College.

None will be considered as Stockholders who have not actually paid for at least one share of stock. The privilege of Stockholders extends only to their own children, and those legally or actually under their guardianship. As the number of applicants is expected to be much greater than the number of students to be received, to prevent disappointment every Stockholder should present his request specifically and without any unnecessary delay.

Time of Opening, &c.—The usual school year will be unavoidably shortened by the delay necessary to allow of the completion of the buildings. The day fixed for opening for the reception of pupils is Fifth-day, the 21st of Tenth month, 1869.

The first term will consist of 14 weeks, and will be followed, after an intermission of a few days, by a second term of 20 weeks, beginning about the first of Second month, 1870. There will be a vacation of one week during the Yearly Meeting in the Fifth Month.

The price of Board and Tuition, including washing, the use of books and all necessary expenses, is fixed at $125 for the first term, and $175 for the second term, or $300 for the 34 weeks. Each term payable in advance. In fixing the same moderate price for pupils of all ages, and making no extra charges for the higher branches, the Board of Managers have had in view the ultimate object of raising the standard of education at Swarthmore, and holding out inducements to those who may become its pupils, to avail themselves of its full Collegiate course.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

AN APPEAL FOR THE FREEDMEN.

The New York Association for Relief of Freedmen will dissolve its organization at the end of the present month.

The subscriptions to this worthy object have fallen off so greatly that it seems inexpedient to continue any longer, although

there is still much suffering to relieve, and many places where both children and adults are craving the boon of a little school learning, but are powerless to obtain it without aid.

The following letter tells its own tale of suffering so touchingly that we give it to the columns of the Intelligencer, trusting its appeal for help may be answered.

SHERWOOD, June 6, 1869.

Dear Friends.—Several weeks ago I received a letter from a young woman, who was during the war associated with me in teaching near Arlington; she married and lives near that locality. Having been their teacher, the freed-people have ever since gone to her with their wants and distresses, and she has, so far as limited means would permit, relieved them.

During the war, as you know, the colored people were taken by the army to Washington in such large numbers as greatly to exceed their opportunities to get a living; though they have scattered since, the surplus is very large, and there is always a great deal of suffering among the aged.

Some extracts from the letter of which I have spoken will render the case more vividly perhaps. She writes: "I have thought you might place me in correspondence with some benevolent society that would send me supplies of clothing, simple medicines, &c., for the old people especially.

"I ask this in mercy to these people. They come to me from all parts for miles around after everything,—clothing, food, medicine, work; and my sympathy would lead me to give a great deal more from our household stores than our circumstances will warrant.

"Aunt Winny Anderson is really suffering, and the little I can do for her is about all she has now to depend upon.

"Aunt Tibby is failing in health, and she looks so sad that I am reproved every time I see her for not having made this effort before.

"Aunt Jenny is very childish and poorly clad.

"To-day, as I came from town, I saw Margaret Tyson, of Hall's Hill, sitting upon the bridge; she is ill, but had been to market with flowers, moss and other trifles, but had failed to sell, and was greatly discouraged, as her family need clothing and food also.

"Aunt Easter is also a pitiable object, for she is blind.

"Then there are hosts of poor neglected children, who make my heart ache every time I see them.

"I will keep and render strict account of everything I receive, and will be most happy to entertain at our house any who will take the trouble to come and inform themselves in regard to the condition of the people. I seek only the comforts of the old people and helpless children. I have been enabled through Mrs. Gen. Garfield to do a little for them during the winter. I will add that though 'the poor we have always, these are not ordinary miserables.'"

Blind Aunt Easter of whom she speaks is one of the strongest, bravest, most determined spirits, full of religious trust, that I ever saw. $5000 worth of her children, she told me, were sold from her as they grew up, and when she became blind her master gave her the hut where she lives and a garden ground to get her living alone as she could.

When I was there, a great resource of hers and other women was to gather bones scattered by the camps and the death of horses and take them to the city for bone-dust. She would crawl over the ground and collect them, and the heaps I often found her washing proved her industry.

I wrote to the writer of this letter of the expiring condition of the Societies, but I thought it possible, as you were closing your efforts, you might have some clothing which you would like should do these poor old bodies some good.

How earnestly I have hoped that the large purses and generous hearts of your Society would not close against the needs of the freed-people, which in every respect continue, and the opportunity being greater,—the field of necessity all open,—the need of aid cannot be lessened. I know it is difficult to keep up enthusiasm for the work, but it ought not to subside while so much must be left undone.

Excuse my length and importunity, and believe me your friend,

EMILY HOWLAND.

Subscriptions left with either of the following Friends will be promptly appropriated to the relief of such as are mentioned in the letter.

SAMUEL WILLETS, 303 Pearl St.,
HENRY B. HALLECK, 354 Broadway,
JACOB CAPRON, 1172 Broadway,
New York.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

AWAY FROM HOME.

No. 1.

CHICAGO, 7th mo., 1869.

This combination of words embodies much, not only of pleasurable anticipation and realization, but also of regret. Threadbare as the delineations of the charms of "home" may have apparently become, still the half has not been told. Ever and anon, amid the seductive attractions of travel and the endless variety of delightful scenery, pictures of the indescribable treasures left behind *will* loom up, like a beacon light, wherein fancy can almost

discern a finger beckoning to the wanderer to return to that cherished haven of rest.

The immediate purpose of this hasty sketch is to dot down in my accustomed imperfect manner some attractions of our "*away from home*," in the belief that a too exclusive devotion even to the best of things *may* induce a selfishness that is neither conducive to our own best interests, nor in harmony with the duties we owe to others.

The scenery of foreign lands has doubtless been justly eulogized, but it is questionable whether there is any that exceeds in beauty some of the enchanting spots to be found in our own beloved State of Pennsylvania. Even in the ride from Philadelphia to Williamsport (via Harrisburg) views of transcendent loveliness are constantly meeting the eye, bringing to mind the words of the poet:

"Ever charming—ever new—
When will the landscape tire the view."

The mineral and other productive wealth of our State, that meets us at every turn, also furnishes many subjects of interest for the traveller. The coal, iron, lumber, and consequent appliances for production and transportation, are only so many evidences of the power of the combined labor and skill of man in overcoming every obstacle that presents itself in the way of his efforts for the accomplishment of the great purposes he has in view, and which, once accomplished, certainly add much to the comfort and enjoyment of the community at large, and at the same time tend to the development of the powers bestowed on man by the Great Infinite, and designed not to be laid away in a napkin and hidden in the earth, but to be multiplied for His glory and the good of others.

In diverging from *our* usual route going West, we felt amply repaid by the varied scenery; and upon arriving at Williamsport, were surprised to find such a splendid hotel, possessed of every appliance for the comfort and convenience of travellers and sojourners; the accommodations being equal in every respect to any we had ever enjoyed.

On our way, we experienced one of the heaviest rains we have ever seen; and although without hail, the grain and grass were completely prostrated—the latter looking as though it had formed the bed of a large and swiftly flowing stream. An experienced farmer on the train expressed the opinion that the grain would not rise again, and that he had never seen the equal of this prostration, except when cut with hail.

Rain prevented such a reconnoitering of Williamsport as I had desired, but with what little I did see, I was agreeably disappointed, the ideas previously entertained having been such as would naturally be associated with an extensive rendezvous for lumbermen. The ride hither from Philadelphia is a delightful one,—leaving our depot at 11.50, and ordinarily arriving about 8.30 in the evening.

Left Williamsport next morning at 10.25 instead of 8.15, being about two hours behind time—the train from Philadelphia having been detained on account of a freight train running off the track. The delightful scenery continued for a long time, but the nearer we approached Erie, the less we saw of the romantic and beautiful. Reached the latter place about 10.15 P.M.—thoroughly fatigued. This is a large and busy place. A number of years having elapsed since I last saw it, of course many changes and improvements were apparent.

After a sojourn of two or three days at Erie, we left at 10.10 A. M. for Cleveland, reaching the latter place at 2.10 P.M.; a very pleasant ride, with nothing of especial interest to note.

The depot at this place, spoken of in my notes some three years since as being then in process of erection, is completed, and I presume is the finest and best arranged in the United States, if not in the world. A very large shipping coal business is done here, and appears to be on the increase. Wealth and aristocracy show themselves on every hand, particularly in the suburban districts, which, with the city itself, cover a much larger area than I had supposed. I had another peep at the stone gate-posts, costing *five hundred dollars each*, and only refer to them again in connexion with the above allusion to wealth, &c. Splendid equipages whirl rapidly by: smaller fancy turn-outs, with fine horses, are by no means scarce; in fact, the universal prevalence of *good* horses has been the subject of remark throughout our entire western trip: even when not kept, or selected especially for show, they are good.

Standing on the bluff and looking out upon the broad lake is almost as entrancing as the ocean itself. The view is boundless, and in its present placid state it is almost impossible to believe it can ever be lashed into the billowy and destructive condition that the awful shipwrecks with their attendant loss of life often so fearfully attest. These storms are frequently so sudden and so fatal in their results, that many look upon *lake* travel as more dangerous than *ocean*.

Vegetation is very backward in this section of country—*corn* especially—principally attributable to a cold and late spring, and almost continued rain for the past few weeks. The crop of *berries* is good, and *fruits* promise well.

Our attention has been attracted by the very small number of persons travelling. We

left home on the 21st ult., by which time the travelling season certainly *ought* to have commenced, and we have as yet seen but one car well filled with passengers.

In reference to the pleasures of travel itself, there is one thing that has been on the increase everywhere within the past few years —*polite* and *attentive* conductors, and other officials on railroads. Time was when a civil answer, couched as far as possible in monosyllables, was all one could expect; and when a question demanding anything more of them was put, it was looked upon as almost impertinence on the part of the traveller. Now the case is widely different: nor should the facilities for checking baggage through from point to point be overlooked.

In connexion with this subject, it is time the timidity of *ladies* who may be compelled to travel alone should be dispelled. I have wandered about some little, and I have yet to see the first instance of *rudeness* to one of these, or even of neglect. Should the former ever take place, protectors almost without number would instantly be on hand.

Further incidents in reference to Cleveland and to this place must be deferred to a future number. J. M. E.

THE CHILDREN.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed:
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember,
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin;
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild;
Oh! there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Oh! those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild!
And I know how Jesus could liken
The Kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones,
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed.

THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given
By all things near and far:
The ocean looketh up to Heaven,
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearl they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
Or low with sobs of pain,—
The thunder-organ of the cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept earth and air,
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer.

So nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

The following interesting account of a journey to the Pacific, by the wife of Gen. Rufus Saxton, is taken from the *Anti-Slavery Standard*.

A JOURNEY TO THE PACIFIC.

PORTLAND, OREGON, May 13th, 1869.

DEAR —— ——:—At last very pleasantly settled after our long journey in one of the most charming towns for its size that I ever saw, with gardens on all sides blossoming with every variety of the rose,—with gas lamps at our corners,—with long blocks of handsome residences and cosy cottages stretching from the Willamette river to the foot of the hills, with finely built stores, banks, warehouses and wharves,—and with the noise of carriages rattling over Nicholson pavement,—we can scarcely realize that we are in Oregon,—Oregon, which has always seemed so unapproachable, vast and solitary, only the home of lofty mountains, bears, deer and Indians. The bears and deer have retreated some distance before the advance of civilization here, while the only Indians visible are a few on our streets, meek, ragged and dirty. But the everlasting hills remain; for Mt. Hood, forty-five miles east of us, and Mt. St. Helens seventy miles north, first greet our eyes as we step on the piazza; their slopes covered with snow seeming even from this distance to glisten in the sunlight, while their lofty peaks, snow-capped and wreathed with their mists, rise 15,000 feet in silent and majestic beauty. I can scarcely believe that anything looking so cool as Mt. Hood could send forth smoke, and the residents here say it never has, though vapors sometimes curl about its summit in a manner resembling smoke, and it really has a crater which occasionally makes a little noise. But these grand mountains are not the only attractions here. The climate is said to be the most salubrious and delightful in the world; the valleys of the Columbia and Willamette are capable of producing almost every fruit and vegetable, and remarkable for the beauty of their scenery. Farm land and city lots bring good prices since the building of the Pacific Railroad became a certainty, the owners of course looking to their future value. And I believe there is no doubt about the destiny of Portland, with these fertile valleys adjacent, itself at the head of navigation, and with a railroad in project connecting it with that great iron belt which now unites our continent.

We read our telegrams describing the ceremonies and rejoicings in the East which celebrated its completion, but I think that iron rail must be travelled over before the grandeur and extent of one of the most gigantic enterprises of our age can be conceived of or appreciated; and I share with the writer in the April number of the *Atlantic*, in his feelings of pride and pleasure in being among the first who have made the journey over it.

In giving you a brief sketch of our trip, Omaha seems to be the proper place from which to start. We left that flourishing but youthful city in the afternoon of the 19th of April, and towards evening crossed the treacherous North Platte river with its dangerous quick-sands, and about the fertility of which valley there appear to be diverse opinions; but with irrigation it can undoubtedly be made productive. The next day we were apparently travelling over a level country, but were really steadily rising, as at twilight we found ourselves at the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains, and caught our first glimpse of the mountains themselves in the distance, covered with snow; and here also we saw a herd of antelopes scampering towards the hills on our approach. Fort Laramie, a town of low wooden shanties of about two thousand inhabitants, and the last station on the road where a good meal is to be procured,—we reached in time for supper.

The next day we were still ascending the plane, the air becoming so raw and penetrating, that all who had colds found them on the increase. All the next day the ascent continued, until at Sherman, we had attained the extreme elevation of 8,500 feet at Evan's Pass, having had a heavy storm of snow and hail howling around us for twelve hours. At dark we reached Wahsatch, where the great tunnel is yet uncompleted, and the track being laid around it temporarily, it was not considered safe to travel over at night. There was no place at this station where women could be accommodated for the night, but a colored man in charge of an old stationary sleeping car, had berths to let, and we were obliged to leave our train; walking a square through the snow, our arms filled with carpet bags, lunch baskets, shawls, etc. There we found to our great satisfaction a stove with a good fire in it; and unpacking our lunch basket, our patent tea and coffee pot and condensed milk, we soon experienced the soothing influence of the cup that "cheers but not inebriates." This was our last sleeping car on the Union Pacific.

In all the beauty of a bright, clear, bracing morning we left Wahsatch; and it is to be hoped for the pleasure of the traveller that the start from here may always be made in the morning, as the whole region through to the valley of the Salt Lake abounds in scenes of beauty, novelty, grandeur, and points of interest; among the first of which are the canons, so narrow sometimes, that we seemed almost to graze the projecting boulders,

and the rocks towering up many feet in height on both sides. At Echo canon are immense coal mines; the coal of a superior quality, and in such vast quantities as will be sufficient for all the demands of the railroad. The grimy miners ran from the shafts to see the train and rolled down large lumps for our examination. At Echo station, a sound is said to be heard repeated seven times; and in the vicinity is the point fortified by Brigham Young in 1857 in expectation of an attack from the United States forces. It is the principal pass through the mountains, and consequently commands the entrance to the region of the Saints. High rocks rise perpendicularly on each side, and in the crevices Young had rifle pits constructed, while on the summits of the rocks large stones were piled to hurl down on the attacking force.

One wonderfully grand sight on this day's route is a point on Webber river, where the river rushes and dashes down a steep declivity and leaps between an opening made by two steep rocks over two hundred feet high; forming indeed a mammoth gateway, and called "The Devil's Gate."

We were considerably delayed here, waiting for the construction trains to pass us with their ties, rails and employés. We at last arrived at Corrinne, the terminus then of the Union Pacific, and here took the stage to make the connection to the Central Pacific, a distance then of forty-five miles. What a ride that was! Did we ever before have any knowledge of the elasticity of these bodies of ours! We started at noon, not stopping to ascertain if we could get dinner in any of the canvass-constructed lager beer saloons or grocery stores which compose the town, but obliged to take our places in the stage immediately. However we depended on our lunch basket, but we soon found, after riding a short distance, how vain were such anticipations. There had just been a heavy rain, lasting a month, the driver said, and when he wished to avoid a particularly large mud hole, he drove us over the sage prairies, which were just as much to be dreaded, the roots being stout and thick. We possessed ourselves of all the straps and bands we could lay hold on, and were obliged to be resignedly jolted and bumped and bruised to the end of our drive at midnight. We changed horses twice at two more canvass settlements with nothing but whisky and grocery signs visible, and such rough-looking residents that we were glad to leave them as night approached. But as we stopped to rest the horses on several hills, we were amply repaid for our joltings, by the lovely views we had of the valleys below us, the last rays of the sun lingering lovingly on them, the long ranges of mountains stretching miles and miles away, the long emigrant train slowly toiling along the road we had left, and an occasional curl of smoke issuing from some pioneer's cabin, towards which we sent our good wishes.

We reached the terminus of the Central Pacific at midnight, but instead of the passenger train, we found only a locomotive with a caboose attached. Into this mother and I climbed by means of a pile of mail bags. The car was small, but in it our party, our baggage, the mail bags and the men in charge were packed till the next morning. Near here, not the least remarkable evidence of the energy displayed by the Central Pacific in overcoming the natural obstacles in the way of their enterprise, is the bringing of fresh water for their engine across these alkali plains from the mountains; in some cases for fifteen and twenty miles through aqueducts made by boring through logs cut from the forests of the Sierras.

After travelling a short distance that night we found ourselves in the morning at the head of the Great Salt Lake, its waters a deep blue and its island of mountains rising from its centre. All day we remained along the margin of the lake, enjoying the view, and the long rest in a palace car belonging to Gen. Crocker, the Superintendent of the Central Pacific, and kindly sent by him for the General's use, and to make our connection with the regular passenger train at Elko. We walked over the parched, cracked soil to the edge of the Lake, intending to wash in its waters, but could not approach quite near enough, as it became marshy; so we were obliged to be content with picking some weeds with a yellow blossom trying courageously to live on this sterile soil. Below here the next day we saw the first of the Chinese in camps, and as it was early in the morning and on Sunday, we surprised several hundreds at their toilets, some washing, some plaiting their cues, while some performed that service for the others. Again our car was switched off waiting for the construction trains the whole day. But the detention gave us no concern, for we were at the foot of the Humboldt Mountains, and luxuriated in the peace and quiet of that Sunday, meriting so well Heber's description:

> "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky."

We walked a half a mile to the Humboldt river to hunt for some trout lines which we were told the Snake Indians had there, but we found neither Indians nor lines, and were debating a climb up some of the easiest slopes when our locomotive whistle summoned us back. In an hour or two we reached Elko, which, besides being a prominent railroad

station, is also the starting point for stages to White Pine County, where are the new silver mines. We heard these mines constantly discussed on the way from this place. Mining there is said to have been carried on to a greater extent and with more successful results for the short time since its discovery than in any other of the mining districts of Nevada or California. We passed one station where the ore was piled up on the platform in several hundred large bags.

From Elko to the base of the Sierra Nevadas is another portion of the route the traveller would like to pass over in the day time, as, from the car window, there is one long panorama of the Blue Hills, the rivers at their base, towering palisades, little canvass towns struggling into importance, and Indian camps; the painted squaws dancing about to quiet the little screaming papooses strapped on their shoulders.

That night we commenced the ascent of the Sierra Nevadas, and at daylight found ourselves on their summit, at an elevation of over 7,000 feet, the snow covering the slopes and the branches of the pines. We were soon passing through those great snow sheds, built of heavy planks and continuing for a distance of over thirty miles. In a few hours we had left all traces of snow, and in our perilous descent, beheld with awe and wonder the quarried precipices around which our train crept slowly; the fathomless gorges covered with verdure, cascades leaping down the mountain, and a wonderful canal winding around the mountains and over sixty miles long; the water being used for mining purposes.

In the approach to Sacramento, which we reached at noon time the same day, the eye, after gazing so long at all the varieties of a mountainous country, is charmed and rested by the meadows literally covered with wild flowers, the pretty farmhouses, fields of grain and fruit trees all in bloom. Our stay in Sacramento was short, as in a few hours we took the boat down the river to San Francisco; but in our walk through the city to the boat, we had frequent glimpses of wide, shaded streets, handsome houses and business blocks. The Sacramento river is muddy looking and the banks low until we approach the Bay, when the hills rise on each side, and at Benicia the river resembles some points on the Hudson.

We entered the Bay in the glory of a full moon, and saw the great city of the Pacific looming up on its high bluffs and stretching far along the shores. The shouts of the sailors as they made us fast to the dock, the rush up the plank of the cabmen, with their polite and eager invitations for us to drive in their carriages, the large hotel coaches into which we climbed, the lighted, thronged streets through which we drove, the mammoth hotel which we entered, the gorgeous parlor into which we were shown, and the velvet sofa on which we at last reposed our weary limbs,—all *seemed* like New York and the "Fifth Avenue," but were of course San Francisco and the "Occidental."

The first objects I think which attracted our attention on the streets the next morning, were the large numbers of Chinese; their faces beardless and thin, their cues streaming a yard behind, their feet covered with wooden-soled slippers, and their costume a loose blouse and wide trowsers. The prejudice of the Californians against them is well known; but the more liberal minded speak in high terms of their superior merits as good laborers in house, field, workshop and factory, while a number possess considerable talent for conducting a large business themselves. Their signs are hung out on the principal business streets, WA-KE.—Intelligence Office; YUNG TUNG, Imported Teas. Over seven thousand were constantly employed on the Central Pacific at lower rates than were paid to other laborers. But in private houses as cooks, they receive the same wages as do our Irish and colored servants on this coast, $30 per month in gold.

After remaining in San Francisco long enough for a thorough rest, we took the steamer for Portland, a voyage of three days length, having made our journey from Omaha, with all our detentions, in thirteen days. The very many topics and points of interest I have failed to mention or even hint at, you can perhaps imagine. The discomforts were few, the pleasures innumerable; and such a journey must certainly be always one of the most prominent and pleasurable events of a lifetime.

M. H. SAXTON.

ITEMS.

A BLIND HORSE wandered into White River, at Indianapolis, and getting beyond his depth, swam around in a circle to find his way out. His distress attracted another horse not far away from the bank, who first went to the water's edge and tried to direct the blind horse by neighing. Failing in this, he took to the water and swam out to his relief, and after swimming around him for nearly a quarter of an hour he finally got the blind horse to understand in what direction the land lay, and the two horses came to the shore side by side, amid the cheers of upwards of one hundred persons who had become spectators.

MAUNA LOA, a dome-shaped volcanic mountain, on the island of Hawaii, is said to contain two lakes side by side, one of fresh water and the other salt. Both are far above the level of the sea, and it is believed that there is no connection between the salt lake and the ocean. The deposits of salt in the former are now made use of by persons who have established salt works.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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A COUNCIL HELD WITH THE WINNEBAGOES.

OMAHA, 6th mo. 10th, 1869.

B. HALLOWELL:

Dear friend,—I transmit to thee herewith an account of the proceedings of my first council with the Indians. It was held with the Winnebagoes, and Edward Painter who was present took notes of what was said, giving the substance of the speeches. I have since held councils with the Omahas and the Pawnees, and intend to send thee some account of them as soon as I have time. My time has been very closely occupied, so much so that I had to write nearly all last First-day in order to inform the Commissioner of Indian affairs of the condition of things at the Winnebago and Omaha Reservations.

The former of these tribes are entitled by a *Law of Congress* to an allotment of 80 acres to each family in severalty, which the Secretary of the Interior is required to have assigned them. Thou wilt observe by the proceedings that their objections have been removed and they have agreed to accept it. They wish it done forthwith, in order that they may have some of it broken up this summer, so as to be in a condition to plant next spring. It ought to be plowed within 30 days if possible.

The Omahas are entitled *under a treaty* to 160 acres to each family, and 40 acres to each male over 18 years of age. They also wish it laid off immediately for the same reason, and are willing for their own money to be used in surveying it and fixing the corner-stones, as there is no appropriation for it by Congress.

I was very much interested in reading thy letter of 6th mo. 3d, and am glad the President has determined that every agency in this Superintendency shall be filled by Friends. I am well satisfied with the nomination of Howard White, and hope he will come soon, for his presence is much needed.

I agree with thee in thinking that the hand of Divine Providence is manifest in the events now transpiring. I believe good will be done, but perhaps not so speedily as some may expect. It takes a long time to change the habits of a people.

I wish I could have a good long talk with thee, and hope to have that pleasure this summer. A man here has engaged to build a house to rent to me, and to have it ready by *the 10th of next month.* The cellar is just dug. This is a fast place, and I have got to scribbling so fast that I fear it will be difficult for thee to read it. This evening I am to see some persons who incline to unite with us for Divine worship. There are many here connected with Friends by birth, or who have associated with us.

Thy cordial friend, S. M. JANNEY.

Proceedings of a Council held with the Winnebago Indians at the Reservation in Nebraska, on the 2d of Sixth month, 1869.

The chiefs and head men, with many other Indians and some of their squaws, being assembled in front of the Agent's house, the council was opened by Col. H. B. Denman, the former Superintendent, who said to them (in substance) through an interpreter: Your great father at Washington has sent to you in my place, as Superintendent, Mr. Janney, a member of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, who have always been the friends of the Indians. The Friends are spread through all the States, and some of them are near the seat of Government, where they will be able to exercise much influence, and to protect you better than I have been able to do.

ADDRESS OF S. M. JANNEY.

Brothers,—I am glad to have an opportunity of speaking to the Winnebagoes. I have always felt a deep interest in the welfare of my red brethren, and I am now come to tell you that I wish to do you all the good I can. I know that many wrongs have been committed by white men against the Indians, and that in times past the Government has not been always just in dealing with you; but I feel assured that your great father at Washington, who now executes the laws, intends to protect you in your rights, and to do you all the good in his power. He has been a great warrior, but has declared that his policy toward the red man is peace. As a proof of this, he has appointed for his Commissioner of Indian affairs, General E. S. Parker, the chief of an Indian tribe, who will watch over your welfare, and he has sent your friends to act as Superintendent and Agents.

Brothers, I do not come here to make you many promises that I cannot fulfil. It is best to make few promises, and always to keep them. You know that we cannot always prevail on the great council of our nation, the Congress of the United States, to do all that we would wish for the Indians. They have a great deal of business on hand when they meet in Washington, and the just claims of the Indians are often delayed too long. We hope they will do better hereafter.

I am informed that one of your complaints is, that the 80 acres of land to be allotted to the head of each of your families, under a law of Congress, is too small, and that you are unwilling to accept it. I acknowledge it is too small; but I wish you to consider that you hold as your common property the whole of this beautiful and rich reservation. If each family should have a patent for eighty acres, to plant and to build a house on, you would still have the remainder for your common property as you have it now; you could still cultivate the large field together as you do now, and we will do all we can to have a law passed by Congress to convey to every one of you a larger tract. If you do not accept what is now allowed you by law, we fear that at some future time white men will want your land and try to take it from you. I advise you to accept of the 80 acres now offered to each head of a family, build a house on it and enclose it with a good fence, have your deeds recorded, and place your title beyond the reach of those who may covet your land.

I am glad to find that you have a code of laws, a police to keep order, and a court composed of your chiefs, to act as judges. You must obey the laws and punish wickedness of every kind; abstain from drinking intoxicating liquors, keep clear of stealing and fighting, and then you will live in comfort and grow strong; but if you indulge in drunkenness and other vices, you will grow weak, as a people, and dwindle away.

You know there is a Great Spirit who made all things. He loves all men, and blesses all who are good. He sent His Son Jesus Christ into the world to show us the way of truth. If we keep His commandments, He will protect and bless us here; and after we are removed by death, He will make us happy forever; but if we are wicked, we must suffer for our sins in this life and in the life to come.

The Great Spirit has placed in every one of your hearts a teacher to show you what is right. When you do right, you feel happy; but when you do wrong, you feel troubled and ashamed of yourselves. We all have this teacher in our hearts, and when we listen to it, we are taught by it to love one another and to do good to all.

I wish to speak to you about the treatment of your women and the education of your children. It is said that some of you have more wives than one, and that you feel at liberty to put away your wives and take others. This is all wrong, and causes much contention and unhappiness among you. The Great Spirit in the beginning made one man and one woman from whom all mankind have sprung; and we know that nearly an equal number of boys and girls are born into the world, which shows that it was not intended for a man to have more than one wife. A man should love his wife and be faithful to her. He should not impose heavy burdens on her and require her to work while he is idle. He should not abuse or injure her. A woman should love her husband and be faithful to him; not provoking him to anger;

but by gentleness and goodness try to keep his affection.

Your children, if trained up in virtue and industry, will be your greatest blessings. In order to make them good, you must treat them well and set them a good example. I am glad to find that you are sending them to school. They should be taught to read and write and to keep accounts, which will make them fit for business, and they should be taught to work. You must prepare yourselves to become citizens and learn to be good farmers, mechanics and traders; then you can provide yourselves with all the comforts of life. You have a beautiful and rich country; you want houses to live in; and the great father at Washington will, I hope, give me the means to help you; but you must do all you can to help yourselves.

Speech of Little Decoria, Chief of the Winnebagoes, in reply to Samuel M. Janney's address.

Father,—We are very glad to hear what you have said; much that our father has said has been told us by the father we had before. Father, the code of laws we have made amongst ourselves is very good, and your advice about the allotment of our lands is also very good. We want to take your advice and get our allotment of land before you leave. In case we have the 80 acres allotted to us now, we will want the 80 acres additional after a while, and in a few years we will probably have children enough to occupy all our land. We want to live as you advise us, and act as you desire. Father, we are very glad to have a preacher to preach to us—we all want to think of God, and desire that He may give us grace and happiness. As you mentioned Jesus Christ to us, we think He has not come so far as the Indian, and it is therefore, we suppose, that we are poor. I am a half part French—as I was born so, I live with the Indians as I am. When I put on the coat and pants, I desired to become a Christian, and I told the great father I would never take them off. I want now to tell you about my visit to Washington. When I took the Commissioner by the hand, I told him I wanted to make peace with all men. I started to Washington from Crow Creek. I went to Washington to ask a great many favors of them. I did not sleep at all until I got there, though it was so far. I told him that the United States was a great farm. I told him to put me under his arm and to be always my friend. He said he would be my friend forever, and promised me a great many things, and that he would always give me money about this time of the year.

Father, he also told me that my clothes were not good, and that he would give me clothes about this time of the year, and that he would give me the same kind of provisions that he had himself. I said I would adopt his rules, and he said he would give me all kinds of farming implements. Father, he promised me houses, too, like this house where we are, and that the same kind of houses should be for all the families; I should also have stoves and dishes and all things to live like white people. He also agreed to give me hogs, and sheep, and chickens when we were divided up into families, as he advised us. He said he would apportion our lands amongst us, but that has not been done. He also said he would give us ammunition to defend ourselves when we were attacked. I did not ask this favor from our great father for nothing. We had sold our lands to him, and we had a million dollars of ours in his treasury. Father, as you came here so soon, we were somewhat surprised. We did not expect you so soon, but we would like to have the 80 acres you advise us to take divided amongst us. We have been poor for the last five years. We have now hardly any clothes. The last time goods were divided we hardly got one shirt apiece. We are hard to freeze, but last winter we were nearly frozen for want of clothes. You see the young men around you,—they have hats and clothes such as you wear. You see we want to wear the same kind of clothes you do, but we can't get them. Some of us have to make hats of grass. We would like to have clothes enough such as you have. Father, you advise us to work ourselves and not ask our women to work. We want all of us to work, and we want the great father to give us the means to work. We know how to plough and how to cultivate our land, and to make fences, and all of us want to work. I told all of this to the great father when I was in Washington. I told him the annuity money was a small sum; I could buy needles and pins with it, but could not support my family by so little money. Father, when we work we want greenbacks for our pay; but when we go for money, we are told it is away back, or at Omaha. They want us to take orders, but we want greenbacks for our pay. Father, the old-time Winnebagoes told us we had eleven hundred thousand dollars in the treasury, and the annuity money for this was to be given to the Indians, so that they could learn to work. The great father told us that when the annuity money was paid it was to be opened on our own Reservation and nowhere else; but we learn that part of the annuity money last year was divided somewhere else. We hear money was paid to some half-breeds in Minnesota. We want our new father to inquire about this. Father, we are told also that about $500 is to be drawn this

summer for the same people. When I heard this money was paid them I was very sorry. We are going to do as our new father advises us about making our living. This is all I have to say now. We would be glad to have our 80 acres, as you have said, and to have a patent for it. I hope you will not live far from me; I will be glad to come and see you.

Reply of S. M. Janney to speech of Little Decoria.—A new father will be sent to your Agency before long. I have to tell the Commissioner at Washington about your wants. I will come to see you again when the new father arrives here.

Another Indian.—When our new father comes we want the money and the goods that have been promised us.

S. M. Janney.—I do not want to promise too much—I will do the best I can for you.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A CAUTION.

The "school education of George Fox was very limited," and no doubt this may also be said of the tent-makers and fishermen of Galilee; but they were the chosen and called of God to labor in His vineyard on earth, and the command of their Divine Master was, "Go teach all nations," &c., . . . "and lo I am with you always, even to the end of the world." They were also told to "tarry at Jerusalem until endued with power from on high." Thus were they enabled to bear testimony to the Truth, and patiently to endure persecution. So was George Fox qualified to stand before kings, potentates and the great men of the earth, and plead for liberty of conscience for all men, and for pure and undefiled religion before the Omnipotent Father.

It is evident from these and other circumstances that it does not require great attainments in literature and science to enable men and women to live a life of righteousness, and prepare the soul to worship and adore the majesty of Heaven, and perform the service He requires of them.

Making the high profession the Society of Friends does of being led and guided by the "Spirit of Truth," I feel a concern very impressively on my mind that care may be exercised by us at this time of great preparation for giving the youth of Friends an extended school education, lest a dependence be placed on it to qualify for religious services, and a preference be given to those whose parents have it in their power to educate their offspring highly, to the neglect of those whose limited circumstances will not allow it.

As I dare not do otherwise than faithfully give this caution, I hope it may be accepted by my friends, whose prosperity in every sense I sincerely desire. ELKANA WOOD.

A MEMORIAL

Of Rensselaerville Monthly Meeting, concerning our beloved Friend MARTHA RUSHMORE, *deceased*, approved by Duanesburgh Quarterly Meeting, N. Y., and examined by the Meeting for Sufferings.

"A life of four-score years unswervingly devoted to carrying out the highest convictions of duty, in all the various relations of life, will admit at least of a passing notice.

Our dear friend was born in 1786, in Cattskill, Greene Co., State of N. Y. Her parents were Thomas and Miriam Rushmore; the latter not then a member among Friends. From early childhood she was of a sober, circumspect deportment, never, it is believed, indulging in the vanities and follies so incident to youth.

She became a member of our Society at her own request, but at what age is not now certainly known, yet evidently early in life, as she was not unfrequently heard to say in her exhortations for the encouragement of others, that she had been a diligent attender of Friends' Meetings from her childhood. For some years of her early life she resided twelve miles from Meeting, the road a rugged, mountainous one; which distance she often performed on horseback and alone; seldom allowing the roughness of the roads or the inclemency of the weather to prevent her attendance. At an early age she took a lively interest in Meetings for Discipline, and was usefully employed in them for some threescore years, satisfactorily filling the appointments of Clerk of her Preparative and Monthly Meetings, also those of Overseer and Elder for many years, and for the last twenty-five years of her life she was an acknowledged Minister in the Society. Her offerings were mostly brief, but pertinent, lively, and salutary, and she was several times engaged in the important service of visiting families, for which she was especially gifted.

A short time before the separation among Friends in 1828, she accompanied her beloved friend, Ruth Spencer, on a religious visit to some parts of Canada, performing the visit of several hundred miles in the depth of winter, over a road obstructed much of the way by an accumulation of snow, through a sparsely settled country, with long stretches of unbroken wilderness, rendering the journey both painful and perilous. It was, however, accomplished without accident, and proved a most opportune visit; the minds of many Friends having been much unsettled by the labors of some preceding visitors to establish their peculiar views among them.

The labors of these gentle, loving spirits had a quieting effect which was long remembered by them.

The strong feeling of sympathy for the sufferer, wherever found, induced her to espouse the cause of the down-trodden African, earnestly employing her voice and her pen to enlist the sympathies of her friends for the removal of the galling chain; and that she might not strengthen the hand of the oppressor, or add to the suffering of the slave, she for years abstained from using the produce of his unpaid labor. When she learned that the great evil was no longer legalized throughout our widely-extended land, a weight was lifted that had long borne down her sensitive spirit.

Though a great sufferer for several of the last years of her life, she was favored to bear all with much patience and fortitude. Her days' work having kept pace with the day, she appeared to have little to do but quietly to wait till the summons came; which occurred on the Eleventh day of First Month, 1868."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A REVIEW.

My mind has been drawn into unity and sympathy with some things in No. 16 of present volume of the Intelligencer.

First, the article on the administering and taking of an oath, on page 246. I have very often seriously reflected on the propriety of the followers of Him who said, "Swear not at all, but let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay," and who believe it wrong for them to take an oath, administering one to another person on any occasion. When a young man, I removed far from among Friends, where I have resided for many years, with but little intercourse with the Society, and where I have been often solicited to take civil offices of more or less responsibility; but upon duly weighing and considering the matter, I believed it right for me to decline all promotion in that way, where it might become my official duty to administer an oath, or be the cause of others taking an oath. Hence as much as possible I declined attending all courts of justice, (so called;) and my Good Master has wonderfully favored me for my faithfulness in that small particular of not attending courts. When my name has been returned as a juryman, as it often was, I would inform the Judge of my scruples, (by letter,) saying I desired to evince no contempt of Court, but would willingly pay any fine he might choose to inflict, rather than attend as a juryman. Although the Judges have been in some instances almost entire strangers to me, they uniformly would inform me by letter or otherwise that I need not attend, that my name would be stricken from the list; which was always done, and in no case have they fined me for non-attendance.

And in relation to the subject of hireling ministry, I have believed it wrong for me to encourage it by the presence of myself or family when it could be avoided, although by not attending I might come under the ban of Infidel; and I have been blessed with a faithful companion who has had full unity with my scruples.

The article on page 249, on the "Training of the Imbecile," has received my careful consideration. I have a small sum left from last year that was laid by for charitable purposes, and not used as intended, from my not feeling easy in mind to appropriate it as designed, and those who were to handle it, kindly released me from any obligation for it; so I have remained *still*, waiting for something to turn up wherein I might feel easy to appropriate it. Although it is but little, I feel it would be right for me to forward it for the use of the "Pennsylvania Training School for Feeble-minded Children," if you would be so kind as to inform me (through the *Intelligencer*) to whom it could be safely sent.

It has been my practice for some years past to lay up a small portion for benevolent purposes, although that small portion has been obtained by self-denial, always awaiting the opportunity where I would feel easy and satisfied to appropriate it. In some instances it has been astonishing how my mind has been led into sympathy for far distant Friends so that I would be constrained to send them a small portion, without their knowing the donor, when months afterwards I would hear of their having been straitened pecuniarily at the time the concern for them rested with me. I write the above hoping it will be strengthening to some to feel for the unfortunate in society,—I will not say poor, as they, I hope, always have our sympathy and our liberality.

I was much gratified in seeing that there was a concern in your Yearly Meeting to raise funds to assist young Friends in business. I do believe something of that kind would do more to restore the unity and love in the Society of Friends (when it would be said again, "See how they love one another,") than almost any thing that could be done. It would be feeding the hungry, and when fed, they would be prepared to feel an interest in our meetings, and be led to believe that Friends were not the most selfish sect in existence.

Illinois, 6th mo. 25, 1869. M.

Here is a bit of French philosophy, by Dumas, the younger. "Walk two hours every day. Sleep seven hours every night. Get up as soon as you wake. Speak only when necessary, and say only half what you think. Don't write anything but what you can sign. Think neither too much nor too little of money: it is a good servant but a bad master."

A MINUTE COMPRISING THE EXERCISES OF THE GENESSEE YEARLY MEETING (MEN FRIENDS.)

While examining the state of Society, as the various testimonies we hold were brought into view, and the evidence presented that there was still much need of a closer devotion to, and a more faithful maintenance of them, exercised minds were qualified to hand forth counsel and encouragement to us.

We were feelingly reminded that the attendance of our religious meetings was a duty which, as we were faithful in observing, ever brought its own reward, and which reward was ever commensurate with the sacrifice made.

We were invited to make the inquiry in our own minds, "For what purpose do we attend these meetings?" and when the answer can be, that our desire is to perform that worship which would be acceptable unto God, under a feeling that such a worship would strengthen the growth of the soul-life, and that to perform it, there must be an entire surrender of our wills to the Divine will; that the prayer of the heart should be, that all that disturbs, disquiets, or hinders the communion of the Father, might be brought into stillness; and that the aspiration may arise, "Here am I, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"—our meetings would become places of true and deep enjoyment; places where we would love to be found; places where we would receive strength to overcome temptation—where our energies would be renewed to bravely battle with the world and its spirit,—and where we would find the spirit of resignation, to bear the various trials which are oft the accompaniments of human life, to be nurtured in us.

We were cautioned to let no feelings of prejudice against our brethren arising from any cause, hinder us from thus assembling to publicly worship our God; and were shown that if we would be truly faithful in endeavoring to perform these devotions, so as to be acceptable to Him, our dedication of spirit manifested in the purity of the life we led, would qualify us to labor to remove the cause of such prejudice, and thus we may be a means of aiding those who may have strayed to return to the fold of true peace.

As each mind, when gathered for so solemn a purpose, was thus engaged, we should then indeed "hold all our meetings in the power of God," and the evidence thus presented would reach out to the young mind, even to the children; and would speak to them in a powerful manner, calling them to "Come, follow us, as we are endeavoring to follow Christ."

We should then evince that we loved God supremely, because we would make His service and His requisitions the primary objects of our care. And, as we come to thus love Him, we shall truly dwell in Him; we shall experience the truth that God is Love, and they that dwell in Him dwell in love. And this would manifest itself in our intercourse with our fellow men, and we would be found fulfilling the second query by being preserved in love and unity, as becomes brethren, and guarded in what we say of them, that no report of the talebearer or detractor shall find a resting place with us, or be handed by us to another. We would not allow the simple desire to gratify our own will, even in obtaining that which we may believe to be our just rights, to mar our affection for our brethren. We shall be willing to suffer, rather than any feeling of bitterness shall find room in our hearts, because we know such a feeling does not repair any wrong, does not reclaim any erring one, and destroys our own happiness.

We were feelingly reminded that the devotion of our energies to the pursuit of the treasures of this world could not bring peace to the soul; and those in the middle walks of life, whose minds were and had been devoted to such a purpose, were called to pause and reflect and examine the ground whereon they stood; and as they find they are not laying up treasures that are enduring, to let the time past suffice, and for the future press forward toward the obtaining of those higher, purer enjoyments, found only in a life of dedication to the commands of our Heavenly Father. The aged were also appealed to, to keep their ranks in righteousness, to not relax the vigilance of their watch, that thus their example might be a powerful incentive for the youth and middle aged to persevere in endeavoring to live lives of devotion to the truth.

As our testimony against the use of Intoxicating Liquors was brought to our view by the reading of the query, while it was a cause for gratification that we are nearly clear of this great evil, yet we were reminded that we should not therefore relax our care and efforts in this respect. And we were tenderly exhorted to exercise an increasing care in regard to the use of Tobacco, and to examine and see if the nature of our testimonies does not require us to endeavor to check the spread of the use of an article so unnecessary to the true happiness of man, and oftimes so injurious to his health.

Our testimony against a Hireling Ministry has again brought our minds under much exercise, and we were shown that the most effectual manner in which we could bear it before the world, would be by giving evidence that we were seeking to obey the requisitions of the Divine Power in our own hearts, and

that such obedience did enable us to live a true Christian life, and that by such an acquaintance with this Power there would be unfolded to our understandings all that was requisite for us to know of Divine things, and would therefore remove all necessity of going to man for instruction in the way of godliness.

We were reminded that the necessity of more firmly bearing our testimony against War had not ceased, and that as the two great commandments, to "Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind," and, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," were practically carried out before the world, it would be far more effectual than mere argument; because it would plainly show that love was the most powerful principle to curb and subdue the human passions, and would certainly end all strife and contention, because it eradicated from the heart the root from which these things spring.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

PRISON LIFE.

Thomas Scattergood delivered a very interesting address upon this subject before Friends' Social Lyceum of Philadelphia last winter. Five years' experience as Warden of the Eastern Penitentiary had made him very familiar with the subject of his discourse, which abounded in fact and incident coming under his personal observation. He referred to the early history of Pennsylvania, and spoke of the wise and benevolent acts of its illustrious founder, his rare ability as a statesman, his philanthropic efforts on behalf of the poor and unfortunate among the settlers in his province.

It being early apparent that some measures should be taken to exercise a wholesome restraint upon evil-doers, the first buildings for the confinement of prisoners were erected in the year 1695, by order of the Council. Subsequently larger, more convenient and more secure jails were built as the needs of the community demanded.

It had been the purpose of Penn to make the prison a work-house, but his views seem never to have been carried out on this subject; but, on the other hand, all classes of prisoners, all colors, sexes and conditions, the poor debtor and the savage outlaw, the innocent witness and the hardened criminal, young girls and unoffending youth, abandoned women and profligate men, the prisoner, perhaps innocent, awaiting trial, and the desperate criminal, awaiting the few short hours allotted him by his earthly judge, ere he was led forth to the gallows, to satisfy the vengeance of outraged law—all confined in one den as it were, with no means of idling away the long hours of confinement but such as their wicked brains might conceive.

The first person to become acquainted with the deplorable condition of the inmates of the prison and take a benevolent interest in their welfare, was Richard Wistar, a person resident in the neighborhood of the prison at Sixth and Walnut Sts. Others were soon actively engaged in the same cause, and a lively interest began to be manifested in this class of our fellow beings. It was under these circumstances and about this time that a small company assembled in the old German School-house in Cherry St., and formed themselves into an organization, the very name of which signifies the object of their charity,—The Society for Alleviating the Miseries of Public Prisons. The lecturer paid a high tribute to the character of these men, referring to their disinterested labors of love, and their self-sacrificing efforts on behalf of these poor wrecks of humanity, as being productive of much good, not only affecting their temporal wants, in securing the abolishment of many of the evil practices and regulations of prison discipline, but by being instrumental through Divine Grace in making clear and beautiful the way of salvation to the sin-sick soul; strengthening their minds and hearts, in their efforts to reform, that when their terms of imprisonment should expire, they should go forth, truer men, truer women, resolved that their after life should make amends for the misconduct and crime of their earlier days.

The impression has gone abroad that convicts in our penitentiaries are kept in *solitary* confinement. This is a mistake. The officers of the prison have frequent intercourse with them, as also ministers of the gospel and members of the "Acting Committee" of the Society for Alleviating the Miseries of Public Prisons. On the first day of the week religious service is held. The preacher speaks to an unseen audience, the prisoners standing at the entrance to their cells, the outer doors of which are left open that they may hear. No sectarian views are taught, but any Christian minister is welcome.

The lecturer stated that from his long experience he could say that a very large majority of the crimes committed in this State and country is caused by the too frequent use of intoxicating drinks, and he made an earnest appeal for better home government, that such impressions might be formed in the minds of the children as would enable them to resist the temptations of later years.

The flowers of Christian graces grow only under the shadow of the cross, and the root of them all is humility.—*Bond.*

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Vanity is a sad destructive weed, and has innumerable fibres. Let us try daily to eradicate them and all their kindred, and watch that they spring not up again and choke the pure seed.

Thou hast been the sweet companion of solitary moments, when my dwelling has been at the very bottom of the mountains,—when the reeds have been wrapped about my head; and I could only cry for mercy. It has been a wintry season, but I have not cast away the shield of faith; and in this there has been safety. The soul-sustaining evidence has been granted, that when all human aid has been removed, then it is our utter insufficiency is known, and we feel that there is but one supporting arm of power to lean upon: and herein is our heavenly Father glorified. Could we but dwell here, having no will of our own—whether in abasement or abounding, all centering in "Thy will be done,"—how sweetly would be the progress to the world of spirits! Dost thou know that at times I am almost ready to covet a termination of my sojourn in this lower world, so many who were dear as the right hand or the right eye have been gathered as shocks of corn fully ripe. I knew enough of dear W. W. to appreciate his worth, and can but feel the loss our Society sustains in so many valiants being removed. In coupling him with my ever dear H., I could but mentally exclaim, "Oh! why has worth so short a date!" If opportunity should occur, I could wish my sympathy and love offered to the bereaved; they both know where to look for support and comfort, even to that Power, who in His own time will say, "Peace, be still." Some of us know how efficacious in binding up the broken-hearted is one drop from His fountain of love. It is truly a never-failing source of consolation. In this certainty, then, let us thankfully set up our Ebenezer, with the acknowledgment that hitherto Thou hast helped us. How precious the feeling of oneness of spirit which is ours, and what a privilege that this living testimony can exist, even though far distant in body. Oh! this being joined to our Holy Head in a perpetual covenant! How consoling the certainty—the Spirit bearing witness that we are His! I find I must daily struggle for resignation under *all* circumstances. I daily feel that this is not the place of my rest. There is a state attainable in which we can repose in perfect confidence upon that Arm, that is higher than Agag's, and upon that Power, whose voice is mightier than the mighty waves of the sea. I covet this state of feeling more than increase of corn, wine or oil.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 24, 1869.

Genessee Yearly Meeting.—In No. 19 of the *Intelligencer* we gave a brief notice of Genessee Yearly Meeting, furnished by a correspondent, since which extracts from both men's and women's meetings have been received. The minute, embracing some of the exercises which prevailed in men's meeting in relation to the testimonies of the Society, will be found in the present issue.

We here repeat the wish before expressed, that the extracts from the different Yearly Meetings, and such other information concerning their proceedings as is of general interest, could be forwarded to us at an earlier period. So long a time often elapses before official intelligence is received, that the interest is lessened in a degree by the delay.

Is Quakerism Dying out?—Under the above heading, an article recently appeared in the Editorial columns of the Philadelphia Inquirer, a journal of wide circulation, written apparently in a friendly spirit, with a desire to inform the public as to the status of the Society of Friends among the religious organizations of the age. Some of the writer's remarks evidently show that he lacks personal insight into the workings of our system, but as an outside view of our Society we give it entire.

Allusion is made to an obvious tendency toward the diffusion of the principles once considered peculiar to Friends, among people of other denominations. How far this may operate to diminish the strength and efficiency of our organization, or may be designed in the ordering of Providence to render it unnecessary to the welfare of mankind, is a problem no one is yet able to solve. There is, however, much to cause us to cherish with love and interest the little "household of faith" which has so long, in a good degree, represented the great doctrine of immediate

accountability to God as the sovereign lord of conscience, and the religious liberty which results from it. Whatever the future may bring forth, the duty of the present hour is to hold fast the profession of our simple faith without wavering; rejoicing in the general progress which seems to have resulted from the faithfulness of our fathers; determined not to abandon the cause in which they were so worthily engaged, and resolved to maintain our organization in its integrity; modifying its details only so far as to render it more efficient for the end in view.

Beside the tendency referred to in this article, there is another equally apparent throughout Christendom, in the very opposite direction;—a substitution of the shadow for the substance;—the ritual for that worship which is in spirit and in truth;—the creed, for that faith which works by love and purifies the heart. Against this, the Society of Friends should, as in the past, continue to stand as a firm barrier, holding up its simple testimony to the spirituality of the Christian religion, and foremost in the great work of emancipating the Church from priestcraft, and elevating the race to a higher plane of spiritual truth and liberty.

IS QUAKERISM DYING OUT?

To answer it we must first find what it is. If we consult the writings of WILLIAM PENN, GEORGE FOX, or BARCLAY, or the views of its living expounders, we find them at great disagreement, some teaching the divinity of JESUS, some His humanity, or rather the divinity of all in proportion to "obedience." On the question of the authority of the Bible and the sancity of the Sabbath they also differ. They acknowledge no creed, and in their writings we have been unable to find any, unless it be what they call the "Doctrine of the Sufficiency of the Inward Light," that God leaves none of His children without a teacher, and that He is Himself that teacher. As on this doctrine their literature, their history, and their living preachers almost unanimously agree, and as it is the only important vital point on which there is unanimity, the world must consider it as their creed. The Quakers, or "Friends," as they call themselves, have many "Testimonies," which, to a certain extent, may be considered a creed, for if members violate them they are "disowned." These "Testimonies," are "revived" frequently in their meetings by the reading of a series of "queries" or questions. Most of them tend to purity of life, economy, due care of the young members, simplicity and love toward their fellow men. Some of the "queries" have grown almost obsolete from a false construction of their spirit. One asks for "plainness of speech, behavior, and apparel." By some of the members this is construed to mean the use of "thee" and "thou" in place of *you* in conversation, the refusal to use "Mr." or "Sir," and the wearing of what is known as "a plain coat and broad-brimmed hat." We believe that it is a historical fact that neither GEORGE FOX nor WILLIAM PENN changed their coats or hats when they became "Friends." It was the fashion or custom of that day. We think too, that "thou" was used in place of "you" by the "common people," at that time.

On the question of music they also differ, but the wave of public opinion, which influences this sect, as it does others, is fast obliterating their objection to music. Whether the doctrine of the "inward light" is true or false, it is evidently spreading, but this is not so much owing to the "organization" as to a few of its most prominent members and preachers, and to many outside of the organization, who, while they believe in the doctrine, ignore the outward singular forms. Advanced Unitarianism has its basis in the Quaker faith; the longing for spiritual freedom, which finds an outlet in the meetings of the "Progressive Friends" of Pennsylvania and New York, at some of which from two to three thousand gather at a time; the Free Religious Association of New England, and many other semi-organized religious bodies of the land, find their strength in the doctrine which made GEORGE FOX a come-outer in his day.

We also see in the Evangelical churches a tending in the same direction, and in the German Protestants of Worms, where twenty thousand people assembled last month, to consider the subject of establishing a church upon the basis of admitting every variety of belief.

LONDON YEARLY MEETING.—The "London Friend" and "British Friend" of Sixth month contain an extended report of the proceedings of London Yearly Meeting.

Our readers may remember that in the *Intelligencer* of last year (Nos. 18 and 19) we gave some extracts from the "British Friend" in relation to the doctrinal difficulties which were agitating the Society in England. It may be sufficient to say that these difficulties continue and are increasing.

Charges of unsoundness are freely made against prominent members. Pamphlets have

been published containing, as is alleged, heretical sentiments, and disaffection appears to be on the increase, particularly among the members of Lancashire Quarterly Meeting, which, it is stated, contains one-sixth of the members belonging to London Yearly Meeting. In this Quarterly Meeting, a separation took place in 1837, growing out of what was known as the "Beacon Controversy."

A proposition was made to send down a committee "to help in the case," but this was opposed on the ground that a committee stood appointed for this purpose in the Quarterly Meeting. Reference was also made to the result of the appointment of a committee to visit the same meeting in 1836, on the same account, when the attempt to settle the doctrinal difficulty resulted in the separation referred to. One of the speakers remarked there was "plenty of evidence of our soundness of doctrine, and in the new Book of Discipline, 25 pages are devoted to the subject."

By the tabular statement furnished to the Yearly Meeting, it appears there has been an increase of 95 members during the past year.

NOTE.—In answer to our friend "M.'s" inquiry in relation to the donation designed by him for the "Pennsylvania Training School for Feeble-minded Children," we reply that if sent to the Agent of our paper, E. Comly, it will be forwarded to the Principal of that Institution. May this example stimulate others to remember those in need. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

MARRIED.

On the 16th of Sixth month, 1869, by Friends' ceremony, at the residence of A. R. Palmer, New Baltimore, N. Y., STEPHEN DAVENPORT, of Albany, N.Y., to BENNIE, daughter of Benj. B. and Prudence Gurney, (the former deceased.)

DIED.

CHANDLER.—In Waynesville, Ohio, on the 2d of Seventh month, 1869, Maria Chandler, wife of Aaron Chandler, aged 65 years; a member of Miami Monthly Meeting. As a sheaf of wheat ready for the garner has another servant passed from her earthly cares to her everlasting reward. Peacefully and resignedly she entered the city of the great King. She was a faithful and devoted wife, and a kind and affectionate mother. In the midst of regret and desolation, let one thought comfort those who are left—that "beyond the veil" she waits to welcome them to purer joys and a happier home than earth can give. R. K. E.

COX.—At her home near Holmesburg, Pa., on the 10th inst., Mary L. Cox, aged 77 years.

GRISELL.—Suddenly, of apoplexy, at his residence in Lloydsville, Belmont Co., Ohio, on Fifth-day, the 1st of Seventh mo., 1869, Nathan P. Grisell, in the 69th year of his age; a much esteemed minister of Plainfield Monthly Meeting. In the life and character of our beloved Friend was exemplified the sufficiency of Divine Grace to sustain and preserve under the trials and vicissitudes of time, and a preparation was experienced for the discharge of the important duties required of the dedicated servant. Though the summons came suddenly, we have the consoling evidence that "his lamp was trimmed and burning." May the solemn and interesting lesson again brought so near to our own homes admonish that we too must sooner or later be called from this scene of probation. S. S. T.

LEEDOM.—At Atlantic City, N. J., on the morning of the 12th inst., after a protracted illness, Mary Reynolds, daughter of Dr. John M. and Virginia R. Leedom, in the 9th year of her age.

POWELL.—On the 27th of Eighth month last, Martha Powell, wife of Ferris Powell, aged nearly 70 years; a member of Verona Monthly Meeting, N.Y.

POWELL.—About three months previously, Rebecca Powell, widow of John Powell, aged 85 years; a member of Coeymans Monthly Meeting, N. Y.

ROBERTS.—Suddenly, on First-day evening, 11th inst., Ann Roberts, in the 80th year of her age; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends held at Green St., Philadelphia.

WILSON.—At his residence in Hockessin, New Castle Co., Del., on Sixth-day, the 25th of Sixth month, 1869, David Wilson, in the 74th year of his age; a member and elder of Centre Monthly Meeting. He was generally known and esteemed throughout the Yearly Meeting for his integrity of purpose, and as an earnest advocate of the testimonies of truth as embraced by our Society. His health the past year had been infirm, yet he endeavored to fulfil his mission of love and duty, not only to his own meeting and friends at home, but in visiting all the Monthly Meetings of the Quarter, much to the satisfaction and encouragement of others. To his friends he said he felt nothing in his way, and that his work was nearly finished,—desiring through great physical suffering to have patience to the close, which was calm and peaceful; and we feel the assurance that he has been gathered into one of the mansions of his Heavenly Father's house, whose canopy over us is Love.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

CLUB TALK, OR FRAGMENTS OF BARK.

BY J. G. HUNT. *7th, mo.* 1869.

Perhaps it may be thought a little out of season that the botanical section of the Club should venture to say anything more about cryptogams, at a time when flowers almost literally cover the earth with their beautiful forms and load the summer air with their fragrance. But we know that you have not neglected to renew your acquaintance with these more conspicuous of our floral friends, as they have come, one after another, to ornament the green carpet of the year.

There has always seemed to be a keener enjoyment attached to hunting out all those partially hidden, unobtrusive members of the vegetable kingdom, rather than merely to

reach forth the hand and pluck the gay flower that hangs along the more open pathways. It seems a little like those sweet discoveries one makes, though too rarely, of the attractive and endearing traits of character among our friends, those individual points of goodness or of beauty which give personality, but which are concealed within to embellish the soul, rather than to attract notoriety.

If we learn to study natural science rightly,—that is, for its true meaning and significance,—we shall discover that all seasons bring their compensations. A little more temperature or a little less, acts on living forms like affluence or its opposite does on human life, and objects of interest and beauty abound and become apparent to observation in proportion as these conditions change, but *interest* never takes wings and flies entirely away.

Hidden in the shade of taller growths, in plant life as in human, are some of the loveliest children of God. Have we not seen in real life, some charming though delicate and retiring being, only timidly asserting its right to live; seeming to want some stronger life to love it only a little? The brightest diamonds that ever have been found, had to be lifted up and placed in the right light before their true significance could be seen; and when we turn towards the cryptogams, we see sparkles of light significant as jewels flash in the sunshine, so charming and suggestive do they become, giving even to daily life a deeper interest and a wider love for all who live.

Our ideal naturalist is not one stuffed full of glossaries or of crude classifications, but a sympathetic, seeing, hearing, listening soul, living in poetic harmony with life everywhere, regarding all types and forms as perishing foreshadows of realities to come. If our studies stop short of developing and disciplining the religious element of the mind, they fail in giving us their richest rewards and their most endearing compensations.

We have been requested to bring up the 'Horse-tails" for conversation at this meeting, and we rejoice, at last, to have found a natural order of plants whose members really do live and grow and die without a classification. Botanists call the order Equisetaceæ, and they have found in it only one genus, which they call Equisetum, and that is the whole story. Is it not delightful and brief? We cannot decide whether it is honorable or otherwise in a plant to belong to a natural order having only one genus, but it certainly gives it a personality by which we may tell it from all other plants.

The Equisetums are plants having such peculiarities of growth and structure that we can always recognize them. Damp or wet places are their chosen spots of growth. *They, too,* sit on the margin of that omnipresent water-brook that meanders through all the green and gladsome, or savage abodes of life. Their true stems, seldom thicker than a wheat-straw, lie buried in the ground, and give off bundles of little rootlets from the joints in order to obtain nutrition. At intervals along the stem buds are found, which, in developing, appear above the ground as branches, or ærial stems, either such as bear fruit, or such as are barren. The barren branches of Equisetum, like many other things that bring little reward, remain all summer long green, but the fruiting branches of most of the species perish, having performed their function in the cold days and adverse winds of early spring.

Let us turn our attention to the barren stems or branches of Equisetum. These rise up thickly from the under-ground portion, looking green like the grass among which they often grow, and having many joints or internodes, from which grow out numerous side-branches or linear leaves, in whorls. In some species these whorls are five or six inches in length and again branched, and in some members of the order they decrease in length towards the tops of the stems. Around each joint, moreover, and only a little above the point where the whorl comes off, grows a sheath beautifully and regularly cut into teeth at the top, and these teeth, unlike our own should be, are nearly always quite dark in color. If they do not rival in beauty the teeth of the mosses, or the fingers of Manhantia, they have in their cells grains of silica in great abundance, and beautiful stomata, arranged in double rows parallel with the axis of the stem, ornament their surfaces.

In all these plants the epidermis is largely composed of silica, the granules of which are arranged in various beautiful shapes. The cells of the stomata are filled with this mineral, and in other parts it is "grouped into oval forms connected with each other like jewels in a necklace." In some species not less than thirteen per cent. of the whole solid matter and fifty per cent. of the inorganic ash is composed entirely of silica. Prolonged boiling in nitric acid will remove all organic matter from the epidermis, but the outline and exquisite form of its cells and stomata will be preserved in flint. It is not very easy to understand how so much of this almost insoluble mineral finds its way into the epidermis of the Equisetacea, and of many other plants. When flint is heated to redness and then quenched in water it becomes friable, and may be reduced to powder; but in this state it is quite insoluble in water. But if this powder be fused with about three parts of carbonate of potash, and diluted with water, it becomes soluble in

water; and if any of the strong acids be now added *very* gradually, the alkali may be completely neutralized, leaving the silica in solution in the form of an hydrate, and thus presenting it in a very soluble condition. This solubility of hydrate of silica, perhaps, may explain our difficulty, at least in a chemical view, if not in a physiological sense; but a clear understanding of the subject, perhaps, is not yet possible.

Grooves varying in number and depth run parallel with the axis of the stems throughout their length, and their number is often noted in specific descriptions. The stems above ground are hollow, except at the joints, and their antomical structure is peculiar. A cross section of Equisetum arvense shows the large central cavity surrounded with delicate transparent cells, and without an epidermis around the central cavity. Then comes a regular system of air canals, surrounded with smaller and firmer cells, having mingled with them numerous spiral ducts which traverse the length of the stems. Then a loose cellular tissue extends outwards to the epidermis, but having in it many large air-passages, which are quite visible to the unassisted eye. Surrounding all these parts comes the epidermis or jacket of silica, with its sparkling cells glistening, in polarized light, like the drops of the rainbow.

As our friends, the plants, speak to us in our club studies, each one in its own peculiar language, let us endeavor to profit by their teaching. We see each one taking from the soil or air just that nutriment which its organization demands. One gathers grains of silica, another iron, or lime, or carbon, in varying proportions. One gives us sugar, another gum, or starch, or useful resin; another gets from sources, known only to itself, that which will give us strength in weakness, or calm our throbbing nerves to rest, like the lost but blessed Nepenthe. Another clothes itself all over with matchless beauty, and in its own thrilling language tells us of the beauty and of the goodness of God. Nowhere do we see the Equisetum compelling the Cinchona tree to store up silica in its bark; nowhere do we find the sugar-cane demanding of the humble moss that it shall secrete sugar in its embroidered sporangium. But each one does its own proper work *quietly;* and we would suggest the idea,—perhaps entirely novel and hitherto unthought of—that mankind allow men to imitate the plants in their life-necessities more than is now the custom; that is, to draw from his own conditions in life that which his special character demands.

If we make a section through a joint, a structure of much beauty is revealed. Here the stem is not hollow, but a cellular diaphragm composed of three layers extends across and through this diaphragm the spiral ducts anastomoze and pass out into the branches and also into the sheaths, and a circle of thick and spiral cells runs entirely around the stem, leaving, however, the smaller air cavities at its inner circumference. The spiral systems which we failed to observe in the mosses and liverworts, except in the sporangia, are more largely developed in the Equisetums, resembling therefore more nearly the ferns.

In the examination of the sporangial heads of these plants we did not discover anything resembling the tail of a horse. We did not discover that they resembled anything else in the vegetable kingdom, though the clustering sporangia in oval, cylindrical masses, seem to foreshadow the cones of the pines. It is not very easy to convey an idea of the sporangium of Equisetum. We may take it as the emblem of modesty among the cryptogams, for Nature has turned its face away from us, and when it opens its jewel cases we are permitted to see only its back. Is this so because man is not yet fit to be trusted with everything that is beautiful and curious? or because Nature always holds in reserve her choicest treasures, as if she rejoiced in revealing them only to those who diligently seek?

The last joint of the fertile stem bears the sporangia. These are attached to the central axis by short pedicels growing closely together, the length of each corresponding with the length of the sporangia. Each pedicel carries six sporangia, which open at maturity without teeth, and their walls are constructed entirely of beautiful spiral cells, transparent as glass. Indeed we would not expect to find the sporangial walls of Equisetum shaded with light-obscuring colors, as we saw in those liverworts which hold their *isolated* heads up in the clear sunshine. If Equisetum, then, wears a plainer garb, it is because that pattern of jacket compensates for the crowded and inverted position of the sporangia with respect to the light. For the same reason, we find no calyptra, no perianth, no involucre, as we did in Marchantia.

Let us push a sharp razor horizontally across the ripe head of an Equisetum. The section reveals a wonderful sight. Moving and creeping things have started up like ghosts from invisible corners, in numbers no eye can count. Each little atom seems driven by the ever ready and omnipresent spirit of unrest, that seems just let loose to plague the plants, as it has done for generations the human family. And all this writhing and agony and alarm, and yet we hear no cry of anguish, no moan of pain. How coarse are our senses often when brought in contact with

Nature in her inner temples, and so ignorant are we, that we know not whether joy or sorrow would come with finer organizations. We are speaking, of course, of the spores which were liberated when the sporangia were cut. But what gives them motion? Have they wings? In the liverworts we saw the elaters lying loosely among the spores, having no attachment with them, and in that order Nature had expressed only a hint as to their function. But in Equisetum she tells us the *entire* truth. Here each spore has attached to it four club-shaped elaters, and the contraction of these elaters twist and toss the spores about according to the dampness or dryness of the atmosphere. In the early condition of the spore it has two coats, but at maturity one only. The external coat splits up into four ribbon-like fibres, elastic and hygrometric, and these are the elaters; but one end of each remains attached to the spore, and when these elaters contract or uncoil the spores are driven about in all directions.

Like the ferns, the Equiseta possess only one kind of spore, and in germination it gives rise to a prothallus, or cellular expansion, on which the antheridia and pistillidia are formed; but here these essential organs are borne on *separate* prothallia, whereas, in the ferns antheridia and pistillidia are found on the *same* prothallus. The fructified germ-cell develops into an embryo, which finally grows into a creeping rhizome, giving off roots into the ground, and sending up stems which bear either leaves or fertile heads containing the sporangia, resembling those from which the spores were derived.

Thus have we completed, though very imperfectly, and in a very general way, the life-history of the Equisetums, these dwarfed and modern representatives of gigantic and ancient forests, which shrouded parts of the earth's surface in twilight darkness prior to the Carboniferous era. In those days, too remote for human chronology to supply dates, the Equisetums formed a principal part of the earth's vegetation. Enormous trunks, three feet across and fifty feet high, fluted to the tops, rose from the silent swamps, having their verticillate branches laden with leaves a foot in length and ending in sporangial heads more numerous than we could count. These cryptogamic giants were of rapid growth, and doubtless of as rapid decay. Their prostrate trunks sheltered reptiles almost as huge as themselves. In that age vegetation was in mass, but no beautiful flowers had yet come upon the scene. We shall not linger for names of extinct species, but we need not blush for the accuracy of our favorite science that, even now, can point out with precision the anatomy and position of species that flourished in those far-off days, but which live no longer on the face of the earth.

THE SPARROWS.

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

From these quaint old roofs and chimneys
To the steps and court below,
A crowd of noisy sparrows
Are flitting to and fro.

Now chattering to each other
Upon the mossy eaves;
Now chirping in full chorus
Amid the ivy leaves.

I have wondered long and often
What they find to do and say;
How such little restless creatures
Can keep busy all the day.

I know, though never idle,
That they neither toil nor spin;
Nor barn, nor store-house have they,
And the hoarded grain within.

Yet I never once have wondered
How those birds are housed and fed;
That in thinking of the morrow,
They have neither care nor dread.

For I know our Father careth
For His creatures weak and small;
That His watchful eye regardeth
The sparrow if it fall.

Yet my faith grows weak and falters
'Neath the weight of future years,
And my heart is over-burdened
With the morrow's anxious fears.

Their cost—the merest trifle—
A farthing would repay;
My priceless soul is surely
Worth far much more than they.

O! faithless heart and foolish!
Shall the children starve for bread?
Or shall needful shelter fail them,
While the birds are housed and fed?

PARIS, *November*.

THE SEED AND THE SOWERS.

Ever so little the seed may be,
Ever so little the hand,
But when it is sown it must grow, you see,
And develop its nature, weed, flower, or tree;
The sunshine, the air, and the dew are free
At its command.

If the seed be good, we rejoice in hope
Of the harvest it will yield.
We wait and watch for its springing up,
Admire its growth, and count on the crop
That will come from the little seeds we drop
In the great wide field.

But if we heedlessly scatter wide
Seeds we may happen to find,
We care not for culture or what may betide,
We sow here and there on the highway side;
Whether they've lived or whether they've died,
We never mind.

Yet every sower must one day reap
Fruit from the seed he has sown.
How carefully then it becomes us to keep
A watchful eye on the seed, and seek
To sow what is good, that we may not weep
To receive our own.

THE PEABODY EDUCATIONAL FUND.

At a special meeting of the Trustees of the Peabody Educational Fund, held on July 1st, at Newport, R. I., the Chairman, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, read a letter from Mr. George Peabody, giving the additional sum of *one million* of dollars, invested in bonds and stocks of the very highest character for security, to be held in trust for educational purposes in the Southern States. In addition to this amount, Mr. Peabody also gives Florida six per cent. bonds, which, with the overdue and unpaid coupons, amount to about $384,000. This latter gift is bestowed on the same principle as governed the donation of the Mississippi bonds to the first trust fund, that is to induce the Legislatures to take steps to redeem their financial honor.

Mr. Peabody, in his letter to the Trustees, states that he has watched their proceedings, and expresses his warmest thanks for their zeal in carrying out the trust, and his cordial concurrence in all the steps they have taken. He commends the valuable services of the agent of the Trustees, and expresses his gratification at the good effect of the conciliatory and sympathizing course of Dr. Sears. He thanks the people of the South for the cordial spirit with which they have received the trust, and for the energetic efforts they have made to co-operate in the plans proposed for the diffusion of the blessings of education in their respective States. Mr. Peabody concurs with the reasons for the adoption by the Trustees of the system under which four of the Southern States have not received help, and hopes that the people of those States will continue to acquiesce for the present in that plan. He believes that at the outset those States and portions of States which had suffered most from the ravages of war, and which are most destitute of educational means and privileges, should be first and specially aided, and that, as the portions first aided shall grow in prosperity and become self-sustaining in their systems of education, their respective allotments should be applied to other destitute communities. Mr. Peabody hopes that with the additional amount now given, the annual income of the fund will be found sufficient to sustain and extend the work which has been so well begun. He also hopes that Texas may at once commence to receive aid. The principal sum of one million of dollars given by Mr. Peabody's first letter of trust is still untouched, and the interest of that sum added to the interest of the present gift of one million, makes the annual revenue of the trust upwards of $130,000, which, it is believed, will be amply sufficient to meet all the requirements of the cause of education in the South, until the time arrives for the final distribution. Mr. Peabody concludes with a prayer for God's blessing upon the gift, and upon all concerned in administering the fund, and with the hope and trust that it may prove a permanent benefit not only to the Southern States, but to the whole of our dear country, which he has ever loved so well, but never so much as now in his declining years. And he prays that Almighty God will grant to the United States a future as happy and noble in the intelligence and virtue of its citizens as it will be glorious in unexampled power and prosperity. George Peabody's benefactions sum up to more than $10,000,000, as will be seen by a few of the items. For education in the South, $2,000,000; Baltimore Institute, $1,000,000; Museum for American Relics, Yale College, $150,000; for Institute and Educational Purposes at Danvers, $250,000; for a free Museum at Salem, $50,000; to the State of Maryland, $250,000; to Bishop McIlvain, for Kenyon College, $25,000; Kane's Arctic Expedition, $10,000; to "Memorial Church" to his mother, $100,000; to members of his family (estimated), $2,000,000. In addition to these is the gift of £350,000 sterling, or $2,300,000 currency, for the erection of buildings for the poor of London.—*Philada. Ledger.*

THE SUEZ CANAL.

This canal will be opened on the first of October next to all the ships of the world. This gigantic work is beyond the comprehension of people in this part of the world, who know nothing of the deathly heats and blinding sands of Lower Egypt. In 1846, M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, the distinguished French engineer, and cousin of Eugenie, while sitting on the verandah of his hotel in Alexandria, smoking his cigarette, viewing with his glass the immense camel trains laden with merchandize hobbling over the sands of the Isthmus, conceived the plan of what he has so triumphantly achieved. He said to himself that ships must do that work; that a canal must be cut through to connect the Mediterranean and Red seas.

After getting concessions from the Viceroy of Egypt and the Turkish government for the right of way, M. de Lesseps organized his company. In 1854 a company was organized in Paris, called the "Universal Maritime Suez Canal Company," with a capital of $50,000,000 gold, in shares of $100, or 500 francs, each. The grant or charter is for ninty-nine years. M. de Lesseps was made manager. The vice-royalty of Egypt was to receive fifteen per cent. of the earnings yearly. The ship tariff of the canal should be the same for all nations; at the end of the grant the Egypt-

ian government comes into possession of the work.

To get ships from one sea into the other, as a substitute for the camel trains, which could be done by cutting a canal through the neck of land which connects the Mediterranean and Read seas, has been the wish indulged in by the kings and queens and viceroys of Egypt for two thousand years.

It was the favorite project of the Pharoahs. The work is supposed to have been once partially undertaken; but, whether from the want of "greenbacks" or of professional skill does not appear, the canal was not built. Bonaparte, when in Egypt with his army, called to him his engineers, and told them that a canal "must be cut through;" to which they replied "that it was impossible; that the Red Sea was twenty feet higher than the Mediterranean; that such would be the force of the current of water which would set through that nothing could withstand it."

This work received the co-operation of Louis Napoleon, as a matter of course, as it was the darling project of his uncle.

After a couple of years spent in making preparations the work was commenced. The Viceroy of Egypt furnished M. de Lesseps twenty thousand Egyptian *fellahs*—a sort of slaves of that country, but of the Caucasian race, hardy, athletic, and extremely docile, and good laborers. It was not long, however, before trouble commenced; remonstrances were sent in to the Viceroy protesting against these *fellahs* being held in such kind of bondage; that it would not be tolerated; that the civilized world was opposed to such a system of slavery.

The work went on for nearly a year, till the protests poured in so strong from nearly all the crowned heads of Europe that the Viceroy was compelled against his wishes to discharge all of de Lesseps' laborers.

This was one of the obstacles to be overcome on the start. Nothing daunted, de Lesseps set to work hiring these *fellahs*, paying them a small compensation for their services. It is this class of laborers that have built the canal. The canal is ninety-eight and one-tenth miles long, its narrowest spot ninety-six feet, its average width being one hundred and ninety-seven feet, depth of water twenty-six feet—sufficient to float the Great Eastern or any vessel that will ever want to go through. The cost of this gigantic work is stated to be as follows: up to first of May, 1868, more than $57,000,000 had been spent; its total cost on opening, on the first of October, will be $80,000,000.

The sides of the canal are walled up with blocks of stone made from the sands of the desert, and are as hard as granite; they are made of the same material and in the same way as the foundation upon which the ancient city of Tyre was built, and are not affected by age or water.

The water that feeds the canal comes from Bitter Lake; this and three smaller ones form a part of the canal. The former is kept filled by water from the Mediterranean, which is only a few inches higher than the lake; the difference between the Mediterranean and Red Sea is fourteen inches, and not twenty feet, according to ancient theory.

The opening ceremonies on the 1st of October will as far excel all celebrations of the kind heretofore, as the canal excels in magnitude all similar works in the known world.

It is expected that many of the crowned heads of Europe or their representatives (also from Africa, Asia, China, and Japan) will be there; the Empress Eugenie is expected to be present.

For the purpose of doing honor to the distinguished guests, immense buildings or tents are being erected, to be fitted and furnished with all the peculiarities of style and fashion of the country they represent.

The following may serve to settle the conflicting rumors abroad respecting the proposed opening of the Suez Canal. Mr. Lange, English director of the Suez Canal Company, writes as follows:

As rumors have gone abroad to the effect "that the opening of the Suez Canal has been put off to the 15th of November, and now to the 1st of January, 1870," will you permit me, through the medium of your journal, to inform the public that the nature of the aggreements entered into with the contractors, combined with the actual progress of the works, give every assurance that in the month of October next the Suez Canal will, throughout its entire length, have attained the required depth of 26 English feet, with a width varying from 100 metres (327 English feet,) along the greater portion of the canal, to 60 metres (196 English feet,) at three other points along the line, as specified in the plans. But at the request, and in order to suit the personal convenience of his Highness the Viceroy of Egypt, the official inauguration has now been fixed to take place on the 17th of November next.

I may further mention that all shipping, whether mercantile or naval, conveying passengers as visitors for the inauguration, will be permitted to pass through the canal free from any payment of canal dues. It will be necessary, however, for such vessels to be at Port Said not later than the 16th November, in order to be ready to go through the canal, from Port Said to Lake Timsah, on the 17th, remaining the 18th before the town of Ismai-

lia, where his Highness the Viceroy of Egypt will give an entertainment. The following day the Bitter Lakes will be traversed and the Red Sea reached, viz: on the 19th November.—*Philada. Press.*

WHAT A SPIDER EATS PER DIEM.

In order to test what a spider can do in the way of eating, we arose about daybreak in the morning to supply his fine web with a fly. At first, however, the spider did not come from his retreat; so we peeped among the leaves, and there discovered that an earwig had been caught and was now being feasted on. The spider left the earwig, rolled up the fly, and at once returned to his "first course." This was at half-past five A. M. in September. At seven the earwig had been demolished, and the spider, after resting a while, and probably enjoying a nap, came down for the fly, which he had finished at nine A. M. A little after nine we supplied him with a daddy long-legs, which he ate by noon. At one o'clock a blow-fly was greedily seized, and immediately, with an appetite apparently no worse for his previous indulgence, he commenced on the blow-fly.

During the day and toward evening, a great many small green flies, or what are popularly termed midges, had been caught in the web; of these we counted one hundred and twenty all dead and fast prisoners in the spider's net. Soon after dark, provided with a lantern, we went to examine whether the spider was suffering from indigestion or in any other way from previous meals; instead, however, of being thus affected, he was employed in rolling up together the various little green midges, which he then took to his retreat for tea. This process he repeated, carrying up the lot in little detachments, until the web was eaten, for the web and its contents were bundled up together. A slight rest of about an hour was followed by the most industrious web-making process, and before daybreak another web was ready to be used in the same way. Taking the relative size of the spider and of the creatures it eats, and applying this to a man, it would be somewhat as follows: at 7 A. M., a lamb; at 9 A.M., a young cameleopard; at 1 o'clock, a sheep; and during the night 120 larks. This, we believe, would be a very fair allowance for a man during twenty-four hours; and could we find one gifted with such an appetite and digestion, we can readily comprehend how he might spin five miles of web without killing himself, provided he possessed the necessary machinery.

A child was asked, "What is faith?" She answered, "Doing God's will and asking no questions." A beautiful reply.

ITEMS.

The Indians.—Vincent Colyer, the Agent of the U. S. Indian Commission, who has just returned to Leavenworth, Kansas, from an extended tour among the tribes, gives an interesting account of the Moqui Indians. This tribe of Pueblos, numbering about 5000, he says are industrious, intelligent and self-supporting. They have seen but few white men, being rarely visited by Americans. Their villages are about 100 miles west of Fort Wingate, and are easily approached by a good trail. They live in stone houses, neatly plastered, from one to three stories high, built on the top of high rocky bluffs, and capable of easy defence against attacks. They manufacture pottery, woolen blankets and dresses, raise corn, beans, peaches, &c., and have large flocks of goats and sheep. They received us with cheers and hospitality, entertained us and fed our animals. They ask for teachers and schools, and tools with which to till the soil, for which they are willing to pay in corn, wool, &c. They are within a few days' walk of Prescott, Arizona, where the people are now paying eighteen dollars in gold the sack for flour.

Mr. Colyer thinks that a lasting peace can now be arranged with the Apaches, and states that the recent depredations on the Plains were committed by remnants of tribes, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, defeated by Sheridan and Custer last winter, having gone to their reservations. The "Friends," according to Mr. Colyer's report, are hard at work, and will soon establish a better state of affairs.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The Great Rain Fall in the West has been seriously deplored by the journals of that region, and the destruction of the entire corn crop was prophesied. It now appears, however, that actual measurements show that the rain fall in the West, for June, 1869, was only one-fourth of the rain fall in 1868, and one-half the average for the last ten years. In addition to this encouraging intelligence, it is announced that the pleasant weather succeeding the rains has greatly improved the prospects of the crop, and that the wheat will be ready for the harvest in two weeks, and that the corn looks well and is approaching maturity very rapidly. From these accounts it would appear that the crops of the United States are far from being ruined, and will probably equal if not exceed the yield of ordinary years.

The Change of Color of the leaves in autumn from green to red has been attributed to the effect of acid, and it was asserted that the green color could be restored by submitting the leaves to the action of an alkali. This hypothesis, however, was advanced without any basis of facts to support it, but the London Athenæum now asserts that the theory has been established by experiment. Autumn leaves placed under an exhausted receiver with vapor of ammonia, it is asserted, in nearly every instance lost the red color and renewed their green. In some leaves, such as the sassafras, the blackberry and maple, the change was rapid, and could be watched by the eye, while others, particularly certain oaks, turned gradually brown, without showing any appearance of green.

Three Tons of solid silver in bricks, weighing from 1500 to 1504 ounces each, were recently shipped from Georgetown, Colorado, to Chicago. These bricks were packed in sealed leather sacks; one, however, was uncovered, and was stamped as weighing 175 pounds two ounces, and as worth $1302.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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REFLECTIONS ON THE WISDOM, POWER AND GOODNESS OF THE UNIVERSAL PARENT.

BY BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

[These reflections were not written for publication, but believing extracts from them would prove of general interest, we obtained the consent of the writer to give them a place in the *Intelligencer*.] EDS.

From very early life I have been a lover of Nature in all its phases, and being impressed with love and veneration for the Author of Nature—the great and good Being,—and possessing a fondness for tracing evidences of His three great attributes, Wisdom, Goodness, and Power, throughout all His works, I was frequently perplexed to reconcile some things with these attributes; but, on waiting reverently for light and instruction, they were always afforded to my entire satisfaction. Two instances of this kind I feel at liberty to mention, to illustrate my meaning.

1. When I first came to live in the country in 1842, I was very much gratified and interested with the birds, and wished as many as possible to build and remain around my residence. Among other birds which commenced building was a wren; and, to my surprise and dissatisfaction, it not harmonizing with my ideas of the goodness of the Creator to impart such an instinct, I observed her fretful and quarrelsome disposition, driving all the other birds away, and thus preventing them from building where I wanted them to build. I did not like it. But the impression attended my mind, from a conviction that *all* was in wisdom, goodness and love, that this apparent discord was "harmony not understood;" so I continued to be observant of her.

"All Nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou can'st not see;
All discord harmony not understood;
All partial evil universal good."—*Pope.*

I noticed that she followed the other birds in driving them away, only a short distance. After a time she laid her eggs and hatched her young, some eight or ten of them. Then came the feeding time. For a few days this was an easy task, but as her progeny grew, and required a greater supply, and the food probably becoming a little scarce by her daily draft upon it, she was most incessantly employed all day, from early morning till late evening; and I became fully convinced that if the other birds had been gathering for *their* young also from the same area, as would necessarily have been the case had she not, with instinctive prudence, driven them away and prevented them from building near her, she would not have been able, with all her industry, to have kept her young family supplied.

Here was manifestly not a cross or quarrelsome disposition, as I had supposed, but an instinctive observance of the law of self-preservation, regarding her offspring as part of

herself, by obedience to which she did a kindness also to the other birds. In my observation I discovered to my entire satisfaction that many traits in animals and birds which are often regarded as quarrelsome or vindictive, exhibited between males of the same species, and in parents with their young, arise simply from instinctive obedience to laws connected with the continuance of the species and self-preservation.

2. A similar difficulty attended my mind in relation to a hawk taking the chickens, and in reconciling birds and beasts of prey generally with the wisdom and goodness of a benevolent Providence; when I was favored to see that *all* the animals that are annually produced cannot continue through a succession of years to be sustained by what the earth produces. *Some must die;* for, the amount of support which the entire produce of the earth will yield to the animal creation is limited; only a certain amount annually grows, and this will afford only a certain amount of animal subsistence; *more* when the fertility of the earth is *greater; less* when the fertility is less. It will hence be seen that if all animals were permitted to live and to feed immediately upon the produce of the earth, as in the case supposed, without animals of prey, they must necessarily do;—that is, upon growing and mature vegetables;—since the amount of these is but little more in any one year than it was in the preceding, while the animals multiply rapidly, the result must inevitably be that many or all would eventually die of starvation.

To illustrate this point, suppose one of the best farms to be fully stocked, and every animal produced on it permitted to live: all the calves, colts, lambs, pigs, chickens, turkeys, geese, ducks,—none killed. They might get through two, perhaps three or four years, with what the farm produced, but in the fourth or fifth year at furthest, every green thing would be eaten up to support life during the summer, and in the succeeding winter *all would starve to death.*

Now, our earth is only a large farm; and if all the animals produced on it were permitted to live through their natural lives, the same consequences would necessarily follow; in a few years all would starve to death! Hence we see the wise and benevolent introduction of beasts and other animals of prey, in the economy of Providence, in places remote from the dominion of man, or before he was placed upon the earth, in order that, with the existence of those animals which feed immediately upon the produce of the earth, other animals which feed on these may coexist, thus preserving a beautiful harmony by what frequently is regarded as an evidence of cruelty.

Every animal which feeds on vegetables is, in the natural state, food for some beast or bird of prey, or has what is wrongly called its "natural enemy;" hence, when any species of those animals which feed immediately on vegetables increase in numbers, food is rendered more abundant for its "natural enemies," and these, therefore, increase more rapidly; thus preventing the exhaustion of the vegetable food, and preserving a wise and harmonious equilibrium.

This is by no means an evidence of cruelty of disposition in the animals of prey: far from it. It is their nature, imparted to them for the most benevolent purpose—the *preservation*, not the *destruction*, of all races of animals. They cannot live at all on vegetable food; they cannot digest it: but they require by nature food which has undergone both vegetable and animal organization, before they can assimilate and digest it for the support of their systems. They are the benevolent instruments of a wise Providence, acting through instinct, till man, guided by enlightened Reason, was prepared to take their place, to prevent the accumulation of an animal population beyond what the earth could support, and thus avoid the alternative of death by starvation, perhaps the most painful of all deaths. Naturalists agree that a beast or bird of prey always strikes its victim in the most vital part, so that they produce the easiest possible death. In a state of nature,* a beast of prey never goes for food till urged to do so by hunger: he then kills immediately and eats; afterwards he lies down and sleeps till hunger again arouses him. His enjoyments are, consequently, of the lowest kind; but still, "wherever there is life there is some degree of enjoyment." Hence it is seen, since the animals which feed on vegetables have *their* life and enjoyment, while the animals which feed on these have *theirs also*, the sum of happiness by this wise provison is multiplied; the same vegetable growth giving successive support and consequent enjoyment to different races of animals.

Here we have a striking instance of the falsity of first appearances, to which I may again have occasion to refer, and the beautiful harmony that is unfolded by observation and reflection. At first view, one animal appears to be cruelly and malevolently preying upon another animal, bird upon bird, fish upon fish, insect upon insect, and some upon all, till the whole world seems like one great slaughter-house, all in disorder and confusion. In-

* The domestic cat plays with a mouse only because *she is too full fed*, and has caught an animal through the instinct of her nature, which she does not need for food.

estigation removes the great apparent blot pon the harmony of creation, and discovers n this arrangement of Providence an evi- ence of the highest benevolence and wisdom, ne same that are always manifest in the orks of Deity when understood.

I can gratefully acknowledge that I have net with no apparent incompatibility of any ning in the works and dispensations of Providence, with the great attributes of wis- om, goodness, love and mercy, but what, as I welt in confiding and watchful patience, has een entirely removed, to the satisfaction of ny own mind.

The next attribute of Deity which I was rought to love, and I might say reverence nd worship, was *Truth*. If I found He said ea to-day, I came to know He said yea for ll time. If He said nay to-day, He said nay ternally. This pervaded all Nature in every ranch of research. To illustrate:

The properties of a circle, large or small, re *always* the same:—chords equally distant rom the centre are, in the same circle, or in qual circles, *always* equal: the radius can be id around on the circumference *precisely* six imes; the circumference of different circles re in exact proportion to their diameters; nd their areas to the squares of the diameters *lways*. And these truths, and thousands f other similar ones, are eternal, past and ture. Man has only discovered what pre- iously existed, though hidden till revealed o his researches.

Then, the fact that the circumference and he area of a circle can neither be exactly easured in terms of the diameter; that is, hen the diameter is known, the *precise* cir- umference or area cannot be stated, notwith- anding the near approximation to it, which is us stated by Peacock, in his Calculus, page 0: "Some notion of the prodigious accuracy f the determination of De Lagny, extend- g the value of the circumference when the iameter is 1, to 127 places of decimals, may e formed from the following hypothesis: f the diameter of the universe be a million f million times the distance of the sun from e earth, (which is 95 millions of miles), nd if a distance which is a million of million mes this diameter be divided into parts each f which is the million of millionth part of n inch; if a circle be described whose dia- eter is a million of million times that dis- nce, repeated as many times as often as each f those parts of an inch is contained in it; en the error in the circumference of that rcle, as calculated by this approximation, ill be less than the million of millionth part f the million of millionth part of an inch." et with all this inconceivable nearness, the re lt *is not the truth*. Further labor might ap- proach still nearer to it, but can never arrive at it. All this can be tested by any intelligent person.

While the length of the circumference of a *circle* cannot be computed with precision, the length of a curve of a *cycloid*, which is much more complicated and is generated in the revolution of a circle, by a point in its cir- cumference, is *precisely equivalent to four dia- meters* of the *generating circle*.

Also, although the area of a *circle* is in- commensurable in terms of its diameter or any other of its dimensions, the area of a *parabola*, one of the conic sections, and more complex than the circle, is precisely three- fourths of the rectangle or product of its base by its altitude.

Throughout geometry and algebra, the maximum and minimum of quantities, the cal- culus, and the whole round of mathematics, the same unvarying rigidity of *Truth* everywhere obtains. And all these truths are eternal. They have forever existed, and they will for ever exist. Man only discovers them; and it is in the power of any intelligent person, by proper means, at any time to verify them. They are not revealed to one person and hid from another, but they are revealed to all, in every age, in the same way: the reply of Na- ture to every true inquirer is the same un- varying, intelligible, eternal truth.

The same thing obtains in every depart- ment of Nature. Subject water to certain temperatures, under similar circumstances, in any part of the world, and it begins to freeze at one temperature and to boil at another, *always the same*. In crystallization, the primi- tive form of the same substance has *precisely* the same angle *always;* so that the most cer- tain method of distinguishing some substances is by the goniometer, to measure the angles, these being in the same substance invariably constructed by Nature of the same dimensions with mathematical precision.

Place a certain amount of pure marble or pure chalk in dilute sulphuric acid, and a *fixed amount* of carbonic acid gas will be liberated, and a fixed amount of plaster of Paris or sulphate of lime will be formed, both of which amounts can be previously calcu- lated *with precision* from the quantity of marble or chalk used.

Burn 6 grs. of diamond or pure charcoal in 16 grs. of pure oxygen gas, and *precisely* 22 grs. of carbonic acid gas is formed, the same kind of substance which was obtained from the marble or chalk; and when this gas is of the same temperature as the oxygen gas was, it will be of *precisely* the same bulk.

Add a little colorless liquid ammonia to a very dilute solution of sulphate of copper which will appear to have no color, and a

most beautiful blue color, the aqua celeste, results from these two colorless liquids *always*. Then add a *little* colorless sulphuric acid to the aqua celeste, and the blue color *instantly disappears*, although the coloring material is still in the vessel, as may be proved by adding more ammonia, when the aqua celeste will be again restored. And these processes can be repeated over and over with the same results.

It can therefore be foretold, with *unerring certainty*, what answer Nature will give to any question intelligently propounded to her. Her language cannot vary, because it is *always truth*. The needed intelligence is to know what answer Nature has once given to the question. If a small piece of potassium be placed upon water, it always *instantly* bursts into a flame. If 40 grs. of potassium be *immersed under water*, precisely one grain of hydrogen gas will rise, and the water will contain *exactly* 48 grains of pure potash.

These results are the same in all parts of the world, and may be verified by any intelligent person at any time. Like every sentence in the whole volume of Nature, they are alike open and intelligible to every intelligent reader, and cannot be misunderstood.

Every branch of knowledge adds its weight of testimony to the wisdom, goodness, and power of God. Geology gives striking evidences of wisdom and benevolent design, in the gradual preparation of the earth for the habitation of sentient existences through countless ages, and its adaptation to the residence of man, not only as it respects his conveniences and comforts, but the development of his physical energies, and his intellectual, moral, and religious capacities.

The records of Geology, intelligibly written upon tablets of rock by Deity Himself, conclusively inform the intelligent reader that the time since the earth was inhabited by man, compared with the whole period of its existence, is less than an hour to a thousand years. The race of man is *very young* compared with the time this residence was being prepared for him; and one who has full confidence in the ability of Deity to accomplish all His gracious designs and purposes, will feel no fear that man will be able to frustrate these; nor will such person be discouraged by witnessing conduct comparable to the convulsions which our earth has experienced while it was being prepared for its present habitable state, which preparation is in some parts of the globe still going steadily on, and the process gradually tending to improvement and melioration. Inasmuch as unmistakeable evidence exists that those great convulsions of the earth by which whole continents were raised; the rocks melted and contorted; when lava flowed in great streams and buried large tracts and all that was upon their sur face; filled up river beds and formed lakes when immense tracts of land sunk in one plac and were raised in another, till Plato an Beattie could say,

"Earthquakes have raised to Heaven the lowly vale And gulphs, the mountain's mighty mass entombed And where the *Atlantic rolls, vast continents hav bloomed*,"—

I say, inasmuch as all these were not th result of the blind conflicts of contendin elements, but were, with harmonious wisdo and with benevolent design, the Providentia adaptation of means to ends, in order th better to fit the earth for the wants and pur poses of man, bringing within the reach o his enterprise and industry the coal, metal marbles and other rocks which had been lai up in store-houses, like a good parent provic for the future wants of his beloved child when otherwise their existence would neve have been known to him, or if known, the would have been entirely beyond any powe of his to procure them,—so these convulsion amongst communities of men may have thei place of compensating advantage and instru tion in the moral world, under the directio and control of a wise and good Providence.

In connection with geology, so many ma vellous instances of benevolent design, in th wise adaptation of means to ends, press upo the attention, that it is difficult to determin which to select as being best calculated t illustrate the simplicity, variety, and perfe tion of the results. I have concluded to tak water as an illustration.

1. By the expansion of water in freezing becomes a *wedge*, to split the largest rocks, an disintegrate the fragments into smaller an smaller portions, to form soils, all the loos ground or earth we find having been forme by this gradual process, together with the a trition of portions against each other. Th water is absorbed into the porous rocks b capillary attraction, or enters into cracks th may exist; and when it freezes it expand and the rock is broken like a brittle vess

* Although some persons may think the ear was formed originally just as it now is, ma changes, such as are above referred to, are of co paratively recent date. Mount Nuovo was form in 1538; city of Euphemia sank in 1638; fourte towns and villages were overflowed with lava fro Mt. Etna in 1669; Mt. Jorullo was raised in Mexi in 1759; a new island was formed among the Ale tian or Fox Islands in 1806, and another in 181 which is 3000 feet high and 4 miles in circumfe ence; the coast of Chili was raised to a very lar extent in 1822, and again in 1835. In the form it was computed that a mass was moved equivale to a mountain 2000 miles long, 100 miles wide its base, and 2 miles high. The eruptions of V suvius and Mona Loa the past year give evide of continued activity in geological changes.

containing water. The force exerted in water freezing is immense. Every crevice into which water enters in a rock is gradually made wider and wider whenever the water it contains freezes, and thus a slow but certain displacement of the rock ensues. In this way was the vast and noted Table Rock at the Falls of Niagara recently removed. It is, then, through the agency of water, and principally its expansive force in freezing, that all the loose earth, sand and gravel have been obtained from the rocks in which they formerly existed, classing clay among the rocks.

2. By the evaporation of water through the agency of heat, and its condensation when the heat is removed, it becomes a *vehicle* to convey or transport the loose materials from a higher to a lower level. Vapor rises from the surface of water and moist earth, and being lighter than air it passes to higher positions, and is carried by currents of the atmosphere to greater elevations or higher portions of land, where it is colder, when the vapor is condensed again into water, which runs down, carrying the disintegrated rock, clay, sand, and pebbles to lower and distant places, producing, with the effects of dew and rain on vegetation, the most wise and benevolent influences for the convenience, comfort and sustenance of man and the whole animal creation. In every rain that falls this transportation of earthy material from a higher to a lower place occurs, as is evidenced by the running down of "muddy water," and sometimes carrying sand and pebbles and rolling rocks along, which become rounded and smoothed by the attrition of one against another. All the springs, streams, and power from water-falls, as well as the dew, rain and snow, are owing to, and simply are, the return of the water which insensibly passed into vapor, was and is condensed in more elevated portions of the country, and is fulfilling most important and wise purposes on its return.

3. By the dissolving power of water, the materials in the soil which are adapted to be the food of plants are taken into solution, and absorbed by the roots of plants, contributing to their nourishment and growth.

4. By the remarkable property of water getting lighter instead of heavier as it is cooled down from 39 degrees to 32 degrees, its freezing point, rivers, lakes and other bodies of fresh water are benevolently preserved from becoming masses of solid ice, as they would otherwise necessarily do in all latitudes over 40 degrees, and even less, to the destruction of all the fish and other inhabitants contained in the waters.

5. Water permits the heat of the sun to pass through it with but little loss or diminution of intensity, while the heat radiated from a stove, from the earth, or any other body containing heat, is almost wholly intercepted by water. By this means the sun's heat passes freely to the bottom of a stream or body of water, heats the earth or materials at the bottom, and this heat being unable to radiate through the superincumbent water, warms the water above, like a fire under a vessel, and brings portions of it which are not too deep to a temperature adapted to the hatching of the spawns of fish, &c., which places are consequently resorted to by the fish, through their instinct, for that purpose. Thus this remarkable property, so wisely and benevolently attached to water by the Creator, of permitting "*solar* heat," but prohibiting absorbed or "*culinary* heat," to pass through it, gives a covering of warmth in a body of even shallow water, which acts like the brooding hen or other bird, to vivify the spawns of fishes and other aquatic animals.

6. All terrestial animals, including man, are incalculably benefited by a corresponding property of the same element, water, when in vapor: vapor permitting the solar heat to pass freely through it, but like water intercepting its return. Hence, the more vapor or moisture there is in the atmosphere around us, the warmer it must be, because the vapor prevents the radiation of the heat from our bodies, the earth, and every thing else. Were there no moisture in the atmosphere, or did the heat from the earth pass through vapor with the same facility that it does through air, the earth would be so cooled thereby that there would be frost every night in the year, in even the hottest climates, to the destruction of that vegetation upon which man and other animals are chiefly dependent for food. The vapor contained in the air, acts as a mantle or cushion of warmth, to protect the bosom of the earth, and every thing upon it. How simple, wise, and benevolent this beautiful provision, so fraught with important consequences! The superior heat of summer is dependent more upon the greater quantity of vapor in the atmosphere at that time, than upon the greater length of the days, and the increased elevated position of the meridian sun.

The contemplation of the wisdom and benevolence in all this and much more which might be instructively stated, awakens my gratitude and love and reverence for a Being, whose wisdom, by so astonishingly simple means, has made such ample provision for the production, protection, sustenance and enjoyment of His sentient creatures, evidencing the abounding everywhere of His wisdom, goodness, love and mercy, and inspiring a confiding trust in Him.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul.

That changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal flame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part;
As full, as perfect in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect in vile man that mourns,
As the wrapt seraph that adores and burns."

Pope.

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

Pure and hallowed springs of deep and hidden sympathy rise from my heart's depths and flow out toward the bereaved and lonely wherever found. Ye are my kindred. May these ministrations of the Father's love, though deeply afflictive, be sanctified to your redemption from the spirit of the world. May His holy presence come in and fill the vacuum, and teach the great lesson that all on earth is transient and as fleeting as the dew-drops of a summer morning.

These severe afflictions come not from the ground, but celestial benedictions oft assume this dark disguise and come to us in various forms; and surely none are more impressive than when the pale messenger calls from us some loved and cherished associates, leaving us, it may be, to pursue the remainder of life's journey alone and desolate as regards outward companionship. When, under such an experience, we can bow submissively to the dispensation, the agonized spirit becomes tranquilized, and a prayer for heavenly guardianship is offered. In this prostrate state, the consolations of the Spirit flow into the wounded heart like balm.

We may not choose the means whereby our purification is wrought. He who formed us to glorify His name and enjoy Him forever, knows far better than we do how to perfect the work.

There are other sufferers with whom my spirit sympathizes—those who for months or for years know not a cessation of physical suffering, neither can they be buoyed up by hope of cure. For these the encouraging language is, "I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction, and thou art mine." S. Hunt.

The foregoing words of gospel sympathy, offered by our friend S. H., will, we have no doubt, find a place with those to whom her feelings have gone forth, and prove as a draught from the pure spring, the refreshing influence of which will be felt in seasons of retirement, when the spirit is humbled under a sense of its own unworthiness, and recognises the mercy and love of Him who sleeps not by day nor slumbers by night.—Eds.

If in the treatment of offenders we could always be clothed with a pure Christian spirit which seeks to save that which is lost, and waiteth long for an offending brother, there can be no doubt disownments would be less frequent, and many who have been separated from us might have been restored to the fellowship of the Gospel, to their own and our benefit. The concern of our correspondent as expressed in the following remarks, is suggestive, and it may be well to inquire whether our present code of Discipline in relation to the treatment of offenders may not in some respects be profitably modified. Eds.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

CHARITY TOWARD OFFENDERS.

There is a subject which deeply impresses my mind, which I would like to present for consideration, for I feel that it is of vital importance to the welfare and prosperity of our religious Society. It is whether it is consistent with our Christian principles to disown any member if he desires to retain his membership?

It has been for many years very adverse to my feelings to have any member cut off, unless for immoral conduct, and even then I scarcely know why we should disown him for it is "the sick who need a physician."

We profess to look only to our Heavenly Father for guidance, for protection and forgiveness; and should we not, as far as in our power, extend a parental, loving and forgiving care over every member of our family—weak or ignorant or wicked—so much more need is there of care and of charity and love. The mother never casts off her child, however erring. The poet says,

"A mother's love—the strongest, truest type
Of the pure love the Saviour bore mankind."

And how often has the repentant prodigal acknowledged with tears and deep contrition that the memory of his mother's prayers—his mother's pious care—had turned him toward the Father's house.

If a Christian mother's influence for good is so great, why not a Christian society?

I know that it is considered a disparagement to us to retain among us a disorderly member, but can the Society of Friends be any more disgraced than is the Christian religion?

We have ofttimes been censured for disowning persons who needed protection and forbearance, and many have turned from us in bitterness of spirit who might have been won

to us by continued sympathy, charity and love. It is said there have been cases where "forbearance ceased to be a virtue," but it never ceases to be a virtue in the true Christian's heart.

It seems too much like capital punishment to cut off any member. I know the Discipline at present requires it. As the Jews said of old, "We have a law, and by that law he ought to die;" but is it not better to change our laws, when they conflict in the least with the great laws by which our merciful Father governs us? Perhaps no human law is perfect; but oh, if we err, let it be on the side of charity and of mercy; let us forgive our brother, even "seventy times seven," that so our Heavenly Father may forgive us.

LOUISA FROST.

THE INDIANS.

The Chicago Tribune thinks the appointment of the Quakers as Indian Agents a success, and says: "One of the new Indian Superintendents, Mr. Janney, a Virginia Friend, has just had a trial with the Pawnees. A predatory band of that tribe, while out on a robbing expedition, overtook and murdered a white man, throwing his body into the river. The Superintendent, upon reaching his agency, notified the tribe that the murderers must be brought for trial and punishment. The tribe delayed, and for a long time refused. But Mr. Janney suspended all payments of annuities, and remained inexorable to all the Indian pleas and evasions. The result was that the Indians had to yield. They surrendered six of the men, and recalled the roving plunderers. The new policy is well commenced. The old fallacy of treating each tribe of Indians as a foreign nation is to be abandoned, and the Indians are hereafter to be held personally responsible for their misdoings, and punished accordingly. Justice and firmness are required to enforce this policy and to make it successful; and we trust the new commissioners, whose education and convictions peculiarly suit them to carry out such a policy, will have every aid and opportunity to bring the Indians into subjection to it."

The constant familiarity with works of fiction, even with such as are not exceptionable in themselves, relaxes the mind, that wants hardening; dissolves the heart, that wants fortifying; stirs the imagination, which wants quieting; irritates the passions, which want calming; and above all, disinclines and disqualifies for active virtues and for spiritual exercises. The habitual indulgence in such reading is a silent mining mischief.—*Hannah More.*

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

This is the season for recreation, and I am glad you are about to escape from the heat of the city to spend a few weeks among the kind friends whose pleasant home in the country is so attractive. I wish you, my dear children, to keep your eyes open, and endeavor to gather some useful information—something that will be worth the recollection in future, and avoid saying or doing anything while abroad that will leave painful regret on a retrospect, after your return.

Though far advanced in years, I know this requires a constant, watchful care, and I know the Divine Principle—"the word nigh in the heart"—which you have been taught to revere, will preserve both you and me, harmless and blameless, if we attend to its secret monitions. "When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee." This is mentioned in the *Old* Testament, and harmonizes with the *New*, for this "Word nigh in the heart" was "the Rock that followed Israel," and illuminated and preserved the righteous in all generations.

I sensibly feel that I have of late been so much engrossed with other things, that my spiritual vision has been impaired, and through unwatchfulness my faith and childlike willingness to do the little that I could have been lessened. I regret this with sorrow and confusion of face, but such lamentation will not be accepted as an excuse for deficiencies. We are called unto perfection, and we should endeavor to dwell so near the Father that we will be prepared to see and do His bidding. This has long been my desire, and now that I am removed from the busy throng of your great city, I have time to form good resolutions for the future. When the physical state is low, the hold on life weakens, and the necessity of watching and prayer, that we may be kept in the right path, seems doubly important.

We have been favored with seasonable and refreshing rain, reviving all nature after the long drought. Even the birds seem to rejoice in the change. How beautiful and sublime is the language in which King David displays the bounty and goodness of Divine Providence in sending rain upon the earth. I want you to bear in perpetual remembrance from whose bountiful Hand all good cometh, and that "the Earth is the Lord's, and the fulness

thereof," and that if you live in His fear, you may rely on his protection and care all the days of your life. . . . . We must learn to bear disappointments cheerfully. This world is strewed with cross occurrences, and if you learn early, you will be better able to bear your portion in passing along through it, always cherishing the remembrance that at the end of it there is a better and an ever-enduring inheritance, where the wise and good of all ages and generations are beyond the reach of trouble, sorrow and disappointment.

I feel a strong desire that the increased efforts which are being made in our Society for the right training of our children may be blessed. I am induced to believe, that if parents were sufficiently exemplary in their own conduct, and watched every opportunity of rightly improving their children, and impressing their minds early with right principles and correct ideas, there would be only solitary instances of wide deviation in our youth from the path of rectitude. How desirable, then, that the minds of parents should be impressed with the heavy responsibility which rests upon them. It is indeed wonderful that because our early Friends bore their testimony against the *necessity* of a liberal education to qualify for gospel ministry, that any should now conclude that liberal culture is dangerous, and liable to lead the minds of our young Friends away from the simple faith of Quakerism.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 31, 1869.

MARRIED.

On Third day, 22d of Sixth month, 1869, at the residence of Nathan Harper, Plainfild, N. J., in accordance with the order of the Society of Friends, Franklin S. Evans, of Philadelphia, and Emma L. Mather, daughter of Joseph Mather, of the former place; members of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting of Friends, (Race St.)

DIED.

WHITE.—On the morning of the 2d of Fourth month, 1869, Elizabeth White, aged 77 years; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

ELLIOTT.—On the 12th of Seventh month, 1869, Anna Elliott, wife of George Elliott, in the 64th year of her age. She was a beloved and exemplary member of Wapsenonoc Monthly Meeting, Iowa. The deceased was the daughter of Thos. and Sarah Russell, of Frederick Co., Md., and formerly a member of Pipe Creek Mo. Meeting, Md. Though for many years a great sufferer, having a very frail constitution, she bore all with truly Christian resignation, and at last passed away as one falling into a quiet sleep. Truly, "Blessed are they that die in the Lord. Their works do follow them." H.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

An Adjourned Meeting of the Board of Managers of Swarthmore College will be held at the College on Fifth-day, the 5th of Eighth month, at 3 P.M.

Edward Parrish, *Clerk.*

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

8th mo. 1st, Washington, D.C., 11 A.M.
" " Alexandria, Va., 4 P.M.
" " Boston, N.Y., 3 P.M.
" " Moorestown, N.J., 3 P.M.
" " Pennsbury (Penn's Manor) Pa., 10 A.M.
" 8th, Flushing, L. I., 11 A.M.
" " South Farmington, N. Y., 3 P.M.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE FIRST-DAY SCHOOL MEETING AT SALEM.

The Quarterly First-day School Meeting was held at Salem, N. J., Seventh mo. 17th, and was largely attended by young Friends, as well as many among the older members of our Society. Delegates attended and reports were received from most of the schools within Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. Seven new schools have been organized within the Yearly Meeting since the General Conference in Fifth month.

The various reports contained much of interest, and the feeling prevalent in the meeting evidenced that although called a business session, it was not devoid of true religious feeling, and it can truly be said that love and unity subsisted among those present.

The Executive Commtttee prepared Epistles to our co-laborers in Indiana and to S. M. Janney: in the preparation of these they were thought to have been favored. The publication of the little paper, "Scattered Seeds," claimed attention; a large number of copies were subscribed for, and a considerable sum added to the fund guaranteed to meet the deficiency which it is anticipated may exist at the end of the year.

The hospitality of Salem Friends merits an acknowledgment, and will long be remembered. The time and place of the next meeting were left with the Executive Committee to arrange. M.

Treasures.—If a young person will begin and persevere in learning by heart, say four lines of good poetry every day, there will be laid up in the treasure-house of memory fourteen hundred and sixty lines in a year. So of facts and various kinds of information. All great things are done little by little. Atoms make worlds. The greatest fortunes consist of farthings. Life is made up of moments, and a succession of well-spent moments makes a well-spent life.

The full assurance of faith, always attended with the full assurance of hope, never fails to be productive of perfect love, even the love that casteth out fear.

We ask our correspondent J. M. E. to excuse the delay in publishing the 2d number of "Away from Home," which appears this week.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

AWAY FROM HOME.

No. 2.

My last closed with some mention of *Cleveland.* It is rapidly increasing in population, and the spirit of improvement, in the building of stores and renovation and rebuilding of dwellings, is as apparent here as elsewhere, and some of the more recently built are truly magnificent. There is a meeting held on First-days, and possibly a mid-week meeting, I believe, in a private residence, under the superintendence of some Friends of the other branch of the Society. A proposition has been made by some of our Friends to build a small meeting-house, by private contribution, in which both branches might mingle together for social worship, but from some cause or other the proposition has not met with favor. "Friends," all told, are so very few, that it is doubtful whether the effort to meet as a public gathering would be successful or creditably sustained.

In a previous number mention was made of long continued wet weather, and its effects upon crops. We have been from home two weeks within one day, and rain has fallen every day but two, while to-day has looked threatening much of the time. As regards the crops, the Western papers teem with such paragraphs as the following:

"Onarga, Ill., June 28.—The first corn planted nearly all rotted in the ground. The re-plant is now up, but is a very poor stand. The rains for the last three days have been the heaviest that have been known for many years, and the streams are very high. Farmers cannot get into their fields to plow, for a week, during which time the weeds will have become almost unmanageable. Farmers are much discouraged, and do not expect more than half a crop of corn. Wheat and oats do not look much better than the corn."

"Franklin Grove, Ill., June 28.—Wheat and oats and other small crops never looked better, the only fear is that it will grow too stout and lodge. The critical stage for wheat has not yet come.

Much depends on the fall; if farmers can get the grass and weeds out of the corn-field, there is a chance for about two-thirds of a crop. It cannot be a full crop, as some of the fields are under water, and I fear cannot be reclaimed."

"Lake County, Ill., June 29.—Small grains that were sown early on high rolling lands are looking middling well. It is generally feared that the corn crop will be a total failure. Some are working their corn, but not to good advantage; others are waiting for the land to dry. There is very little corn over three or four inches high."

"Nauvoo, Ill., June 29.—Owing to the cold and wet weather, there is a very poor prospect for corn. There are whole fields that have been drowned out, and a great many others that the corn came up well, but, owing to the heavy and continued rain, cannot be cultivated, and the weeds are higher than the corn."

These floods have also subjected *us* to some inconvenience, and have been the cause of one of our detentions. About two miles from the village of *Wishawha,* an excessively heavy rain, which had caused its streets to resemble sheets or streams of water for two hours, also carried away about forty feet of a dam belonging to a saw mill, and one end of a long bridge used for ordinary travel. This accumulated force, with the addition of the logs then in the stream, pressed against the railroad bridge, and the watchman on duty subsequently found the trestle-work was being undermined, and the bridge was settling. This was discovered in time to prevent any train from passing over it. When we reached that point, we were obliged to leave the cars, cross the bridge on boards laid between the tracks, and take the cars on the other side, that had accomplished the journey that far East. During our entire route from *Toledo* to *Chicago,* 234 miles, the fields were so wet, that the only farming operations we saw were one man harrowing with a yoke of oxen, and six or eight men and boys apparently hoeing.

I have elsewhere alluded to the very small number that appeared to be travelling. Our train from Cleveland to Chicago consisted of five cars, and in order to satisfy myself of the correctness or otherwise of my impressions, I passed through four of them and made a careful count, and found but sixty-five all told. Many of these were only in transit from station to station. I cannot account for it, but such was the fact.

Within about twenty miles of *Toledo* the face of the country changed very much, leaving the rolling and picturesque behind and entering upon the plains. Previous to that point nothing had been seen grazing save a few sheep, not even the ordinary supply of cows for farmers use; in fact, during the whole route we saw nothing indicative of the raising of cattle.

Adrian appears to be a place of some importance, with a very large car-house and other accommodations for transportation. *Hillsdale* also attracted our attention, where the largest church we had yet noticed loomed up. We doubtless passed a number of other

large places, but some of them were situated at a distance from the station, having, as we supposed, had an existence prior to the building of the railroad. The Maumee River, over which we crossed a number of times, is a pretty stream, very tortuous, and, in some places, reminded us of Rancocas Creek in New Jersey. Having decided upon visiting Niagara, we left Erie in a train which reached Buffalo just in time to make the connection for that place.

It is utterly impossible to describe Niagara so as to give the reader any conception of its grandeur, nor shall I attempt it. Far abler pens than mine have given probably as faithful delineations of it as is in the power of man to do. Photography has done its best, and has given thousands upon thousands of faithful copies of splendid views that burst upon us at almost every point, and yet, true as they may all be, they are as nothing to the great reality. The beautiful lines inspired, may I not say, by its grandeur, and composed on the spot, are peculiarly appropriate and impressive.

"Here speaks the voice of God,—let man be dumb,
Nor with his vain aspirings hither come,—
That voice impels the hollow-sounding floods,
And like a Presence—fills the distant woods.
These groaning rocks, the Almighty's finger piled;
For ages here His painted bow has smiled,
Mocking the changes and the chance of time—
Eternal, beautiful, serene, sublime!"

Though I may not attempt any description of Niagara, it will, perhaps, not be amiss to mention a few points of interest. On the American side, the *Rapids*, the *Suspension Bridge*, and the *Falls* themselves, will claim your attention without any introduction. Guide books and a little inquiry, if officious hackmen will allow one an opportunity, soon point the way to the bridge which leads over to Goat Island. Each person pays fifty cents toll, and is furnished with a printed card, admirably arranged to give information and prevent imposition. The points to which it especially directs attention are: 1st. The foot bridge at the foot of the main Island which leads to Luna Island. 2d. "*The Biddle Stairs*" down the bank, from which there is a magnificent view of the Horse Shoe, also a path leading to the "Cave of the Winds." Visitors desiring to enter this Cave can be accommodated with a guide and suitable dress for one dollar and fifty cents each. 3d. A splendid view of the Horse Shoe from the tower at the foot of the main Island. 4th. "The Sister Islands" and bridges connecting with the main Island. Here is probably the most attractive and striking view of the Rapids. The above is condensed from the instructions furnished, and it may be well to add their further caution, that, after leaving the Toll Gate, there are no other charges on the Island, except for refreshments one may order. Of course, there are many more "points of interest" which will be sought out and enjoyed by the wonder-loving traveller. In visiting Goat Island, if physical strength is equal to the task, by no means employ a carriage, as it can save very little of the fatigue. If anything is really seen to the best advantage, the standpoints are only to be reached on foot. The importunities of the hackmen are excessively annoying and not easily gotten rid of. Everything is dull here—visitors are few,—and those dependent upon them are correspondingly eager and importunate. Upon leaving the cars, the "Buss" drivers attached to the different hotels would lay violent hands upon travellers, were it not for the wise regulations preventing it. Not so, however, with their tongues; the discordant noise created by these rebellious little members cannot be repressed. We had determined to go to the "Niagara House," and as soon as we were certain that we were in the right omnibus, gave no heed to their vociferations. I have spoken of the small number of visitors; in confirmation of which I will mention a few things. Upon the arrival of the train there were six "Busses" in waiting. Two left the ground empty, one had only two passengers, two had four each, and I think the remaning one had six persons in it. In the morning at our hotel, breakfast opened with seven, augmented by the time we had finished our meal, which was by no means hurried, to fourteen, while a gentleman from the "International" informed me he counted about thirty at its tables. Of course there were more guests at both houses, but the small number at the morning meal, and that at quite a late hour, was conclusive evidence of a meagre household. If visitors desire a quiet, comfortable, home-like retreat (as much so as "away from home" at a public house can be), free from the excess of fashion and its arbitrary requirements, go to the "Niagara." Everything is clean and well ordered, and it has the advantage of being at the farthest end of the town from the depot, and, consequently, one hears much less of the noise from locomotives, while the situation is equally convenient to all objects of interest. True it is that one sees nothing of the flutter of fashion, and yet I presume in the height of a crowded season even here there would be quite enough of it. The table is fully supplied with good food well prepared, and the board is three dollars per day at the present time, against four and four and a half at some of the houses on this side, and I think still more on the Canada side.

On our return from Niagara to this place, (*Erie*), we experienced a provoking detention at Buffalo of nearly three hours, which, under

some other circumstances, might have been improved by rambling over the place. We saw so little of it, however, that it will be unsafe to say much. It bears evidence of being a place of great importance. Less attention, I think, is paid to architectural beauty than is the case in some other Western cities.

Although *Erie* is an important place, with a population, it is said, of twenty-five thousand, and is possessed of many natural advantages, it appears to me to have lagged far behind most of its sister cities of the West, whether from want of enterprise or capital, or both, I know not. However, it has received some impetus of latter times, and as compared with years gone by, as seen in my first visit, has undergone a great change. Quite a lively lumber business is now carried on, in which three firms are engaged. One of these receives its supply directly from its own mills, located at New River City, on Lake Huron, over one hundred miles from Detroit, and about half way between that city and Saginaw. This firm owns a large tract of land from which is cut and manufactured lumber in the rough and shipped to this place for the firm, ample wharfage being supplied for its reception, as well as the requisite appliances of steam-power for planing it and manufacturing it into mouldings, &c. The lumber is brought by boats, one of which arrived a day or two since, having accomplished the distance (about three hundred miles) in the short time of three days, bringing a mixed cargo of about two hundred thousand feet, at an expense of freight of about seven hundred dollars. Great facilities are thus afforded for doing an extensive business. Both gas and water have been introduced, of which the inhabitants and the public in the main business portion of it have availed themselves.

J. M. E.

THE PERFECT MAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WUTTKE.

The whole duty of him who has the truth within his grasp is to strive to bring these three powers into harmony: knowing, feeling, and willing. Whoso fully succeeds in this is morally perfect.

Only when the spirit is master of itself or truly rational, does it become moral. He who is only a product of others, who allows himself merely passively to be shaped by the general tone of society, even if it be a good one, is morally unripe, is a minor without personal character. What Christ says of putting to use the received talents, holds also of man's intellectual and moral capabilities; he dare not leave them inactive, but must put them to moral use—must develop himself into richer self-mastery. He that has not activity, that is, does not develop his gifts into a living possession, does not retain them even in a passive state, for a power unexercised perishes. As water remains pure only when in motion, so the spiritual can be preserved only by continual culture. A state of innocence cannot be preserved by mere non-doing; moral passivity would let wither even the trees of life in Paradise. By neglecting that which was destined to be cultivated, man sinks into moral insensibility; the spiritual condition of savages is but the consequence of burying the received talent.

The culture of one's self in knowledge and wisdom is, according to Scripture, one of the highest moral duties; nor is this to be confined to mere religious knowledge. God commended knowledge to the first man in that he placed before him the objective world, and revealed to him both himself and his will. He forbade him a knowledge of good and evil solely because a real knowledge of the latter is possible only through its realization. Man was to know what was not to be done, but not to know actual evil; and only positive entity can be really known. The woman aimed at a knowledge that was apart from wisdom, and fell.

Again, feeling is at first immediate, passive. Man should not, however, remain under the dominion of unfree feelings. He is rational only when he develops his feelings into moral ones, brings them under the sway of his rational knowing and moral willing. In the mind and heart there should be nothing that is not morally willed or occasioned. It is, therefore, a moral duty to cultivate one's feelings into such moral purity as never to fall into need of being reproved by conscience—never even involuntarily to feel envy, or to rejoice in ill. In a state of innocence such sinful feelings are not yet actual; but the yet non-moral become soon immoral if they are not developed into moral ones. Even the yet uncorrupted feelings are, at first, but crude, and need development. The feeling of happiness increases steadily with the moral culture; and the first human beings could not be so happy in their first days as they might have been after further development. Also the first mortals had the possibility of morally false feelings. It is true there was, as yet, nothing immoral before their eyes that could have become an object of immoral pleasure; but they had before their minds, themselves as needful of yet further moral development. If they, therefore, had felt perfectly satisfied in this state of need instead of desiring higher perfection, then would this have been immoral. On the other hand, they were capable of displeasure at the Divine will, as really took place in their first sin. The pleasure

which Eve had in the tempter's words was already immoral, for it implied a will not to follow God's will, and was itself essentially the fall.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

PEACE.

Peace, however desirable it may appear as a possession, is commonly thought to be far beyond our power to obtain, and, therefore, not to be urged as a duty upon individuals or communities. Like happiness, it is thought to spring from circumstances beyond control, and ought to be accepted as a privilege, if it comes. A careful study of the nature of peace will exhibit it, however, in a very different light. There are two distinct kinds of peace, one of an internal and individual nature, which each enjoys so far as he obeys the laws which produce it; the other, a peace of society, whether in the family, the school, the church, in business relations, in social pleasures, or among nations. Both of these kinds of peace will be found to result from *harmony.* Each who examines the causes of his own personal disquiet, will find it to result from some internal discord. It may be a discord between his desires and the lot which falls to his share, or between what he knows to be his duty and what he actually performs, or a doubt of the justice and love that orders the affairs of the world. In all cases, it is either the want of harmony, or because we fail to discover the harmony that really exists, that prevents the blessings of peace from ruling supreme. But as far as we are contented, as far as we humbly and earnestly strive to follow the path of duty, as far as we cherish a faith in the perfect wisdom and goodness of all the Divine appointments, so far we preserve the harmony of our internal nature, and in obeying its simple laws reap the never-failing reward of individual peace of mind. Such peace is both life and strength. It is opposed to inanition and torpor, only resulting indeed from untiring energy in present duty, and is the truest manifestation of strength of character. Outward exhibitions of passions and emotions prove not strength but weakness. It is when a man has power to control and restrain them that the calmness and peace of his soul shine forth in their true majesty.

Equally and even more palpably is the peace of families and of communities the result of *harmony* among the various elements that comprise them. The idea of harmony involves that of differences. We do not speak of the harmony of a single sound, but of those differing in tone. The highest unity consists in manifold and varying powers all uniting harmoniously in the same object. A collection of similar atoms of sand would not form a unity even if hardened into a mass. They are simple repetitions of each other. But the elements of which water is composed, all differing from each other, but uniting harmoniously, form a unity at once invigorating and life-giving to the thirsty traveller. So every community from a family to a nation is formed of dissimilar members, no one of which is sufficient of himself to work out the results that are intended to be produced from their union, but each of which is necessary to supply the deficiency and wants of the rest. If all held the same views, spoke the same words, and viewed truth from the same standpoint, they would be simply a collection of units, but possessing no true unity. As the separate rays of light, each distinct and different in itself, must combine together to form the pure white ray, so the manifold fragments of truth that are held by different members of the same community must be blended to form the perfect white ray of truth.

In order to produce this result, the varying elements must be not only combined, but must have one single aim. There must be a principle of cohesion, or they will part and become useless. A living influence must vitalize the whole, to render the union truly valuable. The peace of every family depends on the aim of all the members to work in harmony for their united good, and with this unity of purpose the fulfilment of every conjugal, parental, filial and fraternal duty will combine like the distinct notes of a musical chord. The same is true in every union. Oneness of aim will bring every variety of disposition, of faculty and of power into that combination which will render them most effective. This secured, the peace of every community will follow.—*Philada. Ledger.*

FIRST-DAY THOUGHTS.

BY J. GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

In calm and cool and silence, once again
I find my old accustomed place among
My brethren, where, perchance, no human tongue
Shall utter words, where never hymn is sung,
Nor deep-toned organ blown, nor censer swung,
Nor dim light falling through the pictured pane!
There, syllabled, by silence, let me hear
The still small voice which reached the prophet's ear;
Read in my heart a still diviner law
Than Israel's leader on his table saw!
There let me strive with each besetting sin,
Recall my wandering fancies, and restrain
The sore disquiet of a restless brain;
And, as the path of duty is made plain,
May grace be given that I may walk therein,
Not like the hireling, for his selfish gain,
With awkward glances and reluctant tread,
Making a merit of his coward dread,—
But cheerful, in the light around me thrown,
Walking as one to pleasant service led;
Doing God's will as if it were my own,
Yet trusting not in mine, but in His strength alone!

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up and through the long shady lane,
Where the quails whistle loud in the wheatfields
That are yellow with the ripening grain.
They find, in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson blood of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder bloom white;
They find the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest,
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
And build tiny castles in the sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings,
And at night-time are folded in slumber,
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And from those brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of State.

—*Anti Slavery Standard.*

THE HEROINE OF LAKE ERIE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The dark, stormy close of November, 1854, found many vessels on Lake Erie, but the fortunes of one alone have special interest for us. About that time the Schooner Conductor, owned by John McLeod of the Providential Parliament, resident of Amherstburg, at the mouth of the Detroit river, entered the lake from that river, bound for Port Dalhousie, at the mouth of the Welland Canal. She was heavily loaded with grain. Her crew consisted of Captain Hackett, a Highlander by birth, and a skilful and experienced navigator, and six sailors. At nightfall, shortly after leaving the head of the lake, one of those terrific storms, with which the late autumnal navigators of that "Sea of the Woods" are all too familiar, overtook them. The weather was intensely cold for the season; the air was filled with snow and sleet; the chilled water made ice rapidly, encumbering the schooner, and loading down her decks and rigging. As the gale increased, the tops of the waves were shorn off by the fierce blasts, clouding the whole atmosphere with frozen spray, or what the sailors call "spoon-drift," rendering it impossible to see any object a few rods distant. Driving helplessly before the wind, yet in the direction of its place of destination, the schooner sped through the darkness. At last, near midnight, running closer than her crew supposed to the Canadian shore, she struck on the outer bar off Long Point Island, beat heavily across it, and sunk in the deeper water between it and the inner bar. The hull was entirely submerged, the waves rolling in heavily, and dashing over the rigging, to which the crew betook themselves. Lashed there, numb with cold, drenched by the pitiless waves, and scourged by the showers of sleet driven before the wind, they waited for morning. The slow, dreadful hours wore away, and at length the dubious and doubtful gray of morning of tempest succeeded to the utter darkness of night.

Abigail Becker chanced at that time to be in her hut with none but her young children. Her husband was absent on the Canada shore, and she was left the sole adult occupant of the island, save the light keeper at its lower end, some fifteen miles off. Looking out at daylight on the beach in front of her door, she saw the shattered boat of the Conductor cast up by the waves. Her experience of storm and disaster on that dangerous coast needed nothing more to convince her that somewhere in the neighborhood human life had been, or still was, in peril. She followed the southwesterly trend of the island for a little distance, and peering through the gloom of the stormy morning, discerned the spars of the sunken schooner, with what seemed to be human forms clinging to the rigging. The heart of the strong woman sunk within her, as she gazed upon those helpless fellow-creatures, so near, yet so unapproachable. She had no boat, and none could have lived on that wild water. After a moment's reflection she went back to her dwelling, put the smaller children in charge of the eldest, took with her an iron kettle, tin teapot, and matches, and returned to the beach, at the nearest point to the vessel; and, gathering up the logs and drift-wood, always abundant on the coast, kindled a great fire, and, constantly walking back and forth between it and the water, strove to intimate to the sufferers that they were at least not beyond human sympathy. As the wrecked sailors looked shoreward, and saw, through the thick haze of snow and sleet, the red light of the fire, and the tall figure of the woman passing to and fro before it, a faint hope took the place of the utter despair, which had prompted them to let go their hold, and drop into the seething waters, that opened and closed about them like the jaws of death. But the day wore on, bringing no abatement of the storm that tore through the frail spars, and clutched at and tossed them as it passed, and drenched them with ice-cold spray—a pitiless, unrelenting horror of sight, sound and touch! At last the deepening gloom told them that night was approaching, and night under such circumstances was death.

All day long Abigail Becker had fed her fire, and sought to induce the sailors by signals—for even her strong voice could not reach them—to throw themselves into the surf, and trust to Providence and her for succor. In anticipation of this she had her kettle boiling over the drift wood, and her tea ready made for restoring warmth and life to the half-frozen survivors. But either they did not understand her, or the chance of rescue seemed too small to induce them to abandon the temporary safety of the wreck. They clung to it with the desperate instinct of life brought face to face with death. Just at nightfall there was a slight break in the west; a red light glared across the thick air, as if for one instant the eye of the storm looked out upon the ruin it had wrought, and closed again under lids of cloud. Taking advantage of this, the solitary watcher ashore made one more effort. She waded out into the water, every drop of which, as it struck the beach, became a particle of ice, and stretching out and drawing in her arms, invited, by her gestures, the sailors to throw themselves into the waves and strive to reach her. Captain Hackett understood her. He called to his mate in the rigging of the other mast: "It is our last chance. I will try! If I live, follow me; if I drown, stay where you are! With a great effort he got off his stiffly frozen overcoat, paused for one moment in silent commendation of his soul to God, and, throwing himself into the waves, struck out for the shore. Abigail Becker, breast-deep in the surf, awaited him. He was almost within her reach when the undertow swept him back. By a mighty exertion she caught hold of him, bore him in her strong arms out of the water, and, laying him down by her fire, warmed his chilled blood with copious draughts of hot tea. The mate, who had watched the rescue, now followed, and the captain, partially restored, insisted upon aiding him. As the former neared the shore, the recoiling water baffled him. Captain Hackett caught hold of him, but the undertow swept them both away, locked in each other's arms. The brave woman plunged after them, and, with the strength of a giantess, bore them, clinging to each other, to the shore, and up to her fire. The five sailors followed in succession, and were all rescued in the same way.

A few days after, Captain Hackett and his crew were taken off Long Point by a passing vessel; and Abigail Becker resumed her simple daily duties without dreaming that she had done anything extraordinary enough to win for her the world's notice. In her struggle every day for food and warmth for her children, she had no leisure for the indulgence of self-congratulation. Like the woman of Scripture, she had only "done what she could" in the terrible exigency that had broken the dreary monotony of her life. —*Atlantic Monthly for May.*

THE HIGHEST MOUNTAINS IN THE UNITED STATES.

The progress of exploration among the high mountain ranges of Western America is narrowing down the question as to where is the highest mountain peak in the republic. The Rocky Mountains, the Sierra Nevadas, the latter's extension through Oregon, the Cascades and their further extensions into British America and Alaska, have all been contestants for this distinction; and very wild statements have been made of the heights of the representative peaks of each of these sections. Several peaks need yet to be more accurately measured before the contest is fully closed; but at present California, with her Mount Whitney, carries off the palm. This mountain, which lies in the Sierra Nevada range, in the southern part of the State, was ascended by Mr. King, one of the State geological survey, in the summer of 1866, to a point 14,740 feet in height, where he took accurate measurements. Beyond that point the peak was inaccessible, but his settled judgment was that the summit rose from three to four hundred feet above him; and he therefore reports Mount Whitney as 15,000 feet high, a claim which must be held to be substantially correct. In the neighborhood of Mount Whitney are Mount Lyle, 13,217 feet high; Dana, 13,227; Brewer, 13,886; and Tyndall, 14,383 feet.

But next to Mount Whitney, in California, stands Mount Shasta in the northern part of the State, and perhaps the most magnificent snow-covered mountain in the United States. It is 14,440 feet high, and is apparently destined, more than any other mountain in the Republic, to become the object of curious interest and pleasure seeking for travellers. Mount Hood, its Oregon rival, and nearly its equal in beauty of shape and extent of snow fields, is but 11,225 feet high. Mounts Baker and Rainer, still further north in Washington Territory, are respectively 10,780 and 12,330 feet high. They are also distinguished for the extent and magnificence of their perpetual snow-fields. The encyclopædia puts down two mountains (still farther north in British Columbia)—Brown and Hooker—as being 15,990 and 15,700 feet high respectively: but they prove never to have been accurately measured, and these figures are but the wildest guesses of superficial travellers, no more to be depended upon than the claim of the Oregonians to a height of over 17,000

feet for Mount Hood, which has only been overthrown within the last three years. It is not probable that either of these peaks in British America ascend so high as either Shasta or Whitney in California; but still they need to be accurately measured before the question can be held to be finally closed against them.

So, too, to Mount St. Elias in our new Territory of Alaska. Heights of 16,000 and 17,000 feet have been claimed by travellers, and soberly put down in books for this grand old volcano. But the measurement of Sir E. Belcher, which is the highest put forth by any one of respectable authority, claims only 14,970 feet for it, and other observers make it much lower. The mountain has really never been accurately measured.

Thus stands the case in the Pacific coast States and Territories. Of the coast mountains in California no one rises above 5,000 feet, that being the figure for Panache Grande. Mount Diable, so conspicuous an object in the country about San Francisco, is but 3,857 feet high.

Coming east to the Rocky Mountains, Colorado, which holds the highest peaks of that range, has four mountains which are pretty certainly between 14,000 and 14,500 feet each. These are Long's, Gray's, and Pike's peaks, and Mount Lincoln. Dr. Parry, of St. Louis, has made the most reliable measurements of the Coloradian heights; but since one of the barometers which he depended upon for the calculations was stationed in St Louis, there was some liability to error in even the most accurate of his figures. He measured the lower of the two Gray's peaks, and made it 14,251 feet. The other, to which he endeavored to give the name of Torry's Peak, but which the people of Colorado joined with its twin in the same name of Gray, is evidently from one to two hundred feet higher, but has not been accurately measured. Pike's Peak is reported by Dr. Parry at 14,216 feet, and Fremont, who ascended it, at 14,300 feet. Mount Lincoln has never been accurately measured, though often ascended. It is more likely to be lower than higher than Gray's Peaks. Dr. Parry did not succeed in reaching the summit of Long's Peak, but made an approximate measurement, which he reported at 14,056 feet. But this last season the first successful ascent of that notable mountain was made by Professor Powell and Mr. Byers, of the *Rocky Mountain News*; and their measurement, the first reliable one ever made, gives the figures of 14,250 feet. The New York *Nation*, therefore, showed more presumption than knowledge when it undertook to criticise Mr. Bowles in his "Switzerland of America" for not being more exact in reporting the heights of the leading mountains of Colorado. The *Nation* says: "he ought to have known that Long's Peak was fourteen thousand five hundred and six feet," which, in fact, nobody did or could know outside of the *Nation* office.

There are numerous other peaks in Colorado of 13,000 feet and upward. Among these are Mount Audebond, Vielis's Peak, Mount Guyot, and Parry's Peak; while those of ten, eleven, and twelve thousand feet in height lie everywhere about in the central portions of the Territory. To the west of the peaks, constituting the dividing range of the continent, lies a huge mountain known on the maps as Sopri's Peak. It seems, both from the summits of Gray and Lincoln, to be still higher than those. It never has been measured, and though its apparent superiority may arise from the comparative lowness of the peaks directly around it, the people of the neighborhood will not yield their possible right to claim for Colorado the highest mountain peak in the United States until an actual measurement of Sopri's Peak shall decide it against them.

The question, as it now stands, seems, therefore, narrowed down to Sopri's Peak and Mount Whitney, in California. The peaks of the Rocky Mountain range, north of Colorado, in Montana and beyond, offer no competition to those of the former Territory. But when we annex Mexico, that country will bear off the palm in North America for the highest mountain peaks. She has, too, Popocatepetel and Crizaba, whose heights seem to be definitely settled at 17,720 feet and 14,380, respectively.

There is nothing in our mountain ranges in the Atlantic States to at all compare with any of these figures. Mounts Clingman and Mitchell, in North Carolina, 6,940 and 6,732 feet, respectively, are the highest mountains east of the Missouri River. Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, ranks third, with a height of 6,285 feet. The highest mountains in Switzerland are Mount Blanc and Mount Rosa, 15,775 and 15,150 feet respectively. South America has several mountain peaks, ranging from 20,000 to 25,300 feet high. But the Himalayas, in Southern Asia carry off the palm of the world for high mountains. There are several peaks in that range between 25,000 and 29,000 feet in height—Mount Everet reaching the last figure, and to be precise, adding two feet more. These latter figures almost take one's breath away, even to think of them. To mount the heights which they represent would do it actually; for the air, at such an elevation, is so rare as to make human existence there dangerous, if not impossible.—*Philada Press.*

ITEMS.

The New Treasury Building, at Washington, D. C., is now completed. This addition or north wing of the Treasury Building, is 65 by 195 feet, and occupies the site of the old State Department. The entire Treasury Building covers an area of 520 by 278 feet, that is 144,560 square feet, or three acres and a half, including two large courts. On the eastern side of the building is a colonnade of thirty pillars, extending 336 feet north and south. On each of the other sides is a portico, each shaft of the columns of which is a monolith or single block of stone, 32 feet in height, and 4 feet 6 inches in diameter, that is 14 feet in circumference. The butress caps, which partially inclose the steps of the porticoes, are single slabs of granite, 20 feet square by 2 feet thick. The granite was quarried on Dix's Island, off the coast of Maine, and the larger slabs were taken to Washington in the rough, and there dressed. Fronting the north entrance is a fountain, the base of which is 12 feet in diameter, and the height 5 feet. It was cut from a single block of granite.

The freshet in the Colorado Valley, Texas, is the highest ever known there, the water having risen forty-seven feet. The flood is now subsiding. It is reported that two villages were swept away, and many persons drowned.

The Coolies introduced into the British West India Colonies during 1868, according to a Parliamentary return just published in England, amounted in number to 3901 persons, of whom 1367 went to Trinidad, and 2534 into British Guiana. Since 1843 there have been 207,022 immigrants introduced into the British West Indies, and 341,265 into the island of Mauritius. During the same period, over 100,000 have returned from the colonies mentioned to their native countries.

Crops in Western New York.—The growing crops in Western New York, with few exceptions, are looking well and promise an abundant yield. The yield of hay will be unusually large. There are in some localities poor fields of wheat, but on the whole the crop promises to be abundant. A great breadth of barley was sown, and it is everywhere looking remarkably well. Oats are very promising. Potatoes will be abundant. A gentleman of this city who has been taking a two weeks' trip to the West says that the crops in Northern Illinois are not as forward as in Western New York. The weather has been so unfavorable at the West that in localities where vegetation is usually a week or ten days ahead of this section, the crops now are not nearly as forward as in this region.—*Rochester Democrat.*

A New York Tribune correspondent, writing of the great farms of California, says: "The Californian invites an Eastern visitor: 'Come down to San Mateo and spend a week with me.' 'Have you a ranch there?' 'Yes; a little place.' 'What do you call a little place?' 'Well, 20,000 acres'—or 30,000 or 40,000, as the case may be. Everybody seems to have a little place. The other evening I met Gen. Beale, an old army officer, who led one of the government explorations for a Pacific railroad. He resides in the South, below Los Angeles, though his summer home is in Philadelphia. 'Have you a little place too?' I asked. 'Yes, 225,000 acres on my home ranch, and 25,000 more in Northern California!' That 'home ranch,' if it were a square tract, would be 19 miles across. It is one-third as large as the State of Rhode Island. There are other men who own 300,000 acres apiece. Beale dispenses something of old Baronial hospitality. Every wayfarer is wecomed to table and bed without money and without price. Some nights thirty travellers are there entertained."

A Movable Church.—The Chicago papers give an account of a large tabernacle or tent, constructed in that city, for religious services in Kansas. It is 70 feet in diameter, 30 feet in height, provided with raised seats, and will accommodate 1500 people. Connected with it are two smaller tents, one for sleeping and committee purposes, and the other as a cooking tent. It is proposed to go through the great State of Kansas, into the new towns and cities where there are no meeting houses, and hold a series of religious meetings.

During a recent exploration of the Himmalayan mountains, the two brothers Von Schlagintweit spent two nights at an altitude of more than 19,000 feet, without experiencing any serious inconvenience. Mont Blanc is less than 16,000 feet high.

The deepest artesian well in the world is that in St. Louis, which has reached a depth of 3,235 feet. It is practically a failure, as the water does not rise to the top by 123 feet. As the rocks below are parallel, there is no hope that a greater depth would bring water to the surface.

Trees.—A paper was recently read before the Academy of Sciences, at Toulouse, France, to prove that the trunks of trees are not of a circular but of an elliptical form, the axis from east to west being longer than that from north to south. The names of eight distinguished observers of the operations of nature are given as supporting the fact mentioned.

A Gigantic Plant, of the Arum species, is said to have recently been forwarded to England from Nicaragua. This plant, which has heretofore escaped the notice of travelling botanists, produces but one leaf, nearly 14 feet in length, supported on a stalk 10 feet long. The stem of the flower is a foot in circumference, the spathe or flower 2 feet long, purplish blue in color, with a powerful carrion-like odor. As this remarkable species of Aroidæ is quite new to science, it has not yet received a name.

The people who have visited Niagara this season have noticed a very marked change in the appearance of the Horse Shoe as well as the American Falls. The former has evidently given way almost thirty or forty feet in that part of the cone where the water looks so green, on the side nearest Goat Island, and it is estimated by geologists that from one to two hundred tons of rock must have fallen. This has not marred the appearnce of the Falls. It is now a settled fact beyond question that Niagara does cave in some each year, and the change which has taken place this summer is probably the most extensive in the recollection of the present generation.

Intense Cold.—Sulpho-cyanite of ammonium dissolved in water, it has recently been discovered, will produce an intense degree of cold. Many salts, more especially salts of ammonia, lower the temperature of water while dissolving, but no compound produces this effect in so marvellous a manner as sulpho-cyanite of ammonium. In one experiment, 231½ grains of this salt dissolved rapidly in 74 pints of water at a temperature of 73 degrees Fahrenheit, caused the thermometer in a few seconds to fall to 14 degrees above zero. The moisture of the atmosphere instantly condensed itself in thin plates of ice on the outside of the glass vessel containing the water.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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REFLECTIONS ON THE WISDOM, POWER AND GOODNESS OF THE UNIVERSAL PARENT.

BY BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

(Continued from page 342.)

I entertain an abiding conviction that it was the design of the Good Being that man should employ the faculties with which he is endowed in examining, carefully and reverently, into the works of his Maker; explore the secret recesses and mysteries of Nature, and become an enlightened witness of the beauty, order, harmony, wisdom, love, kindness, goodness and truth which everywhere abound in God's works. This conviction rests upon several facts and considerations:

1. The positive enjoyment which attends any well-balanced mind upon the discovery of a new truth, and the stimulus it imparts to a healthy industry, in an effort to discover others.

2. The first appearance of things, being invariably false. The earth *appears* to be still, and the sun and stars all in motion. Observation and experience prove that the opposite of this is the truth;—the earth is in motion, and the sun and stars relatively still.

The earth *appears* to be the largest of all bodies that we can see. Observation and experience prove that it is comparatively a speck,—that the planet Jupiter in our own solar system is 1500 times as large as the earth, and the sun more than a million times as large!

The upper portion of the earth *appears* to be composed of loose materials, with rocks *accidentally* occurring. Observation and experience prove that the whole surface of the earth has at one time been all solid rock; that the loose materials now upon its surface have resulted from the gradual disintegration of this rock; and that by going a distance into the earth anywhere, rock is always arrived at, sometimes sooner, sometimes later, but always eventually: and this rock never can be fathomed or passed through.

Storms, volcanoes, and other natural convulsions, *appear* to be *only* destructive. Observation and experience prove them to possess great counterbalancing compensations, and to be instruments of wise and kind benevolence.

The world appears to be a great slaughter-house, all at strife, animals feeding on animals, all in confusion and horror. Observation and experience prove that all this is under wise design, regulation and harmony, preserving every thing in the requisite equilibrium for the preservation of the different tribes of animals, and the increase of life and enjoyment.

Eclipses of the sun and moon were formerly regarded with terror, as indicating the displeasure of Heaven; now, since their cause is known, they are viewed with delight, evidencing the stability of the universe.

Now, it cannot be supposed that the Good

Being would thus present to his children a false appearance first, without a kind and benevolent design therein to invite investigation, and the exercise of those faculties, the legitimate use of which renders him a wiser, a better, and a happier being.

Many as are the evidences of wisdom and benevolent design in the world of dead matter as it is called, they are much the most numerous and striking in the organic world of both the vegetable and animal kingdoms. The structural arrangement and functions of the different parts all excite wonder and reverence in a healthy and intelligent mind, and these intensify with every advancement in the knowledge of them. I leave out the marvel of growth and development themselves, as wholly beyond comprehension, and shall only refer to some special points of interest and instruction,—taking Indian corn as an illustration:

From every point of the growing cob, on which a grain of corn is to set, a tubular fibre of silk *begins* to grow, and it grows on close along the side of the cob to the end of the husk, where all these fibres of silk unite together, there being just as many fibres in the whole number, as there are to be grains of corn on that ear. Then, some pollen from the tassel must fall on every fibre of the silk, be absorbed by it, and conveyed through its tubular structure, to the point at which the silk began to grow, otherwise there will be no grain at that place. The pollen need not come from the particular stalk upon which the ear is growing; *that from a neighboring* stalk will answer the purpose just as well. And experience has proved that it is best to plant Indian corn in a body of adjacent hills, in order that the atmosphere may become filled with the floating particles of pollen, the continual falling of which deposits some on every fibre of the silk, thus fertilizing it; whereas, where a single stalk exists, the wind may blow the pollen away, so that but few fibres of the silk will become impregnated, and consequently but few grains will become perfected in the ear. Now, the point is, what causes the silk to *begin* to grow in a tubular fibre at that point, and continue its growth to the end of the ear, and when it has received the pollen, conduct it back to the point at which the growth of the fibre commenced? And all unerring and everlastingly the same!

Again, when there comes a storm about the earing time, and blows the corn down, it will be found, in a little time, that growths are putting out at different points some distance above the root, and on the side of the stalk towards the ground, growing longer and longer downwards, till they reach the earth, where they fix themselves firmly, and then *lengthen out*, thus pushing the stalk up, raising the ear into air and light, and favoring its maturing! What wonderful wisdom and design! Now the point of interesting inquiry is, what makes it thus, as if possessed of a resident intelligence, put out these stays just at those points, and then, when fixed on the earth, lengthen them, to push up the stalk, and this over the whole field, with all the skill and efficiency which the most ingenious workman could devise with his attention confined to a single stalk?

Many animals shed a part of their coat in the spring, when the weather becomes warm so as to have a thinner coat through the summer; and then when cold weather comes on in the fall, just as a kind and good parent gives a thicker coat to his son to keep him warm in the winter, the coats of these animals are thickened up with fur when the weather gets cold, and this fur becomes thicker and thicker with the increase of the severity of the weather, the animal being thus protected in comfort and health; what performs all these and thousands of other operations equally astonishing, for promoting and securing the comfort and protection of the animals, and which are wholly beyond the reach of the animals to obtain for themselves?

When a hen sets on her eggs, what causes the particles of matter of which that egg is composed to arrange themselves in that wonderfully complicated structure of the chicken forming the heart, eyes, ears, bones, liver, gizzard, wings, legs, blood-vessels, and blood in these vessels, and all its organs and parts? And so inquiry might proceed on and on interminably.

> "All we behold is miracle: but seen
> So duly, all is miracle in vain."

Some persons attempt to explain all the wonderful phenomena and processes in the animal and vegetable kingdoms by attributing them to the obedience of the particles of matter to *Law:* the "Law of Matter"—"Law of Life"—"Law of Development"—"Vital or Organic Law." But matter possesses in itself no *power* to obey a law. Nothing can *obey* a law in such sense which has not the power to disobey it. Matter cannot work intelligent obedience and design, such as are manifested in those operations. *Obedience* is active and positive compliance with what is required. Hence, with the existence of power to obey must necessarily co-exist power to disobey. No such power is possessed by matter in any form, whether organic or inorganic, nor is it *capable* of receiving and retaining it. It is wholly passive under that great controlling Power and Intelligence which created, regulates and sustains all things, and is the "Law

of all that lives," and the Mover of all that moves. No adequate agency, other than the immediate and continued action of the First Great Cause of all things, can be assigned for the exercise, control and direction of such varied, important, unerring, benevolent and wise movements and processes as exist throughout the whole range of vegetable and animal economy.

"Some say that in the origin of things,
When all creation started into birth,
The infant elements received a law
From which they swerve not since. That under force
Of that controlling ordinance they move,
And need not *His* immediate hand, who first
Prescribed their course, to regulate it now.
But how should matter occupy a charge,
Dull as it is, and satisfy a law
So vast in its demands, unless impelled
To ceaseless service, by a ceaseless force,
And under pressure of some Conscious Cause?
The Lord of all, Himself through all diffused,
Sustains, and is the Life of all that lives.
Nature is but the name for an effect,
Whose Cause is God. *He* feeds the secret fire,
By which the mighty process is maintained,
Who sleeps not, is not weary; in whose sight
Slow circling ages are as transient days;
Whose work is without labor; whose designs
No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts;
And whose beneficence no charge exhausts."

Cowper.

As all these varied, important and unerring movements and processes are the result of Deity acting immediately upon matter which does not possess sensation, so instinct in animals is Deity acting through sentient matter. No other adequate cause can be assigned for the phenomena presented by it. It is manifestly not the result of education, of tradition, or of reason. It is true and certain in its adaptation of means to ends. Each kind of insects deposits its eggs on such plants or substances as will nourish its young. Although man may deceive animals by mixing poison with their food or drink, which disguises it, yet, in a state of nature, animals never eat too much, nor partake of that which would injure them, although such things abundantly exist in their range.

Instinct is perfect in its offices. When uninfluenced by human disturbances, it never runs into excess. It never falls short of its full requirements. It does not vary, it has not varied, to improve, increase or diminish, from generation to generation, through the entire period of authentic history. "The bee of modern times forms the cells of its hive exactly of the same shape as the bee of the remotest antiquity; each species of birds builds its nests after the same unalterable pattern, and sings the same invariable melody."—*Cavallo's Philosophy.*

Now, the keenest powers of human intelligence, aided by the highest and most reverential conceptions of delegated agencies, have never been able to begin to assign any adequate cause for these multiplied and complicated instincts, but the immediate action of Deity through or upon sentient matter.

As all His operations are the simplest possible adaptation of means to ends, and "with Him is one eternal now," He just supplies the present felt want of animals, like the "daily bread" to the hungry obedient soul, without imparting to them any foreknowledge of results or consequences. The bee when forming its cell, or the bird when building its nest or setting on its eggs, is only gratifying thereby a felt present want, and possesses no more object or design in such processes than the pea-fowl, when eating its food, has a design to paint itself with those bright figures of unequalled regularity and beauty on the ends of its long feathers. We see the same principle manifest in children: they eat in order to supply a present felt want, and not in order to live, or to grow, or to become strong and useful, or with any ulterior object whatever.

The bee forms its cell to gratify a want with which Deity impresses it, and which can in no other way be gratified. The bird feels an unrest from the same Source, which cannot be removed except by certain actions which result in gathering suitable materials, and placing them in a position to form its nest. It sits on its eggs, and cannot feel at rest away from them for any length of time, until the peeping of the young bird or chicken gives it a feeling of liberty to withdraw. Then a round of new occupations commences, all induced by corresponding influences.

The newly-born lamb feels a want which leads to activity and motion, and moves about its dam, uneasy and restless, but without any design or knowledge of what it is searching for, until it finds its natural food, when soon its want is supplied, and it is at rest for a time.

A belief has long attended my mind that all these processes and many others of a similar character called instinct, are the result of the immediate impress of Deity, without any prospective object, design, or result being entertained by the recipient of the impression. This is all they require for their reproduction, comfort, and self-preservation in its widest signification which extends to the offspring. Hence, animals are not furnished with a *capacity to receive* more extended impressions. When the sportsman's deadly gun is aimed at a doe, whose little fawns, which are dependent on her for sustenance, are playing around her, she *possesses no capacity* by which she could be impressed with a sense of the existing danger; her sight and hearing,

which are wisely given her for this purpose, and are ordinarily sufficient, entirely failing her now, through the superiority of the powers of reason arrayed against her. This is all in wisdom. Compensations for this want of capacity are more than counterbalanced.

No impression can be interpreted or revelation made to any sentient existence of a more advanced intelligence, or a higher and purer spiritual character, than corresponds with the capacity or endowment possessed by the recipient to interpret them. Hence, the higher, purer, more intelligent, expanded and advanced the recipient of an impression or revelation may be, the more pure, expanded, elevated, and Divine will the interpretation be which he will be able to give.

As before remarked, beasts and birds in their wild or natural state, although there are many things in the fields and forests where they range which would injure, or even kill them, if partaken of, are yet always shown by the Good Being, through what is called instinct, what will nourish, and what will prove injurious to them; so that while those animals of which man has the government, and to which he measures out and distributes their food, will frequently eat too much, so as to cause injury or death, this is not the case in a state of Nature, when left entirely to instinct, or the guidance of Deity. The important and instructive inference from this is, that if man were *as* obedient, and his will as entirely given up to conform to the Divine will and teachings, as the "fowls of the air" and the "beasts of the field," there can be no question that he would be guided and cared for with at least equal certainty and security. The attentive, humble, dependent, and faithful soul will always be shown the nature of anything proposed or presented to it, either outwardly or inwardly, whether in doctrines, by the imagination, or the cogitations of the thought. If it is suitable and proper to nourish and strengthen the spiritual nature, the Good Being, always present, in His love and mercy, will instantly make this manifest, telling it, in the language of impression, "partake of this, it will nourish thee;" whereas, if it is hurtful, He will say with equal clearness, "let it alone, it will be injurious to thee."

"How are Thy servants blessed, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their *Guide*,
Their *help*, *Omnipotence!*"

If God is so immediately present, directing the growths of the plants of the fields, and most wonderfully and bountifully providing for and protecting the insects, birds, and beasts, and every sentient being of the lower race of animals, how much more will he be present with, guide, protect, bless, and sustain, in life and in death, His humble, devoted, dependent, and obedient children, the world over! Of this, for myself, I entertain *no fear whatever*, if only I can maintain the requisite humble, obedient condition. Then, as with migratory birds, it is my full belief that

"He who from zone to zone
Guides through the *pathless* sky their *certain* flight,
In the long journey I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE POWER TO OVERCOME.

"Be of good cheer—I have overcome the world." When this language is presented to the mind, accompanied with faith in the power which it represents to overcome evil with good, should we not be encouraged to continue the daily watch which is necessary to preserve from temptation? Under a sense of human frailty and weakness, shall we not turn to the Source whence is derived the aid to discharge properly the duties of life? Varied as these are, under Divine guidance, there is a right time for all things essential to our present and eternal well-being. It is only when man attempts to direct his own steps that he fails to secure that happiness which it was intended he should enjoy, even in mutability.

The Garden of Eden is eminently figurative of the state which mankind was designed to occupy, and we regard the condition of our "first parents" as no more favorable to the perpetuity of the innocence in which they were created, than is that of those who have succeeded them. The same subtle spirit which persuaded Eve to disobey the command in relation to "the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden" is to be found in the enclosure of every heart, and the desire to be "wise" is common to all. The temptations to lure from "the straight and narrow way which leads to life" widely differ in character, but in proportion to their magnitude is the power to resist them. The apostle Paul bore a testimony to this effect in his epistle to the Romans, (chap. v.)—"Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."

The disposition to excuse individual failings under the covering of "Adam's fall," is too often indulged even by those who do not endorse the doctrine of "original sin"—a doctrine which seems to us greatly at variance with the universality of the love of God.

The views associated with the theory of inherent evil are the more to be regretted, as they have a tendency to turn the attention outward for the means of redemption or purification from sin, which is the inevitable result of disobedience to the Divine law written upo

the heart. We think there is abundant evidence that true repentance and amendment of life, induced by the leavening influence of Divine grace upon the spirit, are the means appointed by infinite mercy and goodness for the return of the wanderer or the disobedient to heavenly favor. "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God."

The efficacy of this saving power is illustrated by John in his testimony of One who should succeed him. "I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance, but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear! He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire. Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor and gather his wheat into the garner; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire. Mark iii. 11, 12. Let us not be lulled into a rest that is inimical to that life which is "hid with Christ in God;" a life which is supported by the bread which comes from Heaven, and which is earned by "the sweat of the face,"—by a spirit-labor, that is comprised in a state of watchfulness unto prayer, and in keeping "the eye single" to that light which makes manifest the path in which we are to walk, in order to do the will of our Father in Heaven, and thus become His accepted children. In this pathway may be found trials not a few, that require the exercise of faith and patience; but these often are "blessings in disguise," which advance us in the way of holiness, and strengthen our trust in that Power which will enable us to overcome the world, even as Christ Jesus overcame. "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." Rev. ii. 17. This "white stone"—this "new name!" what earthly things can compare with them! However extended worldly honors, they "perish with the using;" they satisfy not the cravings of the spirit-life; these can be appeased only by the possession of the priceless gem—the "*white stone*" in which is written "a *new name*." T.

WORK AND WIN.

Whatever you try to do in life, try with all your heart to do well; whatever you devote yourself to, devote yourself to completely; in great aims and small, be thoroughly in earnest. Never believe it possible that any natural or improved ability can claim immunity from the companionship of the steady, plain, hard-working qualities and hope to gain its end. There is no such thing as such fulfilment on this earth. Some happy talent and some fortunate opportunity may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount, but the rounds of that ladder must be made of stuff to stand wear and tear; and there is no substitute for thoroughgoing, ardent, and sincere earnestness. Never put one hand to anything on which you cannot throw your whole self; never affect depreciation of your work, whatever it is. These you will find to be golden rules.

Pawnee Agency, Nebraska, 7th mo. 22, 1869.

To Dillwyn Parrish:

My dear friend,—We arrived at Omaha, agreeably to appointment, on the 16th inst. Had a pleasant but dangerous trip, on account of so much rain having fallen lately. Benj. Hallowell and Franklin Haines arrived there the same day. We found S. M. Janney in good health, but full of business, and expecting his family there on the next day (17th.) To the relief and satisfaction of all, they arrived after some detention and much risk from the state of travel at this time. We find Samuel's duties are arduous and very responsible, but he is proving himself sufficient for them; with the assistance of his "First" Clerk, Dr. J. M. Saunders, and that of his daughter-in-law, who has just arrived, as "Second" Clerk, he will be very much relieved from the great amount of labor he has been performing. He has been having a house built, which will be ready for occupancy in a few days, when he can again enjoy his family and the comforts of a home, both of which he has been deprived of since he left Virginia.

On First-day afternoon, a Friends' meeting was held in a public hall hired for the purpose. We were favored with a good meeting, which was pretty well attended. The Good Father will be with us wherever we may be, if we sincerely seek him. There were quite a number present who were either Friends or descendants of Friends, who felt it a favor to be enabled to meet in that manner. Our Friends B. H. and S. M. J. were both called out with Power not of their own, to the refreshing of many minds.

On Second-day morning we left Omaha by way of Union Pacific Railroad about 100 miles to Columbus, where we were met by Agent Jacob M. Troth with two open wagons, who conveyed us to this place (about 22 miles.) Arrived here late in the evening, having had an elegant ride over the prairie and a full view of a prairie sunset. We find an enormous business here, to elevate these poor, injured and neglected people. They are in a lower state than we had expected to find them,—that is, in their towns; but the children in the school are very encouraging.

There is a large house built for a Manual Labor School, which is (in a degree) in operation; but under the management of the present Agent and those whom he will select, we may look for much good from this source. We expect to leave here to-day for Omaha, when Samuel expects to be at liberty to accompany us to the different agencies. It will take three or four weeks to visit all. . . .

I do not write this as a description of our trip or labor; everything in this western country is on so large a scale that a description thereof should not be attempted on one sheet of paper. We are getting on very well, are much encouraged in the work, and see enough already to convince us that Friends may have a wide field of usefulness. We held a Council yesterday, a short description whereof I enclose. JOS. POWELL.

COUNCIL WITH THE PAWNEES.

7th mo. 21st.

In the council with the Pawnee Indians, there were present three chiefs and about fifty of their braves. It was to us an interesting sight to see these men of the forest, with their peculiar dress, and perhaps half of them with a blanket only, smoking their long pipes, which they continually passed from one to another; yet sitting in an orderly manner, on benches around three sides of the room. Some sat on the floor. We, with the Interpreter, sat at a table on the other side. After sitting in silence a few minutes, B. H. arose, and addressed them thus:

"Brothers, the Great Spirit has filled our hearts with love for you, and induced us to leave our homes, which are a great way off, to come and see you. We are Quakers. Wm. Penn, a Quaker, made a treaty with the Indians to last as long as the sun, moon and stars should give their light. This has never been broken. We live near Washington, and know your Great Father. He loves you and will do what is right for you. He requested me to impress you with the necessity of obeying the laws of the United States, and that he will protect you by these laws, the same as if you were white. There shall be no difference made—they shall be the white man's laws and the Indian's laws. Indians in Ohio and New York States have since 1795 been under the care of Friends. We now take you and other Indians under our care. We know you wish to learn to live like white people. We will help you."

After a short pause, a chief, Limping Peter, from whose band eight prisoners have recently been sent to prison at Omaha, under the charge of murdering a white man, (McMurtrie,) walked deliberately to the table and stood facing us, when he spoke thus: "I like the Father's talk very much, but I feel very bad about my boys at Omaha. I want you to do what you can for them." He showed much feeling about the matter, the result of which gives us more concern than any other at present. He was followed by the Head Chief, Petre La Sharo, who said, "I like the Father's talk very much. I am glad they come to see us. We are poor—not much meat to eat; our children, to keep from starving, are plucking the green corn, pumpkins and squashes. We want the Great Father to let us go hunting for buffalo.* The Great Spirit has given the white man much to eat; the Indian must hunt or starve." He spoke earnestly but kindly, and said, "I will do as the Great Father wishes me to do; if he says no hunt now, I wait until he says I may hunt." He was told by the Agent that provision was being made to give them cattle and flour; that within a few days they might expect it, and that he desired his assistance and that of his braves in dividing it among his people: to which he consented, stating that there were some poor women who had no men to provide for them, and he wished them not to be neglected. "Big Eagle," a pleasant, earnest man, next walked to the table, and in an eloquent, dignified manner, addressed us, commencing like those who preceded him, by expressing his satisfaction with the visit and the Father's talk. He wanted to live like the white man; he wanted also to go hunting to get some "grub." He expressed his satisfaction with the new Father, (Jacob M. Troth, Agent.) He believed the Indians would now receive their rights, and spoke loudly and with much gesticulation of the wrongs perpetrated by other Agents.

The Agent addressed them earnestly respecting their manner of living, and advised them to industry and the pursuit of knowledge, and promised them his aid.

In speaking, the Indians prefaced every sentence with "My Friend and Father." They also, both before and after, shook hands with each of us. They were all attention to what was said on both sides. Their approbation was freely expressed by a grunt, which sounded like no, or aw. We then took leave of all by shaking hands; some gave both hands, others laid one hand on the breast, and with the other gave a cordial shake, at the same time exclaiming, "Very good!" We passed out of the room, but they left quite slowly; the feeling appeared to be such that they lingered to see and hear more of us.

* As the United States soldiers who are now in pursuit of the Sioux cannot distinguish between friendly and hostile Indians when off their reservations, General Auger has issued an order stating that all found off their reservations will be treated as enemies.

Thus ended the most interesting and impressive conference I ever witnessed.

WINNEBAGO AGENCY, NEBRASKA, 7th mo. 17, 1869.

In company with Howard White, the newly appointed Agent of the Winnebago Indians, we left Philadelphia on the evening of the 1st of the present month, and after a pleasant journey, arrived at their Reservation on the morning of the 7th. Before reaching the Reservation, we spent one day in Omaha, with S. M. Janney, the Superintendent, and one in Sioux City, Iowa. The Winnebago Indians are located on a piece of land which was purchased from the Omaha Indians a few years ago. They are situated about twenty-two miles south of Sioux City, and seventy north of Omaha, in the State of Nebraska. They have a Reservation of more than 100,000 acres of as good agricultural land as it ever has been my pleasure to see.

They are engaged somewhat in agricultural pursuits. They have over 600 acres of corn this year. According to the census, which was taken last week, the tribe now numbers 1335. The names of a few were not taken, as they were off the Reservation at work. While they seem to be advanced in civilization more than some of the tribes, they adhere to their "Tepee" and traditionary superstitions with great tenacity. They almost all live in a small tent, built of mud or skin, known as a "Tepee." The chiefs usually live in small frame houses.

The "squaws" are compelled by their lords to do all the work, both in the "Tepee" and in the field. The men spend most of their time lounging about the "Tepee" or in riding over the prairie on their ponies. There are, however, some exceptions to this, as some of the men are employed on the agency as laborers, and are said to be good hands.

The men will not work unless they are paid to do it, hence they will not hoe their own corn, but compel the "squaws" to do it. One of the first things to be done is to teach them that labor is honorable, and that a "brave" can work and still retain his manhood. It is my belief that this tribe can in time, with proper management, be made self-sustaining.

J. A. P.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I would like to inspire thee with a sense of the worth thy offerings possess, not as thine own, but as the gift of Him who dispenses by whom He will, and entrusts his *faithful* servants with choice treasures. Then cheer up; be not *guilty* of withholding that which is designed for others. The day calls for faithfulness. The children are crying for bread; share thou with them, even though it may seem to thee but as a morsel. Five words with the understanding are better than a thousand in an unknown tongue.

"Smitten friends are angels sent on errands full of love. For us they languish, and for us they die."

I have been reminded of this language of the poet since it has been my privilege to sit at the bedside of our afflicted friend, whose excellent example through a long life has been truly encouraging to me. That Power which has sustained and strengthened her through her pilgrimage is still graciously near for her help, and enables her to bear the allotted portion of suffering without a murmur. As I sat by her bedside this morning, she said the petition was often before her,—and she desired to adopt it,—"Let my prayer come before thee as incense, and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice." It looks probable she will soon be released from her sufferings, and I have no doubt will be gathered into the heavenly garner. . . . The All-Wise Disposer knows how much we are able to bear, and what will tend to our benefit, if we properly apply His dispensations. I am renewedly confirmed in the belief that we are capable of helping one another through the medium of feeling, and class this among our choicest blessings. If we cultivate this gift, and do not suffer the many hindering things to obscure or overshadow it, He who dispensed it may enable us to render it serviceable to our fellow pilgrims, while at the same time our own souls will be enriched.

I had a precious visit yesterday from our dear friend ——. Is she not a monument to the power of Divine Grace? Lovelier and more cheerful than when all her dear ones were about her! Well, I trust we shall all, like her, grow sweeter and riper as we grow older; and I think we will, if we try to keep the rust from our hearts by watchfulness; not trying to do all we *once* could, but careful to do all we *can* do with our present strength.

Thy letter furnishing the particulars of the close of our beloved and honored friend was very interesting to us. I trust the impressions made on the minds of his dear children will never be obliterated. While we can acknowledge that the ways of an infinitely wise and good Providence are inscrutable and past finding out,—that He afflicts not willingly, and that He is mercifully disposed to sanctify all his righteous dispensations for our lasting

good,—yet when the affliction comes near home, and we feel the force of its pressure, we are apt to sink under our weaknesses, and the reflection of what we have lost, and can never recall, takes the strongest hold of the mind. Let us pray that our faith fail not.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 7, 1869.

Chinese Emigration.—The different phases of this subject, as they have been presented in the public journals, have been regarded by us with interest, and we notice with satisfaction that there is a law which will be likely to prevent Koopmanschaap, the German adventurer, from carrying out his project of importing into the Southern States, as laborers, thousands of Coolies from China, whose condition, if we may believe what we have heard of the sufferings of this class, would be nearly as servile as that of the American Slave before the rebellion. The "Act to prohibit the Coolie Trade" was passed by Congress in 1862, by which it becomes a penal offence for any person in any capacity to build, equip, load or otherwise prepare any ship or vessel, or any steam-ship or vessel, registered or licensed, in the United States, for the purpose of transporting from China any of its subjects known as Coolies, to any foreign country, to be disposed of, or sold, or transferred for any term of years or any time whatever, as servants or apprentices, or to be held to service or labor. To aid or abet the "Coolie Trade" in any wise is an indictable offence, incurring the penalty of a fine of $2000 and imprisonment not exceeding one year.

The treaty negotiated by Minister Burlingame between the United States and China also makes such traffic a penal offence.

The insults which have been offered the Chinese upon their reaching the Pacific coast must have been painful to every sensitive mind; and it is difficult at this distance to understand why they should have been tolerated sufficiently to have been repeated. We are aware that prejudice, if indulged, will embitter the feelings, and where it becomes a ruling passion, violence is often the result. But the question is, why, in this land of freedom, where emigrants from every portion of the globe have found a home, those from China should be subjected to such gross and vicious treatment? That the perpetrators of these outrages were "half-grown boys and very young men," instead of excusing such abuse, reflects most unfavorably upon their surroundings. Had American citizens received a similar reception on their arrival at Pekin or other Oriental towns, what indignation would have been manifested towards the "*heathen!*"

What shall the missionaries who are earnestly laboring for the conversion of this people to Christianity reply when queried with in regard to the effects of their religion? What evidence has been furnished of its power to enforce or reduce to practice the wholesome laws which it inculcates?

The old adage still holds good that "actions speak louder than words;"—and wherever such palpable inconsistencies are allowed, there is need of labor in a spirit which can alone prove effectual—that of reclaiming love. The Gospel of Christ is adapted to every condition. Let then a true missionary spirit be encouraged at home, or in our own provinces, where there is so much need.

As regards the introduction into our country of Chinese labor, we have believed that it might be attended with good results. They are said to be inoffensive, industrious and frugal, and willing to perform any kind of work of which they are capable. The West especially has been suffering for want of help, both within doors and out; and we learn through private sources, as well as by the public papers, that the services of the Chinese have been of advantage in California. They possess, we are told, considerable enterprise, and should not be regarded "either as heathens or barbarians." It is greatly to be regretted that they should not be treated with common civility, even if the public mind is not prepared to go farther and acknowledge them as brethren. The great Creator "hath made of one blood all nations of men."

An Appeal.—We call the attention of Friends to the appeal of M. B. Lightfoot, the wife of T. Lightfoot, one of the newly-appointed Indian Agents.

By referring to a letter from M. in the

present number, it will be found she is greatly in want of cotton, buttons, tapes, material for aprons, sun bonnets, &c., for the children of her school. By her request that the Committee should bring "*a pillow-case full*," may be formed some idea of the dozens of the small articles which it will take to meet the demand. From the interest manifested in the subject of the Indians, and the sympathy felt for those who have voluntarily separated themselves from the endearing ties of home and kindred to enter into the arduous duties connected with the oversight of these untutored children of the forest, we doubt not many will be ready to respond to the call for help. If those who are willing to contribute will send their contributions to the office of this paper, they will be received by our Agent and forwarded to the Indian Reservations as opportunities offer.

DIED.

HAWKINS.—On Fifth-day, 22d ult., Mabel E., infant daughter of Edwin R. and Mary L. Hawkins, aged 2 months and 27 days.

LUPTON.—On the 10th of Sixth month, 1869, at the residence of his father Joel Lupton, in Winchester, Va., Joseph Lupton, in the 28th year of his age. The deceased was a young man of superior worth. Quiet and unobtrusive, he possessed qualities of mind and heart prized most by those who knew him best. His disease being of a pulmonary character, was lingering and painful, but his sufferings were borne with patience and resignation, and his spirit grew brighter as it was being disrobed of its earthly mantle. Conscious until his last moments, he passed quietly and peacefully from earth, leaving the blessed assurance that he had "entered into rest."

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

8th mo. 8th, Flushing, L. I., 11 A.M.
" " South Farmington, N. Y., 3 P.M.
" 15th, Orange, N. J., 10½ A.M.
" " Junius, N.Y., 3 P.M.
" " Haverford, Pa., 3 P.M.

Learn well your business, whatever it may be; make the best of every opportunity for acquiring any sort of knowledge that may enlarge your acquaintance with business in general, and enable you to take advantage of any offer or opening that may come.

How beautiful is Christian condescension, and how opposed is the dividing spirit to the example and teachings of our Holy Pattern, who instituted no code of belief or doctrine, but lived a life of righteousness, and called his followers to the same.

Friends' Intelligencer please publish

A CARD.

Courteous Reader,—It may be remembered that I recently published a little book,—THE CHRISTIAN CASKET,—which was duly announced in the Intelligencer the 17th of 4th mo. last. It was prepared under a deep sense of the great *want* there is of books suitable for the children of Friends, and of the loss which we sustain, as a religious body, from that *want* being supplied by others, and with books containing adverse sentiments. It was felt to be a duty, and it was fondly hoped that the offering, humble as it was, would meet the approbation of Friends, and be allowed, in its measure, to supersede less profitable reading matter in the family, the nursery and the First-day school.

I have been surprised to learn that strong exceptions have been taken, and the book rejected, by certain parties, on account of a single word; a word, too, of a somewhat varied signification, and which, it was supposed, was too well guarded to admit of any misconception.

In a *note* on page 31, the writer says:

"It must be admitted, on the same evidence, [the four Evangelists,] either that Jesus and the Evangelists did themselves believe in the *possession of demons*, or that they connived at, and did not rebuke, the so great and widespread evil."

Connived is the exceptionable word, it being thought to cast an improper imputation upon the character of Jesus. Now what is the proper meaning of the word? Webster says, "In a figurative sense, to close the eyes upon a fault or other act; to pretend ignorance or blindness; to forbear to see; to overlook a fault or other act; to suffer it to pass unnoticed, uncensured or unpunished;—as a father connives at the vices of his son." The context must show to the unprejudiced reader that the word was used in this latter sense, and does not impugn the motives or derogate from the character of the blessed Jesus. Even if there had been room left to hang a doubt upon, what immediately follows should have dispelled that doubt.

"He was born and lived subject to the Mosaic law, yet it was his mission to abrogate that law; and he did it. Not by declaiming against it; not by the open violation of it; but by the operation of the silent and unseen influences of the New Covenant of Grace, which he came to introduce."

And again:

"The belief in demons cannot be admitted into the Christian formula, whatever claim it may derive from the evangelical record; yet it might have been expedient for them to

tolerate it for a season, rather than to arouse the inveterate prejudices of the people." The language of Jesus, on an occasion somewhat similar, was, "Suffer it to be so now."

When the meaning of a word is diverse, or has a different *manner of meaning*, as Wm. S. Cardell expressed it, the context must be allowed to show the sense in which it is used. It is hypercritical to cavil about it. How much wiser it would have been for those who felt this objection to have erased the objectionable word, and supplied a better in its place, and then have sped it on its Christian mission, instead of endeavoring to stigmatize and suppress it. "We saw one casting out demons in thy name, and we forbade him, because he followeth not with us." But mark the answer: "Forbid him not, for he that is not against us is for us."

EZRA MICHENER.

New Garden, Chester Co., Pa., 7th mo. 15th, 1869.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

Circular Meetings within the limits of Fishing Creek Half-Year Meeting will be held at Roaring Creek on First-day, the 15th of 8th mo., 1869, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and at Catawissa at 4 o'clock, P. M.

Roaring Creek Monthly Meeting will occur at Shamokin on Fourth-day preceding, and Fishing Creek Monthly Meeting on Fourth-day succeding the Circular Meetings.

Early insertion of the above in the Intelligencer may induce some Friends at a distance to attend those meetings.

Respectfully, JOHN G. RICH.

Millville, 7th mo. 25, 1869.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

The appointment of correspondents in the Monthly Meetings has been found very convenient, and affords increased facilities for intercourse between them, especially for the transmission of certificates; but it sometimes fails for want of more systematic attention to its requirements. A few suggestions may help to remedy these defects.

1.—In some meetings, the women do not avail themselves of the service of the correspondent. It is proper that all communications to and from the Monthly Meetings should pass through his or her hand. For want of this attention, a certificate for a woman Friend, living some thirty miles off, was sent by the mail to a relative living half way between. The letter was not called for, and passed on to the Dead-Letter Office. From thence it was remailed to the Clerk of the Monthly Meeting which issued it, but directed, accidentally, to a Post-office near where the Friend resided. Not being called for, the Post-Master came to return it back once more to the Dead-Letter Office, but, on opening it, was able at last to give it a proper direction.

2.—Correspondents should be prompt in forwarding the documents entrusted to their care.

3.—When a certificate or other official document is received from another correspondent, he should promptly acknowledge the reception thereof.

4.—A satisfaction would result from each correspondent keeping a book, in which all his official business transactions are regularly entered.

A CORRESPONDENT.

Seventh Month, 1869.

A LETTER FROM M. B. L. TO W. & R. HAWKINS.

NOHART, 7th mo. 14, 1869.

Our very dear friends,—Your letter came to hand yesterday, and truly its words of love, interest and encouragement were very grateful. We do indeed deeply feel the breaking up of our pleasant social relations, and sadly miss the old familiar faces of our many precious friends, and often long for just one peep at the dear home and its surroundings. Still we are content, and trust we are not entirely out of our places; at least we find many things to do which certainly need doing outside of Thomas' specified duties, and we shall make the effort to perform them to the best of our ability.

But oh! dear friends, what a field for missionary work is here among these poor Indian women and children, and the men too, if any one could have the heart to undertake them. They are peaceable and friendly, and appear to have confidence in their agent; they come to him freely with all their complaints and wants, and we feel entirely safe among them; and as far as our own *personal comfort* is concerned, are doing very well; but as we look around and see the moral degradation and all the physical needs, to say nothing of the development of their spiritual nature, we feel restless and impatient to have some of the interest manifested in our late Yearly Meeting for this people, put into the shape of labor and funds.

The Indians here have plenty of land—the Government does much for them—provides schools, books, teachers, and it seems to us does all it can. They are smart and sharp enough, and were they only trained to habits of industry, cleanliness and economy, they could soon drop this miserable chiefship, give up the tribal arrangement, which keeps back and so wrongs the women and children, and become citizens; but this has to be done outside of Government, or rather by co-operating with Government, in the way of missionary

work and in a true *missionary spirit.* This has been accomplished in Kansas in the case of the Delawares, who have broken up their old relations as a tribe, become citizens and engaged in farming and other avocations individually. In looking at all this from our own standpoint, we have exclaimed, oh! for a home or manual labor school into which could be gathered the many orphans and other girls and boys now roving about over the prairie wrapped in a blanket, often begging their food or going without; at night sleeping on the buffalo skins in wretched bark huts, the boys learning to smoke, chew and drink, and growing up to be as idle and worthless as the Indian men generally are, and the girls to the *position* and *fate* of an Indian squaw. Could they thus be gathered where they would have to drop their lingo, and acquire our language, and learn to study and work in a regular systematic way, having their hair cut, paint and dirt washed off, and a decent, comfortable dress put on them, it seems to us it would be what these poor children need. And we expect great things in this direction when that large Committee get fairly to work. They will find the "fields white unto the harvest," and no doubt they will put in their sickles. And now, as I have no commission, and this is not an official but a private letter, I am going to say that I do hope when that Committee send out their delegates they will not be all men. That experiment has been fairly tried, I think, with the Indians. The Department and Commissions have all been men, also the superintendents, agents, preachers, and mostly the teachers—consequently the interests of the women and children have been overlooked and things stand as they do, at least so it appears to me, and I speak only for myself. Now, would it not be well to try what the judgment, labor and influence of a committee of large-hearted, practical working women, aided by men of the same ilk, to see to the bank-book, fill up the estimates and assist generally would do? If one year under such an administration did not work a change for the better, then I would be willing to give it back. This reserve is nearest to Philadelphia and easiest of access, and the Society of Friends, if they see proper, can make their mark here with less trouble and expense than at some of the other reserves. No other religious society has had hold of this for years, and there is no prejudice among the Indians with which to contend. Of course I am only talking to you, and not dictating or laying out work for the Committee or the Society; they will no doubt do what they find their hands to do.

You ask about our surroundings, the face of the country, soil, &c. I have written so many letters that I cannot recollect what I wrote about in my letter to you, but I suppose it was of what at that time filled my mind and eye—the beauty and novelty of this prairie land. O how we do enjoy riding over it, and often wish you could all see and enjoy that which, when we are not on duty, gives us so much pleasure and satisfaction. I expect I have told you that this Indian farm contains 32,000 acres, extending about 15 miles west from the Missouri, and five or six from north to south, the Great Nemaha being its northern boundary, the State-line of Kansas and Nebraska running through it. The agency house is a frame one, painted white, with green blinds—it is roomy and convenient. The out-buildings consist of a good barn, carriage, smoke, ice and hen houses. There are 15 acres of land fenced in for the use of the agent; also a large and excellent garden, in which we found nicely-grown sweet corn, potatoes, peas, radishes, lettuce, &c., planted by the former agent before he knew he was to leave. We have since added sweet potatoes, beans, cabbage, &c. The little fields T. has planted with corn and potatoes. There is plenty of pasture for our cow and two ponies; the water is excellent and near the door, and we have a draw well 70 feet deep with an iron-bound oaken bucket attached. As to the soil, my husband thinks it is No. 1. We are told corn can be raised eight or ten years in succession on the same ground without fertilizers, and, from observation, we think vegetation is more rank and rapid than on our home-lands. Quite near our dwelling is the office and council chamber, under one roof: a low, white frame building. The office is furnished with a walnut desk and book-case, stored with reports and documents concerning the affairs of the agency, a large walnut table in the centre of the room and comfortable chairs and benches around it. The council chamber is also used for the purpose of religious meetings and Sabbath-schools when needed, and is furnished with benches to seat the audience.

The employees on the reserve are a carpenter and blacksmith. There are dwellings and shops for each, also a trading house or store and school-house.

The scenery of this reservation is varied in character; the southern portion is mostly high rolling prairie, from many points of which we can see for miles without the view being obstructed by even a tree, while along the thickly wooded bluffs of the Missouri and Nemaha, (the eastern and northern borders), we find the wildest, most secluded spots, said to be the home of the deer and wild turkey, though as yet we have not had a glimpse of

either. This part has features and a beauty peculiarly its own. There are some points we should like to have photographed: small open spaces, certain grouping of trees, &c. Mid-way between these runs a strip of land with more thinly-wooded hollows or bushy ravines, in which are found springs of excellent water. One of these just below our house, we are told, is the abode of rattlesnakes and a species of large blacksnake, which sometimes have visited the agency kitchen, but we have not yet made their acquaintance; the story, however, has made an impression, and we do not go off the door-step after dark.

Did I tell thee about my First-day school? Well, it is still in existence and pretty well attended,—the scholars come straggling in from ten to one o'clock, thus managing to occupy the best part of my First-day. If they could all speak English, I think I could interest and do them some good; as it is, I do not know that it is of much account, unless it should induce some to wash and comb up a little, and, as we are told that "cleanliness is next to Godliness," perhaps it may count in that direction. Last week I read the commandments and talked a little about them, also the "sermon on the mount," and some scraps of poetry, such as they could understand and appreciate. I have read the two poems by Samuel M. Janney,—there were several chiefs and the interpreter present; they seemed pleased and interested, but I fear I shall run out of suitable reading matter; do send me some.

But my *special* interest is in the day school, which I took charge of the first of this month, the teacher having resigned. The account she gave of it was not encouraging. The ex-agent, employees and all have told me that the school has never been a success. In the first place, the children could not attend, secondly, they could not speak English, and moreover they would not apply themselves if they *did* come, and *could* talk. But you know my hope is large, so I concluded to undertake it for a time, and even if *I* fail, I shall still believe that some one with more faculty and patience can make this school amount to something.

Well, the opening came—and what a scene presented! A company of unwashed, uncombed, painted, ear-ringed, braceletted little human beings! Boys from six to fourteen, with no covering but a calico shirt coming to the knees, and a filthy blanket wrapped about them which they threw off when they sat down or went out to play. Young girls just coming into womanhood, bareheaded and barefooted; their only garments a calico skirt, a sort of blouse hanging just below the waist. They also had a blanket around them or on their arm. Out of 23 only four could or would utter one word of English. These four are beginning to read a little—the rest appeared to know nothing, and would do nothing but talk Iowa and repeat the alphabet after me as I pointed to each letter with my pencil. I felt that this was more than I had bargained for; but perhaps time and patience may work out something better. The filth and nakedness I could not endure. I had no resource except my own pocket, which I did not very much like to fall back upon. I thought of the committee of 40, and the funds at their disposal, and had faith that they would make it all right were they only here,—but they were not, and I could not wait to write; so at the end of three days I went to White Cloud, our nearest store, five miles distant, and bought basin, towels, soap, six dollars worth of stuff for pants and 8 yds. of calico for aprons. Next day I sent the children home for their mothers, and S. and I went to work cutting out. She cut the aprons, and had the little girls to make them under her superintendence. I attended to the pants. The mothers sewed all day, and came back next morning and finished several suits. I have three suits left on my hands for some who have no mothers. The children were well pleased, and one little fellow who lives two miles away came over early next morning for milk; his pants were finished, but not the little jacket to which they were to be buttoned, but he had the pants on, holding them up with both hands.

Now I have all who need it to wash as soon as they come in, and really the washing and the blue pants are quite an improvement. I am not prepared to say how soon or how rapidly the "young ideas will begin to shoot," but one thing I do know, that not speaking the language is a great obstacle; and one reason why those tribes where mission and and manual labor schools have been established, have progressed faster than this is, the children are not allowed to talk Indian, and again they are away from home influence.

We had a long conversation the other day with a gentleman who once had been Superintendent of one of these missions. He spoke encouragingly, though he says it is a great labor to get them under way aright, and good results come slowly; he knew, however, it could be done, but it required money, patience, faith and time. We are becoming interested in this people, and I am getting particularly interested in my children and hope much for them. When the committee come, I hope they will bring out some sun bonnets and apron patterns, and a pillow-case full of

hread, cotton, buttons, tapes, &c. Also a ot of fine-tooth combs; these things will be f great use to the poor squaws, and the ast-named article will be a particular omfort to me as well as to the poor little apooses.

Tell H. and C. I have named two little oys for them. I am giving them English ames, as I cannot think of learning theirs. have named several after Friends in the East. When I get through I will send a list.

I hope you will feel like writing to us often. Letters are our "city of refuge" from homeickness and discouragement. We have all een in excellent health thus far. The hildren in much better spirits than at first.

Yours truly, M. B. LIGHTFOOT.

SOWING IN HOPE.

"My words are poor and weak," I said, "they pass
Like summer wind above the summer grass.
"To utter them seems idle and in vain;
I cannot hope to gather them again;
"And yet, impelled by some deep inward voice,
I must work on; I have no other choice.
"But oh, my words are poor and weak," I said;
"The truth is quick, the utterance cold and dead."
"Nay, nay, not so," He answered, "sow thy seed
Unquestioning, God knoweth there is need.
"For every grain of truth in weakness sown,
He watches over who protects His own.
"Though buried long, it shall spring up at length,
And shake like Lebanon its fruitful strength."
He said and left me, while I pondered o'er
The holy truths so often heard before.
And while I pondered, unawares their stole
A strange, sweet, subtle strength through all my soul.
I rose and went my way, and asked no more
If words of mine had any fruit in store;
Content to drop my patient seed, although
My hands shall never gather where they strow;
Leaving the harvest, be it great or small,
In His dear keeping who is all in all.

PRESENT DUTY.

Thick mists upon the hills
Toward which my pathway lies:
The signals of a storm
Over the darkening skies;
Vainly to pierce those distant glooms
I strain my eyes.

But still about my feet
The warm, sweet sunshine glows;
Just for a little space
My way it clearly shows,
And step by step, as I pass on,
With me it goes.

It shows me flowers that spring
Along earth's dustiest way,
And bids me work in thankfulness
Beneath its blessed ray;
To leave the future with my God,
And live to-day.

H. N. E.

—*N. Y. Independent.*

Selected.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Come stand by my knee, little children,
Too weary for laughter or song,
The sports of the day are all over,
And evening is creeping along.
The snow-fields are white in the moonlight,
The winds of the winter are chill,
But under the sheltering roof-tree,
The fire shineth ruddy and still.

You sit by the fire, little children,
Your cheeks are ruddy and warm;
But out in the cold of the winter
Is many a shivering form.
There are mothers that wander for shelter,
And babes that are pining for bread;
O! thank the dear Lord, little children,
From whose tender hand you are fed.

Come look in my eyes, little children,
And tell me, through all the long day,
Have you thought of the Father above us,
Who guarded from evil your way?
He heareth the cry of the sparrow,
And careth for great and for small;
In life and in death, little children,
His love is the truest of all.

Now go to your rest, little children,
And over your innocent sleep,
Unseen by your visions, the angels
Their watch through the darkness shall keep.
Then pray that the Shepherd, who guideth
The lambs that He loveth so well,
May lead you, in life's rosy morning,
Beside the still waters to dwell.

From the Cincinnatti Daily Advertiser.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

Letter from United States Senator Cole, of California.

The following letter from Senator Cornelius Cole, of California, on the question of Chinese immigration, was written to a gentleman in San Francisco, and was furnished to the Alta for publication:

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 27.

DEAR SIR.—Some of your remarks about Chinese immigration are convincing; but I can not indorse all you say on that head. Their labor is undoubtedly an advantage to us. I suppose you would not hire one unless you believed his services were worth more to you than his wages, or unless you were willing to exchange your money for his labor. A great portion of the wealth of a country is reproduced annually, and if the industry of a country were to be suspended only for a single year, everything would go to destruction. Labor is the great reliance of every civilized nation, and few places are more in need of it than California. She was more in want of it formerly than now. The Chinese have supplied a very considerable demand. We should have lacked many of the evidences of material prosperity we now possess, but for them; and I do not know that you can point to harm they have done sufficient to off-set the good they have effected. They are cer-

tainly an industrious and frugal people, and posssesed of far more enterprise than mere heathen. They are not barbarians in the common sense of that word.

It seems many are coming to our coast at present, but I have no fears of the State becoming overrun by them. The distance across the Atlantic is too great, and the outlet on this side too extensive. They will be apt to find their way into Mexico, and there, in my judgment, is the proper home for this class of immigration, and they will find it in due season. They possess just the virtues which the Mexicans lack. Their habits of labor and thrift would convert the fertile wastes of that country into gardens. The Mexicans will not work; the Chinese will not be idle. They are as opposite in habits as possible. The one would keep that country forever poor, the other speedily enrich it. Mexico, though abundantly endowed by nature, is noted for its poverty and insecurity, and so it will remain while it depends upon the Indian and Spanish races for its prosperity. China, on the other hand, is one of the richest countries in the world, and she has been made so by the industry of her people. Of these people she can spare enough to regenerate Mexico and not miss them. A small percentage of the natives of China transferred to Mexico, would instil a new life to that country. Of the two civilizations, judged by every test, that founded by Confucius far surpasses that founded in the land of the Montezumas.

Should the Chinese continue to pour down upon our Pacific coast so as to excite the fears of our people, it would be an easy matter to turn the tide to the southward, where there is room and scope enough for all. There is an unlimited field, fresh for the exercise of their habits of wealth-making and wealth-preserving. What is now little less than a dreary waste, would, under the magic influence of labor, bud and blossom as the rose.

There ought to be no objection to an outlet upon this broad Continent for a portion of the pent-up populations of China and Japan. Besides Mexico, nearly all of Central and South America is open to them, and mankind would be greatly benefited by their coming. The wealth and happiness of the world would be indefinitely increased thereby.

I cannot sympathize with that eminently Chinese policy of excluding from the uncultivated fields of the New World any people who desire to increase the number of blades of grass and ears of corn. It has long been our proudest boast that America is the asylum for the oppressed of all the lands, and if the crowded population of Asia, as well as of Europe, desire the privilege of expending their labor here, let them come. Our immigration from Europe this year is unusually large—more than twenty-five thousand in excess of last year at this date. These tides may meet and possibly mingle, but it is more likely that the Asiatic portion will be deflected southward, where a more congenial home for them can be found.

I can remember no country that has not been benefited by legitimate immigration. Our own is a conspicuous example of this. In some cases we could have desired a better class of immigration, but we have repelled none, and the general result has been advantageous. The character of population, independent of race, depends much upon the country and climate in which they are thrown; and the descendants of the Chinese, should their descendants grow up in this country, may conform closely to our habits of thinking and acting. Such, at all events, has been the case with every other race that has come to this country. If, in that event, they should claim and be permitted to exercise the privileges of citizenship, no evil can come of it. There is not, as I can discover, the least likelihood that the native born Chinaman will ever exercise or claim any such privilege. He will never become an element in our politics for the two distinct reasons, that he could not if he would, and he would not if he could.

But, independent of this aspect of the case, we should not forget that the Chinese are, almost to a man skilled in the production of some articles of great importance to us, which we cannot produce without them, but which can be produced by them probably as well in our country as in their own. This skill, when exercised upon our own soil, and in our own shops, becomes American, and we reap the advantage of it. While we have abundance of room, let any people come who come armed with implements of industry alone, whose arts are the arts of peace and not of war, and whose aim is production, and not destruction.

Truly yours, C. Cole.

THE TRAINING OF A CHILD.

That excellent and noble Russian lady, Madame Swetchine, once took the daughter of a friend to bring up. In one of her letters to the child's mother she thus speaks of her method of dealing with her charge, and the extract contains a world of wisdom which, if practiced in all families, would bring happiness, affection, and rapid advancement, where now the parent sees only indifference and apathy:

"What she lacks in common with all other children, is self-control, and that is not acquired in a day. I am preparing her for it gradually. Errors into which she fell two

months ago would be impossible for her to-day, because she herself has condemned them. Her faith in me increases daily. I court and foster it with all the skill and strategy at my command; and my strategy is truth, but truth with the charm of perfect unconstraint. . . . When I talk with her, I never condescend to her; I place her apparently on my own level, and by means of the habits which I induce her to form, I acquire necessarily an influence which command and coercion never would have given me. The right of conquest is not equal to the right of birth, say what you will; and one must make one's self beloved and acknowledged, instead of imposing one's authority."

ROCKY MOUNTAIN FLOWERS.

THE EDEN OF THE NEW NORTHWEST.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Times* writes from Sherman, Wyoming territory:

"Whatever may be said of the impracticability of the route of the Union Pacific Railroad over the Black hills during the three months of January, February and March, this much will be conceded by every visitor: that, for nine months in the year, the sides and summit of these everlasting hills are bedecked and adorned with the greatest variety and grandest display of flowers and wild fruits that ever grew from the soil of God's own country. Every hillside, nook, valley, lawn, plain and peak, from early April until late December, is gorgeously arrayed in countless thousands of flowers of every color, form and size, applicable to the season, and wearing a smiling beauty to welcome each dawning day and shining sun. The higher the peak the brighter and more delicate the flora, and upon the loftiest summits we gather the *Palmella Nivalis*, or snow plant, and its fiery red brand, the scarlet cockade, the mountain lily, red, blue, white, yellow and violet moss flowers; the purple and white plume; the large white tulip, yellow cactus, prickly pear, with its large bell flower of delicate yellow leaf and purple base; and the ever-present, always-blooming wild parsnip and carrot, with their purple and yellow clusters. On the plateau and in the dells we gather the yellow pea blossoms, the yellow flax, purple and blue larkspur, blue bells, peony, poppy, hyacinth, yellow, red, white, and tri-colored rose, strawberry, sunflower, the white and purple sweet pea, Johnny-jump-up, blue, purple, white and yellow flag, sweet Williams, pinks, and a hundred other varieties peculiar only to this elevated floral garden of Wyoming, which now reposes so grandly and charmingly in its cool and refreshing altitude of 8,262 feet above sea level.

"I have now on my table a bouquet of wild flowers made in the shape of a pine-apple, out of nearly seventy varieties, comprising every known color and hue, some of the most delicate formation, and the whole forming a cluster of floral beauty that I never have seen equalled by a like collection of cultivated flowers in the beautiful State of Louisiana. These flowers will retain their freshness of color and sweet fragrance for two weeks, if kept standing in a vase filled with the pure, soft springwater of the mountains, and a majority of them, in their native soil, bud, blossom and bloom all summer. I therefore claim that here at Sherman, the highest point that is crossed by the marvellous continental highway from the Missouri to the Pacific; the highest elevation in the world where a town is rapidly building; where the thermometer in the coldest days of winter never reached ten degrees below zero, and in the warmest days of summer never marked eighty degrees above; where there is a perpetually light and pure air; where decayed matter emits no stench; where dead animals dry up without a sickening odor, and every wind that sweeps from the snowy range is cool, healthy and invigorating; where horses can be worked all summer without sweating, and all winter without blanketing; where the soil is all a rich decomposed granite, the rocks, beautiful in their towering grandeur, all a granite, gneiss, and limestone, interspersed with precious stones of silica, chalcedony, quartz, felspar, topaz, agate, mica, talc, hornblende and serpentine; where the springs boil up the purest, softest, coldest water; where, scattered over the surface, but in plain view, are numerous ledges of quartz, which time and capital will soon develope into rich leads of gold, silver, tin, antimony, iron and copper, and where everything that grows, lives or lays, assumes a grandeur not attained by any like species in a lower altitude, is, I claim, the Eden of the new Northwest, and the only pleasant abiding place for the city invalid during the sickly dog-days in your little sun-scorched world eight thousand feet below us."

"COULDN'T, 'COS HE SUNG SO!"

Leaning idly over the fence, a few days since, we noticed a little four-year old "lord of creation," amusing himself in the grass by watching the frolicsome flight of birds, which were playing around him. At length a bobolink perched himself upon a drooping bough of an apple-tree, which extended to within a few yards of the place where the urchin sat, and maintained his position, apparently unconscious of the close proximity to one whom birds usually consider a dangerous neighbor. The boy seemed astonished at his imprudence; and, after regarding him steadily for a min-

ute or two, obeying the instinct of his baser part, he picked up a stone lying at his feet, and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself carefully for a good aim. The little arm was reached backward without alarming the bird, and Bob was within an inch of damage; when lo! his throat was swelled and forth came nature's plea: "A-link—a-link—a l-i-n-k, Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link! a-no-weet, a-no-weet! I know it—I know it! a-link—a-link! don't throw it! throw it, throw it," etc.; and he didn't. Slowly the little arm subsided to its natural position, and the despised stone dropped. The minstrel charmed the murderer. We heard the songster through and watched his unharmed flight, as did the boy with a sorrowful countenance. Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feelings, we approached him and inquired:

"Why didn't you stone him, my boy? You might have killed him and carried him home."

The poor little fellow looked up doubtingly, as though he suspected our meaning, and with an expression of half shame and half sorrow, he replied:

"Could n't, 'cos he sung so!"

Dear little boys, don't stone the birds!

For Friends' Intelligencer.

Absence from the city during a good portion of Sixth and Seventh months prevented publication of the review for Sixth mo. at the accustomed time.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

SIXTH MONTH.

	1868.	1869.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	13 days.	10 days.
Rain all or nearly all day	1 "	1 "
Cloudy, without storms	8 "	7 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	8 "	12 "
	30 "	30 "

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1868.	1869.
Mean temperature of 6th mo., per Penna. Hospital,	72.00 deg.	73.62 deg.
Highest point attained during month	90.00 "	92.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	54.50 "	54.00 "
RAIN during the month, do.	4.37 in.	5.58 in.
DEATHS during the month, being for 4 current weeks for each year.	914	1025

Average of the mean temperature of 6th month for the past *eighty* years	71.62 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1828–1831	77.00 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1816	64.00 "

RAIN.	1868.	1869.
Total quantity for the first six months of each year	26.31	26.27

But little to remark for Sixth month except calling attention to the unusual uniformity in almost every respect with the corresponding month of last year, and the increase of 111 deaths.

7th mo. 1, 1869. J. M. ELLIS.

PUBLIC opinion cannot do for virtue what it does for vice. It is the essence of virtue to look above opinion. Vice is consistent with, and very often strengthened by entire subserviency to it.

ITEMS.

OREGON LUMBER.—The lumber resources of the State of Oregon are abundant. Dense forests of the finest fir, spruce and cedar grow upon the coast range and along the banks of the Columbia River and its tributaries as far up as the Dalles. There is an inexhaustible supply of the finest and best quality of timber at the mouth of the Columbia River, and back of the town of Astoria is the most magnificent forest of spruce and yellow fir that is to be found anywhere on the Pacific coast. Nature has done everything to make the forest of timber along the Columbia a source of great profit to the lumberman, the finest of timber being handy to shipping, and as there is fine water power on all the small streams emptying into the Columbia, lumber can be manufactured very cheap. The bottom lands along the river are also covered with a thick growth of vine, maple, alder, cedar, ash and cottonwood. —*Alta Californian.*

In a printing office at Gosport, Ind., is a blind compositor. His average day's work is five thousand ems, and on several occasions he has set from seven thousand to nine thousand. His letter is distributed for him and his copy is read by his partner.

PASTE THAT WILL KEEP A YEAR.—Dissolve a teaspoonful of alum in a quart of warm water. When cold, stir in as much flour as will give it the consistency of thick cream, being particular to beat up all the lumps; stir in as much powdered rosin as will lie on a dime, and throw in half a dozen cloves to give a pleasant odor. Have on the fire a teacup of boiling water, pour the flour mixture into it, stirring well all the time. In a very few minutes it will be the consistency of mush. Pour it into an earthen or china vessel; let it cool; lay a cover on, and put in a cool place. When needed for use, take out a portion and soften it with warm water. Paste thus made will last twelve months. It is better than gum, as it does not gloss the paper, and can be written on.

THE HUMIDITY of the atmosphere, it is reported, has been increased on the Isthmus of Suez since the introduction of the waters of the Mediterranean Sea into the lakes. Fogs as dense as those of Paris, have been observed in districts where, heretofore, rain has hardly ever fallen.

THE BLOCK OF ROSE ALABASTER MARBLE recently discovered at the Emporium Romanum in Rome, has been entirely unearthed, and is found to measure 3532 cubic feet. Four columns of African marble, measuring 82 feet in length, have also been unearthed.

ILLINOIS, it is reported, works up 4,000,000 pounds of wool every year, employing 3500 hands, and a capital of $4,000,000, divided among 130 mills.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
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Wm. H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
T Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

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REFLECTIONS ON THE WISDOM, POWER AND GOODNESS OF THE UNIVERSAL PARENT.

BY BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

(Concluded from page 356.)

All the foregoing facts and considerations become, when incorporated as they are in my constitution, the foundation for a true and substantial faith in God and his providence. We cannot have faith at will: there must be a basis for it. It is a truth, that "by grace are we saved, through faith, and that not of ourselves; it is the gift of God." But the gift of faith must harmonize with our consciousness, or we cannot receive it. These facts and considerations, manifesting His love, mercy, kindness and care over every thing, and all sentient existences we any where see or know of, give us ground for faith to believe that He will do as much for us, and that we will be able to receive his saving grace, which consists of a *knowledge* of *His will*, an *injunction* to *obey* it, and *ability* to *perform* it. Here is the whole matter: *Obedience* to the *manifested will of God.* "The grace of God, which bringeth salvation, hath *appeared unto all men,* teaching them that, denying ungodliness and the world's lusts, they should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world." All this beautifully harmonizes. This saving grace being the manifest imparting of a clear knowledge of the will of God, accompanied by an injunction to obey it, and an ability to fulfil all its requirements. Nevertheless, no one will experience the benefits of this saving grace, or know salvation, who does not comply with *his* part, by strict watchfulness, and *yielding faithful obedience to every manifested duty.*

Now, I have noted these things as they have presented while writing, and as they and a vast variety of corresponding beliefs exist abidingly in my consciousness, constituting a part of myself as an accountable being, it would be impossible that I could be without them and be myself.

The impress arising from the facts and considerations of the immediate presence of God in every thing, of His infinite power, wisdom, love, mercy, truth and justice, and the evidence of the exercise of these attributes wherever they are required,—first in organic matter, causing it to assume all the variations adapting it to His multiplied purposes and the most wise and benevolent ends; then in the vegetable kingdom, where there are higher and stronger evidences of all these, and still higher and stronger in the animal,—becomes in me the foundation of an unshaken faith that He is equally as kind, to say the least, to His last, highest and noblest work, Man, and that He will guide and care for him, for the fulfilment of all the purposes of his being, as simply, as unceasingly, and as perfectly, as He does any other animals, on the simple condition of *man's being obedient to what is manifested to him.*

"God marks the bounds which Winter may not pass,
And blunts his pointed fury: In its case,
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ
Uninjur'd, with inimitable art;
And ere one flow'ry season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.
From dearth to plenty, and from death to life,
Is Nature's progress, when she lectures man
In heavenly Truth; evincing, as she makes
The grand transition, that there *lives* and *works*
A soul in *all things*, and that Soul is *God*.
Happy, who walks with Him! whom what he finds
Of flavor or of scent in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade, that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.
His presence, who made all so fair, perceived
Makes all still fairer. As with Him no scene
Is dreary, so with Him all seasons please."

Cowper.

Man being endowed with a higher capacity, he is capable of a higher inspiration and revelation;—that is, of recognizing and giving a more elevated and more Divine interpretation to the spiritual impressions made upon his consciousness; and as he is faithfully obedient to these manifestations, his spiritual conceptions become more and more quickened and pure, till he becomes able to comprehend, and does comprehend, the whole mind and will of God concerning him, and to be clothed with [or led by] the Spirit of God. Every thing needful for him to know is clearly manifested to him.

From the wisdom, justice and goodness of God, it is incontrovertibly deduced, and all experience confirms the truth, that every duty required of man is made clearly manifest to him through his consciousness, by the Light of God, or Spirit of Truth, as he is watchful and faithful; and this manifestation is always accompanied by ability to fulfil every requisition. In what *particular way* this ability may be furnished, is a matter of no consideration whatever. The fact of its existence is the great point. It is a "good gift," and we therefore know it comes from God, the alone Source of Good; and we are called upon by gratitude to give Him the glory, honor and thanks which are His due.

The Scriptures are full of testimony to the truth of this great point, although sometimes in figurative language. It was preached to Adam before he transgressed, and repeated to Cain and to every intelligent member of the human family since to the present day. "It is shown unto thee, oh man, what is good, and what doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." "Thou wilt keep that man in *perfect peace* whose heart is staid on Thee, because he *trusteth* in *Thee*." The whole of the incomparable Sermon on the Mount recognizes and sustains the same glorious truth. It is incontrovertible.

Much, however, as I love and value the Scriptures, and great as has been, and still is, the comfort I derive from them, any portion or interpretation of them which does not harmonize with this reverential consciousness of Deity and His attributes, which is impressed, as I believe, by God Himself upon my spiritual being, is of *no moment*, or *value*, or *consideration* to *me whatever*. I see portrayed in the Scriptures, as the experience of holy men of old, and particularly of the blessed Jesus, evidences of the truth of the highest convictions or conceptions which have been revealed to my consciousness, in corresponding truths and convictions there recorded. The other parts I leave, as not needed by me, and giving me no concern whatever. This I regard as fulfilling the wise and comprehensive injunction of Geo. Fox to "Mind the Light."

Every appetite, every desire, every affection, and every capacity for enjoyment with which we are endowed, is good in itself—is a good gift of a wise Providence; but it requires to be kept under the regulating and restraining influence of the same wise and good Providence, shown us by the illuminations of His Spirit. The possession of any faculty or talent is God's permission to occupy it; but always in harmony with His requirements. *He* must be held pre-eminent in all things. *His will* must be *our delight*. The heart must be kept watchfully devoted to Him. His language, which must be obeyed in order to know peace, is, to every one, "My son, or my daughter, give *Me* thy heart." With obedience to this request, a harmonious condition of consciousness is constantly maintained, which is the "peace" that attends "the work of righteousness." In watchful attention to this consciousness is the voice heard, saying, "*This* is the way, walk thou in *it*," when we turn to the right hand, or when we would turn to the left.

When any gratification becomes too engrossing, so as to interfere with other duties, injure the health or usefulness, or disturb the harmonious condition of our consciousness in any manner, it should be immediately relinquished; and if we heed our consciousness, and it is in a healthy condition, we shall always find that an intelligent demand for this relinquishment is there made.

All that is needed in order to please God and obtain salvation is humbly and faithfully to live up, day by day, to the higher convictions of right and duty, as manifested to our watchful consciousness. When man becomes as passively obedient to the Divine impressions on his consciousness as other animals are to their instincts, he will be as certainly and

unerringly led as they are. He will be preserved, not only from all *sin*, but from all *evil*, as Noah and Lot were; that is, from every thing which would not be best for him, or in accordance with the Divine will and purposes in regard to him, spiritually and physically; for, in a state of obedience, being endowed with the capacity of a sensitive enlightened consciousness, a disturbance would exist, and be immediately perceived, in every condition or position which was not in harmony with the Divine Mind, or in any manner not safe and best for him; and he would be favored not to know peace until in a place of safety. Thus is the arm of the Almighty *always* round about them that love Him and who put their trust in Him: they are *always* in *His* keeping, and always safe. To him, and to His justice, goodness, love and mercy, as I have before asserted, I am favored to feel perfectly willing to trust myself—my all—in life and in death.

One other subject presents, which has been partially touched upon, but I will explain my meaning more fully.

A religion is needed among men in which they can have a basis for their faith. They manifestly are becoming more and more dissatisfied with an educational, traditional, or Scriptural faith, which is all that is proposed to them. It does not and cannot satisfy an enlightened soul. Neither can we have faith at will, or of ourselves: it is the gift of God; and He always bestows it in harmony with His nature and with existing realities. He does not inspire us with a faith which positively contradicts our reason, such as to believe we are somewhere else than where we know we are. It is impossible. True religion must be simple;—it must be plain, it must be reasonable, and it must admit of being tested by consciousness as a basis of true faith. In all other departments in which belief is required, experimental evidence is attainable by enlightened research, to attest its truth wherever any doubt may exist; and certainly this cannot be less the case, nor is it, in the highest of all concernments, those which affect the welfare and eternal interests of the soul.

Spiritual influences and instincts are no less realities and powers than any which come under the cognizance of the external senses. No force is superior to spirit-force. All the great powers in the universe, producing the great round of mighty influences, since their Author and Controller is a Spirit, are spirit in action, or spirit-forces. The Spirit of God is a power, and all His attributes are spirit-forces, the full and vast efficiency of which few (comparatively) know, because few believe for want of a living faith which possesses a true foundation.

Nothing is known to us by its abstract, inherent nature. Matter is known to us by its properties alone: its inherent or abstract nature is wholly concealed. So it is with attraction. The same is true of Heat, Light, Electricity, Magnetism:—everything with which we are acquainted: they are known *only* by their properties, qualities, capacities of influencing and being influenced, and affect those senses through which we hold communication with the external world, thus revealing themselves to us.

Speaking with deep, heartfelt reverence, the corresponding fact exists in relation to Deity. He is known to us only by His attributes. But then we reverence, love, and adore *Him* as the embodiment of these attributes—the Giver of all good. He *reveals Himself* through these attributes, by impressing them upon the soul, and thereby imparting to it their nature. As an instance: He imparts the impress of truth to the soul, which brings it into a knowledge of truth, and of course so far to know God; and with this knowledge of truth He imparts also an intelligent admonition to obey all its requirements, or to act in harmony with its nature, at the same time affording conscious requisite ability to obey the injunction. Through willing obedience to these manifestations, the spiritual perceptions become more and more refined and acute; the field widens in which the ramifications of the principle of truth extends its influences through the correspondingly increased delicacy of the sensitiveness of the Divine perceptions in the soul, until, so far as it respects truth, it approaches nearer and nearer the Divine Nature. This obedience to truth, through the Power which accompanies its impress, and is thus made known to the soul, saves it from all departure from it, and from all the consequences which flow from every form of a departure from it, and hence such soul has experienced true salvation, and knows the power and grace of God whereby it was saved.

And the same *Saving* Power is a *Redeeming* Power; so that when one who has departed from the government of truth comes humbly and faithfully to yield obedience to its influence upon his soul in all things, he is brought back again into the Divine harmony and favor:—he has thus experienced redemption from sin through the grace and power of God, and knows salvation, and that his Saviour and Reedeemer liveth:—the Wisdom of God and the Power of God.

As it is with Truth, so is it with all the attributes of Deity, Love, Mercy, Justice, Purity, Holiness, and every one of the Divine attributes by which the soul is capable of being impressed or influenced

It is the same with all of them. By the impress of the Spirit of God upon it the soul is brought into their nature, and is thus made to know them, and consequently to know God; and the knowledge of them is accompanied by an injunction to obey them, and ability to do so always; and by strict obedience to all their dictates the sensibilities of the soul become more and more refined; the sphere of their influence is enlarged; the soul, besides experiencing all the positive joys they impart, is saved from the consequences of every form of a departure from them, or is redeemed through repentance, and a return to obedience when it has departed, and has thus experienced true salvation and redemption through the mercy, grace, and power of God.

A person whose soul is thus circumstanced, living up humbly, reverently and faithfully, day by day, to his highest conceptions of the requirements of all those attributes, or to the most pure and elevated interpretation which he can give to the impressions of them upon his consciousness, is clothed with or governed by the attributes of God; he is a *manifestation* of God, or "God manifest" in man; he is "led by the Spirit of God,"—he is "a son of God."

All this is to be learned, experienced, and practiced *within*, by careful and constant attention to our individual consciousness, which has its laws of disturbances and influences, and its capacities for discipline, regulation, advancement, and purification. And it is to this great field of labor we must look for spiritual and religious advancement in the human family. And this, as I understand it, is the *doctrine* of *Friends*, or *true Quakerism;* all being embraced in the comprehensive injunction of George Fox to which I have previously referred, "Mind the Light;" or the still more concise one of the blessed Jesus, "Watch."

I shall close with the solemn prayer of Thomas à Kempis, which I can truly say contains the sincere and earnest cravings of my heart also. "Oh God! who art *the* Truth! make me one with Thee in everlasting love! I am oftimes weary of reading, and weary of hearing, [and weary of writing]: In Thee alone is the sum of my desire! Let every teacher be silent! Let the whole creation be dumb before Thee: and do Thou only speak unto my soul!"

"Humility, the fairest, loveliest flower,
That grew in Paradise, and the first that died,
Has rarely flourished since in mortal soil.
It is so frail, so delicate a thing—
'Tis gone, if it but look upon itself;
And she who ventures to believe it her's,
Proves by that single thought she has it not."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay."

To the Editors:—In the 16th number of your present volume, S. K. E. asks if those who cannot conscientiously take an oath, can consistently administer one to others. I could at once have said no to this inquiry, but, being in such matters only an observer, I preferred waiting for an answer from some one who had occupied a position which would enable him to give a reply based upon experience. I have therefore looked with interest each week for some notice of the inquiry, and was gratified by the remarks of M., on page 325.

In refering to the "administration of oaths," as brought into view by S. K. E., M. simply gives his experience, by which those who are similarly situated may be instructed, and also encouraged to be faithful to the secret impressions of duty with which they may be favored and against which they may, perhaps, now be striving.

The writer of the first article says his attention was called to this subject by some of his young friends, whose official duty it is to administer an oath, as prescribed by law. Can we not perceive that the "Swift Witness for Truth" is working in the minds of these young men, who, if they will examine into the feeling which prompted the inquiry, and heed the restrictions which may be placed upon them, will find their yea must be yea, and their nay, nay, and that whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil. They will no longer be doubtful as to the propriety of being accessory to this evil in others.

There are in the annals of our religious Society some interesting accounts of highly gifted men, who had selected the profession of law as the one for them to pursue, but, finding that some things connected with their official duties conflicted with the sense of right that was secretly impressed upon their minds, they relinquished all their prospective worldly honors and emoluments, and became consistent and useful members of the Society of Friends.

AN OBSERVER.

7th mo., 1869.

MENTAL FORCE.

BY SAMUEL T. SPEAR.

There is a quality in human nature, or perhaps a combination of qualities, which we are accustomed to designate as mental force. It marks the man of power, and to a large extent explains his history. It is that *in* him which is the source of what proceeds from him.

This force evidently does not consist merely in the presence of good ideas, or the possession of good feelings, since many men have both, without anything like a proportionate

degree of force. Their ideas and feelings never connect themselves with any effective displays of human power. They are feeble men, easily discouraged and easily jostled from their course.

What, then, is this force? Its most characteristic feature is expressed by the term DECISION, by which we mean a resolute and determined *purpose*—a concentrated, earnest, and energetic WILL, prompt in action, fixed in position, and intensely impulsive and persistent in execution. Those who have been distinguished as men of great force have given unmistakable evidence of a corresponding strength of will. This is their radical element. Add to this large comprehension, and also a set of circumstances suitable to task and develop their whole power, and such men are quite sure to make their mark upon the world.

The *body* as the physical organism of action, when placed under the government of such a commander, is worth four times as much as it would be if crippled and enfeebled by a languid and lifeless will. It will be made to do all it can do. The *intellectual* powers will be strung up to a high degree of tension, finding their luxury in the tasks of life, and demanding those tasks to keep them contented and quiet. *Faith* in one's self, combined with self-reliance, and originality, and inventiveness in the modes of action, qualifies the man of force to confront and overcome difficulties. He does not frighten his capacities or debilitate his energies with the timidities of doubt. He has real *pluck*. He can "fight it out on this line all summer." He never croaks over possible failure, and never expects it. Success is his watchword. *Cannot* is a term not to be found in his mental lexicography. *I can and I will*—these are the words most natural to his lips.

History abundantly testifies to the immense power of such men in the social system. Others feel their presence, and borrow from them a large part of their inspiration. Who are the persons that start and regulate the movements of human society; turn the currents of public opinion; stimulate the enterprise and wake up the activity of others; project and perseveringly pursue needed reforms among men; and, in fact, carry the world upon their shoulders? Who are the men that are felt on earth as a living force in human affairs? Who are the actors that bring to pass great results, and in critical periods embody the whole philosophy of an epoch in their own personal history? They are not simply your men of mere thought—your *library* men, who know how to spout Greek and Latin; but they are men of intense executive power—that kind of power which gives social life and activity to their thoughts. This is their distinctive characteristic. Their ideas are *working* ideas, and they are always sure to make them work. He who has this power *in* him has a grand outfit for the practical business of life. His intellectual capacities may be comparatively moderate, yet he will make them do their best, and angels can do no more. Human life is so constituted that force is needed everywhere and by every man. A common day laborer wants a certain degree of this quality with which to drive his muscles. The young man who is just starting out in the world, and has his own future to make, must have this quality, or life will be to him a failure. The merchant must stand behind his business, and press it forward with a steady and powerful hand. The scholar must hold his powers sternly to their task. The commander of armies must have his plan, and then he must have an energy of will commensurate with the plan. The reformer must be strong in himself, or he will never properly do his work. The Christian, alike in the culture of his own heart and in his labor for others, whether acting as a preacher of the Gospel or in the most private walks of life, needs to be a man of persistent and steady will. God, indeed, has so arranged the whole system of things that this type of will is a cardinal desideratum to every man, in every sphere, and for every good purpose.

This force, though in part a gift of Nature, like all other things pertaining to humanity, is also in part a matter of discipline and culture. Men can, if they will, whip up their powers and habituate them to the law of intense action; or they can fall into the habit of a torpid and inefficient mode of life, dodging its proper work, and contenting themselves with indolence and inactivity. No mind is so badly constituted by Nature that it may not make large additions to what Nature gives. What a man is will depend not altogether upon what God made him, but in part, at least, upon what he chooses to make himself. Every one is a sort of *second* creator of his own being, building upon the first creation, and adding to its power. Gifts and their *use*, united, hence, form the real measurement of each man's life—not gifts alone, but gifts improved by the addition of use. To this principle mental force is no exception. We, hence, present the following motto for the reader to reduce to practice: *Be right, and then be what you are with all your might.* —*Independent.*

CHRISTIANITY gains more by the removal of degrading errors, than by armies of missionaries, who would carry with them a corrupted form of the religion they profess.

BORROWING TROUBLES.

That was sensible advice which was given to the young bear, puzzled to know how to walk. "Shall I," said he, "move my right front paw first, or my left, or the two front paws first, or the two hind ones, or all four at once, or how?" The old she-bear came to his relief with the advice, "Leave off thinking and walk."

It is not uncommon for men to place themselves in the predicament of the young bear; to involve themselves in needless complexities, by trumping up imaginary difficulties, or by timorously looking forward to the future. There are some who appear to take pleasure in casting a dismal horoscope of their lot; and there is no one who does not suffer, more or less, from dangers and perplexities, from trials or sorrows, which have no real existence.

As a general thing, one who is over-anxious about doubtful duties, may be sure that he is shirking present and plain duties. It seldom happens that the duty of the present moment cannot be discerned. If that is done, it becomes a torch, throwing light on the duty next at hand.

In every department of life, the habit of borrowing trouble is found crippling action and sound thought. In religious experience it is often a hindrance. Its victim, while neglecting palpable duties, bemoans his present condition, and laments that he has not the emotion which he should like to have, and torments himself with doubts and fears. And more devout faith, would lead him to walk cheerfully, and step by step, his appointed path, and to believe that the merciful power which had upheld him hitherto, would shield him to the end.—*British Friend.*

LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

One of the most prolific sources of open complaint and secret discontent is the apparent inequality of the human lot in life. In proof of this, we are pointed to the outward differences so palpable to all. Wealth and poverty, health and sickness, education and ignorance, ability and feebleness, success and failure, certainly present very opposite appearances; but that they are either the fixed and inevitable lot of those who now possess them, or that they are themselves the true elements of life's happiness or misery, are erroneous, though very prevalent ideas. The truth that ought to be impressed on every mind, and especially upon the young, both to prevent repining, and to animate the energies to their fullest capacity, is that *life is what we make it.* Two men stand side by side, gazing on the same scene in nature. To one, who has a bright and cheerful disposition, it reveals only beauty and gladness; while to the other, gloomy and sad, the whole scene is spread over with a leaden pall. It is our own state of mind that creates for us, even Nature herself, and paints the same scene in beauty or in gloom.

Still more is our *social world* what we make it ourselves. The selfish and cold-hearted will ever find coldness and selfishness in others; the proud will be treated haughtily, the angry and passionate will receive rudeness and violence, and those who dishonor themselves will be dishonored by others. But society, to the good, the gentle, and the benevolent, is different. Their example wins others to similar virtues and develops the germs of good, which, though they may be hidden, yet exist in every heart. From a man's estimate of society as a whole, we may gain a very fair knowledge of his own character, for as he is, so will others appear to him. To the pure, all things are pure, because their purity, like the magnet, attracts the same quality in others; while the heart that is itself estranged from virtue, can find none elsewhere.

Equally true is it, that our world of circumstances and events is what we ourselves make it. The luxuries of wealth, the triumphs of success, the scintillations of genius, and even the blessings of health, may be converted into bitter evils if the well-springs of nature are corrupt; while the severest trials and temptations can, to a pure and noble heart, be changed into blessings. The power of trial to harm us does not reside in itself, but in our own feebleness to resist or to endure it. Every temptation resisted purifies and elevates the heart, and every suffering rightly borne strengthens our nature. Business life seems to dry up some natures, and lead them away from higher things; while in others, it creates virtuous independence, manliness, and integrity. Pleasure to one proves a poisonous draught, while to another it is a healthful refreshment. Thus life is *what we make it.* It is not made up, in its intrinsic nature, of the material world, nor of the society in which we move, nor of the external circumstances which surround us. It is our own internal character that moulds and fashions all these outward things, and extracts from them the bitter or the sweet that best assimilates with itself. These outward circumtances contain the essence of both happiness and misery—both good and evil. Happy is the person who can extract the sweet and leave the bitter—who can develop the good and extinguish the evil. As the chemist works up the elements into the desired condition, and obtains fresh knowledge from all the difficulties they exhibit, so in the moral, everything external may be resolved into good by the patient effort of man, and all that seems

most adverse may be so overcome or endured as to prove a greater blessing than the most apparently favorable events.

This view of life will lead us to put a juster estimate upon the complaints which are so rife among all. If life is what we make it, we must look within and not without, for the sources of discontent. We complain of society, of circumstances, of everything external, but in a most literal sense they are all what we make them. In proportion as we are industrious and virtuous shall we be honored and rewarded; in proportion as we are lovely, we shall be beloved; and even in the most trying situations, and the sorest trials, the main point as to their severity is the spirit in which they are received. Patient, faithful endeavor never results in continued unhappiness, and is never ultimately unsuccessful. Misery chiefly arises from insufficient effort and consequent ill-success. If, then, we would find life good, we must fill our hearts with goodness; if we would have the world shine brightly upon us, we must kindle a light in our own souls, and cause it to shed a radiance on all around.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

BIRDS THE FARMER'S FRIENDS.

An intelligent farmer boy in Illinois observed a small flock of quails commencing at at one side of a corn-field, taking about five rows regularly through the field, scratching and picking around every hill, then returning and taking another five rows, till, thinking they were pulling up the corn, he shot one, and then examined the field. On the ground they had been over he found but one stalk of corn disturbed, but in the quail's crop he found one cut-worm, twenty-one striped vine-bugs, over a hundred chintz-bugs that he could distinctly count, and a mass apparently consisting of hundreds of chintz-bugs, but not one kernel of corn. During the past five years the quails in that vicinity have been decreasing, and the chintz-bugs increasing.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I have just finished the re-perusal of thy last favor, and as I was folding it, the language sweetly presented, No new thing has happened. The servants and handmaid of the Most High have had in all ages to pass through close provings and deep baptisms, not altogether so much on their own account, as for the sake of the church that is sadly kept in the wilderness. If I understand the dealings of Omnipotence with his children, self-abasement is a sure evidence that there is not a trusting in human strength or attainments; and though this sentence of death in ourselves is grievous to the poor creature, yet it is so ordered that we should know for a certainty that no flesh can glory in any thing safely but in that Arm that is higher than Agag's, and mightier than the mighty waves of the sea. We must also bear in mind summer and winter, seed time and harvest, are all in the orderings of best wisdom,—that every change in the outward is for the good of man; and though the season may be long, cold and seemingly dreary, (as the past has been,) spring is approaching, when the time of the singing of birds will come, and the sound of the many gladdening notes of all the beautiful creation of our Father in Heaven will be heard in our land. Now I don't know that the preceding will afford thee one ray of comfort, for I have written just as my pen moved along without any catering. I have quite a desire that thou shouldst not suffer thy mind to dwell too much upon its own feebleness, but arise and shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord has arisen upon thee. Thou hast nothing to fear, but rather to rejoice evermore and in all things give thanks. Our late visit within your borders was cheering to our feelings, from an evidence furnished that there is a living remnant, who are often led to plead, not only for their own lives, but for the lives of their people. Well these are as the salt of the earth which has not lost its savor.

Our hearts affectionately greet dear ——. Her bow, I trust, will continue to abide in strength, and the hands be made strong even by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob.

I hope our dear friend —— will see his way to remove from his present home very clearly before he decides upon it. Let him look at the advantages and disadvantages that will probably result to himself, wife and children, both as it may affect their temporal and spiritual welfare—always giving the latter full weight in the decision. It is a serious thing to unsettle old and establish new relations among strangers. I know temporal interests have great weight in the scale, (often too much), but He that said, "Seek first the kingdom of Heaven, and its righteousness, and all things shall be added," will ever make good His promise, and if sought unto will point out the way, though it may be contrary to what our inclination would lead to. He knows what is best both for us and our tender offspring, and to be willing to submit to His decision, whether it is to possess much or little, is the greatest wisdom, and will produce the most solid peace to our own minds,

as well as real advantage to our children, and perhaps our children's children.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 14, 1869.

DIED.

WALKER.—At her residence in Walker Township, York Co., Pa., of heart disease, on the morning of the 22d of Sixth mo., 1869, Lydia G. Walker, wife of Asahel Walker, aged 73 years; a member of Warrington Meeting. Her remains were interred in Friends' burial ground at Warrington, after a solemn meeting held in Friends' Meeting-house. She gave evidence that she was prepared for her departure whenever it was her Heavenly Father's will to take her home.

COFFIN.—In New York, on the 24th of Eighth mo., 18—, Mary S. Coffin, widow of the late Alexander J. Coffin, of Poughkeepsie. Her illness, which she bore with Christian patience and resignation, was a brief but painful one. Believing her Heavenly Father would be with her through the valley and shadow of death, she feared no evil—she died as she had lived, full of love and Christian virtue. She had been made to partake deeply of the cup of affliction; the draught was indeed a bitter one. Without murmur or complaint she bowed in meek submission to her many deep baptisms. She possessed to a great degree a kind and loving disposition, ever ready to forgive the faults of any when she saw their errors, and to throw the mantle of charity over all. It may be truly said of her, she had passed through the waters and was not overwhelmed—through the fire and not consumed.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The Executive Committee will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, Eighth month 20th, at 3 o'clock.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

8th mo. 15th, Orange, N. J., 10½ A.M.
" " Junius, N.Y., 3 P M.
" " Haverford, Pa., 3 P.M.
" " Roaring Creek, Pa., 10 A.M.
" " Catawissa, Pa., 4 P.M.

WILLIAM LADD.

In the Work of Prof. T. C. Upham, entitled Divine Union, in the chapter on Union with God in the work of civil and national redemption, is an allusion to this laborious and faithful friend of the cause of peace. It is a just tribute to his labors and great influence, under circumstances not peculiarly favorable; and is an encouragement to others to go and do likewise.

"Some years since," says Prof. U., "I was acquainted with an individual, who has now gone to his rest and his reward. I have reference to the late William Ladd, the mention of whose name will recall cherished recollections to many hearts. In early life he followed the sea;—in the course of a few years he became the commander of a merchant vessel, and acquired some amount of property. On quitting the sea, he purchased a farm in the inland town of Minot, in the State of Maine. On reading a tract on peace, written by one of the former presidents of Bowdoin College, he was led to reflect upon the inconsistency of war with the Gospel. Having enjoyed favorable opportunities of education before going to sea, and being a person of a strong mind, he conceived the idea of putting an end to war throughout the world by means of a Congress of Nations, which should have power to establish an international code, and also a High Court of Nations. What a mighty project to be brought about by such limited agency!

"A few years before his death, I visited his retired residence. He showed me the room, in which he had written the numerous papers, and even volumes, on the subject of war. Walking with him in one of his beautiful fields, he pointed to a small cluster of trees at a little distance, and said, 'It was beneath those trees that I solelmly consecrated myself in prayer to this one work of impressing upon the minds of men the principles of peace.' For many years he spent a large portion of his time in going from city to city, and from town to town, in almost all parts of the United States, introducing the subject to Associations of Ministers, conversing with all classes of persons in relation to it, and lecturing wherever he could find an audience. I met with him often, and have been deeply affected with his simplicity and fixedness of purpose. He fully believed that God had inspired within him that central idea, around which the labors of his life turned; and those who knew him intimately could hardly fail to be impressed with a similar conviction. He corresponded with distinguished individuals in Europe; and he scattered his numerous tracts and other writings on this momentous subject in all parts of the world. For many years the important movements of the American Peace Society appeared to rest upon him more than upon any other individual. He died; and although he was preceded and has been followed by others of a kindred spirit, he was the means under God of giving an impulse to the cause of peace, which is felt throughout the world. Society, penetrated by the great thought of universal pacification, seems to be brought to a stand. At Brussels, at Paris, at Frankfort on the Main, at London, we see nations, as it were, assembled in great Congresses, and consulting on their position and duties, in consequence of the impulse, which God was pleased to communicate, in a great degree, through the labors of this comparatively humble individual.

"Let us not, then, look upon the outward person or the outward situation. It is one of the attributes of God to deduce great results

from small causes. Wherever there is faith in God, there is power, whatever may be the situation of the person who exercises it."—*Advocate of Peace.*

THE WAY OF THE LORD.

A Discourse suggested by the opening of the Pacific Railroad, delivered Sixth month 20th, 1869, by WILLIAM J. POTTER.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness. Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain. And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together.—*Isaiah* xl. 3, 4 and 5.

The Hebrews were accustomed to make little or no distinction between material and spiritual prosperity. They regarded the one as the necessary basis and authentic evidence of the other; and in the conditions of a perfect outward civilization they found the materials for their most glowing prophetic descriptions of the final triumphs, happiness, and peace that were to come to them as a religious people, specially chosen and guided by God. If material prosperity were denied them, they regarded the denial as a retribution for their spiritual transgressions. If material success were granted, it was a reward for their religious fidelity. Hence they had accepted their exile and captivity in Babylon as a punishment for their sins. And when the days of their captivity were drawing to a close, their prophets endeavored to inspire the people with the necessary enthusiasm and courage for returning to their native land, by such pictures of future prosperity and peace and joy as we find in the hilarious words of which the text is a sample. They represented a voice crying to them out of the very wilderness to prepare a road for Jehovah's people back to Jerusalem and Mount Zion, that they might rebuild there the old altars, and re-establish the old worship, and fulfil at last the old national dream of a perfect kingdom of God on earth.

And they went back, a great part of them; and they rebuilt the temple on Mount Zion, and re-established the old worship, and restored the waste places. But still the fancied prosperity and peace did not come; their light did not shine as they expected; the Gentiles did not acknowledge their dominion or their God; and their old dream of a perfect earthly kingdom was unfulfilled. Their mistake was in supposing that the "way of the Lord" extended only some five hundred miles from Babylon to Jerusalem, and that from Mount Zion alone, and through their nation, was to be dictated the law which was to govern all the nations of the earth.

And so as the dream was not fulfilled, this prophetic language began to receive a somewhat larger and figurative interpretation. "This way," it began to be said, was not a simple road through the desert and over the mountains and valleys between Babylon and Jerusalem, but a road leading to Jerusalem from all quarters of the known earth, over which the *Messianic Prince* was symbolically to advance to his sovereignty, and by which all the nations of the earth were to come and to acknowledge his reign. Christianity, with still further modification, and with some dogmatic interpretation, took up and developed the same idea.

But still the dream remained unfulfilled. Neither Judaism nor Christianity has yet fulfilled it according to the prophetic expectations. And the mistake of Christianity, as of Judaism, has been in the supposition that the kingdom of God on the earth must have its centre in one special spot of the earth and come by one special instrumentality; and that every "way of the Lord" must end in that spot, and that all the nations of the earth, acknowledging themselves in darkness and without God in the world, must come to that to receive their sovereign Lord and law and light.

But meantime Divine Providence has been working by various instrumentalities to "prepare the way of the Lord," and make ready for His government on the earth, and for the prosperity and peace that belong to it. "The way of the Lord" cannot be monopolized by any one people. It cannot be wholly in the territory of any one nation; nor have its source nor its terminus in any specific national metropolis. It belongs to no one people exclusively either to build it or control it; nor can it be said that it is built wholly from religious motives, or through religious instrumentalities. Anything, within moral limits, that helps mankind better to understand and to use the laws and forces of nature; anything that helps to elicit and to disseminate truth; anything that tends to bring the nations of the earth into a better acquaintance with each other's habits of thought and life, and to a better respecting of each other's rights; anything that serves to produce a spirit of larger toleration, charity, regard and fellowship among all branches of the family of man; anything that will beget among men a purer worship and a stronger virtue and a more practical and substantial justice, is an effective instrumentality for preparing the way of the Lord upon the earth, and for establishing his kingdom among the nations. Not only the specific institutions of religion and philanthropy, but science and arts and letters, the advancing forces of modern civilization, the

printing press, the free school, the great discoveries and inventions of modern times, democratic forms of government, commerce and its instrumentalities of steam and electricity—all these are ways by which the divine sovereignty is descending upon and extending over the earth, and a veritable human brotherhood is being established among men. Religion through its institutions cannot claim to do everything for God that is done for Him in the world. On the contrary, religion itself is broadened and purified and advanced by these other instrumentalities. Its traditions are sifted by historical investigation and culture, so as to separate truth from fable; its claims are so adjusted by science that, though the local Deity and the specific Providence vanish, Universal Intelligence and Infinite Beneficence are more solidly established; and its technical differences and divisions, whether dogmatic, ecclesiastic, or national, very much dwindle and disappear to the eye from that higher point of view which commands a comparison of all systems of faith, and discloses the fact that the *substance* of all systems is everywhere the same,—that all religions, even the poorest, have positive truth, and that none of them, even the best, has the whole of truth with no alloy of error.

Religion, therefore, as technically instituted cannot claim to be the exclusive revealer of God to man, or the exclusive appointer and preparer of the ways by which God establishes his sovereignty in human society. Her office rather is to keep pace with advancing civilization, and to ennoble and consecrate it, by holding up before man ever higher and higher ideals of reverence and purity and love as the permanent elements of human society. She has no rivalry with, nor jealousy of, these ways and methods which are not of her specific appointing. Rather let her be swift to recognize that these, too, may be legitimate ways for the Divine Majesty to appear, and swift to claim that they shall be used for the highest interests of truth and humanity.

And among the instrumentalities through which in modern times Divine Providence is working out its problems and accomplishing its purposes in human society, none is more powerful than that of commerce. Commerce is the great missionary of modern civilization; and, if true to her mission, she will carry in her train not only material goods but mental and spiritual; exchanging among the nations not only the products of the earth or of human hands, but the products of minds and souls as well; and not merely joining countries by her modes of conveyance, and shortening the distance between the opposite sides of the earth by steam and telegraph, but knitting the people in the countries together by indissoluble bonds of amity, and so shortening the space between the *hearts* of men, that, though the antipodes of each other, they may feel the warm pulsings of one blood, and discover that they are brothers.

And so commerce, when true to its providential guidance, is the missionary of religion as well as of civilization. It was commerce, true to its light, that discovered this continent of America, and opened it to civilization and freedom. It was commerce mainly, outside of New England, that settled the continent, and has spread over it its new life. Commerce has been, even with all its faults, a stronger missionary than Christianity in introducing a new life into India. And to-day commerce is opening the doors of China and Japan, ostensibly only for the exchanging of national material products, but really for the mingling of races, civilizations and religions, which have heretofore flourished very jealously apart, and which cannot come together without some modification of character on both sides. It is commerce that has pierced a path under the Atlantic for its electric line of thought, and that has nearly girded the earth with its magnetic wires, which now run like a vast nerve-system to every member of the great human family, instantaneously to report whatever local want may exist at any spot, that the defect may be at once provided for out of the well-filled resorvoir of the whole.

And now, in this country, commerce has just completed, in the Pacific Railroad, another of these powerful instrnmentalities; whose use cannot be measured by the specific objects for which it has been planned and achieved, but only by those grander results which, though not directly aimed at by the human projectors, must nevertheless follow in the path of their projects, because they clearly are aimed at by the Infinite Projector, who uses man's purposes to the accomplishment of his own. I look upon this vast line of road, stretching across the continent from ocean to ocean, through desert and over mountain, exalting the valleys and bringing low the hills, and making the crooked straight and the rough places plain, as a veritable preparing of the way of the Lord across the earth, and a building in the desert a highway for our God. The old prophesy is beginning to be literally fulfilled as it has never been before. The voice crying in the wilderness has been heard—the voice of human weakness, and want, and wretchedness, and desolation—and modern civilization on wings of steam is flying to the rescue, to carry to this outlying mass of human barbarism and ignorance the redeeming power of

knowledge and industry and virtue; and to knit all parts of the human family closer together, in order that the poorer and weaker parts may get warmth and comfort from the stronger and healthier.

Now I am not going to glorify modern civilization as a pure evangel. I know how poor and sordid it is in many of its aspects. I know how material it is. I do not think that it can itself alone do the work of religion or philanthropy. I do not feel at all sure that its materialistic tendencies are not going even to demoralize it to such an extent, that there will be a general moral crash and intellectual eclipse—a period of mental and moral disaster, comparable to the dark ages, as the legitimate result of this materialistic philosophy and practice—before humanity can be brought to see the true relations of material prosperity to the real prosperity of the race, and this modern civilization, that rests now so exclusively on science and art and craft of hands, can be made to yield its rich fruit of mental and spiritual blessings for mankind. Nor am I going to glorify the American people in particular for this particular achievement of the Pacific Railroad. The road, perhaps, is little to boast of in itself. That it has been built so rapidly may be not so much to our glory as to our shame. American haste has doubtless made waste in this matter as in many others. And we shall be fortunate if we do not pay the penalty of this vice of haste in some terrible catastrophe on the road before the year shall end.

And yet, in spite of the materialistic and sordid tendencies of modern civilization, in spite of the dangers that accompany it and of the possible gulf of disaster that threaten it, I believe that modern civilization carries with it, especially in its already enormous and still rapidly developing commercial activity, a power in behalf of international justice and peace and mutual comity, respect, and fellowship among all races and tribes of men, such as is wielded by no church or any instituted form of religion, or by any other agency, that prevails anywhere in human society to-day. And so of the Pacific Railroad, forming so important a part in this vast chain of commercial communication that binds the nations of the earth together, in spite of the possible financial corruption that is attached to it, and of the political corruption that will gravitate to it, and in spite of some sham workmanship that time and possible disaster to a loaded passenger train will have to correct, I am ready to say that its opening marks an era, not only in the material success, but in the entire history of our country. It completes the full circle of commercial forces which now have perfect play in nearly a direct line through all the civilized and productive nations around the globe. And so it emancipates, and brings into contact and action upon each other, social forces and ethnic forces that have long been held apart by the barriers of ocean and mountain. It supplies, therefore, the one defect which has always been wanting to make this continent really the "new world." Heretofore we have been little more than a modified repetition of Europe. The elements of our civilization have all come from the Western nations of the old continent; and so our civilization has been essentially European, though in somewhat freer form. But now we have extended a hall across our national mansion to our Pacific door, and have opened that to the oldest existing civilization of the world; and China is already landing her population at our doorstep, and accepting our hospitality. India, with her venerable traditions and religion and literature, is but a little way behind her. So now we have completed in this country the circuit of a new magnetic current, running through all populations and races and bloods, and joining the oldest portion of the world to the newest, and the most ancient civilization to the most modern, and we stand grasping both poles of the battery, ready to be charged with whatsoever new national force of intelligence and temperament shall be developed from this junction of civilizations and races and religions and modes of thought and life so various and opposite.

(To be continued.)

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

The "Sky Railway" in Running Order.

A visitor to the White Mountains describes the Mount Washington Railway in a letter to the Boston *Journal*.

"The great wonder of the mountain region this year is the railroad up the side of Mount Washington, or the 'sky railway,' as some one has very appropriately termed it. This stupendous work is now entirely finished and in operation from the base of the mountain to the Tip-Top House, in front of which the iron horse may daily be heard snorting. What a sensation the Crawfords, the pioneers of the White Hills, would experience could they but return to earth, and see how modern ingenuity has overcome the difficulties of mountain traveling; and how astonished they would be to witness a locomotive ploughing its way through the clouds toward their old haunt, and to hear its shrill whistle at the very summit of the mountain! The railroad is certainly a great triumph of engineering and mechanical skill. By its means Mount Washington may be ascended as easily and as safely as any other railroad journey can be perform-

ed. A detailed description of the road and the mode of operating it appeared last year. This means of ascending the mountain was invented by Mr. Sylvester Marsh, of Littleton, and the road has been constructed under the charge of Mr. J. J. Sanborn, a man of great experience and skill in this branch of business.

"The depot at the base of the mountain is six miles from the Falbyan place, or seven miles from the White Mountain House; the approach to it being over an excellent turnpike for this region, leading from the former point, where it is proposed to build another hotel at no distant day. The turnpike runs along the banks of the Ammonoosuc river and directly by the main falls, which form a great point of attraction for all visitors. The railroad was nearly completed last year, but about five hundred feet remained to be laid this summer. Mr. Sanborn could not recommence work so soon this season as last, on account of the severe weather. In the latter part of May the snow was two feet deep in the vicinity of the depot. Mr. Sanborn took up a gang of men to the summit of the mountain in June, and the remaining rails were laid in about three weeks. The workmen labored under many disadvantages on account of the winds and the cold weather, even in July. July 1st ice formed to the thickness of three inches at the Tip-Top, and July 3d and 4th were also quite cold. Last fall the work was carried on up to the 16th of October, when snow fell to the depth of eighteen inches, and the laborers were driven off. Operations were begun in the spring of last year as early as May 11th.

"Some of Mr. Hitchcock's people drove up the mountain from the Glen House side on the 10th of last month to put the Tip-Top and Summit Houses in order, and a large snow drift, thirty feet wide, had to be leveled before the roadway could be made passable. The first visitors this year are recorded under date of June 11th. A snow-squall occurred as late as June 13th. There are still huge patches of snow upon the northwestern banks of the Gulf of Mexico (on the slopes of Mount Clay) and upon the sides of some of the other mountains, as well as in the Tuckerman ravine, where, in the winter, it is said to have been piled in to the enormous depth of a thousand feet. The snow banks will probably remain well into the dog-days.

"The railroad ascends the mountain in a tolerably straight course, following the general line of the old Fabyan bridle-path. The depot is 2,685 feet above the level of the sea, or 1,117 feet above the White Mountain House. This leaves a grade of 3,600 feet to be overcome, as the height of the mountain is 6,285 feet above the level of the sea. The length of the road is two miles and thirteen-sixteenths. The heaviest grade is thirteen inches to the yard, and the very lightest one inch to the foot. A part of the course is over 'Jacob's ladder,' the zigzag portion of the old bridle-path lying just above the point where the trees are left behind. The railroad takes a generally straight line, however, curving slightly, only to maintain a direct course. The rolling stock is in a much better condition than it was last year. There are two locomotives now in use, and a third is expected from the establishment of Mr. Walter Aiken, at Franklin, this week or next. These are more powerful than those in use last year. A new car has also been constructed.

"The locomotive pushes the car before it up the incline, and both run upon three rails, the centre one being a cog-rail. The engine and car are kept upon the track by friction rollers under the sides of the cog-rail, and the appliances for stopping the descent are ample. By means of atmospheric brakes either the car or engine could be sent down alone at any given rate of slowness; and there are also hand-brakes operating with equal directness upon the central wheels, together with other means of governing the machinery of locomotion. Every competent person who has examined the road and the running machinery pronounce both as safe as they could possibly be made. The landing-place at the top of the mountain is directly in rear of the telegraph office, and but a few rods from the door of the Tip-Top House. Near the top of the track passes within a few feet of the rude monument which marks the spot where poor Lizzie Bourne, of Kennebunk, Me., met her sad death in 1855. There are three or four watering stations along the road, the water being brought from neighboring springs, and also two buildings erected for the shelter of the workmen—one at what is termed Waumbek Junction, and the other opposite the Gulf of Mexico. One of these buildings was broken into last winter by the bears, who, together with the wild cats, made sad havoc with a lot of provisions Mr. Sanborn had left there.

For the Children.

PRESENT BLESSINGS.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briers from our way.

"WATCH FOR THE MORNING."

BY S. H. BROWNE.

WATCHER, 'tis dark, and thy dwelling is lonely!
The night-lamp shines dimly, and so does thine eye:
Thou art thinking thy portion is wretchedness only,
Disheartened, despairing, and longing to die!
Watcher, look out where the day-star is dawning!
Hope in thy soul let its promise awake;
And, sleepless, though weary, still wait for the morning—
Never a night but the morning shall break!

Wanderer, 'tis dark, and the tempest is roaring
Wildly above thee, and raging around;
Terrors and dangers their vials are pouring
Right on thy pathway, where quicksands abound!
Wanderer, 'tis better to bow than to bide it;
Harmlessly o'er thee the Storm King shall ride:—
Deep yawns the chasm; it were death to bestride it—
Pass on where the valley is sloping and wide.

Weeper, 'tis dark, for the Angel of Sorrow
Hath spread o'er the landscape the gloom of his wing;
No hue from the rainbow thy sadness can borrow,
No joy to thy bosom the spring-time can bring.
Weeper, despair not; there is that can cure thee!
Yes, e'en to the heartsick a balm can be given,
A draught that shall comfort and gladness insure thee;—
Drink deeply, drink freely, its fount is in Heaven!

Oh! ye who are suffering, and toiling, and sighing:
Who in darkness of spirit are groping your way;
Who are weary of hoping, and trusting, and trying:
Who are sure that your midnight can never be day—
Look forth where the day-star of promise is dawning;
Stand fast by your duty, your God, and your right;
And patient and faithful thus watch for the morning,
Assured it shall bring ye both healing and light!

—*The Independent.*

NOW.

Count not in idle dreams of bliss,
To-morrow's golden sand:
Hold fast, dear heart, the precious gem
Time drops within your hand;

Nor let its pure and priceless wealth,
Ungarnered, slip away,
While you, with folded palms, weep o'er
The lost of yesterday.

Nor scorn its homely covering:
Beneath it lies, be sure,
Fresh from the good Creator's hand,
A diamond heavenly pure.

Which, praying oft and fervently
For faith that asks not sight,
Labor and patient sacrifice
Shall bring unto the light.

So may the lustre of its beams
Enravish angel-eyes,
And gild the spirit's upward way
To God and Paradise! E. D.

Should things go against you, never give way to debilitating depression; but be hopeful, brave, courageus, careful not to waste in vain and unavailng regret the power you will need for endurance and endeavor.

EDUCATION FOR GIRLS.

BY MARY F. DAVIS.

We are told that at the meetings of the trustees of Cornell University this year, the admission of women to the institution was one of the first questions under discussion. By the terms of the charter, State scholarships are not limited to young men, so that it is possible for a young woman of proper character and qualifications to gain admittance, if she presents a State certificate. But no provision has yet been made for the accomodation of such students. "It will be hard," says the *Post*, "to find convenient homes, accessible from the buildings; and some think it will be harder to secure entire freedom from annoyance, for one or a very few young women, in a community of nearly six hundred young men."

Thus the way is hedged about, as it has always been in the best institutions of learning, for the admission of women. Instead of provision having been made, in the beginning, for the education of our daughters side by side with our sons, by one who said, "I would found an Institution where any person can find instruction in any study," girls were left out of the account until the Institution should be fairly under way, and now it will be found extremely difficult to bring about the changes necessary to their admission. And yet here is a University which really marks the beginning of a new epoch in education. It is broad and comprehensive in its plan. It represents no sect, class, or theory. A man may there learn to be a tiller of the soil, a mechanic, or a scientist; and at the same time ample provision is made for classical, æsthetic, and literary discipline for such as choose it. As usual, women have made splendid donations to this institution, which has as yet invited no woman to share its advantages. Miss Jenny McGraw has bestowed upon it a chime of nine bells, and to these Mrs. President White has added a great bell of five thousand pounds. Like other Colleges, it is a nucleus toward which gifts and endowments flow freely; and already it has an extensive library, ornithological collections, workshops, drill-rooms, and laboratories, and scrip representing 990,000 acres of land.

To young women these advantages should be made as free as to young men. And to all these is added the advantage of a moderate outlay for those of limited means. Several young men have paid their way during the past year by giving a portion of their time to industrial pursuits, and others have not exceeded three hundred dollars expense. There are hundreds of young women, daughters of farmers and artizans throughout the States, who hopelessly aspire to just such opportuni-

ties for laying hold with their own ready hands, of the means of culture. The most timid and sensitive girl, thirsting for knowledge, should be welcomed to those halls, instead of being made to feel that she is pushing her way obtrusively to advantages to which she has no right to aspire!

A mother made the following appeal to the Trustees of Cornell University in behalf of the education of her daughters as well as her sons; an appeal which not only they but all others who have charge of schools would do well to heed:

"The subject of education is to me as dear as life itself, as I was born with an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and which, thank God, does not grow less with increasing years.

"I cannot better express my views on this subject, than by giving a little of my own experience. My father was a poor man, with a large family to support, and all the education he could give his children was what they could get in a country school, and one term each in a New England Academy, where we hired a room and boarded ourselves, he paying our tuition. My sister and myself attended the Black River Academy, at Ludlow, Vermont, where one of the teachers became so much interested in our progress, that at the close of the term he made arrangements for us to work for our board, and offered to become responsible for our tuition, we remunerating him, provided circumstances rendered it reasonable for us to do so. We went home and laid the plan before our parents and other members of the family, and it was decided we could not go, as my mother was quite worn out doing the work, and in fact they could not afford it.

"It was a turning-point in my life. My health was rather delicate. I had never earned more than a dollar a week in teaching a district school, and fully realized my own inability to accomplish much in the way of earning an education. I had such a passionate desire for knowledge, from infancy, that I had never before realized but that in some way my intellectual longings were to be gratified. I felt that a part of my life had gone out, and that the bright star of my existence had set, and henceforth there was nothing for me but to plod on mechanically, with a soul crushed and lifeless. I hardly need add, though I have never attended school since, that books and periodicals have done much to atone for it—thanks to the earnest and true men and women who write for them, thus reaching the common people. * *

"Boys need the gentle, refining, and elevating influence of their sisters, and the girls of the present generation especially need to feel that educated, earnest, practical men have so much confidence in their natural endowments as to consider them worthy of an equal share in this great enterprise. It would give them stability of character, and a new impetus to cultivate in themselves all that would make them desirable companions for noble and learned men, ay, even more, help to fit them to become the mothers of a race worthy the destiny of American people.

"Feeling as I do the importance of this movement to the youth of both sexes, not only of this generation, but those who are to follow in their footsteps, I do most earnestly entreat you not to leave us out. Let me add, in the name of justice and humanity, and the progress of the nineteenth century, do not crush out the little germ of self-respect that is taking root in the hearts of the women of America by so great an act of injustice."

The scrap of experience given with true pathos in this letter, indicates the heart-burnings and despair of many a poor girl who has seen the best means of discipline placed beyond her reach. "Reading, writing and arithmetic," used to be thought sufficient for girls, while boys of the same family perchance were sent to college for a four years' course, and then three or four additional years were allowed for professional discipline. When I consider the difficulties that have always stood in the way of women's true education, I am struck with amazement, not that they do not know more, but that they know so much thoroughly. What opportunities have they had for the highest culture save what they have wrought out for themselves? At the age of sixteen, Margaret Fuller gathered around her a brilliant group of literary friends in Cambridge, where she had access to the college library, and reveled in the rich stores of French, German and English literature; but were the doors of Harvard open to her? No; even though two of her brothers afterward went honorably through that College under her supervision. When twenty-four years of age, and still intent upon study, instead of being safely sheltered within the walls of an University, where the cares of study might alone engage her attention, she was hemmed in by hindrances which would have crushed a less dauntless spirit. She wrote in March, 1834:

"Four pupils are a serious and fatiguing charge for one of my somewhat ardent and impatient disposition. Five days in the week, I have given daily lessons in three languages, in geography and history, besides many exercises on alternate days. This has consumed often eight, always five hours of my day. There has been also a great deal of needlework to do, which is now nearly finished, so that I shall not be obliged to pass my time

about it when everything looks beautiful, as I did last summer. We have had very poor servants, and, for some time past, only one. My mother has been often ill. My grandmother, who passed the winter with us, has been ill. Thus, you may imagine, as I am the only grown up daughter, that my time has been considerably taxed. But as, sad or merry, I must be always learning, I laid down a course of study at the beginning of winter, comprising certain subjects, about which I had always felt deficient. These were the history and geography of modern Europe, beginning the former in the fourteenth century; the elements of architecture; the works of Alfieri, with his opinions on them; the historical and critical works of Goethe and Schiller, and the outlines of history of our own country."

Who can wonder that under such a herculean burden the outlines of womanly character should become somewhat distorted, or that the toiler should sink with its weight? On reading the appreciative biographical sketch of Charlotte Prince Dawes, written by T. W. Higginson, I was deeply moved at the picture therein drawn of a gifted young woman's struggles with poverty and illness in her endeavor to attain high literary culture. In this effort her body failed, and a brilliant soul passed on. "She would always have been hampered," said her biographer, "*by the want of early mental training,* and by the absence of sound health." For her no Yale or Harvard threw open its doors and bade her welcome; for her no State endowment or individual bequest secured a scholarship in any first-class university.

Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, twenty-five years ago, was denied admission to all the medical schools of New York, Philadelphia and Boston; but her great perseverance at last opened for her the doors of Geneva College, from which starting-point she has gone steadily onward to her present honored and influential position. But it is needless to multiply examples. Their name is legion. Furthermore, there is a change going on in public opinion which will ultimately make the education of girls of paramount importance in the estimation of all classes. God speed the day of this awakening. Vassar College is one of the signs of its coming; and another is the universal agitation of the question: "Shall women learn the alphabet?" with all its correlatives and consequences. Thirty-four graduates went forth from Vassar College at this year's close, and they, with the Alumni of past and future years, will represent a higher type of womanhood. Let woman be truly educated, and we may confidently prophecy a higher type of humanity, since she is the Mother of the Race.

Because this mighty power to sway the destinies of the world is garnered up in the nature of woman, she should be educated and privileged to the fullest extent of her capabilities and claims. All the advantages that ever accrue to human beings in the best state of society should be secured to her without reserve or limitation, that she may stand side by side with the noblest and most cultured; for on her thorough development and perfect freedom depend her own happiness and the redemption and elevation of mankind.—*Banner of Light.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

SEVENTH MONTH.

	1868.	1869.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	13 days.	13 days.
Rain all or nearly all day	0 "	0 "
Cloudy, without storms	11 "	11 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	8 "	7 "
	31 "	31 "

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1868.	1869.
Mean temperature of 7th mo., per Penna. Hospital,	80.94 deg.	76.54 deg.
Highest point attained during month	98.00 "	97.50 "
Lowest do. do. do.	69.00 "	62.00 "
RAIN during the month, do.	3.51 in.	2.88 in.
DEATHS during the month, being for 4 current weeks for 1868 and 5 for 1869.	1782	2098

Average of the mean temperature of 7th month for the past *eighty* years	75.76 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1798–1838	81.00 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1816	68.00 "

In reference to the *deaths*, deduct one-fifth from *this* year's number, and they will stand thus—1782 for 1868, against 1680 for 1869. Very few cases of *coup de soliel* have occurred during the month under review the present year, while last year, from the 4th to the 25th inclusive, *one hundred and one deaths* had taken place from that cause! And as to the *temperature*, it will be seen it has been lower in every phase than last year, although about three quarters of a degree *above the average* for the past *eighty* years.

8th mo. 1, 1869. J. M. ELLIS.

STRANGE FREAKS OF LIGHTNING.

Lightning, like light, furnishes another wonderful succession of marvels. How delicate, how subtle! It performs its work sometimes with scarcely a touch. Bodies have been killed by lightning, and they have not given the slightest trace of any wound or scar—no slight touch of a burn or contusion, no hint of the way by which the bird sprang from its confinement. Delicate and most subtle,

we have said, has often been its work. Think of it melting a bracelet from a lady's wrist, yet leaving the wrist untouched; think of its melting a pair of crystal goblets suddenly, without breaking them. Arago tells how the lightning one day visited the shop of a Suabian cobbler, and did not touch the artisan, but magnetized all his tools. One can well imagin the immense dismay of the poor fellow; his hammer, pincers, and awl attracted all the needles pins, and tacks and nails, and caused them to adhere firmly to the tools. We read of a merchant of Wakefield, who had placed in the corner of his room a box of knives and forks, and iron tools, destined to be sent to the colonies; in came the lightning, struck open the box, spread all the articles on the floor, and it was found, when they were picked up, that every one had acquired new properties—they had all been affected by the subtle touch of the current. Some remained intact, others were melted, but they had all been rendered more or less magnetic, so that there was not a single nail in the box but might have served the purpose of a mariner's compass.—*Eclectic and Congregational Review.*

ITEMS.

A NEGRO has been admitted to the bar in Florida.

THREE colored men have been appointed on the Washington police, causing much commotion among the politicians there.

AN UNBROKEN TELEGRAPHIC CIRCUIT was made, and messages were sent, on a Sunday night, last month, from Houston, Texas, to Helena, Montana. Telegrams between these places went *via* New Orleans, Mobile, Knoxville, Washington, New York, Chicago, and Salt Lake City, and the entire length of route was 4,786 miles. Had the San Francisco operator not been out of the office, he would have been drawn into the circuit, and the length extended from Salt Lake City a thousand miles more. The weather was very favorable and the wires were in good condition.—*Exchange Paper.*

THE COOL WEATHER which prevails at present in Europe and America has, among other causes, been attributed to the unusual number of spots now to be observed on the sun's disk. Father Secchi, the learned Italian astronomer, has sent a communication to the *Giornale di Roma*, stating that the sun has arrived "at a period of an unusual prevalence of spots. On the morning of July 7th, thirty-three principal ones were counted, disposed in seven or eight groups. Their number is rapidly approaching a maximum. The whole surface of the luminary is covered with them, and it appeared several times to present the aspect of a mass of white flakes on an ash-colored ground."

THE HEAT in the East Indies during the present summer is reported to be very excessive. Apoplexy and cholera have been very fatal both to the English residents and the natives, and many villages have been entirely depopulated. The rainy season, however, at the last accounts, was commencing with a violent monsoon, and it was anticipated that the intense heat would abate.

CARBOLIC ACID is just now the favorite disinfectant. Mixed with lime it makes what chemists call a carbolale—this is death to all bad odors. A use to which carbolic acid has lately been applied, is in the preparation of a paper saturated with a dilute solution of it, for the purpose of wrapping up animal substances, such as fresh meats, etc. These are preserved perfectly for a considerable length of time, and the odor of the carbolic acid is dissipated in the cooking.

ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.—It is reported that two French chemists have recently perfected processes by which oxygen can be obtained from common air at so low a rate of expense that the brilliant Drummond light may be made available for ordinary use. The magnesium wire now used to burn in a hydrogen flame is very expensive, and though yielding an intense light, is better suited to photography than the illumination of dwellings. It is reported, however, that the recent experiments show that zircon will emit a mild light without consuming in the flame, and that thus a large part of the expense now required by the use of magnesium will be obviated.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—The trustees of the Cornell University, it is reported, have decided to admit one hundred girls, and are devising means for their employment, that they, like the male pupils, might, by their own labor, pay the whole or part of their expenses for board and education. A few, it is thought, can at once be received and placed at domestic work of different kinds. An offer has recently been made by a prominent business college in New York city to instruct fifty women in bookkeeping without charge.

THE only collegiate institution founded and owned by colored men in North America is Wilberforce University, at Xenia, Ohio, founded in 1863. Although having a colored man at its head, and two colored professors, it has two white professors, and admits blacks and whites to its classes with equal freedom. The college building was burned to the ground April 14, 1865, by an incendiary. The trustees are laboring to rebuild it at a cost of about $35,000, which they look to the friends of the struggling negro to give them. It is to aid the colored men to arise and educate and Christianize themselves.

A METEOR recently exploded near Elkhorn, Wis., and deposited on the ground a mass resembling the cellular slag from an iron furnace. A circular space 66 feet in diameter was covered with this substance, which presented the appearance of having fallen in a hot fluid mass, spattering around the scoriæ after it had struck.

THE TRANSPORNATION OF FRUIT from California to the East is engaging the attention of the managers of the Central Pacific Railway, who have ordered the construction of fifty cars to be used in this business. The cars are to be kept cool by funnel air-pump ventilators, wire screens and cross-bars, so that the fruit may be stowed in such a way as to receive a plentiful supply of fresh air. In this way it is believed that grapes, pears and other fruits can be sent in good condition to the Atlantic States. With the rate of transportation at $12.52, gold, per hundred pounds, it is believed grapes can be sent from San Francisco to New York for $15 per hundred pounds, and retailed at 25 cents a pound, yielding a handsome profit.

CO-OPERATIVE housekeeping is soon to be undertaken in Cambridge, Mass. A number of ladies have agreed to try the experiment of a store-room, bakery, kitchen, and laundry, on the co-operative principle

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
Benj. Strattan, *Richmond, Ind.*
Wm. H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
T Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE INDIANS.

As all the readers of the *Intelligencer* may not have had an opportunity of attending an Indian Council, I will attempt a little description of the manner in which the thing is conducted, and the appearance the occasion presents. In the Omaha tribe of Indians there are nine chiefs, holding office during life or good behaviour. They are appointed by the Agent, and subject to removal by him at any time. It has been a time-honored custom to make treaties with the Indian chiefs on behalf of the tribe which they represent; a practice which has been most sorrowfully abused. It is common, on occasions of importance to call a council of the chiefs to consult with the Agent, when it is expected that the chiefs will represent the wishes of the tribe in general, in relation to the matter under consideration. Occasionally, however, the whole tribe is summoned to meet in Council, as in case of taking a census of the people, or in matters where individual interests are particularly concerned. At this Agency there is a room provided specially for holding Councils, but in warm weather the Indians sometimes prefer meeting in some shady place in the open air, where they take their seats on the grass, facing the Agent and Interpreter, who sit near together. None of the chiefs of this tribe can speak or understand the English language except a few words, such as corn, pony, flour, money, sick, hungry, &c. Like other members of the tribe they generally dress with a blanket of a red, green, white, or occasionally a black color. On extra occasions a few of them have a kind of state dress. One in particular sometimes appears with an immense head-dress, which I will not attempt to describe, farther than to say that the tails and claws of wild animals are the most prominent features in the arrangement. Their ears are perforated in several places with large holes, in which are inserted great numbers of little tinkling ornaments. A string of large beads round the neck is generally a prominent accompaniment. They sometimes wear leggins ornamented with bows of fancy-colored materials, and where any covering for the feet is used it is invariably moccasins. They all have jet-black hair, which is coarse, but very smooth and glossy; sometimes it is braided in long plaits, hanging down behind; others have the sides of the head shaved close, with a ridge of long hair running from the forehead back over the middle of the scalp. Their manner when assembled in Council is generally grave, though they speak with vivacity when conversing among themselves. One of the first things when they meet is to take out their long pipes for a smoke. These mostly consist of a tomahawk of brass or some polished metal, with a broad blade on one side, and the other terminating in the bowl of a pipe, the handle being from

1½ to 2 feet long, and constituting the stem of the pipe. Some of these pipes are made of a chocolate-colored stone of fine texture, found only in one place, in some part of Dacota. The material used for smoking is called Killikinick, and is composed of the inner bark of the red willow, which is dried and chopped fine, and before being used is rubbed up in the hand. It is tonic in its properties, and when smoked is inhaled directly into the lungs and blown out through the nostrils; the odor is not unpleasant, and the use of this material for smoking does not appear to affect injuriously the health of those who use it. Each chief takes a few whiffs of the pipe and then passes it to his neighbor. It is common for the Agent to open the Council, after a short time of deliberation, by stating the object for which the chiefs have been called together, and discussing the several points to be considered; a few sentences being spoken and then interpreted. To this there is generally a short ejaculatory response on the part of the chiefs, by an expression that sounds like "hoh." When the matter is relished this response is mostly general, but if it is not so palatable, they are sometimes silent, but pay respectful attention until the Agent has finished what he has to say; they then confer together for a short time, when one of them rises with deliberation and dignity, folds his blanket round him with rather a graceful air, the left shoulder being covered, while the right shoulder and arm are left entirely bare. He advances and extends his hand to the Agent first, and afterwards to any prominent visitors or other persons that may be present. The commencement of his speech is rather abrupt and startling. He uses much gesticulation, and speaks with an earnestness that would lead a stranger to suppose that he was under the influence of angry passions. He points energetically with his long bony finger as if towards some distant object, or looking directly into the eyes of the person addressed, he enunciates with a rapidity and energy that would lead a novice to suppose that his language was of the most excited and violent, if not menacing character; and I have often been surprised to find that when the subject matter was interpreted, his address was mild, amiable and conciliating. Notes are taken during the Council of the subject-matter under discussion, and the substance copied into a book for reference. One of the most important subjects, or rather *the* most important subject recently considered in Council is that of the allotment of the Indian lands in severalty, under the treaty of 1865, by which each head of a family is entitled to hold in his or her own individual right 160 acres of land; while to every male adult of the tribe of the age of 18 years and upwards, 40 acres is the portion assigned. This allotment is now in progress on this Reservation; forty-nine farms having been already surveyed, and corner-stones affixed to designate the boundaries of each. This movement inaugurates a new era in the history of Indian affairs, and if successfully accomplished, is destined, as I fully believe, to arrest the otherwise inevitable tendency of the race to complete extermination. An equitable division of these lands is almost, if not quite impracticable, owing to the unequal distribution of timber and supplies of running water, besides variety in the situations and quality of the soil. The allotment has been proceeded in on the basis of preference to priority of claim; notice having previously been given to the Indians to make their own selections, which have been indicated by a pen of logs or stakes driven in the ground, or in some cases the tepees set up and occupied by the claimant.

So far the work has gone on prosperously, and though in some cases several claimants have aspired to the possession of the same tract, yet they have thus far uniformly agreed to relinquish in favor of one claimant, and I incline to the belief that it would have required at least ten years of litigation on the part of white people, in what is called a Christian community, to have adjusted the same number of claims to a valuable property thus held in common.

From a recent census of the tribe it appears that there are 278 heads of families to have farms of 160 acres each set apart for their use. Forty-six male adults over eighteen, entitled to forty acres each, and ten females unmarried over eighteen, who are also by an arrangement of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, allowed to receive the same proportion of their lands. By this wise provision of the Government embodied in the aforesaid treaty, these Indians are to receive their lands in severalty, under the sanction of the Secretary of the Interior, and certificates are to be issued by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for the several tracts assigned by the allotment, upon which the Indian becomes lord of the soil in the true sense of the term, at least in so far as his individual ownership is concerned; though he is forbidden by the terms of the treaty from selling or leasing his tract to any parties except to the United States, or members of the same Indian tribe, under rules and regulations prescribed by the Secretary of the Interior. These Indians are now beginning to appreciate the advantages of individual ownership of the land, so that each can realize the benefits of his own industry and thrift, and be exempt from being preyed upon by the indolent and improvident.

One evil still remains which is most unjust and oppressive: the accountability of the tribe for the acts of lawless individuals whose deeds they cannot control.

To enclose 334 farms with fences, and build a cottage for each, to say nothing of stabling and other out-buildings, the digging of wells for water, &c., is no small undertaking. Still it can be done by a proper appropriation of money, and the right direction of labor, and that in a short time. The old tribal character of the Indians must be broken up, or their total extinction is inevitable. The chase must be abandoned as a means of subsistence. The plow, the loom and the anvil must be substituted for the bow and arrow and the quick, sharp crack of the deadly rifle. Intellectual light must break in upon the dark recesses of ignorance and superstition; while the benign influence of the Christian religion will, I trust, console the poor Indian with hope that his last days will be his best days.

E. PAINTER, U. S. Indian Agent.

Omaha Agency, Nebraska, 8th mo. 3d, 1869.

FRIENDSHIP has the skill and observation of the best physician, the diligence and vigilance of the best nurse, and the tenderness and patience of the best mother.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

CLUB TALK, OR FRAGMENTS OF BARK.

BY J. G. HUNT. 8th month, 1869.

In bringing before the Club the little family of plants called "Club-mosses," we hope to find peculiarities of development and structure not met with in any other of the orders we have studied. Botanists call these plants Lycopodiaceæ, and divide them into two families, namely: 1st. Lycopodiæ, with sporangia simple and one-celled: 2d. Ptilota; sporangia compound and many-celled. As this second family contains some plants not often found here, we propose to consider now only the first family, or the Lycopodiums proper. In this first family, then, we have but two genera, viz., Lycopodium and Selaginella, and we shall describe, in a general way, these beautiful plants, caring more for them than for the classification.

These plants, like all other things that impress us for good or for evil, have an individuality which has distinguished them from early geologic periods, and we cannot compare them now with any other members of the vegetable kingdom. Their stems are thickly covered with small ovate or awl-shaped, or lanceolate sessile leaves, and the sporangia are sessile, in usually square and compact branches which terminate the stems. They are evergreen. How much nature would have lacked in rich significance had there been no evergreen plants! Deciduous leaves are to shade us from the hot suns of this everchanging life, but the evergreens point their needle fingers towards that home which shall endure forever. We cannot but find in plants something besides the gums, and resins and alkaloids contained in their juices, and we believe their wondrous structures hold other and sweeter nutriment than starch and sugar—a nameless something—a thread of spiritual suggestion linking us with a better life.

> "Should Mammon cling
> Too close around our heart, or wealth beget
> That bloated luxury which eats the core
> From manly virtue—or the tempting world
> Make faint the Christian purpose in our soul,
> Turn then to Nature, and in her gentle company
> Kneel and give thanks to God."

Unlike the equiseta we described last month, the stems of the Lycopods are solid and quite simple in structure. A band of thickish cells forming the epidermis bounds their circumference, and all the other portion is filled with cellular tissue, more or less firm, and quite often deposits occur on the interior of these cells, rendering the stems firm and wood-like in appearance. Bundles of fibro-vascular tissue are often numerous, and these spiral ducts traverse the entire stem and give off branches which penetrate all its sub-divisions, and occupy even the centre of every leaf. The spirals, however, do not ramify and anastomose in the leaves of these plants like similar vessels do in those of higher plants. Their leaves resemble those of the mosses, with the two additions of spirals, and a few stomata.

In speaking of the fructification of the genus Lycopodium, we have not much to say, because we do not understand it. A mystery still envelops the infancy of the Lycopodiums proper, and the only evidence of reproduction by germination that has been observed has been simply a minute projection from the spore, which was noticed by Dr. De Barry, but the ultimate fate of this outgrowth from the spore, whether it bears antheridia or pistillidia, as in the ferns and equiseta, or forms only a solitary pistillidium waiting for some frolicking antherozoid from some unknown plant, has not been determined. In the Lycopods the sporangia are found sessile at the base of the leaves, and these fertile leaves are scattered either all along the stems or gathered in terminal spikes, as if foreshadowing the catkins of the higher plants. Each sporangium opens in two valves and contains a large number of minute spores, and all these spores appear to be of one kind.

The genus Selaginella presents many features of growth, structure and reproduction

of remarkable interest. Nearly all those beautiful plants cultivated in Wardian cases and called Lycopodiums are really Sellaginellas. The general aspect of this genus resembles that of the Lycopods, but often they are larger and more finely branched, and frequently from their stems adventitious roots of considerable length drop down and take hold in the earth, like the banian and gum-elastic trees of India, and altogether they seem to be endowed with a more sensitive life, responding to the changing conditions of light and moisture more readily than the true Lycopods.

The "Resurrection plant" comes to us from California or from New Mexico, and the gardeners call it a Lycopodium, but when in fruit, spores of two kinds are found in its sporangia; it therefore is a Selaginella—Selaginella convoluta is its name. We meet with it rolled up in a ball, dry and as dead in appearance and in reality as the sand still clinging to its roots. But moisture seems to revive it, and its crisp branches become soft and flexible, until it opens widely every leaf, and paints its cheeks with vivid green. But all this is simply a hygrometric action—not a life action—depending upon the size, shape and position of certain cells.

On the inner side of the axis of each branch of this singular plant are many large wedge-shaped cells, while on the outer side of the branches smaller cells complete the circumference. Now, when moisture is applied, the large cellular wedges on the inner side of the branches absorb it more rapidly than the smaller exterior cells do, and their wedge-like action causes the banches to unfold, and when the moisture departs under evaporation, the same cell arrangement acts in a reverse direction, and the plant closes its long fingers like a thing of life. Many other plants exhibit this folding and unfolding long after life has departed, and in all such cases the action is hygrometric, and may be explained by differences in size, shape and position of cells. Motion, therefore, is not necessarily evidence of life.

A variety of Selaginella denticulatum turns milk-white when winter spreads his snows over the landscape, but at all the other seasons it is green. On the other hand, Selaginella variabilis puts its white coat on in summer time—arrays itself in bridal robes to greet the sun, nature's great bridegroom, when his rays are fiercest. So sensitive is this latter most charming plant, that its changes are diurnal; in the morning it is green, and looks as fresh as though growing by a dripping spring; in the afternoon it turns as white as milk, and surely no great sorrow works the change. How shall we explain these singular and opposite habits of our friends? If we say that light causes a peculiar change in the protoplasm of each cell—heaps it up in irregular masses with many reflecting surfaces,—we are aware that such language is very inaccurate, but it is all that we really know on the subject; and ignorance is a garment that fits every one.

In Selaginella we find two kinds of spores, if spores they both be; and the reproduction of these plants is very remarkable, revealing a chapter in that wonderful volume written all over with wisdom which can be no other than Divine. Both kinds of spores are found in sessile sporangia collected in the square terminal ends of the branches. The smaller kind exist in large numbers, and appear to be like those in Lycopodium, and their sporangia are oval bodies enclosed in the upper concave bases of the leaves. The large spores are less abundant, often met more than three or four in each sporangium, and when examined dry, and at maturity, they are white, in some species like fairy eggs, but no fowl of the air sits on such nests as these. Of course the sporangia containing these are much larger than those holding the small spores.

When these two kinds of spores are sown, very different results are obtained. The small ones, on germinating, protrude thread-like filaments from their inside, and soon these filaments burst and give exit to numerous cells, which finally liberate innumerable antherozoids, like we saw in the ferns, mosses and liverworts. But when the large spores are placed in conditions favorable for germination, no *apparent* change takes place for some time—probanbly not for several months. But if the spore be cut open at this stage, we observe that changes have been going on, even as changes occur in the egg during incubation, and yet no external evidence reveals those early changes. A circular disc of cells, half a line in diameter, has been formed in the interior, and near the circumference just under the triangular fold which we may see in the coat of the spore, as shown in our preparations. At this stage of development in the life-history of these marvelous series of transformations, the spore appears to have three coats, and this cellular disc, which is the prothallus, equivalent to the same organ in the ferns and equiseta, is found between the second and third coats. As development progresses, the triangular fold in the external coats of the spore opens like minute triangular shutters, and the three corners turn back in order to give entrance to the antherozoids which we saw were liberated during the development of the small spores. Pistillidia are formed on this prothallus while it lies in the bosom of the spore, and if the anthero-

zoids from the small spores are matured at this time, fructification of the germ-cell lying all ready in the pistillidium takes place, and these germ-cells become changed into embryos, which, in time, send down radicles or slender prolongations into the cavity in the centre of the spore, and the terminal cells of these radicles open, and here finally we arrive at the very cradle in which our young Selaginella is born, for this cellular nodule in the cavity of the spore gives out the first rootlets which make their way into the soil, and the first leaves which ascend on a delicate filament, bearing between them buds whose further development results in the evergreen branches of a new plant.

We have tried to tell the story of the reproduction of Selaginella in language as plain as possible, hoping thus to interest you in the most remarkable life-history to be found, perhaps, among all the plants. We beg of the Club never to lose interest in the cryptogams; and if we find their wonderful transformations at times a little obscure, the effort to penetrate that obscurity with the means at our command, will reveal to us greater marvels than we shall find even among the higher plants. Let us review, very briefly, the essential points of our work among the cryptogams, for we may not return to the subject this year, and it will not be easy elsewhere to find a comprehensive summary.

The Mosses form no prothallus. The spore develops directly into the perfect plant, and on portions of the perfect plant antheridia and pistillidia are formed. The pistillidia, after fructification, grow into sporangia which contain the spores. Spores of one kind.

The Liverworths form no prothallus, unless we call the entire plant by that name. Spores of one kind; and in germinating they give rise to the frond on which antheridia and pistillidia are formed, sometimes sessile, sometimes not. The matured pistillidium becomes the sporangium containing the spores. Here is an affinity with the mosses.

The ferns form a prothallus, which organ is exterior to the spore. On the prothallus, sessile antheridia and pistillidia come, and these latter organs develop into new ferns, which bear the sporangia sessile on the fronds. Here we notice a departure from the type of the moss. Spores one kind.

The Equisetums form a prothallus, which is outside the spore; antheridia and pistillidia grow on that organ, *but not on the same prothallus.* The matured pistillidium becomes the perfect plant which bears the sporangium. Spores one kind.

The Lycopodiums form a prothallus, but it is *inside* the larger spore. Spores of *two* kinds. The smaller ones are equivalent to antheridia, and develop into antherozoids. On the prothallus come the pistillidia which develop into fibres in the cavity of the spore, and from buds on the ends of these fibres come the new plants.

We are aware that many persons care but little for the subjects treated of in these papers on the cryptogams; but among the readers of the *Intelligencer* are many thoughtful people who love to see the revelations of a Divine wisdom coming from natural things. Life is full of eloquent voices calling us to lead useful and upright lives, and the natural world foreshadows to us so much of all we hope and believe is reserved in fulness for the spiritual life, that we return thither, at times, for compensations not always to be derived from other sources.

THE LAW OF CONSCIENCE.

We all come into the world with an instinctive moral sense which is called conscience, At first undeveloped, it can tell but little distinctly. The child soon perceives the broad distinctions between right and wrong, but the exact boundaries—how far certain actions should be carried and where limited—are studies for a lifetime. A different standard exists among different nations and in different ages of the world, and even among those of the same time and country. There are two kinds of right and wrong, just as there are two kinds of truth and error, absolute and relative. Absolute right is known only to God, and in His sight must be unalterable. But human right and wrong, that is, the merit or demerit of human actions, cannot be measured by that absolute standard, but must be considered relatively to the circumstances and knowledge of each individual. Every attainment in moral and spiritual life is an advance towards the absolute standard, but the law of conscience can only extend to the height the moral sense may have already attained. There are some things universally recognized by every conscience that is not absolutely perverted. Charity and self-denial, for example, will be found in some form to underlie the religions of all ages and countries, but the forms and gradations in which they appear are countless. In ancient Sparta, children were taught to steal, but it was not the dishonesty that was admired, but the dexterity of concealment, a species of self-denial that was placed higher in the scale of merit than honesty.

Although that which a man honestly believes to be right is in fact right for him, and that which he really believes wrong is wrong for him, this very truth carries with it the obligation to earnestly strive after the nearest approach to absolute right of which human

nature, under present circumstances, is capable. For none can be fully persuaded that a course of action is right for them, unless they have used their best efforts to discover the right, and these efforts imply one of the chief duties of life, the education of the conscience. In this path, and in strict obedience to what is revealed, so far as it can be ascertained, is found all the moral progress of the world. One of the best ways to discover absolute right is to follow closely that which at present seems right. While we are responsible for our opinions, and the way in which we arrive at them, we can never without guilt disobey conscience. Nothing so much sears and hardens conscience, as disregarding its dictates. Thus woe will ever follow those who allow power or fashion, or the opinions of others, or anything else human, to interfere with personal responsibility, or to render them unfaithful to their own convictions.

If this truth is fully recognized, it will go far towards increasing our charity for others. If conscience is held sacred, we will respect the slightest scruple of others, and shrink as well from influencing them to do what *they* think wrong, as what *we* believe to be so. It is the setting up of one conscience to legislate for others, that has brought into the world all the miseries of religious persecution. Unflinching obedience to the laws of our own conscience ought to teach us a proportionate tenderness for the consciences of others, and above all things that can be desired for ourselves and others, is the education of, and perfect obedience to that conscience that has been given us for our counsel and guidance. —*Philadelphia Ledger.*

ATTENTIVENESS.

How much more we might make of our family life, of our friendships, if every secret thought of love blossomed into a deed! We are not now merely speaking of personal caresses. These may or may not be the best language of affection. Many are endowed with a delicacy, a fastidiousness of physical organization, which shrinks away from too much of these, repelled and overpowered. But there are words, and looks, and little observances, thoughtfulnesses, watchful little attentions, which speak of love, which make it manifest, and there is scarcely a family that might not be richer in heart-wealth for more of them.

It is a mistake to suppose that relations must, of course, love each other because they are relations. Love must be cultivated, and can be increased by judicious culture, as wild fruits may double their bearing under the hand of a gardener; and love can dwindle and die out by neglect, as choice flower seeds planted in poor soil dwindle and grow single. —*Atlantic.*

THE RISING OF THE NILE.

To the annual phenomenon of the rising of the Nile, Egypt is entirely indebted for its fertility, and even for its existence as an inhabited and populous country. Without it the land would always have been a desert, incapable of affording the means of subsistence to man. Except occasionally near the shores of the Mediterranean, no rain falls throughout the land, and therefore its parched and sandy soil would be entirely unfruitful, were it not that regularly, at a certain season of the year, the river overflows the whole adjacent country.

Why it should do so was a mystery in ancient times, and many absurd theories and conjectures were raised to account for it. The Egyptians themselves believed the river was a god, who in his beneficence spread himself annually over the land, to supply the wants of his people. If the rising did not begin to make its appearance at the expected time—and it has hardly varied a single day throughout the course of ages—they hastily prepared a sacrifice to this deity, usually a beautiful girl, who was richly adorned and then thrown into the stream.

Some of the ancient philosophers lighted on the true reason of the rising of the waters, when they imagined it to be due to heavy rains falling in the interior of Africa, and swelling the sources of the river. What those sources were, it had baffled the investigation of thousands of years to ascertain, until recently our travellers, Speke, Grant, and Baker, discovered them in immense lakes situated near the equator, more than 3,000 miles, as the stream winds, from the mouth of the Nile on the Mediterranean coast. To these lakes the names of the Victoria Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza have been given by the successful explorers.

In the regions adjacent to these lakes, rain falls throughout the greater part of the year, and most heavily in March, at the time of the spring equinox. The lakes form huge reservoirs for the water which descends from the elevations known as the Mountains of the Moon; and as they become swollen, the size of the streams which emerge from them is proportionately increased. Several of these streams uniting in their course from the Upper or White Nile, and this river, flowing gradually on until it meets the Blue or Lower Nile, bear irrigation to the thirsty lands below. Not only this, but as these rivers come down they bring with them a quantity of alluvial soil of the richest kind; and when the Nile at last spreads itself over the flat

and sandy plains of Egypt, it enriches them year by year with this muddy but fertile deposit. The consequence is a gradual rising of the land, to the extent, it is calculated, of from five to six inches in a century. Owing to this fact, many of the remains of the proudest cities of ancient Egypt are now half buried in the soil.

Although in these days we know more about natural phenomena than the philosophers of old, and can satisfactorily explain the reason of the rising of the waters, there remains one wonder connected with it which is as great to us as to them, and that is its uniformity. As we have said, throughout the course of ages its commencement has scarcely varied by one day, and its extent is also comprised, as a rule, within a narrow limit. So equal, in the main, must be the quantity of water which falls annually at the equator, and so regular the commencement and decline of the rainy season.

The rising commences in Lower Egypt about the 25th of June, and steadily increases during the three months following. In this time the valley of the Nile becomes covered by its waters, and its villages stand out from them like little islands, as for the time they are. When the water has attained its maximum height, it remains stationary for about ten days, and then declines as steadily as it arose. On its subsiding, the land has been thoroughly fertilized, and vegetation becomes luxuriant.

The height to which the river rises is a matter of vital importance. A few feet more or less makes the difference between starvation and abundance. The average height varies according to the distance traversed by the river, from about forty feet where it enters Egypt, to four feet only near the Mediterranean. Taking as an intermediate height that observed at Cairo, if the rise is less than twenty feet, there is scarcity, or even famine; if it is three or four feet more, the crops will be short; three or four feet more again, and they will be abundant; but if the water goes still higher, it becomes an unhealthy flood.

Contrivances for measuring the exact rise of the Nile were in use in ancient times, and in two instances the remains of these "Nilometers" still exist. One, and the most ancient, supposed to have been erected in the time of the Roman dominion, is found in the island of Elephantine, in Upper Egypt; and on the walls of the building in which it is contained are inscriptions recording the heights of the inundation in various years. The other is situated in the island of Rhoda, near Cairo, and is believed to have been built in the time of the Arabian caliphs. It consists of a square well, into which the water is admitted as it rises, while in the centre is a column of marble marked at frequent intervals with the distance from the lowest level. The Nilometers are supposed to have been of chief utility in adjusting the taxation of the country, as they would give indications as to whether the season would be plentiful or otherwise.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

My health is increasingly precarious, and it is my earnest desire to improve the time which may be allotted in a preparation for that vast and incomprehensible *future* where so many we have loved are centered in eternal felicity. How little we know of that future! but we have faith to believe that those who endeavor to *act rightly* in all things, will be *happy*. Sometimes a glimpse of that happiness is granted to us, which changes faith into vision. When sight is withheld, we must endeavor to walk by faith. However inscrutable the little we see of the ways of Providence may appear to us, I have not the shadow of doubt that Infinite Wisdom and Love orders all things for the best, and that our heaviest trials are designed as blessings, if we view them as we ought.

To see the young, the beautiful and the happy, to whom life was joyous, so early snatched away, while some who are bending under sufferings, years and sorrows, are left to endure the trials of time, appears to our finite vision mysterious; but we may rest assured that Infinite Wisdom, Love and Mercy governs these things, and it becomes us to seek for and strive to attain that state of mind which will enable us to say, "Thy will be done."

I regret that our mutual friend —— —— should have aided in giving currency to the unfounded report respecting thee.

Whether it be something in the atmosphere, or from what other cause, I know not, but really it seems to me a wonderful time for tittle tattle and misrepresentation. It behooves us to be very watchful and try to keep a conscience void of offence, so that we may not easily be moved by evil tidings of any kind.

And now let me drop a caution with respect to a refutation of the report, by letter. To address a friend under such circumstances, requires great care, if it were only to avoid wounding ourselves, particularly where an intimacy has so long subsisted. I have been so

often torn and wounded that I have many fears about defending myself, and if I can only rest in a consciousness of innocence and purity of motive, I have been generally content to live down an evil report and bear the reproach in silence.

But we have all the same Guide and Counsellor, who will help us if we sincerely apply to Him to soften and smooth the asperities of our nature, and to Him I would commend thee, for He will give that Wisdom which is profitable to direct in all things.

"Precious stones are more valuable for being polished." Exercise then the talents thou hast been entrusted with, that thereby they may be polished and give forth a double lustre. Thy talent for letter-writing is not "lost" by disuse, but only "hidden;" therefore let it be brought out and put into action, that it may not only receive a polish, but perhaps this, as well as talents for other valuable purposes, would be as successful as some were formerly, even to gain other five.

Now would not this be worth stealing a little time from some of thy pressing cares to accomplish?

The critical situation of our beloved friend —— forbids us to look for her long continuance in mutability.

She and her dear partner were united in early life, and have partaken together for many years of its joys and sorrows.

They have been abundantly blessed with all that is necessary to outward comfort, and happy are those who, like them, look for supplies of heavenly food from the inexhaustible Fountain. May we who are left to traverse the ways of the present world a little longer, bear in remembrance and profit by the example of those who, through a long life, have endeavored to keep a conscience void of offence toward God and man. As family ties become broken the feelings of affection and attachment should be strengthened in those that survive. We have every reason to believe it will be so while we love the Great Supreme above all,—He who dispenses to us all our blessings and whose "mercies are new every morning."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 21, 1869.

CORRECTION.—We have been requested to state that in the memorial concerning E. Haviland, published in our 20th number, the words "about twenty," which occur in the second column, should read "a number of Friends."

MARRIED.

COX—LAMB.—On the 5th inst., in accordance with the order of the Society of Friends, John R. Cox and Mary M. Lamb, both of Baltimore city.

DIED.

BAKER.—On the 11th of Eighth month, in her 83d year, Mary C. Baker, wife of Dobel Baker, and an elder of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of New York.

THE WAY OF THE LORD.

A Discourse suggested by the opening of the Pacific Railroad, delivered Sixth month 20th, 1869, by WILLIAM J. POTTER.

(Continued from page 772.)

But though inaugurating a new era in our national history, the era comes with no violent transition, and by no revolution in our national traditions or principles. It only needs that we shall see the full breadth of our principles, and be true to our traditions. Our fathers built wiser than they knew, when they laid the foundations of this government so broad in their Declaration of Rights as to recognize no distinction of race, or color, or sex, or religion. They planted themselves on ground as broad as humanity; and hence this country is legitimately open to all branches of the human family, of whatever race or belief, with free and equal opportunities to all in the race of life. And to this end, doubtless, Divine Providence has been working in all the marvellous unfolding of our history, however unconscious of it the human actors may have been. This Pacific Railroad is but the fulfilment of Columbus' intent of discovering a Western passage to the Indies. And even our New England forefathers, when some two hundred and twenty-five years ago, they built a road ten miles west from Boston, over which a common strong carriage could ride with tolerable ease, and the unexpected cost of which in time and money the commissioners apologized for to the General Court, on the ground that no road would ever be needed any further in that direction,—even they by the courage and faith and persistency with which they faced and penetrated the wilderness of their day, ludicrously short-sighted as they are now seen to have been, were yet working out the providential purpose; and their ten miles of carriage road into the forests of Watertown and Newton, were really the beginning of this iron path across the continent upon which the Locomotive is to ride with its freight to the very wharves of the Pacific. How mile after mile of forests have succumbed to that bravery and faith and restless energy, opening a highway for God to colonize the continent with great truths and noble communities! Some of you here remember when "the West" went not

far beyond the Hudson. And then its boundary was the Lakes; and then the Mississippi and Chicago, pushed to these in quite recent memory; and then, in the memory of those who are still boys and girls, it was Kansas. And now steam has caught it up and flown with it over the mountains and planted it at the very ocean's verge. And by and by, perhaps, we shall be so homogeneous a people as to have no East and no West, as no North and no South, to mark our local differences: our East will be Europe, and our West, Asia.

But I must hasten to note briefly some of the natural immediate results of this connecting of the two sides of the continent. First, and most obvious, what is in everybody's thought,—it is a declaration of peace and permanence to the Union. By the natural geography of the continent, the States on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, the weightier they became in population and power, would have tended to slide from the Union. This road with the others, parallel and transverse, that must soon follow, binds the Pacific States to the Atlantic with clasps of iron. Families that were once old neighbors in New England become neighbors again. The children can visit the old homesteads on the Atlantic for the Thanksgiving, and be back again to the Pacific without much loss of time or business. Summer tourists from both sides of the continent will meet in Colorado and the Rocky Mountains, to enjoy together the Switzerland of America, and to bind the nation together by the ties of acquaintance and friendship. Ministers in San Francisco and New York may even exchange pulpits, and be absent from their own desks but a single Sunday. To be sure, the connecting railroads and all the links of commerce and kindred did not save us from the Southern attempt at secession and the bloody rebellion. But, thank God, there is no such disturbing and antagonistic elements between the Atlantic and Pacific States as there was between the North and South. And may there never be!

Secondly, the Pacific Railroad precipitates upon the country the solution of the Indian question. Whether the troubles between the Indians and the white race are to be settled by the new Peace Commissioners may be a matter of doubt, though every sane man must most devoutly wish they might be. But there can be no doubt whatever that the Indian question must be settled forever in this country in the next ten years. It ought to be settled in the next five or ten. But leaving all moral obligations aside, it will be settled in the natural course of events in the next two. The question concerning the Indians is narrowed now to a very simple one. It is *civilization or extermination.* No compromise with semi-barbarism, though encouraged and sustained by swindling Indian agents, and backed by the government at Washington, is longer possible. In a few years there will be no spot in all the wilderness and prairie of the West, large enough for an Indian hunting ground, beyond the whistle of the locomotive; no spot for an Indian's wigwam, outside of the reservations, where some white emigrant will not set up a claim. The Indians must have their grants of land and accept civilization; or it must be extermination for them, and that shortly. It will be a lasting disgrace to the American people, and an infamous blot on Christian civilization, if the remnants of these aboriginal possessors of the soil cannot be saved to contribute something of their native strength and spirit to the new civilization that is to come. Let the people then through the press and the ballot, with all their energy, encourage and uphold that sentiment of President Grant's inaugural address—almost the noblest that ever came from his lips—that our Indian policy must be one that aims directly at civilization and ultimate citizenship for the race.

Then, again, by a similar process the Mormon question must soon be settled. For this, too, is a question of civilization. Mormonism, in its views of woman and marriage, is nothing more nor less than a relapse into barbarism; and hence it sought out a spot far removed as it supposed, from the march of civilization, where it could enjoy its barbarism undisturbed. But now, close by the line of this great road, over which will daily flow and ebb the great tides of modern thought and life, the dikes of this little fortress of barbarism must inevitably be swept away, and Salt Lake City will be open to a new revelation more in accordance with the spirit of the present age. And this question is a very simple one for the government to deal with, notwithstanding it has been so long untouched. The nation has only to be true to its fundamental principles. With the religion of the Mormons, in its intellectual and spiritual aspects, the government has nothing to do. They may dig up out of the earth and believe as many books of Revelation as their credulity can accept. Only they must not violate the fundamental principles of freedom and justice and equality on which the nation stands, nor outrage the common law of the land and of civilization. Polygamy with its oppression of woman into a domestic drudge and slave of lust is a gross violation of *all laws*, and its removal ought to be effected before another session of Congress ends, and not be left to the slower process of emigration and abrasion and possible local conflict.

Finally, the first train that passed through the Rocky Mountains and opened the West into the East, opened to the nation another question—to which I have already alluded—more important and more difficult than all the rest—the question of race. We have already had to deal with this question of race in the Atlantic States, as it has come to us in the African and to some extent in the Celt. We have now in the country some four or five millions of negroes whom we have just lifted into the condition of citizenship, and who are just beginning to assimilate, against much resistance of surrounding prejudice and injustice, to the national civilization and progress. But these have always lived with us. They were mostly born on the soil. They had learned American habits, and imbibed something of the American spirit even in their bondage; and had grown up into the same language and religion with the ruling race. The Irish, too, however foreign in their ways, have come to us out of a civilization of the same stock with our own. And emigration from Ireland, from the very limit of its territory and population, must come before long to its natural end. Already the emigration now going on from Germany to this country exceeds that from Ireland. And with the Germans, though they shock some of our Puritan notions, the native population assimilates with comparative ease, because we count back pretty soon to the same grandfathers. But there is now beginning to pour into our territory by the Pacific door an emigration from a country whose population is so dense and countless that it literally swarms over into the rivers and bays, and is practically inexhaustible. This vast surplus population of Asia is coming to us. Already, Mr. Bowles estimates, there are 60,000 Chinese in the Pacific States. Two-thirds as many more have been there, and made little fortunes, and gone back to China,—only to tempt a still larger multitude to make a similar trial. Last evening's dispatch from San Francisco said,—"1200 Chinamen arrived by ship today." And that is the story you may read every week in the California telegraphic dispatches.

Now here is being brought to us a very different problem of race from any we have yet had to work upon. And it is not to be kept the other side of the Rocky Mountains. The Chinese are a slow and plodding people, but now that they have caught something of the spirit of adventure, and a road has been opened through the mountains, we shall soon hear of them on this side,—at Omaha, at Chicago, and ere long at New York and Boston. The problem is a national one. And in some respects it is going to test the moral power of the nation more severely than any problem with which we have yet had to deal. These people are not only of an utterly different race, but of an utterly different civilization, education, and religion. They do not come, as did the Africans when first brought to this continent, as simple imitative barbarians, pliable to the first lessons of civilized society, but they come already moulded and trained under national institutions the most ancient of any in existence, and the most obstinate to resist modification and reform. They have a civilization of their own, of which they are proud, and of which, in some of its features, they may justly be proud. They have their peculiar modes of living, and a literature and art to which they adhere with jealous tenacity. And Pagans though they are, they have their Scriptures, their religious teachers and prophets, their national faith and worship, for which they claim the divine sanction as earnestly as do the Christians for theirs, and of abandoning which they show no sign.

Now how are we to solve this problem of assimilating to our national institutions, and receiving into our national life, a race and civilization and religion so different and so averse to change? Again I answer, only by remaining true to our national principles of justice and freedom. We offer in our fundamental law open hospitality to all races and all faiths. We must stick to our offer. We must throw the protection of impartial law around the Pacific emigrants as around those that come over the Atlantic. We must give to all a free and equal chance in the struggle of life,—exacting no conditions except such as the national principles of liberty and equality require. Let the nation seek to regulate and improve, not to repress the Asiatic emigration. These people may have some great vices, but they bring some great virtues also. Would that they could find no American vices to copy. Especially let there be no aggression on their religion; no conflict and persecution because of their different faith. Confucius taught them the golden rule in almost the same words that Jesus pronounced it for Christendom. That is a very solid point of agreement to begin with. And there are other points of practical religion where there should be no conflict between them and Christians. Compare both with the standard of the sermon on the Mount, and I am not sure that in some of the virtues there enforced, and which are especially named "Christian" virtues—such as gentleness, meekness, forbearance, forgiveness—the Pagan Chinese would not have to be awarded the palm of superiority over the Christian Americans. An experienced observer, Mr. C. L. Brace, thus bears testimony to the good

conduct of the Chinese in California: "One of the most striking figures to the traveller in the California landscape, is the Oriental and half pensive form of the Chinese emigrant, always calm amid all the bustle around him. . . . Clean, social, sober, polite, with an expression, it often seems to me, of half contempt for this western hurry and barbarism, they are the most respectable working population I ever saw. . . The whites have cheated, robbed, beaten him, and he has returned it all with docility and faithful service. When struck, he struck not again; when robbed, (at least so it was a few years ago,) he complained not; when murdered there was often no redress. . . He had no power to resist, and for years the Chinaman has tried the virtue of meekness on his enemies." There are, we may be sure, great virtues in that old country. Nothing else could have sustained its institutions so many centuries. A great power lies there, in partial latency and stagnation, which needs only to be brought into the vital current of modern civilization, to become active and progressive. It is a power which we need in our American life,—a power of patient industry, of faithfulness in little things, of sobriety, of reverence, of respect for law, of honor to wisdom and age. Let us be liberal and hospitable and just, and we shall attract not only faithful labor from China, but draw also from its mental and moral wealth, and translate into our nationality the solid and still vigorous elements of its ancient civilization and strength. It is the task of America, out of these various elements of race and differing civilizations and religions that are to mingle on its soil, so to harmonize and appropriate them as to bring forth here a grander race and a truer form of civilization and a purer faith than the world has yet known. When that destiny is fulfilled, then indeed will "the glory of the Lord be revealed" in this land, and "all flesh shall see it together."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

AWAY FROM HOME.

No. 3.

(Continued from page 347.)

ERIE, PA., 7th mo. 17th, 1869.

As time wears apace, we begin to count the days ere we shall reach home, feeling an absence of a month from that cherished spot to have been no light matter. Some mention was made of this place in my last, but, I believe, without any reference to its harbor, which, I presume, is one of the best in the world. We had a delightful ride on its placid bosom, in a steam yacht, the whole length from the light-house to the extreme end of the cove forming the harbor; a distance of about *seven* miles. It is about a mile and an half in width in the widest part, and gradually terminates in a kind of semi-circular form at the upper end.

At the extreme point of termination is a delightfully picturesque spot, much used by excursionists and for "*pic-nics.*" No matter how severe the storm, once inside this harbor, and shipping is considered entirely safe. We extended our trip out into the Lake, the grand view of which it is unnecessary to describe.

There is not much to be seen in the way of architectural skill in Erie—contrasting strongly in this respect with Cleveland and Chicago—though there are some very fine dwellings. I was shown one which the owner values at *fifty-two* thousand dollars,—having refused *fifty.* Attention has, however, been paid to some of the substantial wants and comforts of life. I have already spoken of the introduction of *gas* and *water.*

We visited the water works, which, though rigidly plain, appear to combine all the elements of efficiency and durability, and to be ample for the wants of the place. As one of the celebrations of our national holiday, an exihibtion was given to convince doubters as to the efficiency above spoken of, by *overflowing* the towering stand-pipe, thus presenting a tangible proof that could not be gotten rid of.

The Nicholson pavement has also been adopted on some of the streets, whilst others are being prepared for it.

The drives outside of Erie are pleasant, particularly to and through the *Cemetery,* about two and a half or three miles from the centre of the city. It is located on very high ground, and in its *adornments* has much less of extravagant folly and more of simplicity than is usually seen.

There is in Erie a grain elevator, which has recently been purchased by the Railroad Co., and at which a large business was done last spring.

All the business movements here, however, seem monotonous and tame to one who has witnessed the bustle and noisy haste of New York, Chicago and other large cities that might be named. Very few "Friends" or descendents of Friends are to be seen, or at least known as such.

From what I have seen of the colored population, such as are industrious and circumspect appear to be respected and encouraged in their vocations. I attended one of their First-day schools, which, though small, was composed of pupils of various ages, from say five or six years old up to forty-five and fifty.

To return to Chicago. I may mention that

an improvement has been inaugurated there, in the successful completion of a tunnel under the Chicago River, at the crossing of one of the streets, having a centre passage for horses and vehicles, and one on each side for pedestrians, the latter being extended above the main track. This tunnel appears to be well ventilated and lighted, but has one serious objection, at least with many persons,—the descent into it, and consequent ascent from it, appear to be too great, making the latter too heavy for loaded teams; notwithstanding which it seems to be a great favorite, most persons being willing to put up with this, rather than risk the delay and danger of the many revolving bridges. The objection referred to can be readily avoided, in future efforts, by bridging over the cross streets at either end, thus making the entrances longer and less steep. It is believed by many, that as Chicago grows, and needs increased accomodation of the kind, that *bridges* will not be again resorted to.

We cannot vouch for the statement, but it is said this place numbers from 285,000 to 300,000 inhabitants.

The *Shot Tower* is two hundred (200) feet in height from the ground, and is said to be one of the best and most complete in this country. Its foundations are very deep, and it cost $50,000. It has a capacity of turning out eighty tons of shot per day, with one-half the customary force of such establishments; and this, because from the time the shot falls from the cullender, two hundred feet in the air, to where it is drawn from the taps into the familiar bags that constitute the merchantable package, *no human hand touches it!* It is caught up after its fall by machinery and sorted,—the rejected portions being thrown out by mechanical appliances.

The shot-makers' specialty lies in so tempering his lead that it shall be soft and ductile, and of a consistency to take the perfect globular form as it descends, so that shot is really made of an *alloy* of lead. But the manufacture of shot is too well known to need repetition here.

J. M. Ellis.

For the Children.

WE LOVE THE FATHER.

We love the Father—He's so good;
We see Him in the flower:
We hear Him in the rain-drop—
He speaketh in the shower.

His smile is in the sunlight,
His beauty's in the bow,
We hear His whisper in the breeze,
And in the zephyr low;

His wisdom's in the dew-drop
That sparkles on the lea—
His truth is in the violet's hue,
His love's in all we see.

In everything we look upon,
His image we can see;
We love the Father—He's so good,
And teaches us to be.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

MIDNIGHT MEMORIES.

BY Z. PARIS.

A magic spell calls up the dark and bright
With power so wondrous, that on this wild night
The past seems only real, as I lean o'er
Its panoramic view to watch the score
On score of memories, that, flitting by,
Smile in their gladness, or breathe out a sigh.
I almost hear a laugh of childish glee;
A tiny form, again, I almost see:
I faint beneath the violet's odorous breath,
While snow-drops, pale, chant requiems o'er her death.
I think how lovely myrtle blossoms grew
When she had learned to note their tender blue;
I think how every wild flower at her feet
Would seem to gladden at her presence sweet;
And when we laid her 'neath the sod,
'Twas greener far; and there most daisies nod.
A cheering star then vanished from our sight,
But Heaven is brighter for its lustrous light!
And while we toil along the narrow way,
Supernal bliss is hers, and endless day!

The wind goes surging o'er the drifted lea
With spell that wakes another memory:—
A pretty home amid the sighing hills;
A winsome maiden, shielded from all ills;
A dream of love; and then a saintly song
Is borne upon the gusts that sweep along.
Sweet song! that gladdened many a weary heart,
And there left echoes that may not depart,
That caught its music near the Father's throne,
And rung the sweetest notes for Him alone!
Sweet maiden! in the glow of thy love-morn,
When every moment gave a hope new-born,
As wingéd winds stooped down to kiss thy face,
And flush its fairness into lovelier grace.
The Spring then brought thee emerald caskets, rare,
And glowing treasures bade thee cull and wear;
Thy home with lily bells she hung around
To ring out gladness when the waves of sound,
Awaked by loving lips, should softly sway
Their shining bells, and holier make the day.
Bright golden cups lay gleaming on the sod
That e'en the poor might beauty drink from God;
And columbines were twined about the wood—
A joyous message from the Wise and Good.
Wild honey-suckle and arbutus spray,
Dropped sweetness where the little children play,
And richly-freighted south winds, passing near,
With wealth of fragrance for the sick-room's cheer.
The twittering blue-birds fluttered 'neath the eaves,
And golden light went shimmering through the leaves
To crown the shrinking white anemone,
While spells of love transformed the world for thee.
But life is full of bitter, bitter need,
And when God calls us to some blessed deed,
The armor must through furnace-heat be passed
To safely meet the venomed arrows cast.
The spirit that hath felt the deepest pain
Is never God's sweet minister in vain.
His call is heard when grief's baptismal tide
Hath fitted mourner for the mourner's side:
The sufferer shrinks at words that fall from lips
That never tasted of the draught he sips—
What knoweth he who only reads of woe,
Of all the nameless pains the God-tried know?

Th' Ordaining Hand hath sent the stricken forth,
And pointed to the east, the west, the north—
If held within the space of one small room?
The space is His, and there His light will loom!
There's something for the weakest hand to do,
And feeblest voice may sing the sweetest too;
And if the hand be stayed, or voice be stilled,
The patient waiter hath a work fulfilled!
Ah! furnace blast must cleanse the silver ore,
And sorrow hath such mission evermore:
The small details, the petty cares of life,
As well, are with the holiest blessings rife—
That granite wall of God-sent circumstance,
'Gainst which the wordly shiver many a lance,
Is shadow from the fiercest rays of heat,
And shelter from the wildest storms that beat.
How sweet to know that nothing can befall
Save through the mercy of the God of all!
Sweet! to lie camly on the Father's breast
And wait His time in lowly trust and rest!
Ah! then no bitter tear-drops ever start,
For "perfect peace" is brooding o'er the heart!
The earthly eye may only shadows see,
But Spirit vision views Eternity!
And she, so happy in her love-lit days,
Brought heaven to us by many holy ways,
While hour by hour the wan and placid face
Caught sweeter beauty, and a meeker grace.

From New York Evening Post.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE ECLIPSE.

Interesting Account of the Processes.

Dr. J. Gardner contributes to the Cincinnati *Gazette* the following interesting account of the photographic pictures of the solar eclipse:

"Preparation had been made some weeks ago (at Bedford, Indiana,) for photographing the eclipse in its progressive phases. A telescope had been constructed by myself, which had a very short focal distance, an essential quality in an instrument mounted without clock-work. The material used consisted of the following pieces: The optical part—one-half size photographic tube, Harrison's make, two eye-pieces (A and B), positive Huyhenian, made for microscope by Grunow, the whole mounted as follows: a tin tube about six inches in length, blackened on the inside, with a calibre large enough to take in the eye-pieces, was used to hold erector and eye-piece. The erector was the "B" eye-piece, with the part used by the eye in the microscope, presenting at the end of the tin tube. The "A" eye-piece, which was also the eye-piece of the telescope, was in the same position at the other end of the tin tube.

"The half-size 'photo' tube, with all of its lenses untouched, was mounted at the end of a sheet-iron tube, of sufficient calibre to allow the flange of the lens tube to be screwed fast to a wooden hoop in the end of the sheet-iron tube. The length of the sheet-iron tube was about fourteen inches, and had two wooden disks which fitted the end and interior perfectly. These disks had each a hole in the exact centre, which allowed the tin tube, which contained glasses previously described, to slide into the body of the sheet-iron tube. The distance between the small glass in the tin tube (erector) and the compound filled lens (half-size photo) was half the conjugated focus of the two sets. This has to be found by trial, but is not very difficult. A disk must be inserted in the tin tube, about the middle, with a small hole in the centre. The hole may be a half-inch in diameter. This serves to cut off the outside rays of the erector, and also stops out any reflected light. The inside must be blackened in every part except the glasses. A telescope of strong magnifying power and good definition is thus constructed out of odds and ends. The thumbscrew of the front tube serves to focus the instrument.

"The camera box belonging to the tube was screwed fast to a board as long as the box and tube, and the axis of the tube brought opposite the centre of the ground glass, and then the tube was made fast to a set of cleets fastened to the board. I am thus minute in describing the construction of the instrument, for the reason that it is capable of making excellent pictures of the moon, and may be used for other distant objects if they are well lighted. The board with box and tube was mounted in the same manner that the ordinary photographic instrument is, except a very long elevating screw replaced the ordinary screw, to incline the apparatus at any angle. A common tripod stand was used to hold the apparatus. As the sun declined, a turn of the screw to the left would depress the instrument so that his image was sharply cut on the ground glass the whole time of the observation. The preparation and exposure of the sensitized plates do not differ from that in ordinary photography, except the light is only admitted the smallest fraction of a second when taking the sun.

"In taking pictures of the moon the time of exposure would be a half minute or more. Pictures of the sun, from three-fourths of an inch to two inches and a half in diameter, may be taken by the apparatus described. I have pictures that large.

"Through the kindness of Mr. Baldwin, the accomplished photographic artist, of Bedford, I had the use of his gallery, and also his assistance, in making the series of pictures of the eclipse.

"Dr. Blackwell made the notes and gave the time of obscuration of each picture, and Mr. Thomas Thornton examined and called the temperature of wet and dry thermometers at each exposure of the plates. He also passed the plates to and from me to the dark room, where Mr. Blackwell located the plates and developed the pictures. An unobstructed view of the sun was obtained from th door of

the gallery opening to the west, from which extended a platform landing and stairs to the ground, one story below. About three o'clock the instrument was adjusted upon the sun and every few minutes was examined to note any changes in appearance in its face. The time was taken by a Howard American watch, set by Louisville railroad time, at 12 M. on that day. The moment of the moon's contact with the sun was eagerly watched for by hundreds of people through smoked glasses, stained glass, lamp chimneys, perforated pasteboards and other devices.

"Our corps were all in place, ready for business, when, at 4 o'clock and 21½ minutes, contact was observed in the magnified image on the ground glass. A half minute later the watching crowds on the streets caught sight of it, and a low murmur, swelling gradually into a shout, heralded the fact. Up to this time no noticeable change had taken place in the whole range of nature. At the first sign of contact I called for a plate, which was coated at once, sensitized and passed to me. The first picture was taken five minutes after contact, and the sun, only shining on the plate the tenth part of a second, impressed its image there. 'Exposed too long!' was called from the dark room. Four minutes later the next picture was taken. No change yet in the temperature. Third, fourth and fifth, taken at three, four and five minutes apart. No change still in the appearance of the earth, no falling of the temperature. Sixth picture forty-nine minutes after 4, and a falling of one degree in temperature. A perceptible change; a darkness was also seen to be creeping over the face of the earth, The lights of the foliage gradually took a peculiar hue, which is difficult to describe. It seemed as though they emitted light that had been stored within. Yet the light was not like any other we had ever seen. It had a peculiar bronze-like, lurid tint, that was wierd-like and ghostly.

"Next picture, four minutes later: growing darker; birds here seemed agitated, and acted as though they had made a mistake in time; swallows began to collect in flocks. Six more pictures were taken in nineteen minutes, and darkness still growing on the earth. Four minutes later, and sixteen after five, the thermometer fell to 72, and stars became visible. A flock of foraging geese now marched by, homeward bound, and evidently wondering at the shortness of these degenerated days. A ghastliness rested upon the faces of our corps of operators. Pictures were then taken at intervals of two and one minutes, at which time the crescentic margin in the sun, remaining unobscured, was but a tenuous line, passing one-third or one-fourth around the sun. Forty-five seconds, and the eclipse is total, and another exposure is made. A flaming orange and red corona was visible about the margin of the moon, shooting its rays out seemingly a distance equal to half the diameter of the sun. The whole face of the moon had a dusky hue, like old copper, and was visibly globe shaped. The scene was awfully sublime, and produced a sensation similar to that which I have felt in witnessing a great battle. Chimney swallows circled in the air above the Court House in a dense column, several hundred feet in height. A sudden rush of wind marked the moment of totality, and one thermometer in the open air showed a falling of five degrees; another attached to the shady side of a dead tree standing in the sunshine, showed a variation of 14 degrees in the course of an hour.

"Birds went to roost, domestic fowls returned to their perches, and a premature darkness—a darkness different from that of any other—gave the earth a more sombre mantle than that of night.

"Two more pictures were attempted at intervals of a minute each, and then a line of the sun's margin emerged, and light once more flooded the face of the earth. A cheer rang out along the street, and the sublimest spectacle of the generation was drawing to a close. During the time of the greatest obscuration a bright bead-like body was observed at the right lower limb of the sun, which sent out a fan-shaped fiery tail equal to one-third of the breadth of the sun itself. This part was all we succeeded in getting photographed during totality. We hope that a future examination of the enlarged prints will show it to be of more value to science than if we had succeeded in getting the whole corona. As darkness suddenly shut in the earth like a curtain (during the greatest obscuration) so it flashed out instantaneously into light as the sun emerged. Men's faces looked like the faces of negroes, and some amusing mistakes occurred on the streets, by persons thinking others they met were 'American citizens of African descent.' As the darkness was thickest the katydids chirped their nocturnal notes, but hushed into silence as soon as they found they were 'victims of misplaced confidence.' Twenty-one pictures were taken, seventeen before and during totality, and four after. Two attempts during the total phase were failures, but one other gave the bright prominence before described. An idea of chilliness seemed to possess most of the observers, but the thermometer only indicated a change of temperature of three degrees in the shade. The last moment of contact was not noticed, but was about 6:21, making a total between first and last contact of two hours."

The following letter, addressed to one of the Editors, contains reliable information. Eds.

Mahanoy Plane P. O., *Schuylkill Co., Pa.*
Wm. Penn Colliery, 8 mo. 4th, 1869.

To ———

Dear Friend.—I regret to have so long delayed fulfilling a promise I made in conversation some months since at thy house, of sending thee the copy of the notes I took many years ago of the cures of the bite of the rattlesnake. It is printed in the Hydropathic Family Physician, p. 710, Fowler & Wells, N. Y. The editor remarks that the "cutting of the flesh can do no possible good." He may, or may not be right.

Jacob Price's Saw Mill,
17 *miles N. W. of Stroudsburg, Monroe Co., Pa.*

Jacob Price, a hunter and lumberman, says that when he was about eight or nine years of age, some thirty-eight or thirty-nine years ago, in the month of May, he and some other boys were rolling stones down a hill, and he was bitten by a rattlesnake of the yellow kind, which they afterwards killed. The bite was in the left arm, through a flannel shirt and linsey roundabout lined with linsey. It made a scratch like a briar scratch. In two or three hours it swelled up so that he could not close his fingers. It happened half a mile from home. He was carried to his father's house, and they applied herbs and various remedies; among others, a poultice of snake-root; and he drank new milk—they also applied salt and indigo. This was done for two or three days, when the arm became black up to the shoulder, his body swollen, and the black streaks were extending over his body. During the last day those remedies were used he knew nothing, and they gave him up to die.

His father concluded to try cutting the wound open and applying cold water, He cut the wound open three-fourths of an inch in depth, and cut one above also, and poured cold water on it from a coffee-pot. In about two hours consciousness returned, and in three or four days he was running about again, entirely recovered.

Isaac Gruber, at Paradise (a few miles distant), was bitten about twenty-two years ago in the leg, just above the ankle. They bound his thigh very tight and applied all the remedies they knew for four or five days. The limb swelled up "as large as a barrel," and burst open in forty or fifty places in a kind of blister, from which the yellow water was running. He fainted every half hour. At length, hearing of J. Price's father, they sent for him. He arrived about noon. He cut the limb open in more than fifty places half an inch deep, and poured on cold spring water, and before night the fainting ceased, and the man was soon entirely restored. The same man was bitten once afterward, and cured in the same way.

J. Price further says, and I give his own words, as I have done very much in the foregoing:

"George Seers was bitten in the big toe about seven years ago, and I was then happening to be passing with my team. The swelling was passing up his leg, and was about half-way to his knee when I arrived, being an inch thicker at the swollen part, and advancing up the leg in the form of a ring. I cut the toe open and applied water, pouring it on from a height, out of a coffee pot. The swelling stopped its progress up the leg at once, and the next day the man was well and at work.

The above are the *worst* cases I can remember. I have known many others which were not so bad, and all cured by the application of cold water. Among the lumberers and others in this and the neighboring counties, it is the common remedy, and being entirely successful with it, they use no other—at least in our neighborhood. If a dog or a cow is bitten, and they can get the animal to a stream, they are made to stand in it, and are certain to be cured."

I heard when in Monroe Co., in 1849, of a cow being found with her neck swollen—as the narrator said—so as to be "nearly as large as her body." She was made to stand in a stream, and recovered.

As scarcely a summer passes that we do not hear of some one suffering or dying from the bites of snakes, (often pet ones in boxes or cages—I have known of two such in Philadelphia)—the knowledge of the above simple remedy might mitigate suffering or save life, and might relieve many an *un*-bitten one who frequents the woods for business or pleasure, from the anxiety and dread of being bitten, under the apprehension that it would be inevitably fatal. Though much in the woods for twenty years past, since hearing of the above remedy, I have felt no such fear, being satisfied the cure is certain.

Truly thy friend,
Samuel E. Griscom.

Horace Bushnell's late work on "Womens' Suffrage," is dedicated to his wife, in the following beautiful testimony:

"For once I will dare to break open the customary seals of silence, by inscribing this little book to the woman I know best and most thoroughly; having been overlapped, as it were, and curtained in the same consciousness for the last thirty-six years. If she is offended that I do it without her consent, I hope

she may get over the offence shortly, as she has a great many others that were worse. She has been with me in a great many weaknesses and some storms, giving strength alike in both; sharp enough to see my faults, faithful enough to expose them, and considerate enough to do it wisely; shrinking never from loss or blame, or shame to be encountered in anything right to be done; adding great and high instigations — instigations always to good, and never to evil mistaken for good; forecasting always things best and bravest to be done, and supplying inspirations enough to have made a hero, if they had not lacked the timber. If I have done anything well, she has been the more really in it that she did not know it, and the more willingly also that having her part in it known has not even occurred to her, compelling me thus to honor not less, but more, the covert glory of the womanly nature, even as I obtain a distincter and more wondering apprehension of the divine meanings and moistenings and countless unbought ministries it contributes to this otherwise very dry world."

NEVER open the door to a little vice, lest a great one should enter also.

ITEMS.

"THE peach was originally a poisoned almond. Its fleshy parts were used to poison arrows, and the fruit was for this purpose introduced into Persia. The transportation and cultivation, however, not only removed its poisonous qualities, but produced the delicious fruit we now enjoy."

We take the above from the *Waverly Magazine*, of the 30th of January, 1869. We had often heard it said that the planting of a peach stone here would produce the almond, such as may be seen in the custom-house grounds, on this island, and in several of the yards occupied by citizens.

We are willing to be qualified that eighteen months ago we planted two peach stones, as an experiment for raising the peach on this island, and now we have in lieu of the peach the coarse, hard-stone almond, similar to those above mentioned. We are not aware of any poisonous qualities in this almond, although we have heard of children having died from the effects of eating them, which might have occurred from eating almost any other green fruit in excess. We have eaten the fruit ourself without ever having been poisoned. Can any of our friends throw light upon the subject?—*Key West Dispatch.*

MARY FAIRFAX SOMERVILLE, the distinguished woman of science, has recently received from the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain its Victoria medal, as a testimonial of the value of her treatise on Physical Geography. This work was published in 1848, and was preceded by her "Connection of the Physical Sciences," in 1834, and the "Mechanism of the Heavens," a translation and summary of Laplace's "Mechanique Celeste," in 1831. Mary Somerville, in 1835, was elected an honorary member of the Royal Astronomical Society of Great Britain, and is in receipt of a pension from the British Government of $1500 per annum. She is now advanced in life, being over 70 years of age, and resides at Florence, Italy.

THE JAPANESE COLONY AND TEA CULTURE.—Herr Schnell and his Japanese are in fine spirits. The rapidity of the growth of the three-year old mulberry trees which they brought across the Pacific and planted some weeks ago is already astonishing. They have put out a great quantity of the seed-nuts of the tea plant, which are coming up finely. This is the beginning of a new and important industry. "There is no doubt," Herr Schnell says, "of the much better adaptability of our foot-hill lands to the culture of tea, as compared with Japan. Next year some trees will bear plucking, as they will be then four years old, and the quality of the beverage will be proved. As a rule, flavor, in fruits and vegetables, tends to delicacy rather than strength in this climate, and this tendency, though objectionable in fruits and berries, is favorable to tea. The finest qualities of tea come from the highest uplands of China and India, where snow lies sixty days in winter. In North Japan, whence this colony brought these plants, there are deep snows in winter. The higher we go up on our Sierra, the finer will be the flavor of our teas.—From the *San Francisco Alta.*

SULPHO-CYANITE OF AMMONIA dissolved in water, it has recently been discovered, will produce an intense degree of cold. Many salts, more especially salts of ammonia, lower the temperature of water while dissolved, but no compound produces this effect in so marvelous a manner as sulpho-cyanite of ammonia. In one experiment 23½ grains of this salt dissolved rapidly in seventy-four pints of water, at a temperature of 70 deg. Fahrenheit, caused the thermometer, in a few seconds, to fall to 14 deg. above zero. The moisture of the atmosphere instantly condensed itself in thin plates of ice on the outside of the glass vessel containing the water.—*The Press*

TWENTY years ago, or in the Spring of 1849, the superintendent of the burial ground in Hallowell, Me.—Capt. John Beeman, who is still one of the business men of that city—purchased a number of silver poplar trees, averaging about two inches in diameter at the ground, and five feet in height, and transplanted them in the cemetery. They flourished finely, and have become large trees, adding very much to the beauty of the cemetery. A few days ago one of these trees was cut down by direction of the present superintendent, Col. W. S. Hains, for the reason that its branches were broken off by the great ice-storm last winter, and the tree ruined. The fallen tree measured twenty-one inches in diameter at the stump, and was about forty feet in length.

Imbedded in the centre of the trunk was found the original tree, of the same size as when transplanted twenty years ago, but minus the bark. All the growth of the tree had been outside of, and apparently detached from the original. The core or original tree was loose, and fell from its sepulchre when the trunk was being split, though it was as full of life as when transplanted. Upon the original tree, which is about five feet long, and two inches in diameter at the largest end, were ten knots, showing that number of limbs to have been sawed off when the sapling was set out. The marks of the saw are distinct as if made yesterday. This curious freak of nature may be seen at the store of Captain Beeman, in Hallowell. It is a genuine curiosity, and worthy of a place in the State's cabinet. We doubt if a similar specimen can be produced.—*The Press.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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THE ECLIPSE.

Observations at Springfield, Ill.—Grand Sights—A Halo Around the Moon—The Peculiar Light—Effects on the Animal Creation.

Springfield, Ill., Aug. 7.—A cloudless sky and an atmosphere of unsurpassed purity today made glad the hearts of thousands. What has well been called one of the most imposing spectacles of nature has been witnessed under the most propitious circumstances. The city of Springfield, by reason of its favorable location in the very central line of the eclipse, attracted numerous visitors from all parts of the United States, and even from Europe. Professor Peirce, of the Coast Survey, was here with a corps of assistants and an imposing array of instruments. Numerous photographs were successfully taken, and no doubt many important telescopic and spectroscopic observations made which will be of great value to astronomical science. But while these learned men, with their powerful glasses, were investigating the chemical composition of the sun's atmosphere and the height of the mountains of the moon, it may be not uninteresting to know what was seen and what was not seen with the unaided eye of an unscientific observer.

All descriptions of a total eclipse of the sun which I have read seemed indefinite and unsatisfactory. I have no doubt the following account will appear equally so to others. But the fact is, the phenomenon is so peculiar and so out of the line of all ordinary experience that it is impossible with words to convey an adequate idea of its character.

My point of view, in common with hundreds of other observers, was the elevated mound of the reservoir about a mile and a half northeast of the State House, and but a short distance from the station of the Coast Survey. There are unfortunately no hills in the vicinity of Springfield, but the top of the reservoir commands a fair view in all directions and overlooks a stretch of several miles of open prairie to the east and south. Up to the time of nearly complete obscuration there is of course nothing to distinguish the appearance of a total eclipse from that of ordinary partial eclipses. A sensible diminution of light and a deepening blue in the heavens are the only noticeable phenomena. But as the crescent of light upon the eastern edge of the sun grew smaller and smaller, the general gloominess rapidly increased, and the sky overhead, and particularly in the northwest, became strangely dark and foreboding. Now the cresent is but a thread, and as every eye watches eagerly the small glisten and dazzle of expiring sunlight, it is suddenly transformed into an indescribably beautiful halo or corona wholly surrounding the dark body of the moon, and remaining there during the whole total phase of the eclipse. This halo is not a band of light as has been sometimes pictured and described, but a white radiating glory,

brightest next to the edge of the moon and gradually diminishing into a fine and almost imperceptible nimbus at a distance of about the moon's diameter from the moon itself, and bearing a striking resemblance to the light which painters draw around the heads of saints. Beyond this, however, (and nearly or quite in the directions of north, east, south, and west,) were four projecting beams or pyramids of light, having their bases in the principal corona, but shooting out far beyond.

I said the corona formed suddenly. It did not, however, become visible instantaneously, but the light of the corona began to appear on the west edge of the moon before the sunlight had absolutely disappeared on the east edge—the whole transformation occuying perhaps two seconds of time. So strange and beautiful was the appearance of this bright corona, that exclamations of surprise broke involuntarily from every lip. It was the grandest sight of a lifetime. And as it hung in the sky contrasted with the darkness of the earth and firmament, a feeling of awe and dread crept over the beholder. The wind, which had been blowing quite a breeze, suddenly died away, and the stillness added to the impressiveness of the scene. I no longer wondered that the ignorant in times gone by had viewed the same phenomena with terror and dismay.

In regard to the degrees of darkness during the total phase I was somewhat disappointed. But few stars were visible. Venus was distinctly seen by shutting off the light of the sun from the eye five or ten minutes before the beginning of the total obscuration, and shone out with great brilliancy after the sun's rays disappeared. Mercury also shone with unexpected brightness. Mars, in the south, shone dimly. Saturn was too far in the southeast to be visible; at any rate I did not see it. The only fixed stars I observed were Arcturus overhead, Lyra in the northeast, and Regulus about midway between Venus and the sun. The first two of these fixed stars could be seen at a glance. Regulus, however, was dimly visible. Other stars might perhaps have been seen by careful searching.

There was no difficulty at any time during the total obscuration in reading ordinary print. But the light did not come from the halo around the moon. That gave but a small light compared with ordinary moonlight. I could read as well with my back to the eclipse as with the halo shining on the paper. The light came from the illuminated sky in the northeast and southwest horizons. To understand this it must be recollected that the eclipse occurred at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and that the cone of the moon's shadow struck the earth obliquely, extending perhaps twice as far from northwest to southeast as it did from northeast to southwest. Hence on either side of the path of the eclipse the sunlight shone upon the atmosphere near enough to be visible to us as a twilight, while in the height of totality the shadow reached so far ahead and back as to cut off all illumination in those directions. This explains why the darkness was so deep overhead, and extending to the northwest and southeast, while upon each side (that is to say in the northeast and southwest) the horizon was of a bright orange color, lighting up the earth with, so to speak, two twilights. These twilights together gave so much more light than the corona that they overcame its brilliancy, and it cast no shadow whatever. If in any total elipse the corona was sufficient to cast a shadow, its brightness either exceeded that of this eclipse or the twilights were far less illuminating. The degree of darkness was about equal to that which in clear weather is experienced three-quarters of an hour after sunset. By watching the time any evening when stars of the first magnitude begin to show themselves, and the twilight is still sufficient to enable one to read ordinary newspaper print, a correct idea can be formed of the darkness of a total eclipse.

The effect of the darkness upon the animal creation was not uniform. Hundreds of butterflies and bumblebees were gathering honey from the clover blossoms on the slopes of the reservoir. The butterflies disappeared several minutes before the eclipse became total. The bees did not leave so soon, but there was not one to be found after the darkness was over. Swallows, however, kept upon the wing, and a large herd of cattle feeding upon the prairie kept on unconcerned and paid no attention whatever to the great phenomenon. The workmen making repairs on the railroad not far distant, thought they knew more. They packed up their tools when it grew dark, evidently believing their day's work over; but they were soon undeceived by the reappearance of the sun, and went to work again.

Rose-colored projections or beads around the margin of the moon's disc were plainly visible to the naked eye. They were three in number; one upon the lower or southerly edge of the moon, which was visible during the whole total phase; one upon the eastern edge of the moon, which was visible for only a short time after the sunlight disappeared; and one upon the western edge, which came in view a short time before the reappearance of the sunlight. The moon itself looked dark, almost black, and appeared as a disc and not as a sphere.

The first intimation of the passing off of the total phase was the lighting up of the horizon in the northwest, which gradually increased and moved towards us, until the great shadow at last swept by and the sun once more burst in view. The instant of the passing off of the shadow could not, however, be detected by the eye upon the surface of the earth. I watched for it closely, but was first apprized of the sun's appearance by the exclamations of those aronnd me who were watching the corona. The time of the total phase was about two minutes and forty-eight seconds. It, however, seemed much longer, such was the effect of the scene upon the beholder. And I can well believe that an old negro who, the night before, was giving his recollections of the total eclipse of 1806, correctly represented his own impressions and thought he was telling the exact truth when he said that it was "plum dark for more'n half an hour." When the total phase is over the spectator (unless he is a scientific man) feels that he has seen all, and walks away vainly trying to analyze and understand the emotions he has experienced. He is satisfied that however he may fail in communicating his impressions to others, a total eclipse of the sun, of which he can never expect to witness another, is well worth going a thousand miles to see, and that its recollections will always be among the strangest, grandest, and most beautiful of his life—*Correspondence New York Times.*

"RICHES, oftentimes, if nobody take them away, make to themselves wings and fly away; and truly, many a time the undue sparing of them is but letting their wings grow, which makes them ready to fly away; and the contributing a part of them to do good only clips their wings a little, and makes them stay the longer with their owner."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A WORD FOR THE WEAK.

At this oppressive season, when even the robust and healthy are enervated by the heat, the sufferings of the debilitated and the sick are doubly increased, and I feel a near sympathy with such at this time.

When the pulse is slow and the nerves are weak it is natural to look for some means of relief, and as alcoholic stimulants, in the form of light wines, porter and ale, are so often recommended in such cases, the word of caution may not be out of place.

We know that alcohol has its uses, and every physician of experience is well aware of its important function in many cases. But we also know that the system which is habitually subjected to its influence is peculiarly liable to disease, and lacks much of the recuperative power it would otherwise have possessed.

Alcohol forms no part of the animal economy, therefore it cannot nourish—and some writer has aptly said, "It is the *spur* to the tired nag instead of the *corn* that feeds him."—Again, it is so foreign a body, that when introduced into the system every little nerve and cell is at once aroused to throw it off. It is exhaled upon the breath and skin, and cast out, *unchanged*, by every excretory organ, and it is while this unnatural action of Nature is going on that the apparent exhilaration takes place. Nature keeps strict account and cannot be deceived; nor will she give us more than is our right, so she sinks back more *tired* than before, to recover her lost strength. Our bountiful Father has provided us with convenient tonics in the form of pure air, water and nutritious food, and instinct tells us when we need rest and when nourishment. If we would be willing to listen to Nature's gentle teachings we might escape much unnecessary suffering, and avoid that restless uneasiness so apparent when she is disobeyed. If, after all has been done that experience suggests or love can devise, the system is still weak, it remains to us to be *content* with such things as we have, remembering that where but little is given, little will be required; and perhaps we can fulfil life's mission as well in our present condition as in one of our own choosing.

"It may be that He lets our labor cease,
And calls us from our active sphere apart
To talk with us in secret—breathe His peace,
Console and cheer our heart.

"It may be that His only word is 'trust;'
Be not found wanting if He try *thee* so,
But answer, 'Lord, I know not what thou dost,
Nor do I ask to know.'

"Ah, let me sit in silence at His feet,
Intent to hear His words of wondrous grace;
Rebuked like Martha by those accents sweet,
Let us take Mary's place."

7th mo. 29th, 1869. S. M. G.

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

The following article from the Springfield *Republican* is full of wise suggestions:—

City life repeated in the country is not what we want. We are glad, therefore, to notice the influx of summer visitors to the hill-towns of our own State, and to the quiet little villages among the mountains of Vermont and New Hampshire. There is no place too obscure to be found out by city tourists in search of attractive country homes. Each locality has its little circle of admirers, widening every year as its beauties become known. It is good for both city and country that it should be so. They are thus learning to know each other better and respect each

other more, and to give up their narrow social prejudices for a genial and general sympathy.

But we need to go one step further still in order for the full enjoyment and benefit of our vacation days. We need, to make our pleasure in the country complete, a closer intimacy with nature than most of us have cultivated. Many a person who finds the days drag wearily, away from the excitement of business, and without the daily newspaper, would be astonished at the delightful employment which the careful observation and study of some of the objects around him would furnish. For, after all, it is not absolute rest so much as change of occupation that we want in these summer days. We want to turn our thoughts away from their accustomed channels; but we do not want to stagnate in repose. We need some interest that shall be calming and yet absorbing; some study that shall engage our closest attention without wearying us; something, too, that shall elevate as well as entertain. And here comes to our aid, as exactly fitting the need, the study of nature; whether in rock or moss or flower or cloud; not necessarily as the study of geology, botany or meteorology, but the patient, watchful, appreciative observation of the wonderful things which pass before us day by day, and for which we have, or think we have, no leisure at other times. "It is a strange thing," says Ruskin, "how little people know about the sky. If in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who among the whole chattering crowd can tell me of the forms and precipices of the chain of tall mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted and moldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? These are what the artist of highest aim must study; it is these by the combination of which his ideal is to be created; these, of which so little notice is taken by common observers, that I fully believe, little as people in general are concerned with art, more of their ideas of sky are derived from pictures than from reality; and that if we could examine the conception formed in the minds of most educated persons when we talk of clouds, it would frequently be found composed of fragments of blue and white reminiscences of the old masters."

"Nature," says Thoreau, "has taken more care than the fondest parent for the education and refinement of her children. Consider the silent influence which flowers exert, no less upon the ditches in the meadow than the lady in the bower. When I walk in the woods I am reminded that a wise purveyor has been there before me; my most delicate experience is typified there. I am struck with the pleasing friendships and unanimities of nature, as when the lichen on the trees takes the form of their leaves. In the most stupendous scenes you will see delicate and fragile features, as slight wreaths of vapor, dew lines, feathery sprays, which suggest a high refinement, a noble blood and breeding, as it were. Bring a spray from the wood, or a crystal from the brook, and place it upon your mantel, and your household ornaments will seem plebeian beside its nobler fashion and bearing. It will wave superior there, as if used to a more refined and polished circle. It has a salute and a response to all your enthusiasm and heroism." And for those who are

"Too busy and too poor to leave their home,"

is there not somewhat of comfort and encouragement in the plan we have been urging? Perhaps they do not realize how many of nature's best things are accessible to them. Perhaps they do not enjoy, as a little more thoughtfulness would make them, the "picture gallery" in which, as Miss Procter's charming poem tells them, they have the rights of kings. And may we not all of us, whether home or abroad, with abundant leisure or with only some precious moments in a life of toil, try to lay aside, whenever we have opportunity, the care and the anxiety which too often steals the sweetness from our times for rest, and open wide our minds to the refreshing influences of the beautiful summer time?

"Soar with the birds, and flutter with the leaf;
Dance with the seeded grass in fringy play;
Sail with the cloud; wave with the dreaming pine;
And float with nature all the livelong day.

"Call not such hours an idle waste of life;
Land that lies fallow gains a quiet power;
It treasures from the brooding of God's wings
Strength to unfold the future tree and flower.

"So shall it be with thee, if restful still
Thou rightly studiest in the summer hour;
Like a deep fountain which a brook doth fill,
Thy mind in seeming rest shall gather power."

All gifts are to be cultivated; let no Christian despise them. Every intellectual faculty that can adorn and grace human nature should be cultivated to its highest capacity. They will make us more useful, and our life brighter. Yet these are not the things that bring us nearer to God. The vision of Him as He is, to see the King in His beauty, is vouchsafed not to science, nor to talent, but only to Purity and Love.

THE VALUE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY J. J. TAYLOR.

Christianity is neither a code of outward discipline nor a system of intellectual belief; it cannot be shut up either in a church or in a book. It is a higher life brought into the world by the wonderful personality of its Founder, and destined in its pure, uncorrupted influence to draw men, by the sympathy which it kindles in earnest and devoted minds, into a holy brotherhood and united family of God. Scripture is the record of its origin and earliest effects; and a precious legacy it is to our race. There can be no rational doubt that it conveys to us a true impression of the belief and aim and feeling—the awakened spiritual life—of the apostolic age; and the more so, that from its multifarious contents it exhibits that life on different sides and through various media, and sets before us in all vividness the development into divers forms of thought of the primitive germ of life cast on the soil of humanity by the quickening words of Christ. Though they were not critics, there is every evidence that the framers of the canon executed their task with simplicity and in good faith, under a strong sense of religious responsibility. It would be a vast improvement in the religious tendencies of our time, if, instead of raising hopeless questions about the date and authorship of particular books, for the complete solution of which the materials no longer exist, and where the canon can only give us its witness without its reasons, we would be content to take the New Testament as, what it really is, a living expression of the faith and life of the apostolic age, and strive to throw ourselves back into hearty sympathy with the spirit which it breathes—with the love and holiness and self-denying efforts for human weal of which it presents so bright and animating a picture; and when our souls are wearied and athirst with the fever of this world's sins and sorrows and cares, to go back in all simplicity to the words of the blessed Jesus, and drink from his lips of those living waters, of which he who drinketh shall never thirst again.—*Christian Register.*

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

The same God who moulded the sun and kindled the stars, watches the flight of the insect. He who balances the clouds and hung the world on nothing, notices the fall of a sparrow. He who gave Saturn his rings and placed the moon, like a ball of silver, in the broad arch of heaven, gives the rose leaf its delicate tint, and made the distant sun to nourish the violet. And the same being notices the praises of the cherubim and the prayers of a little child.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

AN ALLEGORY.

"The Waters of Life."

It is mid-summer, and the Sun of noon-day is shining with tropical warmth upon the head of the weary traveller as he wends his way across the desert-plain; the heated sands blister his aching feet. Hope, that great lamp of human action and progress, burns dimly within his desponding breast. He is about to drop upon the sands, there to die thousands of miles away from those whom he holds most dear, without a human being, civilized or uncivilized, to hear his dying groan, or drop a sympathetic tear. But as he sinks he thinks he hears a sound. Ah! he is right; he is right; for ringing o'er the plain comes a voice—to him sweeter than the most perfect harmony ever sent out from Æolian harp—those wonderful words so full of music and praise, "Cold water, cold water, the gift of God!"

It is not difficult to imagine how one would feel if after a tiresome journey across a desert the words above mentioned were heard ringing out in tones rich and clear, peculiar to the Egyptian water-carrier. Is it any wonder then that our traveller starts up, and with an earnest effort hurries forward towards this "boon of his life." He drinks of the sparkling cold water. Hope's lamp is re-lit, and sheds forth anew its rays of peace and joy so manifest in his now smiling face. His burden is no longer heavy; his ills no longer painful; and he hurries on to the end of his journey rejoicing.

This little incident of Egyptian life illustrates spiritual growth and perfection. It represents correctly, I think, man's spiritual experience; his trials and his triumphs; his sorrows and his joys during the pilgrimage of time. The Bible tells us that man must experience a birth of the Spirit; therefore he who has not experienced this new birth is blindly groping his way across the desert of worldly darkness, His feet are tired and sore from running "hither and thither" to find peace. His brain is wearied and confused by the many and diverse doctrines of men. His soul thirsteth; "he bears a life-long hunger in his heart." He is giving way to despair and is fast sinking into the mire of despondency, when lo! he hears striking upon his inner ear a sound clear and sweet. 'Tis the voice of the Father, saying, "Ho! every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters." Oh what joy fills his heart. He turns eagerly unto "the Giver of all good gifts," and drinks of the "Waters of Life," to thirst no more.

7th mo. 12th, 1869. W. D. R.

FASHION, the ostentation of riches.—*Locke.*

From The Moravian.

WOMAN'S RIGHT AND DUTY.

The extravagances of female attire are not a peculiarity of the present day. They are as old as "the round tires, the whimples, and the crisping pins" of the prophet Isaiah's pages. In every age, moralists and satirists have made them their theme. But then—those old days were not the nineteenth century. The women of earlier times had not the resources, the pre-eminence of enlightenment, the independence of thought and action which is our boast. Those were not "woman's right" days; that is to say, in the position accorded to the sex in this Christian community, every individual woman is bound, as those going before her never were, in all legitimate womanly ways to use both her influence and her example for the overthrow of wrong and the establishment of right. And there is a right and a wrong in dress. There are morals in "the fashions." In them, as elsewhere, material forms are the embodiment of the creative mind, and what kind of minds they are which devise and impose the successive codes of feminine apparel is no secret. Tracing back to its origin some inelegant, bizarre, half masculine and yet fashionable toilette, need it be any surprise to find its source in the dicta of some bold leader of the Parisian *demi monde*. An American Christian woman legislated for in a matter so near to her as to her personal attire, in that which gives character to her appearance, and more or less bias to her inner-self, by a French courtesan! What should we say to such incongruity were we not parties to it?

But where lies any remedy for all this? It would require the combination of numbers to effect any radical and wide-spread reform. Is it quite impossible to find these numbers? There are not a few of the first women in our community who are well alive to the enormities here glanced at. Why should not a hundred or two of these be found to join in a crusade against the tyrant Fashion, by agreeing to inaugurate in their own persons another and simpler style of dress, and thus enunciate a home-born code of fashion which, springing from Christian principle, purity, delicacy, and that harmony of things which cultivated taste dictates, would, under the prestige of their position, win its way into all grades of feminine toilettes until the French fashion book sink into the contempt it merits. Who will join such a crusade—truly a battle of the Cross? For, think of the weak ones led astray, and the precious souls lost through the baits of fashion and vanity. Again and again does some shipwrecked outcast confess that inordinate craving for dress first drew her from the course of womanly purity; and many a poor maiden, it is to be feared, imbibed her first and fatal lesson in vanity at the splendid toilette of her employer.

Now, suppose it were the fashion for the highest ladies in the land to adorn themselves with scrupulous simplicity, nay, because of the present necessity, with extraordiny plainness, would not foreign fashions, and gay attire, in the nature of things, grow to be esteemed coarse and vulgar, and be eschewed accordingly?

"Altogether Utopian, any such suggestion." Well! whether so or not, it behoves every Christian woman, whatever her station in life, to search and see how she can answer to God and her conscience for the character, cost and effect of her attire. There are times when it may be a duty to be singular. It is certain that, in the excess of all kinds amid which we live, no such duty is upon us now. "If meat make my brother to offend," says St. Paul, "I will eat no more meat while the world stands" —and if my falling in with the fashions of the day stimulates others around me to perilous attempts at display in dress, I will, for Christ's sake and other souls' sake forego henceforth all such compliances. Nor will I restrict my charities to equip superabundantly my wardrobe. My outlays of this kind shall be regulated by what, as a Christian woman, I owe to the poor and needy of my neighborhood, so that none be driven to extremity through my fault. Rather, will I dare to be singular by a severity of plainness and economy.

"Woe unto the world, because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to them through whom the offence cometh." SISTERLY WORDS.

BOOKS OF AMUSEMENT.

In tracing some of the causes of that lightness and frivolity of character, and that disinclination for the exercise of the reflective powers, so lamentably common in the present day, one cause I find which is certainly capable of producing such a result. This cause consists in the number, and character, and cheapness, and peculiar mode of publication of the works of amusement of the present day. In all these respects the change is great, and extremely recent.

The works of amusement published only a few years since were comparatively few in number; they were less exciting, and therefore less attractive; they were dearer, and therefore less accessible; and not being published periodically, they did not occupy the mind for so long a time, nor keep alive so constant an expectation; nor, by thus dwelling upon the mind, and distilling themselves into it, as it were drop by drop, did they possess it so largely, coloring even, in many instances, its very language, and affording fre-

quent matter for consideration. The evil of all these circumstances is actually enormous. The mass of human minds, and much more of the minds of young persons, have no great appetite for intellectual exercise; but they have some, which, by careful treatment, may be strengthened and increased. But here, to this weak and delicate appetite, is presented an abundance of the most stimulating and least nourishing food. It snatches it greedily, and is not only satisfied, but actually conceives a distaste for anything more simple and more wholesome. That curiosity. which is wisely given us to lead us on to knowledge, finds its full gratification in the details of an exciting and protracted story; and then lies down, as it were gorged, and goes to sleep. Other faculties claim their turn and have it. We know that in youth the healthy body and lively spirits require exercise; and in this they may and ought to be indulged; but the time and interest which remain over, when the body has had its enjoyment, and the mind desires its share, have been already wasted and exhausted upon things utterly unprofitable; so that the mind goes to its work hurried and languidly, and feels it to be no more than a burden.

The mere lessons may be learned from a sense of duty; but that freshness of power which, in young persons of ability, would fasten eagerly upon some one portion or other of the wide field of knowledge, and then expatiate, drinking in health and strength to the mind, as surely as the natural exercise of the body gives to it bodily vigor—that is tired prematurely, perverted and corrupted; and all the knowledge which else it might so covet, it now seems a wearying effort to attain. That an unnatural and constant excitement of the mind is most injurious, there is no doubt; that excitement involves a consequent weakness is a law of our nature than which none is surer; that the debility of mind thus produced is, and must be, adverse to quiet study and thought—to that reflection which alone is wisdom, is also clear in itself, and proved too largely by experience, and that, without reflection, there can be no spiritual understanding; and therefore childishness and unthoughtfulness cannot be light evils. Whatever is to us a hindrance in the way of our intellectual, moral, and spiritual improvement, that is in our case a positive sin.—*Dr. Arnold.*

The reign of a good principle in the soul carries its own evidence in the life, just as that of a good government is visible on the face of society.

People feel the need of amusements less and less, precisely in proportion as they have solid reasons for being happy.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Thou hast doubtless heard of our wanderings, far, far in these Western wilds, where we have encountered many difficulties and trials, none greater than the evidence that among our own people there are many who seem to feel at liberty to do that which is right in their own eyes, regardless of their responsibilities as accountable beings. Our predecessors bought the Truth, and they knew what it cost them. They were not diverted from their appointed path by the strange voices around them, and well would it be for us, as a people, did we keep more under the government of that indwelling principle which we professedly acknowledge to be our guide. Then would we know Jerusalem to be a quiet habitation, where our strength would be renewed. Our members in this land are much scattered, — situated one and two hundred miles apart. This causes us much arduous travel and often over very rough roads, and we have had much to feel; but I can humblingly acknowledge best help has been mercifully granted, so that we can in truth say we have lacked nothing.

In mingling, as we sometimes have done, with persons not under our name, we are made to believe that where our Friends are thus scattered over a large extent of country, were they active possessors as well as professors of the Truth, showing its preserving power throughout their daily lives, it would be again as it was formerly,—many would be gathered unto this indwelling principle, and be enabled to acknowledge, we know that this is the very Christ, the Saviour of the world.

Separated as we are from any regular meeting of our Society, and feeling no qualification to invite some of our members, by whom we are surrounded, to unite with us in public worship this quiet First-day morning, we opened our Bible, and read some of the sublime language of Job, where he bemoaned his condition, and reasoned with his friends. What a wonderful chapter of human experience does this sublime record unfold, and how does it accord with the religious experience of thousands of devoted souls who have lived since the inspired history was written! It was not till *the work of Job was ended*—till he had ceased his reasonings and questions, and submitted himself and all that he had to the

Divine will—that his merciful Redeemer condescended to meet him face to face, and brought him to the acknowledgment: "I have uttered that I understood not, things too wonderful for me which I knew not." . . . "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, *but now mine eye seeth* thee, wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes." After this we conversed on our simple faith and the form of worship which we believe most acceptable to the Father of Spirits. How simple, how rational, how exalted, is that introversion of spirit which seeks in the silence of all flesh to approach the source of Infinite Love and Purity, and to crave the Divine blessing. This communion of the soul with its Maker is certainly the highest form of devotion to which we can aspire, and if we are not favored with any sensible evidence of heavenly good, the very effort must be acceptable in the Divine sight.

We spent the time usually allotted to the gathering of our friends in their meeting at home, in our "upper chamber," in silent introversion; and if there was no very sensible evidence of the immediate Presence, we were favored with a sense of our unworthiness of the many blessings which are daily dispensed, and the desire was raised that the duties we owe to each other, to our immediate friends, and to the human family at large, might be pointed out to us, and that we might in honesty and godly sincerity run the race that is set before us. And so ended our little *silent* meeting last First day morning.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 28, 1869.

A Reply to Inquirers.—A writer over the signature of "K" propounds certain questions to the Editors of the Intelligencer, "in good faith," that is, as we understand it, seriously—and because he considers satisfactory answers to them of importance. Some of his queries relate to subjects that are generally admitted to be beyond the reach of the human intellect, such as, "What is the nature of the future life?" "Can spirits live without connection with material bodies?" "Where is Heaven located?" These are questions of mere curiosity, unconnected with our spiritual advancement, and to allow the mind to dwell anxiously upon such, is, to say the least, a waste of its powers. The question, "Is there a future life?" is a legitimate one; but the answer to it need not be sought in external evidence or the deductions of reason, though the latter are confirmatory of it. Like the belief in a Great First Cause, the belief in immortality appears to be intuitive, and in some form or other is found among the rudest nations. Even the remorse felt for evil doing, in the "fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation," often in those who have not been religiously educated, attest the strength of this intuition in the human mind. But in the healthy *consciousness* of spiritual life with its wants, its aspirations and its hopes, lies the best evidence of its immortality. A healthful direction of the moral feelings into channels of useful activity, unreserved obedience to every monition of duty and the habitual cultivation of a cheerful and confiding trust in the goodness of our Heavenly Father, are the best preservatives from that morbid activity and misdirection of the reasoning faculties, which leads to the desire to know more than is revealed to us in this state of being.

The querist has answered his own question, What is belief? by adding that it is the result of evidence. This evidence may be that of our own consciousness, the testimony of reliable persons, the deduction of reasoning, the evidence of our five senses, or all combined.

There is sometimes both sophistry and fallacy in applying these, by which minds unaccustomed to sift evidence are liable to be puzzled. Some years since a minister uttered the harmless and self-evident proposition, that "we cannot believe what we do not understand." Some one undertook to refute the proposition by stating that "we do not understand how the grass grows, and yet we believe it." This can be shown to be sophistry—an argument in appearance only.

We have *evidence* of the fact that the grass grows, because we see it; this, then, is the subject of our belief. The mysterious principle of life, or *how* it grows, we do not understand; it is not therefore a subject either of belief or disbelief.

MARRIED.

RUSSELL—TUCKER.—On the 17th inst., by Friends' ceremony, at the house of Theodosia Marriott, No. 1138 Mount Vernon St., Philadelphia, James Russell, of Frederick Co., Maryland, to Elizabeth M. Tucker, of Philadelphia.

DIED.

WRIGHT.—At Milton, Ulster Co., N. Y., on the 29th of Fifth month, 1869, Eliza Wright, wife of Justus Wright, in the 51st year of her age; a member of Oswego Monthly Meeting, N. Y.

WEBSTER.—On the 16th of Eighth month, 1869, aged 2 months and 12 days, Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of William and Elizabeth D. H. Webster; members of Fallowfield Monthly Meeting, Pa.

THOMPSON.—At his residence in Salem, N. J., on the 11th of Eighth month, 1869, Andrew Thompson, aged 74 years; a member and elder of Salem Monthly Meeting.

MAHAN.—At the residence of his son-in-law, Mahlon Cooper, Zephaniah Mahan, in the 90th year of his age, on the 30th of Seventh month.

During that part of his life of which I have any knowledge, and which has extended through a period of almost fifty years, I have never known a life so blameless and exemplary. And it was not a life characterized by mere innocence. It was devoted to active benevolence. Being a member of the Society of Friends, he spoke in their meetings of business, on the testimonies of the Society—always with marked respect and with the approbation of his fellow members. He was interested in whatever concerned the good of the Society at large, but particularly in relation to abstinence from intoxicating drinks. On this subject he was untiring in his exhortations, and was "instant in season." His example in this testimony was consistent and blameless. His communications in the assemblies of his brethren, though delivered in great simplicity of language, always commanded attention and respect; for the consistency of his practice with his precepts, and his faltering manner, made it evident to all that he spoke from deep conviction.

In this line of conscientious duty he raised his warning voice, in the early period of the temperance reformation, against the taking of fruit to distileries, signing petitions for tavern licenses, and unnecessary frequenting houses in which liquor is sold. In a word it might be truly said of the effect of his conduct on the community, irrespective of sect or party, that

"His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void,
And sure the Eternal Master found
His single talent well employed."

It seems befitting that a life of such rare innocence should be closed by a calm and easy exit. His bodily and mental strength declined very gradually during several of the latter years of his life. On the day he was eighty-nine years old he shaved himself, but he had not been able to meet his friends for some time before. His departure was so easy, and without a struggle, that it was impossible to mark the exact moment of his exit.

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged beyond the common walks
Of virtuous life."———

And the impression on the day of interment was evidently of the same kind. The order and decorum that pervaded the whole company assembled was adapted to the occasion, showing that when a *good man dies*, a deep impression is made. Several impressive testimonies to his worth were given, at the house and grave, and when I looked over the large assembly and marked the numerous connection of the deceased with the families of the vicinity, the conviction was present that it is impossible to estimate the influence that *such an example* has produced in the community, nor the limits to which its light has extended. H.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

9th mo. 5th, Yonkers, N. Y. 10½ A.M.
" " Chester, Pa., 3 P.M.
" " Fairfax C. H., Va., 3½ P.M.
" " Pennsbury, Bucks Co., Pa., 10 A.M.
" " Collins, N Y., 3 P.M.
" " Reading, Pa., 3 P.M.
" " Westfield, N. J., 3 P.M.

FIRST DAY SCHOOLS.

The Executive Committee of Association of Friends for the promotion of First day schools within the limits of Philada. Yearly Meeting, will meet in the Monthly Meeting Room, Race St., on Sixth-day afternoon, Ninth mo. 3d, at 2 o'clock.

The arrangement of time and place of next meeting of the Association and other important business will be acted on. PHEBE GRIFFITH, Clerk.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

Joseph Forman, Gwynedd, Pa., Robert Hatton, Selma, Ohio, Rebecca W. Bancroft, 803 Shipley St., Wilmington, Del., Sarah W. Haines, West Chester, Pa., have been appointed agents of the Association: the former agents at Wilmington and West Chester have, at their own request, been released.

FRIENDS' ALMANAC, 1870.

It is expected the almanac issued by Friends' Publication Association will be issued in time for Ohio Yearly Meeting, and may be had of Eli Garretson, Salem, Ohio.

By means of circulars addressed to Friends in different parts of the country, an effort has been made to have a correct statement of times and places of holding Friends' meetings, together with a list of correspondents or clerks of meetings, Indian committees, &c.; also the times and places of holding circular meetings, &c. The calendar part has been prepared by Dr. Joseph Foulke of Buckingham, Pa.

The space allowed for other reading matter having been much curtailed, with a view to make the work more useful, twelve additional pages have been added, the retail price remaining at ten cents.

The additional space has been filled with suitable selections, valuable receipts and useful tables, and it is desired that Friends will endeavor to promote its circulation and prevent loss to the Association.

It may be had of the General agent, T. E. Chapman, who has removed to 701 Arch St., Phila., of E. W. Hartley, 915 Spring Garden St., Phila., Jos. Arnold, Jr., 134 Sixth Avenue, N. Y., Eli M. Lamb, Baltimore, and other agents.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

AWAY FROM HOME.

No. 4.

(Continued from page 396.)

CHICAGO, 7th mo., 1869.

In addition to the various matters already noticed, there are many things here to interest both the man of business and the mere seeker after novelty. Like all other large cities, its entrance by rail is through the most forbidding portion of it, although it bears the fancy cognomen of "*The Garden City of the West.*"

A few days acquaintance with it will, with

the careful observer, have a tendency to dispel much of any previous prejudice that may have existed. Before proceeding to speak especially of the city any further than I have done, I will again quote some facts gleaned from an address delivered by Dr. G. S. Bailey, referring to the state of *Illinois* itself. Alluding to its rapid settlement, he asserted that the "State of Illinois had excelled all the other States and Territories in this respect.

"Thirty-four years after the Declaration of Independence,—viz., in 1810,—Illinois was occupied almost entirely by Indians and a few French traders, with here and there an American family. Twenty years later, in 1830, it contained a population of 157,445. In twenty years more,—viz., in 1850,—it had reached 851,470, and in fifteen years more (1865) it numbered 2,148,178, having gained in the *last fifteen years* spoken of 1,296,708, being 500,000 more than any other of our States ever gained in the same length of time. Its increase during the five years of war was 436,227, and that, too, when she sent 258,000 men to the army."

In reference to the agricultural prospects of the State, present and prospective, he added: "Out of 35,400,000 acres of land, *Illinois* contains 33,000,000 of tillable ground. Only one-seventh of this had (in 1866) been touched by the plow, and yet this one-seventh had sustained the estimated population for 1865 of 2,148,178, and furnished a surplus of food for exportation enough, no doubt, to sustain 2,000,000 more."

He closed this portion of his address with the query, "Now if one-seventh of our State, with its imperfect culture, furnishes food for *four millions* of people, cannot the *whole State* sustain a population of *twenty-five* millions?

But to return to the *city*. A spicy writer, a resident of Chicago, has justly remarked that it has not much to recommend it to the eyes of the tourist in search of the picturesque —that there is nothing to be seen in the shape of a ruined tower, and a view of a dilapidated shanty does not serve to inspire poetic revery—that neither the Crib nor the Artesian Well would seem interesting in water colors," &c., &c.,—thus continuing:—"All we can boastingly talk of, if we attempt to astonish the stranger with whom we have undertaken to see Chicago, is the youth and vigor of the city. See how we grow,—look in *that* direction. A few years ago, a *marsh*—a *mere marsh*—now one of the busiest thoroughfares of the world. Then take a stroll round the suburbs. See the number o new houses in course of erection—growing faster than ever, and still more have accommodation wanted!"

A portion of the growth here spoken of I have myself been cognizant of, a great change having taken place during the three years that have elapsed since my first visit. Vast numbers of buildings have been erected, of all styles and descriptions, from the one story or story and an half frame, up to the collossal structure of architectural beauty.

The want of comfortable dwellings at moderate rents is still felt. Two-story houses of frame, and by no means of large size, say four rooms and a shed on the first floor, readily command from *six* to *seven* hundred dollars. Wabash and Michigan Avenues, running parallel *with* and the latter fronting *on* the Lake, can boast of a number of *very* fine buildings, in the erection of which much taste has been displayed; indeed *the taste* exhibited in all the houses now being built, no matter how humble their pretensions, is worthy of remark.

A very small frame erected in the cheapest manner possible, even on the old *stilt* system, will have its gable end to the street, with fancy overhanging cornice, and frequently with the first-story front windows down to the floor opening out on to a tastefully arranged balcony.

In no other western town have I seen as much attention paid to this beautifying on a small scale, and in no other have I seen as little care bestowed on the *solidity* of the buildings, except where it is the intention to erect a massive structure, and then no pains nor expense are spared. This carelessness is attributable to several causes. In the first place, the marshy nature of the soil, and in many instances, the builder not knowing where the grade is or will be. And again, a custom prevails to lease ground for five or ten years, at the end of which the lessee must release, buy the ground or remove his building. Looking forward to one of these contingencies he, of course, incurs no more expense than is absolutely necessary in his building.

Hence it is no unusual thing to see houses placarded with "For sale with six years' lease," or less, as the case may be. Some of these have not even the ends of their *stilts* on which they are built entered into the ground at all, but they merely rest on a layer or two of pieces of joist about two feet in length laid lengthwise on the ground—if *two* layers, one set across the other. And yet on this foundation will quite a pretty house be built. There is yet a great want of cellars in Chicago,—in *our* sense of the term cellars. Some of these stilt supports are boarded in; some remain open all round, while some have the end facing the yard open. Although now, where a good building is to be erected, whether of brick, stone

or frame, a stone or brick superstructure is built as a foundation, and what cellar is obtained, is made by filling up around it. Where it is the *intention* to have a good building, no expense is omitted to ensure the desirable result, and the end is a success. In coroboration of which it is only requisite to travel through the great business thoroughfares with their massive storehouses so expensively fitted up and literally *groaning* with their loads of merchandize, offered for sale with every tempting inducement the ingenuity of man can desire, and examine their public buildings, as well as those devoted to business purposes in a concentration of "offices." But all these improvements, vast and important as they are, have not yet divested the place of its uncouth and unsightly appearance, away from the business portion of it, where the most prominent of these changes are taking place.

While speaking of the leasing system and removal of buildings, I ought to have stated that they are sometimes erected with an eye to convenience when the latter necessity arises. I was shown a whole row of frame houses, possibly the half of one of our squares in length, built with an unbroken front in appearance, and yet so arranged that they could all be sawed apart into as many perfect houses. The necessity for this arose from the fact that they were built on ground held by a disputed title, and the owner liable to be dispossessed of the *lot* at any time.

There is a great rivalry amongst the religious congregations as to their *churches*. No finish or adornment *can* be too elaborate; and upon entering them, to a mind constituted as mine is, no feeling of awe or reverence is elicited, but the counter one of *how inappropriate for a place of worship*. And yet as we owe so much to our individual education, and early associations and impressions, I desire not to sit in uncharitable judgment on any. In conversation with an individual holding a pew in one of these costly edifices, on this subject, he justified it by alluding to the adornments and expensive decorations of our dwellings, and surely if this was right for our own selfish gratification, we should be equally willing to beautify "the house of God."

One of these, "The Unitarian," has just been completed, and was dedicated one week before our arrival. The occasion was to the members one of intense interest and excitement. The audience remained *for five hours!* The object of the sermon was to show the necessity, first for the beautified structure, and next, the importance of taking means to liquidate the debt incurred in erecting it.

The subscription commenced—first with one or more of $5,000, further down to $1,000, then into the *hundreds*, and so on down to the smaller sums adapted to the means of those subscribing, and doubtless given with as much cheerfulness and sincerity of heart as were the thousands.

This round of subscriptions gone through with, another commenced. A number of the men who had previously given now gave for their wives; these exhausted, some one started a subscription for each of his children,—an idea that *practically* ran through the congregation until the result of the five hours' exertion footed up a total of *seventy thousand dollars* ($70,000) subscribed on the spot. As this left them "*but forty thousand dollars*" in debt, they felt quite relieved, and as though they were now really the *owners* of their church, the whole cost of which was *one hundred and eighty thousand dollars!*

Notwithstanding this animated scene and its pleasant result, a number of the congregation look upon the expenditure as not only unnecessary, but *unwarrantable*. A lady remarked to me she did not feel near as comfortable in the attendance of the *new* as she used to in that of the *old* church. I attended it on First-day morning, and while I admired the elaborate finish of the interior (for certainly it was wonderful) as a work of art, I thought I could appreciate the remarks of the lady referred to.

The "grades" of the streets have been previously alluded to. In some neighborhoods it would seem as though each property owner had used his own judgment as to what the height of his footway should be; hence it not unfrequently happens that one block has several different elevations to overcome, either by steps of from say two to six or more in number, or by inclined planes. It is evident, however, that efforts are now being made for a better regulation of this as well as other things, and I anticipate the next three years showing still greater improvements than the past has done.

The *Chamber of Commerce*, with its numerous offices, and its magnificent "change" room, with a ceiling *forty-five feet* in height, covered with splendid frescoe painting, is especially entitled to admiration. I visited it several times during "change hours," and it was truly a busy mart of "money changers." Samples of various kinds of agricultural products were exhibited on the marble-top tables, while the initiated could point out the different groups all over the room as the "Grain Dealers," the "Pork Dealers," &c., and so on through various departments of mercantile trade.

It is fair to presume that the "*Union Stock Yard*" is not more limited in its operations than it was when I visited it three years since,

at which time the President of the Company informed me that "one year previously not a fence enclosed their grounds; now they have over *eighty acres*. *Twenty millions* of feet of lumber had then been used about the premises; and it was said that the *avenues alone*, between the cattle pens, if measured in a straight line, would amount to *ten miles*." At that time they had never accommodated more than *fifteen thousand* head of cattle in one day, though with an eye to the future they had completed accommodations for *twenty-five thousand head*. If the increase in this branch of business has kept pace with others, they have very possibly ere this had occasion to test this capacity.

The Company has also a splendid hotel, containing in all 353 rooms, 254 of which are lodging rooms. From the top of this building is had a magnificent view of the country.

Two Artesian wells are situated completely outside the city of Chicago, both of which are 711 feet deep. One of these, having a pipe of *five* inches in diameter, which discharges 800,000 gallons per day, was commenced in *Fifth* month, 1865, and completed on the 1st of *Eleventh* month the same year. The undertaking itself is a decided and valuable success. A chemical analysis has been made of the water, and it is said to be admirably adapted for drinking or culinary use.

The "great undertaking" spoken of as having been commenced for the purpose of supplying the city with water is completed, and is a perfect success. It may be remembered it was to be a tunnel extending *two miles and a quarter* out into Lake Michigan, or rather under its bed. *Two sets* of steam-engines are placed in the "water-works building," a structure of stone of ample dimensions and great architectural beauty. The two last erected are magnificent specimens of mechanism, although all are good. Those first in use were of course appliances for the supply from the old source, and are still very wisely retained to meet any contingency for the derangement of machinery, or any other defect in the new arrangement. Before visiting the works on this occasion, we had heard it surmised, from the quality of the water, that the supply at that time was from the *old* source, and not the *new*,—which proved to be correct.

No stranger should leave this place without visiting the "grain elevators" and hog killing and packing establishments for which it is renowned. One of the former has a capacity for the storage of a *million and a quarter* of bushels of grain; while in the latter, the living animal is in a very few minutes converted into the marketable article. The expedition, system and *cleanliness* of the entire operation is well worthy of admiration; the last named commendable attribute tending to dispel what would otherwise be revolting in the operation. In one of these establishments, during the busy season, *two thousand* hogs are despatched per day.

But I fear my readers will tire of Chicago, and conclude I am partial in devoting so much time and space to it. Such, however, is not the fact, but greater facilities have been afforded me in this place than elsewhere to procure business information. I know full well this is not the only city of the "Great West," but a glance at the following figures will show I have not overrated it. I have before me the last (being the eleventh annual) Report of the Board of Trade—a comprehensive volume of 172 octavo pages, embracing every imaginable kind of information respecting its commerce,—a few items from which must suffice, viz.:

No. of hogs received in Chicago during season of 1868–69,	1,938,596
No. of cattle received during year ending March 31, 1869,	347,244
No. of sheep received during year ending March 31, 1869,	325,506
Bushels of corn received during year 1868,	23,151,504
Barrels of flour received and in store during year ending March 31, 1869,	3,099,192
Capacity of warehouses and elevators,	10,680,000
Estimated population, April, 1869,	265,000

The statistics for lumber, fish and many other articles of commerce present the same features of extensive operations, but would be too voluminous for insertion in the Intelligencer.

There is a very pretty Cemetery here, well located, and considerable public spirit has been shown in laying out and adorning a handsome Park. It is yet in its infancy, and though possessed of very few natural advantages except its frontage on the lake, is destined to be a beautiful place of resort. Art has not been appealed to in vain, and its artificial winding streams, on the placid face of which you can glide for hours back and forth in boats provided for the purpose, with its equally artificial islands and mounds, are even now very attractive, as its numerous visitors fully attest.

These artificial elevations are no doubt indebted to the earth taken from the bed of the artificial stream, and renews a subject alluded to in former notes—*the scarcity of dirt*, as *then* commanding 35 cts. per cart-load. It was at that time, and has remained during my present visit, a wonder *where* enough could possibly be procured to ensure any thing like a

drainage for the city. I have, however, very recently learned that much of it is brought by cars on the railroad from a distance of twelve miles.

There are some of *our* "Friends" and descendants of Friends scattered here and there over the city, but so isolated from each other as scarcely to know the whereabouts of each. The *other branch* of the Society is, I presume, more numerous, as they have a small meeting-house located a long distance from the centre of the city, which is sometimes attended by some of our members.

I may possibly speak of other places in a succeeding number. J. M. Ellis.

EXTRACT FROM A POEM CALLED "ON THE MOUNTAIN."

BY MARY E. ATKINSON.

"O that my soul had wings!" we sighing cry.
What wings? The dove's, to hover round our nest
On sweet love errands? Eagle-wings to fly
To glory's mountain-crest?

Or angel-wings to speed on tasks of heaven?
Ah! when God's work demands increase of powers,
The wider range and freer flight is given,
If such a task is ours;—

But wings to fly away and be at rest
He giveth not, for whither should we go?
Away from duty on an endless quest
Across a sea of woe?

The fretting friction of our daily life,
Heart-weariness with loving patience borne,
The meek endurance of the inward strife,
The painful crown of thorn,

Prepare the heart for God's own dwelling place,
Adorn with sacred loveliness His shrine,
And brighten every inconspicuous grace
For God alone to shine.

As Druid builders on the ancient plain
Stonehenge's giant circles stretching wide,
Smoothed every massive block with toil and pain
Upon the inner side,

In honor of the gods who dwelt within,
Beside the altar of their sacrifice,
So must our secret souls be purged from sin
For Christ's omniscient eyes.

THE CHILDREN.

Heaven bless the children!
Beautiful and fair,
Needing all a mother's love,
All a father's care.

Restless little pilgrims
On the road of life,
Eager for the journey hence,
Earnest for the strife.

Glad to push their vessel
From the parent shore—
Once on life's broad billowy sea
'T will return no more!

Ever asking questions
That confound the wise;
Peering into mysteries
With their truthful eyes.

Setting us examples
Ever, day by day,
Teaching us the way of life
In their simple way.

Heaven bless the children!
As they once were blessed,
When the gentle Lord of love
Little ones caressed.

Lead them safely over
Life's tempestous sea;
Keep them from the evil hour,
Teach them to be *free!*

Free from all excesses;
Free from moral stain—
From the glutton's heavy bonds,
From the drunkard's chain!

Free from sin's allurements,
Be they what they may—
Walking up the narrow path
Towards the gates of day.

—*Exchange.*

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

This century is, by long odds, the most remarkable one the world has ever seen, yet little more than two-thirds of it have passed away, and its closing years bid fair to exhibit yet greater phenomena than those which have appeared. There have been but two centuries at all resembling it in the rapid development of human thought and activity. The first was the fourth century before the Christian era, when Greece had culminated in all her literary and architectural splendor, and Alexander the Great carried her civilization and spread her commerce throughout Western Asia. The second was the still greater epoch of the Reformation, the invention of printing, the revival of letters, the discovery of America, and the circumnavigation of the globe. The fifteenth century of the Christian era certainly stands out in very brilliant contrast with its predecessors and its immediate successors. The world had retrograded and begun to stagnate at the middle of the last century, and even at the beginning of the present, how backward it was in many things. In the year 1801, the streets, if lighted at all, were lighted by oil lamps, which literally made darkness visible. In Europe there was no organized system of police, and highway robberies were of daily occurrence, even in the middle of large cities. The postal service was carried on by stage coaches which took a fortnight to travel from Washington to Boston. All travelling was slow and dangerous. Steamboats had not come into general use, and railways were as yet undreamed of, and as for telegraphic communication, any one who should have suggested such a thing would have been deemed a lunatic. Most of the sciences, especially chemistry and geology, were in their infancy, and literature had apparently come to a standstill in that same year, 1801. If we look at the political horizon, all was gloom, except in this favored land, which was then the hope, and her eyes in a great Continental war, was being drain-

ed of her wealth to carry on the struggle, while misery, poverty and ignorance were brutalizing the mass of her population. Ireland had just sunk in a last struggle for independence. France, having been gorged with the horrors of a tremendous revolution, had fallen a victim to an Imperial despot. Spain and Portugal were in the depths of superstition and corruption. Germany was divided into a number of petty States, whose sovereigns were patterns of licentiousness, and the country was the theatre of war, as was Italy, which groaned under priestly and Bourbon tyranny. Russia was under the sway of a madman. Turkey scarcely gave signs of vitality; and Sweden and Denmark were not much better—the latter had just lost her fleet to Nelson. Holland and Belgium formed part of the dominions of the French Republic; Poland lay in the grasp of Russia, Austria and Prussia. In the East, China, Japan and Persia remained in a state of torpor; Hindostan, wrested from France by England, was undergoing the process of annexation. Australia had just formed her first settlement, and New Zealand was unoccupied by Europeans. Africa was but little known; the only change in that quarter had been the transfer of the Cape of Good Hope from Holland to England. The slave trade raged in all its horrors, and slavery had become one of our domestic institutions. The Union comprised but sixteen States, and the seat of government had just been transferred to the District of Columbia, which, with the city of Washington, had sprung into existence. All South America belonged to Spain or to Portugal.

This was the state of things sixty-eight years ago. What do we now see? A Union extending from Atlantic to Pacific, with fifty States and territories, many of them empires in themselves, overspread with a network of railways and great water channels, with flourishing cities springing up everywhere, and a vast commerce. We have had a civil war and got rid of slavery; the slave trade has been suppressed everywhere, except, perhaps, in the South Pacific. Russia has abolished serfdom and adopted parliamentary government. Italy has a united constitutional monarchy; so has Austria, Prussia, the German States, Holland, Belgium and Portugal. France is becoming a constitutional monarchy, and England is on the high road to a Republic. Spain is hovering between the two. Turkey has joined the onward movement; so have China and Japan. Greece is free; Belgium and Holland are independent; so is all South America. It formerly took three years to go around the world; it now takes less than three months. Telegraphs render communication between the Old and New Worlds a matter of two or three minutes. Stage coaches are things of the past; so are oil lamps; gas has almost superseded them, both indoors and out. Steamboats ply on every sea and navigable stream. Newspapers enlighten every district. Education is general. And as for the progress that has been made in every department of science, it would take volumes to describe it. More enlightened views of religion and philosophy now prevail; and the exclusiveness of class has everywhere been broken down. There is hope for the masses, and encouragement for the long-suffering; and though much crime, pauperism and misery still exist, the causes of these social plagues are becoming better discerned. These are some, but not all the triumphs of this wonderful century.—*Philada. Ledger.*

From New York Evening Post.

DEATH IN THE LAMP.

One death by accidental poisoning is enough to startle the community, and scarcely any measures allowed by the law against the druggist whose mistake has occasioned it are severe enough to satisfy the public. But death in another and more terrible form is freely sold at a thousand shops in this city, is carried into nearly all families, and especially into those of the poor, and hardly a word is said against those who, with the negligence so gross as to savor almost of malice, are making money by distributing it as one of the main comforts of life. It is time to make known the alarming fact that the substance commonly known as illuminating oil for domestic use, is as explosive as gunpowder, and almost as dangerous to handle as the dreaded nitro-glycerine.

It is but a few days since a man employed about some machinery upon a Pennsylvania railway, took with him for use a can containing what he supposed to be lubricating oil. He used it about axles and shafts for more than a day with entire success, and had nearly exhausted it when he undertook with the last drops to oil an axle that was revolving rapidly. The can suddenly exploded in his hands, and he was blown to pieces. An examination showed that his oil was really nitro-glycerine, called the most violently explosive substance that science has devised. But if this man had taken the lamp-oil sold every hour in New York, it seems that his life would have been still shorter.

A large proportion of the patients now admitted to the city hospitals are sufferers by the explosion of kerosene lamps. Half of the alarms of fire have the same origin. The coroners are busy with inquests upon the bodies of those suddenly killed and mutilated by such "accidents." Not to look further back

than our own local reports for a single week, we find that on one evening, at almost the same hour, the houses No. 336 First avenue and No. 301 Houston street were set on fire by the spontaneous explosion of kerosene lamps. In one of these cases, at least, the oil used was advertised as "patent safety oil," which, on the sworn testimony given before the coroner's jury, is manufactured at Hunter's Point by a stock company, and sold at No. 116 Maiden Lane, No. 139 West Nineteenth street, and many other places, for household use, and that, it is said, in spite of repeated explosions and warnings from the officers of the Board of Health of its deadly character.

The chemist of the Board, Professor Charles F. Chandler, says, in the *Chemical News:*

"Day after day we see accounts of horrible deaths from accidents: sometimes the lamp explodes; sometimes it is overturned; sometimes a fire is kindled with a little oil from the can; in numerous ways the fatality occurs; but the cause is always the same—bad oil. It has been our duty to examine the kerosene retailed in New York, and although we have purchased and examined upwards of one hundred samples, we have not yet found a single sample of safe oil,—oil which conforms to the regular legal standard:

"1, That it shall not take fire or burn at a temperature below 110 degrees Fahrenheit.

"2, That it shall not evolve an explosive vapor below 100 degrees Fahrenheit.

—while about twelve per cent. of the specimens are pure benzine, the most volatile and dangerous product of petroleum."

What is the remedy for this? A common demand is for more stringent legislation. Not long since the Board of Health itself undertook to control the matter by a general inspection of the oils offered for sale. They went so far as to ascertain that there was not more than one place in this city where oil that could be burned without danger to life was offered in large quantities. But when they attempted to stop the sale of murderous oils to families, the city authorities interfered with them; and in the conflict of powers nothing was done. The *Chemical News* thinks that "the apathy manifested by our lawmakers is incomprehensible," and that a law is needed sending those who sell benzine for lamps "to the State prison for life." Several coroners' juries have recently taken similar ground: and doubtless think their duty done when they have demanded such legislation.

But is there not a simpler way than this? People do not need special laws to protect them from burning gunpowder for coal. The laws we have are enough to punish those who recklessly sell death for gain in any form. Can any jury hesitate to convict of manslaughter the man who makes and sells explosive oil for household uses, and so kills his customers? After all the public warnings that have been given, and the scientific information on the subject that has been made general, any dealer who distributes oil without knowing that it is safe, is criminally responsible for the fatal consequences.

At present, it appears, there is no safe oil in the market. Professor Chandler gives this simple test:

"These most dangerous oils can be recognised at once by applying a lighted match to a small quantity contained in a saucer. Every oil that can be lighted with a match should be condemned at once, as only the most dangerous will take fire at ordinary temperatures."

Every retailer who does not intelligently apply this easy test before selling oil, or have it applied by some competent authority, if he distrusts his own skill and judgment, is guilty of negligence, which the people ought to be slow to pardon. But until the dealers shall have been startled and driven to practise caution, by the severe administration of the law against a few of them, there is no safety for purchasers but in carefully testing the oil for themselves. Let it be understood that the man who brings to his house any of the illuminating oil now commonly sold, or any such oil that has not been proved and found safe by this or some similar test, does so at the peril of his life.

ITEMS.

England and the East.—Since Sixth mo. 1st, a new route has been opened between England and Alexandria, in Egypt. A few years back the only route was by steamer from Southampton to Isthmus of Suez via Gibraltar; then Suez was reached by steamers from Marseilles and next by steamers from Trieste, the above mentioned seaports on the Mediterranean being reached by railway. A line of steamers was subsequently established between Suez and Brindisi, in the southeasterly part of Italy, in what is popularly called the heel. There are three ways by which to reach Brindisi, by the Mount Cenis route, by way of Ancona and by the Brenner Pass. The latter is the new route, and passengers now can leave London, and passing through Ostend, Cologne, Munich, the Brenner Pass, near Innspruch and Verona, can reach Brindisi in 161 hours, allowing a break of seven hours at Cologne. In this way twenty four hours of time is saved, and the wearisome voyage by sea is abridged by seventy hours. As these six lines of travel are all extensively used, both the canal and railway across the Isthmus of Suez cannot fail to receive an abundant supply of passengers and freight.

There are said to be 6,527 cotton mills in the United States, running 7,5[illegible]5,082 spindles, and consuming 417,367,771 pounds of cotton per annum. This gives to each mill an average of 1,162 spindles, and a consumption of 63,945 pounds of cotton per annum.

The Desert of Sahara.—Ferdinand de Lesseps,

the projector and engineer of the Suez Canal, has, it is reported, devised a plan for the reclamation of the desert of Sahara. This dreary waste, according to the observations of African explorers, was formerly a vast inland sea, which has been exhausted by some convulsion of nature. The engineers sent to explore the desert, report that its level at its nearest point of approach is thirty feet below the level of the Red Sea, with constantly increasing depression as it proceeds towards the interior of Africa. De Lesseps therefore proposes to build a canal seventy-five miles long, to turn the Red Sea into the desert of Sahara, so that the now dry sand may be cultivated, the intense heat of the climate be mitigated, and the inhabitants be reached by the missionaries and become civilized.

This plan of an inland sea, however, is said not to be original with De Lesseps. An American, Charles Ellet, Jr., when State Engineer for Virginia, announced a project for supplying an inexhaustible feeder for the James River and Kanawha Canal, and also for the Ohio River. A large basin was to be formed in the western counties of Virginia, and a lake seventy miles in circumference and sixty feet deep was to be filled with water supplied by the rains and by the streams running down the Alleghenies. A report, with maps and draughts, was published at the time, and the succes of the project was considered certain, though the heavy expense proved an obstacle too difficult to be overcome.—*Ledger.*

Measuring Distances.—The idea has more than once suggested itself to use the revolutions of a car wheel of known diameter along a railway track in measuring distances as in the case of an odometer; but it was supposed that the occasional slipping of the wheel along the iron rail, without actual rotation, would interfere materially with the indications. Careful experiments—recently made with a view of testing this question—have shown that the number of rotations indites, with perfect exactness, the actual distance traversed, and that the measurements thus obtained are even more accurate than those derived from a measuring chain, or the more delicate glass bar apparatus of Bessel, as employed in measuring the degrees of a meridian.

Press copies of old letters or manuscript can be taken, it is said, by pressing the pages on the dampened paper in the usual way, and then apply the vapor of ammonia. Although no result may appear to follow the first operation, we are assured that after the second the letters will appear distinctly on the dampened blotting paper. Another method consists in dampening the manuscript with a solution of sugar, honey, or mucilaginous matter, and then applying the dampened paper as heretofore. In this case the sugar is applied to the paper instead of being mixed previously in the ink, as is done in one form or other with ordinary copying inks.

In a note communicated to the French Academy by M. Favre, relating to heat developed by the galvanic battery but not transmitted by the circuit, he has made known this remarkable fact, that there are galvanic couples which, instead of giving out heat, actually absorb it, thus producing cold. Such a couple, he finds, is compose of platinum and cadmium with hydrofluoric acid as the exciting fluid. —*Bulletin.*

Persons who live in fens may be glad to learn that a simple method has been discovered of neutralizing the deletrious influence of marshy exhalations. Monsieur Martin, in a memoir presented by him to the Société Thérapeuitique de France, affirms that this desirable result may be obtained by the cultivation on a large scale of the sunflower (Helianthusannuus). The experiment has been tried with great success in the fenny districts near Rochefort, and the Dutch, who, from the peculiar nature of their country, have every opportunity of studying such phenomena, and must be looked upon as high authorities on the subject, have a firm faith in this specific, asserting that intermittent fever, the scourge of the country, has totally disappeared from every district in which a fair trial has been given to it. The fact appears to be proved, but the *modus operandi* is uncertain; it being a disputed question whether the sunflower acts on the atmosphere merely like any other plant of rapid growth by the production of oxygen; or whether, like the coniferæ, it emits ozone, and thus destroys the germs, animal and vegetable, generally supposed to constitute the miasms which produce fever when present in the atmosphere in large quantities.—*Ex. Paper.*

The Japanese Colony in California, is settled on the Graynor Ranch, now called the Adzu Ranch, about 4½ miles from Placerville. The land, it is stated, is adapted for the culture of fine silk and tea, which the Japanese intend to raise. The property was purchased by the agent, Herr Schnell, for $5000, and comprises 600 acres under fence, a large orchard of trees seven years old, 50,000 grape vines, numerous grain fields, a good well, furnished brick house, a barn, a wine house, wagons, implements of husbandry and farm stock.

A village, to be called *Wakamatz*, is to be laid out, with a cottage and vegetable garden for each settler. An extensive nursery for the growth and sale of Japanese plants, such as tea plants, bamboo plants, wax trees, &c., is to be established. The bamboo, it is stated, is, when young, a valuable esculent, the sprouts tasting like asparagus and artichokes. China oil the cleanest burner, it is asserted, among commercial oils, is expressed from the berry or nut of the tree plant. From the wax tree are obtained varnish and wax. The varnish is produced from the sap like turpentine from the pine tree, and the berries are mashed and boiled to obtain the wax, which readily separates from the vegetable fibre. Hill rice is also to be raised, and the artificial cultivation of fish will be carried on. The colony is to be established on co operative principles, the land being allotted in divisions to the respective families to cultivate the tea and mulberry plants, and to raise silkworms. The tea leaves and the raw silk are sold to the factories, so that a uniform quality of goods may be supplied to the consumers.

The vivid flashes of crimson green or blue light emitted from a fine opal, when examined closely, are seen to proceed from planes or surfaces of irregular dimensions within the stone at different depths, and lying at all angles with each other. Occasionally a plane emmitting light of one color overlaps a plane diffusing rays of another color, the two being alternately visible by a change in position. The point of most interest in regard to these colors is, that they are not due to any pigment, but are produced by reflection of light from minute striæ or fissures on the surfaces of the several planes, as may be proved by slowly turning the stone until a point is reached when no color whatever is emitted.—*Bulletin.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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From "The Still Hour."
BY A PHELPS.

A DEVOUT MAN, ONE THAT PRAYED ALWAYS.

ACTS 10: 2.

We miss very much devotional joy, by the neglect of *fragmentary* prayer. In the intervals which separate periodical seasons of devotion, we need a habit of offering up brief ejaculatory expressions of devout feeling. The morning and the evening sacrifice depend very much upon these interspersed offerings, as these in return are dependent on those. Communion with God in both, is assisted by linking the "set times" together by a chain of heavenward thoughts and aspirations, in the breaks which occur in our labors and amusements. Sunrise and sunset may attract our *attention* more strongly than the succession of golden rays between them, but who can say that they are more cheering? It is not often that a day wholly clouded lies between two clear twilights.

Prayer, is, in the highest conception of it, a *state* rather than an *act.* A full fruition of its benefits depends on a *continuity* of its influences. Reduce it to two isolated experiments daily, and separate these by long blank hours in which the soul has no glimpse of God for its refreshment, and how can prayer be other than a toil, and often a drudgery?

We come to the eventide with the impression of the morning watch all obliterated; probably with a conscience burdened by accumulations of sin upon an ungoverned spirit through the day. We feel that we must take a new start every time we seek God's presence. Our sense of spiritual progress is lost. Sinning and repenting is all our life; we do not have holy force enough to get beyond repentance in our devotion. Our prayers, instead of being, as they should be, advancing steps, are like the steps of a tread-mill. Humane law has abandoned this, even as a punishment for felons; why should one whom Christ has made free inflict it upon himself?

We need, then, something that shall make our prayerful hours support each other—the morning tributary to the evening, and the evening to the morning. Nothing else can do this so naturally as the habit of ejaculatory prayer. The *spirit* of prayer may run along the line of such a habit through a lifetime. So, one may live in a *state* of prayer, "a devout man that prays always."

Not only does this habit of fragmentary prayer contribute to a lofty, devotional spirit, but such a spirit demands it for its own indulgence.

It is characteristic of minds which are aspiring in their piety, and which have begun to reap the reward of arduous devotional culture, to be habitually conversant with God. Such minds are constantly *looking up.* In the very midst of earthly toils, they seize moments of relief, to spring up to the eminences of meditation, where they love to dwell. In the discharge of duties most unfriendly to

holy joy, they are apt to experience a buoyancy of impulse towards a heavenly plane of thought, which it may even require a power of self-denial to keep down.

Critics have observed, that in the apostolic epistles, doxologies are sometimes embedded in passages of remonstrance and of warning. It should seem, that the apostolic mind came down unwillingly, or from a sense of duty only, to deal with the sins and weaknesses of earth; and was on the watch for chances to rise, like a bird let loose, though but for a moment, into the upper air.

Such is the nature of holiness. Being *from* God, it is ever seeking to revert to its source. The heavier the pressure of a mundane life upon it, the stronger is the force of its compressed aspirations. Such pressure is like that of the atmosphere on water, which seeks, through *crevices* in its enclosure, the level of its fountain. A spirit like this, I repeat, will *demand* the habit of fragmentary prayer for its own holy indulgence; and will demand it with an importunity proportioned to the superincumbent weight of earthly cares.

The providence of God, also, contemplates these impulses as a counterpart to certain of its own procedures.

Under the laws of Providence, life is a probation; probation is a succession of temptations; temptations are emergencies; and for emergencies we need the preparation and the safeguard of prayer. We have duties which are perilous. We meet surprises of evil. We struggle with a wily adversary. We feel perplexities of conscience, in which holy decision depends on the mind we bring to them. We encounter disappointments which throw us back from our hopes rudely. We have difficult labors, in which we sometimes come to a "dead-lock;" we do not know what to do. We have an *unknown* experience opening upon us every hour. We are like travellers in a fog, who cannot see an arm's-length before them. Providence is thus continually calling for the aids of prayer; and in a soul which is keen in its vigilance, prayer will be continually responsive to providences, often anticipative of them.

The methods of the Holy Spirit, also, presuppose the value of these fragmentary devotions. God often secretly inclines a Christian's heart to engage in them.

Are there not, in the lives of us all, moments when, without the formality of retirement to the closet, we feel *disposed* to pray? We are conscious of special attraction towards God. Perhaps with no obvious reason for "looking up" now rather than an hour ago, we *do* look up. "We *feel just like praying.*" It is as if we heard heavenly voices saying, "Come up hither."

There is often a beautiful *alliance* between Providence and Grace, in these experiences. A Christian who will be studious of his own history, will probably discover, that often the *occasions* for such fragmentary communings with God follow hard upon these secret incitements to them. Emergencies come soon for which they are needed. The Holy Spirit has anticipated them, and sought to forearm us. Providence and Grace thus hover over us, not far asunder.

In this view, those Biblical exhortations to prayer, which men have sometimes deemed extravagant, are transparently rational: "*Continue* in prayer;" "Continue *instant* in prayer;" "Pray without *ceasing*;" "Men ought *always* to pray;" "*Rejoice* in the Lord *always*!" Such exhortations contemplate a state, not insulated acts, of prayer. They *fit in* well, to the system of things in which we are living; for, that system seems, on all sides of it, to presuppose just this continuity of unpremeditated ejaculations, joining together our stated seasons of devotion.

No Christian, then, can afford to be frugal of prayer, in the intervals of daily business and amusement. Enjoyment of *all* communion with God must be impaired, by the loss of these little tributaries. A Christian's life, so conducted, must languish as a tree does, who fibrous roots are stripped off, leaving only its truncal roots, possibly only a tap-root, for its nourishment. That Christian is hoping against impossibilities, who thinks to enjoy a life of intercourse with God, in any such way.

We are opposing God's method of working, if our life has a tendency to incapacitate us for the enjoyment of prayer *at all times.* If by needless excess of worldly cares; if by inordinate desires, which render it impossible for us to accomplish our objects in life *without* such excess of care; if by frivolous habits; if by the reading of infidel or effeminate literature; if by an indolent life; if by any self-indulgence in physical regimen—we render the habit of fragmentary prayer impracticable or unnatural to us, *we are crossing the methods of God's working.* Something has gone wrong, *is* going wrong, in the life of that Christian who finds himself thus estranged from filial freedom with God.

Such a Christian must, sooner or later, be brought back to Christ, and must begin life anew. He will come back heavy laden and in tears. No words express more becomingly the wail of his spirit, whenever he comes to his right mind, than the plaint of Cowper—

"Oh for a *closer walk* with God!"

In the vestibule of St. Peter's, at Rome, is a doorway, which is walled up and marked with a cross. It is opened but four times in

a century. On Christmas Eve, once in twenty-five years, the Pope approaches it in princely state, with the retinue of cardinals in attendance, and begins the demolition of the door, by striking it three times with a silver hammer. When the passage is opened, the multitude pass into the nave of the cathedral, and up to the altar, by an avenue which the majority of them never entered thus before, and never will enter thus again.

Imagine that the way of the Throne of Grace were like the *Porta Santa*, inaccessible, save once in a quarter of a century, on the twenty-fifth of December, and then only with august solemnities, conducted by great dignitaries in a holy city. Conceive that it were now ten years since you, or I, or any other sinner, had been *permitted* to pray; and that fifteen long years must drag themselves away, before we could venture again to approach God; and that, at the most, we could not hope to pray more than two or three times in a lifetime! With what solicitude we should wait for the coming of that Holy Day! We should lay our plans of life, select our homes, build our houses, choose our professions, form our friendships, with reference to a *pilgrimage* in that twenty-fifth year. We should reckon on time by the openings of that Sacred Door, as epochs. No other one thought would engross so much of our lives, or kindle our sensibilities so intensely, as the thought of Prayer. It would be of more significance to us than the thought of Death is now. It would multiply our trepidations at the thought of dying. Fear would grow to horror, at the idea of dying before that year of Jubilee. No other question would give us such tremors of anxiety as these would excite: "How many years now to *the* time of Prayer? How many months? How many weeks? How many days? Shall we live to see it? Who can tell?"

Yet, on that great Day, amidst an innumerable throng, in a courtly presence, within sight and hearing of stately rites, *what would prayer be worth to us?* Who would value it in the comparison with those still moments, that—

—"secret silence of the mind,"

in which we now can "find God," *every* day and *every* where? That Day would be more like the Day of Judgment to us, than like the sweet minutes of converse with "Our Father," which we may now have every hour. We should appreciate this privilege of *hourly* prayer, if it were once taken from us. Should we not?

"Still with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee!

With Thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart—
To hear Thy voice 'mid clamor loud,
Speak softly to my heart!"

AN HUNDRED FOLD.

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, *it bringeth forth much fruit.*"

In 1660, Sir Kenelm Digby saw a plant of barley proceeding from a single grain, from which there came two hundred and forty-nine stalks, on which he counted upwards of eighteen thousand grains. But this is little compared with the experiments recorded in the 58th vol. of the Philosophical Transactions. On the 2d of June he sowed a few grains of wheat, one of the plants from which had thrown out so many sprouts, and from these so many stalks, that on the 18th of August he was enabled to divide it into eighteen parts, which he set out separately. By September and October these had so multiplied that he had set out sixty-seven stalks for the winter. With the first growth of the Spring, this multiplication and division went on till at the beginning of April the number of plants amounted to five hundred.

These plants proved more vigorous and productive than those under ordinary culture, so that the number of ears amounted to twenty-one thousand, one hundred and nine; and they were remarkably fine, some containing from sixty to seventy grains each. The wheat, when separated from the straw, weighed forty-seven pounds and seven ounces, and measured within two quarts of a bushel, the estimated number of grains being five hundred and seventy-six thousand, eight hundred and forty.

What wonderful forces, what subtle, expansive energy and growth, were silently sleeping in this small, dry, unpromising-looking little seed! And how amazing the life that came from this single death! Who could have believed, without the actual sight, that the small and almost invisible germ wrapped in that one grain, could have multiplied and enlarged itself, and have diffused its vitalizing power through all these roots and shoots and stalks, into more than five hundred thousand other grains. And how curious and admirable the constitution of this internal germ, the soul or spirit of the seed, that it should thus, under change of circumstances, seemingly so unfavorable as being buried in the earth, be able to incorporate into itself the impalpable ethereal essence of light, and air, and moisture; that it should be able to assimilate them to its own nature, and so, according to the laws of its being, re-create itself,—enlarge and diffuse its life almost indefinitely.—*T. B. Thayer.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

MARY C. BAKER.

More than a passing notice is due to the memory of this, our beloved friend, MARY C. BAKER, whose long and beautiful life has terminated after an illness of short duration. Although an invalid for many years, her sick-chamber was visited by a very large circle of her friends, who esteemed it a privilege to mingle with her. She had endeared herself not only to the aged, but the young loved her society, So kind and affectionate was her disposition that an atmosphere of love encircled her, as if her gentle bosom could embrace the whole human family.

No word of repining escaped her lips, for her faith was in that strong Arm of Divine Power, which had supported her in the hour of trial, and upon which she had leaned in humble confidence; and when the summons came, she was ready to meet the Bridegroom of souls. As was beautifully expressed upon the solemn occasion, "The earthly garment was lifted, and the immortal soul had gone to a higher life, there to partake of that bread of life which had nourished and sustained her trusting spirit through a long course of years." The peaceful expression of that countenance (beautiful even in death) gave evidence that *all was well* with her. She had finished her course with joy, and a crown of righteousness was her reward. May her bright example prove an incentive to those who are still toiling onward towards that Celestial City whose inhabitants never say, "I am sick."

Thus has closed her long and useful life; her setting sun went down without a cloud to obscure its brightness.

The funeral took place on the 13th inst., attended by a large concourse of friends, and much interesting testimony was borne to her high and exalted character, both as a faithful wife, a tender mother, and affectionate friend.

E. H. B.

Flushing, 8th mo. 22, 1869.

IF one should give me a dish of sand, and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how it would draw to itself the most invisible particles by the mere power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies! but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessings; only the iron in God's sand is gold.—*O. W. Holmes.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

Let the thoughts of the heart and the answer of the tongue be from the Lord.

In illimitable profusion are the blessings of God dispensed to his intelligent creature man. None perhaps stand more prominent in the estimation of the Christian traveller than the treasures of wisdom, to which all have free access, and from whence, the more we draw, the greater the supply, for these treasures increase with our desire to possess them. According to the wise Solomon, wisdom and prudence dwell together, and find out knowledge; and when knowledge is sought under the guidance and guardianship of these heavenly virtues, all will be well, and all will be acquired that will really benefit us or add to our usefulness.

We are sometimes blest with germs of thought which yield the cultivator fertile and productive fields, whether in the outward and material world, which, formed by the great Architect, delights but never tires, or whether we turn from this to the more glorious world of mind, where the image of the great Former is reflected.

How exalted, how ennobling are such thoughts! How they elevate above the petty incidents or annoyances that spring from human infirmity! These vanish like morning mists before the glorious orb of day, when the chamber of the soul is enlightened by the inshining of the Divine Spirit.

Among our rich blessings may also be numbered the gift of speech—the power of communicating our ideas to our fellows. May it never be abused, but kept pure and chaste as were the golden candlesticks that graced the temple of old, and from which a light was to shine reflecting the surrounding beauty. "Words fitly spoken are as apples of gold in pictures of silver." May our young people in their social gatherings watch over their conversation, and prefer such subjects as will be worthy the great boon of speech, and will leave upon the mind an impression for good.

Let the thoughts of the heart and the answer of the tongue be from the Lord.

S. HUNT.

THE service of truth and virtue is not to be rewarded by the wages of this world's goods. Health, strength, riches, prosperity, are not the best, they are not the appropriate recompense for self-denial, humility, benevolence and purity. The true recompense is eternal and imperishable. If you have this, why be dissatisfied that you have not the other?

THOUGHT is to the mind what motion is to the body. Without it, there is neither health nor strength.

From The Methodist.

SUMMER VOICES.

It is strange how variously the different forms of life are affected by temperature. In winter the vegetable kingdom languishes, its sturdier growths stand stock-still, content if they may but maintain their position against the furious or freezing atmosphere. The feebler plants perish outright, and are only renewed from their seed in the coming spring. There is indeed verdure in winter. The evergreens, with their stark, sharp foliage, defy the most powerful frosts; but even they must wait for warmth in order to blossom. Beyond these we find the signs of vegetable life in winter only in heated apartments, where a sort of stove-summer has kept life in a few pet plants, lapped in wire-baskets and earthen pots.

If we come to the animal kingdom, the case is greatly changed. In winter, animal life is generally vigorous. The frame of man and beast, for the most part, is hooped up afresh; a sound as of new life is evoked by the touch of duty, and work becomes a pleasure. The horse that sweats and pants in summer, in the frost of winter can scarcely be held in. From sheer overflow of life, he endangers the limbs of rider or driver, and makes an excuse of every stone and stump by the roadside for an attempt to run off. The dog, so eager to pursue the game over the snow and ice, seeks in the heat a quiet retreat from flies and sun, where he may pant and dream, and where perchance he may escape the name or the reality of being mad. Man, the master of these creatures, with all his superior knowledge and ingenuity, accepts their fate. The summer enervates him as it does them. The strength and enterprise, the vivacity and ardor of cooler weather fade away in the intenser sunlight. He builds ice-houses; he has ice-creams, water-ices, arctic soda-water, and mingled fire and frost in strong drinks; but the dog-star cannot be bought off, and as the thermometer goes up, human life goes down, down. The uproar of the children in the heated street almost dies away; the voice of the pulpit even hesitates; "the daughters of music are brought low," and constrained quiet reigns in the closely shut-up dwellings. The din of business is mitigated; there is a hush even in the market-houses; the very butcher grows mild; the ships in the harbor lie so still and look so desolate as almost to seem fixtures, and the water on which they rest has a solid if not a baked appearance.

How the world has quieted down! And yet summer has its voices, its manifold vocal charm. Every breeze of the hot weather is sweet, and its sound is quite different from that of the winds of the winter. When we hear them, we feel as though some one were about to fan us. There is a tone of comfort and refreshment in the gentlest and most voiceless atmospheric movement. We think of Æolian harps whose music has swept over banks of frozen odors in some winter paradise.

And then there is a delicious music of the summer night. It is wild, strange, well-nigh startling. We do not refer to the responses of katydid, or the rich trill of the tree-frog, or to the slighter note of the cricket, or even to the vast but gentle chorus of the leaves when they are touched like lute-strings by the fingers of the breeze; we are thinking rather of what may be called the music of silence itself. It is heard only when the air is motionless. Then, in the sultry night, when your heart beats in your own ear like a death-watch, when you shrink back from the sense of your own breathing as if it were the breathing of another and invisible being at your side, then is the reign of an audible silence. You hear it as a sort of sparkle in the air, an aërial pulse, a quiver, so spiritual. so weird, that you think it must be real, and ask yourself if it be not the whisper of spirits, perpetually uttered around us, but only audible in the perfect stillness of the air when every other tone is hushed. This sound of silence, reader, what is it? Is it the whirr of the wheels of Time, or the movement of his resistless scythe, or the running of the sand out of his hour-glass? Or is it the far-off sound of the music of the spheres, as they move through their orbits beyond the distant azure?

But there is one beautiful exception to the lassitude of summer in the animal kingdom. The birds, sad and songless in winter, are glad and strong in the hottest weather. Of all the voices of summer, aye, or of the year, what can compare with these? What a gracious provision that, when all other forms of animated existence languish, the very sweetest and brightest should brim over with delight! And why is it? Is it because birds have so little flesh, and such an elastic frame-work of bones. Is the secret found in the power of the wing to fan the hottest air into coolness, or to carry its gentle owner up into any atmosphere, or to select the coolest and shadiest spots in wood or dell? Is there not a mystery in the relation of beak and windpipe to pinion, the one mastering air for motion, and the other even more grandly for song? However these questions may be answered, that robin, now weaving his song near our window, putting the threads of sound into a vocal texture which seems almost visible and tangible, must be the happiest thing alive. He is a fountain of life and joy; and he, and such as he, redeem the summer and soften its heats.

There is another voice of summer, which requires, however, the ear of poetry to hear it. Its song is written, sung to the eye, a rhyme and rhythm of colors and odors. We refer, of course, to flowers. The flowers may, therefore, be called mutes, but they are only dumb to those who are deaf. They spoke formerly to prophets and to the Son of Mary himself. Only be quiet, reader, and let the inner sense listen; open the ear for the beautiful, and wisdom, adorned with beauty, will frame itself into sentences refreshing to the parched and burdened soul.

INNOCENCE AND VIRTUE.

Many who watch the gradual changes from infancy and childhood to youth and maturity, and who mark how often additional knowledge is accompanied by additional sin, wish that the child's ignorance of evil might be prolonged; and are inclined to fancy that knowledge itself is at best but a doubtful blessing. This idea proceeds rather from a negative hatred of evil, than from a positive love of good, and its error lies in mistaking *innocence* for *virtue*. It is true that the child possesses naturally some qualities in which manhood is often too deficient. Such are its humility, docility, and its disposition to follow guidance. Even these are chiefly lovely in the child, because so essential to the development of its nature. Weak and ignorant, it must lean on the strong and the wise if it is to acquire their characteristics; and as far as the boy is unfit to guide himself, his excellence consists in being guided by others. Innocence is lovely in the child, because in harmony with its nature. Its ignorance of evil is balanced by its ignorance of all other things, and the child who, uninformed upon all else, has yet acquired a knowledge of evil, is justly regarded with displeasure as being out of harmony with nature.

But our path in life is not backwards but onwards, and virtue can never be the offspring of mere innocence. If we are to progress in the knowledge of good, we must also progress in the knowledge of evil. Even if with extreme care the period of childish innocence could be much prolonged, still it *must* end, and the question comes vitally to all, "What is to succeed it?" Every experiance of evil brings its own temptation, and, according to the degree in which the evil is recognized, and the temptation resisted, will be the value of the character into which the individual will develop. Innocence may be beautiful, but can never be strong, while the whole essence of virtue lies in its strength to resist and power to endure. If the innocence of childhood be replaced by the firm principles of integrity and honor, the loss will be really a great gain. It is only where the knowledge of evil is unattended by appreciation of its nature, where temptations are yielded to and not resisted, that we are induced to grieve over the departure of that innocence which was so beautiful in earlier years.

The change from childish innocence to manly virtue is one that should be hastened rather than deplored. Where the whole animal frame is increasing in size and force, the bones knitting more firmly, the muscles growing tenser, and the strength and endurance augmenting, it is natural and right that similar changes in the inward nature should take place. Some of the worst sins of manhood arise from retaining too long the thoughtlessness of the child. It is not so much the knowledge of evil that is to be feared as the ignorance of positive good to overcome it; not the advance of one part of our nature, but the failure to advance in the higher and nobler parts. As the stature and power of the full-grown man is superior to that of the little child, so is the strength and energy of virtue superior to the innocence that only ignores the evil, without having tasted the good.

Knowledge, to be truly valuable, must be guided by wisdom, and the essence of all wisdom consists in discovering and obeying the laws of the Creator. This can render even the loss of innocence itself the means of developing our highest nature. The real danger to be feared for the rising generation is not so much that they should learn about evil, as that they should *not* learn about good. Positive good will soon crowd out evil, while, if we could by our utmost energies simply guard the mind from all approaches of sin, we should at the most only accomplish a negative work, which would fail in producing a truly manly and virtuous character. Let every one, then, be careful to sow the seeds of positive moral goodness, as well as to eradicate the weeds that will occupy the soil of every heart that is left uncultivated. Planted thickly with the seeds of truth, integrity, self-denial and love, a rich harvest of noble and manly character will be yielded, while the utmost toil will fail to keep down the weeds of vice and sinfulness in the heart where positive virtues do not grow.—*Ledger.*

A THOROUGHLY well-governed speech is so rare, that we still say, in the words of James, "If any man offend not in word, the same is a *perfect* man."

TEMPERANCE is that due restraint upon the affections and passions which renders the body tame and governable, and frees the mind from the allurements of vice.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Your epistle called up feelings which I wish to share with you. I have been passing in review some of the circumstances which have attended our passage through life, and feel myself your debtor for many pleasant remembrances growing out of our intercourse. I think it cannot be justly said of us as it was of the children of old, "We have piped unto you and ye have not danced, we have mourned unto you and ye have not lamented." On the contrary, we have enjoyed each other's friendship not only at our respective homes and in our meetings, but also at the sea-side and on the mountains, and our sympathies have extended to each other in our trials and afflictions, and when the hand of disease has been in our families, or the shadow of death has darkened our pathways, we have been near to each other in craving Divine aid. It may be that we have not given much expression to our feelings—and, perhaps, it was not needed—nevertheless it was known to exist. There is a spirit within us that understands and appreciates the silent sympathy of those we love.

There is a Spirit that confides in the wonderful workings of Divine power on the human heart, and continually rests in the hope that by bringing us into subjection to the Divine will, and also bringing those whose welfare is dear to us under the same influence, we shall be brought nearer and nearer together until we are prepared to go forth as messengers for a holy cause. We may have no very eminent position in the service, but to be considered worthy of employment would be sufficient for the humble-minded Christian.

Whilst we know that there is much of wickedness in the world, I often feel grateful that I know of so much kind feeling and love existing among mankind. The *world*, as it is called, is far better than we think it, and many lessons are learned by daily experience. An unobserving eye may not see the shrinking virtue that hides itself behind some rudeness of demeanor or expression, or may not know why the sensitive heart retires from the praise of those who would uphold it. There is a feeling of pain accompanying the public exposure of our inner thoughts, and much more of good is hidden there than the world gives credit for. In my intercourse with others I have often found it where I did not look for it, and I have no doubt your experience has been the same.

Let me thank thee for those words of thine through which were conveyed to me a "portion of the hallowed influences" dispensed to thee, and which were accepted to my comfort and refreshment. I have been in a low spot of late, and though my confidence in the all-sustaining power of the Infinite Father has not been weakened, and I could acknowledge that "His mercies were renewed unto me every morning," yet I felt almost too poor and weak to avail myself of them. I know it is in myself, and I have believed it may be a dispensation for the greater trial of my faith and to wean me from the world, and I desire that it may accomplish that for which it is designed. While I know that our entire reliance must be upon Divine power revealed unto us, I believe we are also permitted to be each other's helpers in a spiritual sense, and I receive it no less from the Father, because I recognize the outward source through which it comes. We know that it is only as there is an abiding under the One qualifying Power, that any can minister to edification, either in the assemblies of the people, in the social circle or by the written word. I desire to accept all these heavenly visitations aright, and am aware that this requires great watchfulness, simplicity and humility.

As I sit upon the porch this tranquil morning, I wish for thee to enjoy with me its beauties. While the eye surveys the varied prospect so picturesque and beautiful, and the ear listens to the rustling breeze swaying the tall branches from which the feathered songsters are chanting their morning orisons, the heart rejoices in these evidences of the Father's love, and my trust is renewed in the belief that He who has made all these things and keeps them in their appointed places, and suffereth not a sparrow to fall to the ground without His notice, is greatly more to us than to them, and though He often leads us into paths we had not known, yet His loving care is ever over and around us, bringing us nearer to himself.

Things pertaining to our outward life offer many instructive lessons if we will but learn them; and how true it is that when some of our plans are thwarted, and we feel as if all earthly hope were blasted, the destruction of some cherished scheme proves the foundation of some better and higher attainment than we had dreamed of. Constituted as we are, it is sometimes difficult for us to recognize the Divine hand in all circumstances, but we have learned the teachings of life to little purpose if, under every dispensation, we can not trustfully exclaim, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."

Our dear friend —— is feeble in body, but

lovely and childlike in spirit. It is a great favor, as years and bodily infirmities increase, to have the thoughts and affections so centered on Divine goodness that all life's circumstances are met with cheerfulness and a grateful trust. His surroundings are as pleasant as we usually find, and his may truly be called a happy old age.

I thought of thee and of some others while sitting in the sweet little silent meeting this morning, where eleven of us met to receive whatever of good might be for us. Was it wrong for my thoughts to go off in such directions? I think not, for the result was that my heart was lifted in real thankfulness for the blessing of friendships such as some of mine, and if I myself *was* made to feel little and not good for much, that kind of feeling is sometimes very wholesome. I came away from the meeting stronger for the little quiet time.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 4, 1869.

Society Phrases.—Is it best to perpetuate them, or is not their use often comparable to speaking in an unknown tongue?

Outside evidence may profitably be brought to bear upon an examination of this subject. We have been asked by persons not members of our Society and but little conversant with our usages, "What do you mean by the word *testimony*, which your members use so frequently? The dictionary meaning of the word is 'witness—evidence—proof of some fact.' You must attach some other meaning to it, or with your knowledge of the English language you could not use it as you often do." This, then, is undoubtedly a *Society idiom*, and renders our language ambiguous. Why not express ourselves more clearly, so as to convey our meaning to the minds of others. For example, if, instead of saying we feel called to bear a testimony to the principle of peace, we say we believe it right to uphold this great principle, we could be understood, and the feelings and the understandings of the hearers would bear witness together, perhaps to their convincement of the truth.

We would not be understood to object to the legitimate use of the word testimony. It is most fitting in its place, and very expressive when applied to divine laws or precepts. "The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple."—Ps. 19. "I love thy testimonies—I have kept thy testimonies."

We believe the benefit even of a gospel communication is sometimes greatly lessened by its being clothed in language that is not understood by any but ourselves, so that strangers who may attend our meetings, while they recognize and acknowledges the feeling which sometimes overshadows us, cannot receive the spoken word, because it is to them in an unknown tongue.

The apostle Paul evidently saw that the teachers in his day were in danger of erring in this respect, and he gave them many pertinent cautions. "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle? So, likewise ye, except ye utter with the tongue words *easy to be understood*, how shall it be known what is spoken? for ye shall speak into the air." 1 Cor. xiv. 8, 9. Again, "If I know not the meaning of the voice, I shall be unto him that speaketh a barbarian; and he that speaketh shall be a barbarian unto me." Same chap. 11th v. Again, Paul, after expressing thankfulness for the ability to speak in divers tongues, says, "Yet, in the Church I had rather speak five words with my understanding, that by my voice I might teach others, than ten thousand in an unknown tongue." And again he brings into view the object that should be kept before us: "Let all things be done unto edifying." 1 Cor. xiv. 26.

We think these quotations fully sustain our concern for an increase of "plainness of speech" among us, either when mingling socially with those not of our fold, or when speaking in our assemblies, whether for worship or discipline.

Some of the young people among us, who are only occasionally at our business meetings, lose part of the advantage they would otherwise gain because of our departure from simplicity of language, and may we not add, in this connection, simplicity of *manner* also. Let all public services be marked by a simple, unaffected, natural manner, and we believe they would the more readily meet the Witness for Truth in the minds of those who hear.

We know that "the life is more than meat and the body than raiment," but surely it is not only allowable, but best, that while the life is preserved, the body or substance of the concern be clothed in fitting raiment. If the *manner* be peculiar and not simple or natural, the value of the offering may be greatly impaired by our thoughts being withdrawn from the words spoken and given to the manner in which they are delivered.

DIED.

GARRETSON.—After a lingering illness, which was borne with Christian fortitude, on First-day morning, the 22d of Eighth mo., 1869, Sarah J. Garretson, wife of Dr. Eli Garretson, aged 40 years; a member of Salem Monthly and Quarterly Meeting, Ohio.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

A Stated Meeting of the Board of Managers will be held at Race Street Meeting-house on Third-day, the 7th of Ninth month, at 3 P.M.

CLEMENT M. BIDDLE, *Clerk.*

FRIENDS' LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

The Committee of Management will meet in the Library Room, Race Street, on Fourth-day evening, Ninth month 8th, at 8 o'clock.

JACOB M. ELLIS, Clerk.

THE INDIANS.

The Committee on Indian Affairs of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will meet on Sixth-day, Ninth month 17th, at 3 o'clock P.M., in the Monthly Meeting Room, (Race St). Full attendance desirable.

JACOB M. ELLIS, Clerk.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

9th mo. 5th, Chester, Pa., 3 P M.
" " Reading, Pa., 3 P.M.
" " Pennsbury, Pa., 10 A M.
" " Westfield, N. J., 3 P.M.
" " Yonkers, N. Y., 10½ A.M.
" " Collins, N Y., 3 P.M.
" " Fairfax C. H., Va., 3½ P.M.
9th mo. 12th, Buffalo, N. Y., 3 P.M.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

AWAY FROM HOME.

No. 5.

(Concluded from page 413.)

Allusion was made in last No. to the Tunnel, extending out two miles under the lake at Chicago, before taking the water for its city supply. Some doubts have been expressed as to the *purity* of the supply, even now. I have recently examined the reports of a committee of their Board of Health, and cannot find any thing that will justify the assertion, notwithstanding the terrible foulness of Chicago River.

Although Philadelphians can have no especial interest in Chicagoian fears on this point, it nevertheless behoves them to look into the future as regards the subjects of sewage and drainage. The drainage of London poisoned the Thames to a fearful extent, a remedy for which was finally attained after a lavish expenditure of money. *We* have had numerous warnings, and we should not forget the fact of the drainage of our own city into Cohocksink Creek and Gunner's Run having at one time rendered the waters of the Delaware so impure as to make the water-works at Kensington practically useless for drinking and culinary purposes. This is a matter of vital importance that cannot be guarded too jealously: and we hail our *Park* arrangement as one step forward in the right direction.

The Depots in course of erection at Chicago and Cleveland three years since are completed, and are splendid edifices of the kind. They embody greater facilities and conveniences for the traveller than I have ever seen elsewhere, especially at the last named place, where more explicit directions, on movable sign-boards, as to the destination of the various cars and trains, exist than is usual. With all the increased and constantly increasing accommodations, there is still a deficiency in reference to information as to *where* you are while in transit, and where certain trains will take you. If on a train and intending to leave at some way station, you are fortunate if you can either catch the hasty tones of the brakesman or conductor, or translate what he says, if you do, amidst the rattle and noise of the train, before the car door bangs behind him. This difficulty is partially obviated on some routes, by having a list of the stations printed on the back of each ticket; but in a majority of instances the traveller must depend on his ears or previous knowledge of the route. A simple remedy for this might be found if the railroad companies would have cards provided, in good-sized type, with a list of the stations, in the order in which they come, between certain main points, and place two copies in each car. They would cost a mere trifle only, and take away from the traveller the anxious feelings of uncertainty which often very much mars the pleasure of the ride.

While speaking of depots, those at Erie and Buffalo must not be forgotten; they are both a credit to the officials of the railroad companies they respectively represent. At the latter place is an *attaché* whose sole business is to be *constantly* on hand to give travellers information as to which train to take, and to assist them with their baggage. I watched him for a length of time, and had considerable conversation with him, and a more gentlemanly officer I never met with. He did not wait to be asked the ordinary questions, but if he saw any, either of "high or low de-

gree," looking anxiously or ignorantly about them, he immediately stepped up to them and politely inquired their destination, seeming not to be satisfied himself until he saw them beyond the possibility of mistake as to their journeyings.

In a former number I felt that it would not be safe for me to say much about Buffalo, having seen so little of it, except that it bore evidence of being a place of great importance. I have since been informed that the depot (like most others) is located in a very unfortunate position, so far as producing an unfavorable impression upon strangers is concerned, and that from two to two and a half miles from it the city is very beautiful.

Very little was also said of *Williamsport* in my first number. It is situated on the Susquehanna, about one hundred miles from Harrisburg and seventy-eight from Elmira, N. Y. It is certainly beautifully located, and I am indebted to the letter of a sojourner there, who tarried a few days, for some additional information. The attractions of its surroundings are furnished by the mountains and hills that rear themselves up at its northern and southern defences. The Bald Eagle range on the south is confronted by high hills on the north, while the intervening valley seems only wide enough to furnish room for the city, river, railroad and the cultivated slopes that appear necessary to ruralize the town and modify the rigors of the mountain. On either side, east and west, are rich and highly cultivated farms, well stocked with everything necessary to the completest and most remunerative husbandry. For a considerable distance up and down the valley can be seen these elegant farms, suggesting all that is comfortable and profitable in agriculture. Taste is seen on every hand, and in many instances an elegance suggesting a wealth and enterprise hardly to be expected in a region bordering so closely on the land of pine forests and inexhaustible lumber.

West Fourth street, running from near the centre of the town in a westerly direction, and extending a distance of perhaps two miles, is a beautiful avenue. It is perfectly level, and stretching off between the elegant residences standing on either side, and its rich embroidery of trees, it presents an appearance positively charming, and furnishes, either for promenades or drives, as desirable a place as could be wished for. It is wide, thoroughly graded, and laid with Nicholson pavement. In addition to this there are planted along the extent rows of trees, many of them already large, and others younger, but all growing vigorously, and promising ere long to unite their branches in a "boundless contiguity of shade" and canopy of treedom. Some are horse-chestnut, some maple, some linden, all well boxed, so as to preserve them from violation by man or beast, and trimmed so as to grow in proper shape and proportion. It is one of the marked features of the town that it cultivates abundant growths of shade and ornamental trees. They are growing on every street. Yards, rear and front, have their groves and sylvan avenues, and gardens are made to endure the shade and yield the crop from fruit trees of choice varieties. A reverence seems to be entertained for trees great and small, and "woodman spare that tree" is meant not only as an invocation for the preservation of its life, but that it may be retained to yield seeds and sprouts for the propagation of its kind. An old umbrella shaped thorn, standing right in the middle of Fourth street, has the pavement built around it, rather than that it should fall by the municipal axe or saw. Along some of the avenues the houses are all built back, perhaps two hundred feet from the street. They are mostly in large lots, handsomely laid off with straight and serpentine walks, and embellished by all kinds of ornamentation. Deciduous and evergreen trees are mingled in contrasting propriety as a provision against monotony, while beautiful flowers bloom and blush in beds and on the margins. The walks are graded and graveled, and throughout the whole grounds there is a culture displayed worthy of a people distinguished for business enterprise and delicate refinement. The style of architecture is various, some being Gothic, some Doric, some of still other orders, being so beautiful as to bewitch the visitor and start him insensibly to praising Williamsport. Of course in the old town and the more business portions there are old buildings, and the rudeness irresistible from the effects of time and the violence of trade, and in many places there are the austerities Mammon made in that same spirit of selfishness with which he so often curses the world; but speaking generally, it is a place of consummate taste, built according to the idea and model of Him whose aim is to combine complete utility with the most unexceptionable forms of beauty. As a consequence, good taste seems to reign in everything. Neatness and propriety are made the requirements of good citizenship. The ladies, though not excelling, so far as I have seen, in physical attractions, are dressed in modest richness, and display, in church and on the street, the pleasant naturalness which gives them the best claim to common admiration.

In my hasty notice of Williamsport, I alluded in terms of admiration to the "Herdic House," of the origin and erection of which our sojourner also furnished some interesting

details. It is located a quarter of a mile from the centre of the town, on West Fourth street Avenue. Fifteen years ago Peter Herdic came to the place, a young man, worth only the suit of clothes he wore and the drawing-knife he carried in his hands as the implement of his industry. At least this was all he was worth in worldly goods, though he was worth his millions in business tact, in zeal and energy, and in the genius for trade, from which have grown some of the most remarkable results. Engaging in the lumber business, he soon became substantial in financial ability, and after a time grew into a wealth that made him able to act the aristocrat in the business circles of the community. Erecting the house that bears his name, he thereby gave character to the surrounding neighborhood, causing all his property to increase in value, and all its interests to assume aspects of a hundred-fold greater importance. He soon succeeded in having all the locality included in the city limits, and providing for it the advantages arising from such a connection. His enterprise brought about the construction of the Nicholson pavement, and all the development of artistic neatness displayed in the avenue where it is laid. By arrangement with the railroad he has secured the depot right at his door, and thus gains all the benefits resulting from such an agreement.

The Herdic House is one hundred and fifty feet square, five stories high, and of good style of architecture. It presents a good appearance, and suggests a substantial splendor of which any city might be proud. Every convenience of water, gas, etc., is found here, and all the luxury of a first class hotel enjoyed right in the shadow of the mountains. But another charm is furnished by the surroundings. Built in a large lot, it is surrounded by stately growths of forest and ornamental trees. Great oaks, planted by pigeons or squirrels, probably a century ago, brush with their accrued branches the windows and piazzas, and beautiful maples shimmer in the sunlight. Looking through these trees, the prospect opens up, revealing the hills and mountains beyond, and making one feel he is having all the luxury of the city while living in the open country.

One thing strikes the stranger here—at least the stranger from many localities—as peculiarly singular. The most beautiful roses bloom in these yards after pushing themselves through the fragile fences to the street. Strawberries cluster right inside low iron fences, and cherries hang over the sidewalks in delicious temptation, yet neither boy nor man seems disposed to molest them. No trespasser seems to be found. I see no picket fences, no watch-dogs, no warnings posted on gates and posts, yet find all as safe as if locked within the vault of a bank. Why is it?

I have been induced to speak more at length of Williamsport in consequence of a short notice of a Friends' meeting at that place, recently published in No. 19 of the *Intelligencer*, thinking that fact and the knowledge of the beautiful surroundings might possibly induce some of our city friends to make a visit there, doubtless to mutual gratification.

A word or two more about *Cleveland*, which we have twice visited. The depot spoken of is by no means the only thing to admire. Claiming the name of the "Forest City," and to be the prettiest town in the United States, it has striven, and very successfuliy, too, to confirm these assertions with the solid reality. Its fine trees—its Nicholson pavements, laid on streets wider than our Broad Street, some of which have handsome grass lawns some fifteen feet in width, extending on both sides for a great distance—to say nothing of its magnificent dwellings,—give an earnest of substantial beauty, not readily excelled or even equalled.

A rivalry exists between the Pennsylvania Central and the Erie Railroad Companies for the trade of the West, and the business of this place at this time goes to New York. It has been justly remarked, "If we want to drive the *Erie* off the field, we must make a better road than they have."

The customs and habits of Cleveland have been described as presenting a curious mixture of the city and the village; that nearly every dwelling nestles in creeping vines or shrubbery, which embrace them lazily and cozily; and that in the evenings the ladies and children gather on the stoops, perfectly innocent of the Philadelphia idea of propriety, often furnishing a picture which Jefferson would love to study.

We have now concluded our "Away from Home," so far as travel is concerned.

A few words more, and we have done. Although fearing our readers have tired of these desultory notes, we desire to add that we believe the excursion has profited us in more ways than one. We have been brought into near sympathy with members of the Society of Friends scattered here and there, occupying isolated positions, and scarcely knowing, so far as those duties ordinarily termed "religious duties" are concerned, which way to turn.

The thoughtful mind ever craves, and doubtless will ever crave, *social religious fellowship*, and is seldom satisfied with attending to its own monitions of individual duty, but desires to share its joys and its sorrows with another. Hence there is a *necessity* for

communion to preserve a healthy condition. Circumstances preventing this, a restless or lethargic state is sure to follow, neither of which is conducive to the best interests of the soul of man. Is it any wonder, then, that we should have had addressed to us from one of these isolated ones the touching words, "I have yet found no place for me," or that others, known by us in years gone by as consistent Friends, should manifest a verging towards that lethargic state above alluded to? Or that still another, after years of sojourn away from the sympathies of his early manhood, should have taken a pew in a Presbyterian Church, assigning to us as a reason, "I would not have done it, but for the sake of my children—they must go somewhere."

It is worse than useless for such of us as are more fortunately situated to moralize and point out a different course as one that should have been pursued. Advising a retirement within may be very well, and doubtless would be found sufficient where there is strength to carry it out; bnt placing our souls in their soul's stead, we shall find they need our sympathy, and most likely deserve not our censure.

With an abiding testimony against "Hireling Ministry" *as such*, I have never believed that every minister who receives a salary is an hireling in the broad sense of the term; nor that all who minister to the people without monied compensation are free from those worldly considerations and influences that, in whatsoever form they may exist, constitute, after all, an "hireling ministry." I have therefore ever been willing, as circumstances seemed to dictate, to listen to discourses emanating from others than those of our own fold. And with these feelings, I have on such occasions endeavored to seek for the good, and, as I have believed, have at times been successful—at others, no life was apparent to me; and yet, this may have been food for some one. I have heard discourses that absolutely palled on the spiritual perceptions, and others that were practical in their character, giving evidence of an honest and earnest zeal for the advancement of the spiritual kingdom. Such being my experience, slender and limited though it be, I cannot wonder at the course pursued by others in their honest seeking after that congenial religious communion that the soul so ardently craves. And yet, could they but follow the advice contained in the Intelligencer's Editorial of 10th of Seventh month last, addressed to those "who sincerely feel the want of strengthening religious intercourse," that if they "would not attempt too hastily to supply it by joining other religious societies where more of it appears to prevail, they might find, in a state of waiting and quietness, not only a deepening and strengthening of their own spiritual life, but also a way opened by which they would be instrumental in helping their own Society to advance."

But now I *must* stop, lest I weary as much with my moralizing, as I have done with my wandering narrative of facts. J. M. E.

ON THE LAWS OF SEX IN PLANTS.

By Thomas Meehan, Germantown, Pa., Agricultural Editor Weekly Press.

[The following paper was read before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which commenced its sessions in Boston* on the 19th inst.]

In my paper on *Adnation in Coniferæ*, read last year, I believe I established the fact that the stronger and more vigorous the axial or stem-growth, the greater was the cohesion of the leaves with the stem. By following the same line of observation I have discovered some facts which seem to me to afford strong probability that similar laws of vigor or vitality govern the *production of the sexes in plants.*

If we examine Norway spruces when they are in blossom in the spring, we find the male flowers are only borne on the weakest shoots. The female flowers, which ultimately become cones, only appear on the most vigorous branches. As the tree grows, these strong shoots become weaker, by the growth of others above them making it shadier, or by the diversion of food to other channels, and thus as these shoots become weaker we find them losing the power of producing female flowers; and the law in this instance seems very clear that with *a weakened vitality comes an increased power to bear male flowers*, and that *only in the best conditions of vegetative vigor are female flowers produced.*

The arborvitæ, the juniper, the pine—in fact all the different genera of coniferæ that I have been able to examine—exhibit the same phenomena; but the larch will afford a particularly interesting illustration. When the shoots of the larch have a vigorous elongating power, the leaves cohere with the stem. Only foliaceous awns give the appearance of leaves. When they lack vigor, lose the power of axial elongation, true leaves, without awns, appear in verticils at the base of what might have been a shoot. Every one is familiar with these clusters of true leaves on the larch. In the matter of sex, an examination of the tree will show the following grades of vigor: First, a very vigorous growth on towards maturity, or the age necessary to

* American Association for the Advancement of Science met this year at Salem, Mass. Eds.

commence the reproductive processes. The reproductive age is less vigorous. Taking a branch about to bear flowers, we find somewhat vigorous side branches, with the usual foliaceous awns. The next year some of the buds along these side branches again branch, but the evidently weaker buds make only spurs with leaf verticils. As these processes go on year after year the verticils become, of course, shaded by the new growth, and get weaker in consequence, and thus, in the third year some of these verticils commence to produce female flowers, or a few of the very weakest may bear male ones. But only in the fourth or fifth year, when vitality in the spurs is nearly exhausted, do male flowers appear in very great abundance. Indeed, the production of male flowers is the expiring effort of life in these larch spurs. They bear male flowers and die.

What is true of coniferæ seems also to exist in all monœcious plants. In the *amentacea* the male flower appears at the first expansion of the leaf-buds in spring, as if they were partly formed during the last flickerings of vegetative force the fall before, but a vigorous growth is necessary before the female flower appears. In *corylus*, *carpinus*, *ivercus*, *carya*, *juglans*, *alnus*, and, I believe, all the common forms of this tribe, we find the female flowers only at or near the apex, first great wave of spring growth, as if it were the culmination of vigor which produced them, instead of the decline, as in the male. Some of these plants make several waves of growth a year, each successively declining in vigor, and thus the fruit cones do not appear on the apex of the young shoot, but on the apex of the first and strongest wave. This beautiful illustration of the connection of vigor with the sexes can be seen particularly in *Pinus rungens*, *P. enops*, *P. nutis*, *P. rigidia*, and perhaps some others.

In the larch and white spruce, for instance, a second wave will often start after the cone has commenced forming, and the singular appearance is presented of a shoot growing out of the apex of the cone. These varying waves can be also seen in *cyperacæ*, sometimes placing the male and sometimes the female at the apex of the culm, but always the female in the greatest line of vigor. I do not know of any case where the sexes are separate in the same plant that extra vigor does not always accompany the production of the female and an evidently weakened vitality of the male parts.

Mere vigor, however, will not always indicate the degree of vitality. The *pinus muglio* seldom exceeds ten feet high, and its shoots are not near as vigorous as its near relative, *pinus sylvestris;* and yet it commences its bearing age by a free and vigorous production of female flowers. But power of endurance is a high test of vitality, and an Alpine form should possess this in a high degree. In its relation to sex this form of vital force will also have an interest. The vitality of a tree is always more or less injured by transplanting. Sometimes it is so injured that it never pushes into leaf again. It always pushes out later than if it had not been moved, and in proportion to the injury to the vitality is the lateness of pushing. Clearly, then, earliness of pushing forth leaves is a test of vigorous vitality. Now, some Norway spruces push forth earlier than others. There is as much as two weeks difference between them, and it is remarkable that those which push out the earliest—may we not say those which have the highest powers of vitality?—are most productive of female blossoms. Arboriculturists may make good use of this fact. Norway spruces, which have a drooping habit, are the heavy cone-bearing forms. No way has before been discovered to detect them until they got to a bearing age. Now it will be seen, the earliest to push forth in the spring will be cone-bearing or weeping trees.

It is not so easy to see the influence of vigor or other forms of vitality, as affecting the sexes in hermaphrodite plants, as in the monœcious ones, yet here are some remarkable facts of a similar character. In some flowers the forces which govern the male and female portions respectively seem nearly equally balanced. Then we have a perfect hermaphrodite—one with the stamens and pistils perfect, and one communicating its influence to the other—a self-fertilizing flower. In many species, however, we notice a tendency to break up this balance. It becomes either a pistillate or a staminate, either by the suppression or greater development of one force or the other. If the force is in the female direction, it begins by requiring the pollen from some other flower to fertilize itself. If in the male direction, by increasing the number of stamens, or converting the stamens into petals. The interest for us in this sexual question is to note that just in proportion as the sexes diverge in this manner, in just the same ratio do vigor and strong vitality follow the female in the one case, and weakness the male in the other.

In the male direction, for instance, when the flower becomes double by the conversion of stamens into petals, or the number of either increased, growth is never so strong and life is more endangered. Double camelias, roses, peaches, and other things have to be grafted on single ones, in order to get more vigorous growing plants, and every florist knows how much more difficult it is to get roots from a

double-flowered cutting than from a single one. Sometimes the male principle, which loves to exhibit itself in the gay coloring of the petals, seems to influence the leaves also; and they also become colored or variegated; and here we see also a weakened vitality follows. Variegated box, variegated euonymus, or any of similar character, never grow so freely, or endure the winter's cold or the extremes of climate like the green-leaved forms.

On the other hand, when the balance goes over in the female interest, we see it characterized by greater vigor than before. It has long been noted that pistillate varieties of strawberries are more prolific of fruit, but this rule is not always good, as sometimes the runners, which are parts of the feminine system—a form of viviparous flower shoots, in fact—regulate the amount of fruit. But it is a fact universal, I believe, in its application, that the production of runners and fruit combined is always accompanied by a vigorous vitality.

So in *viola*, where we have female influence variously expressed, from the underground stolon or creeping runner, which reproduces without impregnation, to the apetelous flowers which mature abundant seeds on the smallest possible quantity of pollen, up to the perfectly favored hermaphrodite flowers of spring—all regular grades of one identical female principle, in contrast with those species which maintain throughout a closer connection with the male principle, by maintaining pure hermaphrodite flowers through their whole stages, we find those possessed of the highest types of vitality which are evidently the most under the laws of female influence.

In a brief paper like this, it is not my purpose to introduce more of the facts I have observed than will sustain the theory I have advanced. I do not wish to urge it for adoption; my object is to excite investigation on the part of other observers, who will, I think, find everywhere about them that wherever the reproductive forces are at all in operation, it is *the highest types of vitality only which take on the female form.*

I have confined myself to sex in plants, botany being my special study. Do the same laws prevail in the animal world? I think they do. But this being out of my more favorite province I dare not discuss it, but content myself with the bare suggestion.—*Phila. Press.*

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.—It is announced that the Czar of Russia has issued a decree, under which parents in that country, forcing their children to marry or to enter monasteries or convents, are liable to an imprisonment of from four months to a year's duration.

DARK HOURS.

"O, my tired soul, be patient! Roughest rinds
Fold over sweetest fruitage; heaviest clouds
Rain the most ample harvest on the fields;
The grass grows greenest where the wintry sno
Have fallen deepest, and the fairest flowers
Spring from old dead decay. The darkest mir
Yields the most flashing jewels from its cell,
And stars are born of darkness, day of night.
O, my tired soul, be patient!—Yet, for thee
Goes on the secret alchemy of life;
God, the One Giver, grants no boon to earth
That He withholds from thee; and from the da
Of thy deep sorrow shall evolve new light,
New strength to do and suffer, new resolves,
Perchance new gladness, and fresh hopes!
O, there are times when I can no more weep
That I have suffered, for I know great strength
Is born of suffering; and I trust that still,
Wrapt in the dry husk of my outer life,
Lie warmer seeds than ever yet have burst
From its dull covering; stronger purposes
Stir consciously within, and make me great
With a new life—a life akin to God's—
Which I must nurture for the holy skies.
Help me! thou great All-Patient! for the flesh
Will sometimes falter, and the spirit fail;
Add to my human thy divinest strength,
When next I waver; rouse my faith as now,
That out of darkness I may see great light,
And follow where it ever leads—to Thee."

—*From the A. S. Standard.*

SPENT AND MIS-SPENT.

Stay yet a little longer in the sky,
O golden color of the evening sun!
Let not the sweet day in its sweetness die,
While my day's work is only just begun.

Counting the happy chances strewn about,
Thick as the leaves and saying which was be
The rosy lights of morning all went out,
And it was burning noon, and time to rest.

Then leaning low upon a piece of shade,
Fringed round with violets and pansies swe
My heart and I, I said, will be delayed,
And plan our work while cools the sultry he

Deep in the hills, and out of silence vast,
A waterfall played up his silver tune;
My plans lost purpose, fell to dreams at last,
And held me late into the afternoon.

But when the idle pleasure ceased to please,
And I awoke and not a plan was planned,
Just as a drowning man at what he sees
Catches for life, I caught the thing at hand.

And so life's little work-day hour has all
Been spent and mis-spent, doing what I cou
And in regrets and efforts to recall
The chance of having, being, what I would.

And so sometimes I cannot choose but cry,
Seeing my late-sown flowers are hardly set;
O darkening color of the evening sky,
Spare me the day a little longer yet!

—*Harper's Magazine*

IN keeping God's commandments there great reward; not merely because he rewa our obedience, but because our compliar and our happiness are, from the nature of t case, inseparably connected, as cause a effect.

From the Cultivator and Country Gentleman.

LETTERS TO FARMERS' DAUGHTERS.

MARRIAGE.

"Suffer not trifles to win thy love."

My Dear Girls.—In touching upon the theme of marriage I would do it reverently, as it is no trifling subject. Nothing is more revolting than the manner in which some are given to speak of this contemplated relation, accompanied with nods, winks, and sly innuendoes. You, my dear girls, are contemplating this relation as a possible or settled matter, and if I could induce any of you to look more earnestly and reverently upon this life union, before you take the step which is to baptize you with blessing or joy or wring your heart with anguish, I should indeed be happy. The young are apt to regard marriage as the ante-chamber of heaven. That it is designed to increase the good and happiness of our race is indeed true, but "it takes us by the hand and leads us into the great temple of Life, where duties stand ministering 'round the solemn altar, and the baptism of love is followed by the quick discipline of trial."

Several important facts connected with, and duties obligatory upon, married life should be thoroughly canvassed and pondered by all.

Children should not marry. A young woman cannot be considered in any sense prepared for this union under twenty-one; twenty-five is better. She is not physically or mentally developed before this. Solemn duties, cares and responsibilities await her, to meet which she needs large physical development, mature judgment, good calculation, domestic training, knowledge of men and things. Girls of sixteen and eighteen cannot have these. They cannot tell what they really like or dislike—who and what will meet their necessities—until matured themselves.

In that mysterious relation where soul meets face to face with another soul; where propensities, tastes, aspirations, powers and wills meet and press against each other, what need for adaptation, intimate and vital union! Else what chafing, discord, suffering! Young women should not be so impressed with the duty, privilege and eclat of marraige as to rush into the relation, without due thought, time and acquaintance. You cannot overestimate the importance of a thorough knowledge of the man whom you design to marry. Uprightness, fixedness of principle, and unselfish and generous disposition and good business abilities should be regarded as indispensable. If a young man is a good son and brother, he will make a kind husband, provided you do *your* part.

Do not be won by trifles. A handsome face, fine figure and noble bearing may be desired, but they constitute a small part of what you really need. They may be but the gilt which hides some terrible deformity, and which, by-and-by, will cause you emotions of disgust, terrible grief or constant unrest. It is not wise to aspire far above your present station in life, as this would give rise to solicitude lest you should fail to adapt yourself to your changed circumstances.

Marriage should not be entered upon without a knowledge of its physiological laws; else much domestic misery may be expected. Neither should it be sought for worldly gain or position. True esteem and affection, united to adaptation and congeniality of tastes, should form its basis. When this does not exist before marriage, it is hopeless to expect it afterward. You must look out for breakers ahead, and feed the flame of love with pure oil. You will need fully as much tact, skill and patience to manage another heart, as your own. If you cannot think alike, be resolved to yield, rather than to differ. Avoid altercation and recrimination. Be forbearing and forgiving, if need be. I would also suggest that those graces and charms which won a lover's heart be still kept for the husband. Never consider it too much trouble to dress tastefully and in your best, for your husband's eye. Give him freely of those graceful attentions and pleasant surprises which will make him happy, if you expect a continuance of lover-like attentions from him. Hide all the disagreeables, in person, toilet and home, and keep the *best* for love.

Such a course would be likely to make a good man of a bad one—at all events, if *anything* would.

My dear girls, in closing this series of letters I am conscious of regretful feelings, to drop my pen from such delightful themes, and to have failed in using it better. If one of you shall feel the stirring of new and better emotions, stronger resolves and higher aspirations, in consequence of what has been written, which shall lead to higher attainments in the school of life, it might well extract some of the bitter from the author's life. Again adieu.

Your friend, T. S. H.

A TROPICAL AIR-PLANT.

BY CHARLES WRIGHT.

A wonderful tree—if tree it can be called—grows throughout the West India Islands, in South America as far south as Brazil, and perhaps in Florida. It is not remarkable for its beauty, nor for its great size, but for its irresistible power of destroying other trees.

It is an epiphyte (*Clusia rosea* Linn.,) perhaps a true parasite. Whether it ever germinates in the ground I know not; nor do I know why it should not, if it can sprout from a wookpecker's hole in a palm. Certain it is, that of hundreds which I have seen, I never saw a young plant attached to the soil. It grows on many kinds of trees, and at almost any height above the earth. In some situations it grows feebly. On a palm, it never or rarely attains to any considerable size; whether there is an incompatibility between the two growths, or whether, as is commonly the case on these trees, it germinates at too great a height. On the spreading branch of a tree it thrives better, but seems there to be not in its proper place. In any case, its main development is downward. When on a branch remote from the trunk, the descending axis —root or trunk, whichever it may be—is like a cord, increasing to the size of a rope, or a hawser, or growing even larger; rarely branching, but, sometimes, near the ground sending off stays. The ascending axis makes little more than a bush, while the root may be thirty or forty feet long. In one respect, this is like a true root,—it branches irregularly,—while, on the ascending trunk, the leaves and branches are in pairs.

In order to attain its full development, it seems necessary that it should germinate at a point from which the descending axis shall pass in proximity to the trunk of the tree; and, it has seemed, that if this point be very high, it is a circumstance unfavorable to its rapid growth.

Supposing, then, our plant to start under favorable auspices, not very high above the ground, and from a hole or a fissure in an erect trunk, the ascending stem presents nothing of special interest, but the root, passing down near the foster-tree, is most singularly affected by it. It would seem as if possessed of a most grateful affection for that which gives it support; so much so, as to multiply arms with which to embrace it. It sends off, from time to time, at irregular distances, from one side or the other, slender, almost thread-like branches, which pass horizontally around the tree, till they meet on the opposite side and unite; or, it may be, if two should *not* meet, they would pass entirely round it and unite again with the main root. On this point, I either made no careful observations, or my memory is at fault. Gradually the foster-tree is embraced by a succession of these cords. But, by the same regular growth, these cords spread upward and downward, till they become hoops. And these hoops often send off branches from one to another; and these in their turn widen, till the tree is enclosed in a living cylinder or a cylindrical network of bands, having immense strength; and as these seem to increase only laterally, the growth of the tree is checked, and its destruction is inevitable, sooner or later, according to its less or greater power of endurance.

A tree, on which the Copey has woven a pretty complete net, cannot long retain its vitality. Its circulation is stopped and it dies. But this *seems* not to check the growth of the destroyer, so long as the trunk remains erect. But when they both fall, the parasite cannot long survive. It would seem that it required either elevation or an erect position for its existence.

I can recall to mind but one instance of a Copey growing from the ground, and it is probable that in this case the place whence it started was low, and it had time to reach the soil and fasten its roots there before the death and decay of its foster-parent.

Copey is, probably, the aboriginal or Carib name of the plant, which, like many others, has been retained. Scotch lawyer, or Scotch attorney, by which name it is known in Jamaica, is not altogether flattering to legal gentlemen of Caledonian extraction.—*American Naturalist.*

ITEMS.

The great ship canal which is to connect Amsterdam with the North Sea, at a cost of 27,000,000 guilders, is now once more in progress, the Government of the Netherlands having relieved the contractors of certain difficulties which for a time hindered the work. The canal will be about fifteen miles in length. The Zuyder Zee is to be shut out from Amsterdam, and the Pampus dam by which this is to be effected is already half finished, and the locks and sluices connected with it are in progress. By this undertaking Holland will add one more to her grand engineering works, but it appears to be an English firm that holds the contract.

Agricultural societies generally died out at the South during the war, but since the return of peace vigorous efforts have been made to revive these associations. Two flourishing agricultural societies are now in existence in North Carolina, and the people in other States are more strongly than ever convinced of the importance of employing all the auxiliaries within their power to create deeper interest in the cultivation of the soil and the improvement of live stock.

The Scotch Antiquarian Society have just received a donation to their museum of two interesting articles—the sea-chest and a carved cocoanut cup, which were the property of Alexander Selkirk, the prototype of "Robinson Crusoe." These were with him in his solitary residence on Juan Fernandez, and were brought home when taken off the island. The chest is made of a species of mahogany, and has Selkirk's initials rudely carved on it, and what seems to have been his number in the ship. The cup was carved by Selkirk while on the island. The articles were recently purchased by Sir David Baxter and presented to the Society. Only three other relics of Selkirk are known to be in existence —his musket, brown-ware can and walking-stick.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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A LETTER FROM JOHN THORP TO RICHARD SHACKLETON.

MANCHESTER, 3d mo. 18, 1791.

My dear Friend,—Though I have for some time, of late, thought of writing to thee, yet somehow, I have so little aptitude to the business, that I am not prepared with one single sentence to begin with. It is true, I could tell thee that I do feel an increasing nearness and regard for thee; and, if I am not mistaken, it is on that Foundation that will endure forever. And in the spiritual relation as a brother, I have comfort in thy remembrance of me, and wish for thee an increase of all spiritual blessings in Christ.

I wish, I hope sincerely, that every birth in the ministry thou hast mentioned, that is of the heavenly Father's begetting, may live, and grow, and prosper, and bring forth fruit to His praise. Here will be work for you, who are fathers and elders in the church, to endeavor to bring them forward healthfully, to enter into sympathy with them, to feel and care for them, and in the gentle wisdom and love of Christ, to communicate freely such hints of caution and counsel as may appear necessary, not in the deadness of formality, not in the authority of office, not under the influence of partiality, or the wisdon of this world, which shall come to nought, but in the meekness and gentleness of Christ. This will be most likely to contribute to the preservation of all that should live. I do not like too much dressing, and pruning and nursing; I think little good hath ever come of it; neither do I approve that conduct in young ministers, that, like spoiled children, run to complain of every pain and exercise that may attend them. It would, I believe, be far more profitable for them, to keep their attention inward, to ponder these experiences, and ask wisdom, strength, and counsel, of Him, who "giveth liberally, and upbraideth not."

It should ever be remembered, as instruction for those who judge of the ministry, that "there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit; and differences of administrations, but the same Lord;" and that this diversity is so almost infinitely great, that we can hardly tell when we have made sufficient allowance for it. There is a vast variety, thou knowest, in the flowers of the field; how abundantly does the carnation or the rose excel the daisy; and yet every one of these possesses a distinct beauty, and unites in the general incense, or the display of their Creator's power. What a variety in the notes and songs of the birds of the wood! what a difference between the sparrow and the nightingale! and yet we know who it is that careth for the sparrows; and do they not all increase the general harmony? Let not then the smallest gifts ever be despised, or their cultivation and improvement neglected. It was said to him who had improved the two talents, and would no doubt have been said to him who had received but

one, had he improved it, as well as to him who had received and improved the five,—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Give my love to thy daughter; I feel a sympathy and care for all who are called to service in the Lamb's army, and are desirous to move on the right Foundation. O! that all such would abide in the patience, and under the clothing of humility; and in a dedication of heart, under the exercise of the cross, faithfully do the will of their Heavenly Father, and "be content with their wages." I am apprehensive the enemy has greatly injured many, by secretly working in the unrenewed nature, and leading them to expect, or to do, great things; whereas it would be right for such "to study to be quiet," to abide in simplicity, to "to take no thought for the morrow;" but, in singleness of heart, attend to the requisitions of the present moment. And let us ever esteem it a rich reward, to be favored with the evidence of peace in our own bosoms: this will be found of infinite value, in a solemn, hastening hour.

I am persuaded, that many who have been called to the work of the ministry, and who have appeared, for a short time, fresh and lively in a few words in our meetings, and afterwards have dwindled and withered as "the grass on the house-top," have suffered this great loss principally for want of dedication to the altar. Some such, perhaps, being tempted to think that the little committed to their care was hardly worth improvement; that it was not likely to edify the people, but it may be rather to be despised, and that it procured to themselves no honor; but that, if they had received talents like some others, they would have been willing to occupy with them. Thus, indeed, I fear that many, whom the Lord has raised up amongst his people, for Nazarites and for prophets, have, through entering into this sort of reasoning with the serpent, been beguiled of their reward; and, instead of being fixed, as stars of different magnitudes, in the firmament of the Lord's power, have, through the pride and subtlety of the serpent, been drawn down to the earth. I had no thoughts of writing so much on this subject; but, under a sense of its importance, I often feel a strong desire that all, who are called to any degree of stewardship of the grace of God, might happily obtain mercy to be found faithful, that in the solemn day of reckoning, they might give in their account with joy.

My wife unites in the salutation of unfeigned love to thyself and whole family, with thy affectionate friend, JOHN THORP.

PHILOSOPHICAL happiness is to want little and enjoy much; vulgar happiness is to want much and enjoy little.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE TRULY CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

The life of the blessed, the pure, and the good, the truly Christian character, is one that is brought forth and produced by the *immediate operation* of the Spirit of God upon the human mind, and is the proper and legitimate effect or result of a union of the human mind and the Divine mind; it is the indwelling of the Divine influence and power in the immortal soul; and it is by means of that Divine and holy power therein manifested, that the spiritual faculties of man become illuminated and qualified to discern the difference between the pure and the impure, the precious and the vile; and it is to these faculties, and to these only, that the *power* is given to comprehend the terms of the Divine law, and to yield obedience thereto. Hence it is that man is the highest order of creation. And when that humble and dedicated servant of the Lord, George Fox, was moved of the Holy Spirit, and commissioned as an ambassador of Christ to go forth in the great work of proclaiming sanctification and redemption through this power of the Highest, and of calling souls to God, he says, "When the Lord God and His Son Jesus Christ *sent* me forth into the world to preach the everlasting gospel and kingdom, I was *commanded* to turn men to that *inward light, Spirit* and *grace*, by which *all might know the way to God;* even that *Divine Spirit* which would *lead* into *all truth*, and *would never deceive.*" Now this is preaching indeed. It is the voice of wisdom, even that wisdom that is profitable to direct in all things. And his doctrine, and that of his fellow-professors of the Christian name, was, and is, and, so long as they remain true and faithful as an organized body of Christians, *will be*, that man may, if he will, have the *immediate guidance* of the *Spirit of God;* and that Divine revelation and inspiration is not only a *past fact*, but also a *present reality.* The *Spirit of God* acts on the reason of man, and that noble faculty, when it is not perverted and made subservient to the animal passions, but becomes thus enlightened and brought under Divine influence, is quickened into moral and spiritual life. As the sound eye can convey no image to the mind until the light from without has touched its nerve, so the intellect or reason of man can perceive no Divine truth until it is divinely illuminated, or moved to action by light from God. For as the sun is the source of the light of the material world around us, so God is the source and fountain of the light of the spiritual world. Now if the truths which come to

the mind in relation to the kingdom of nature, come by inspiration, how much more those which relate to the kingdom of Heaven. The Spirit, then, is to the mind, what light is to the eye. Its office is to show truth. And to those who sincerely desire to seek after truth in its simplicity, and do so seek and desire, the aid of the Spirit will not be wanting; we have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Let the eye be open, and the whole body will be filled with light; let the heart be free, and the understanding clear to the perception of Divine truth, and all doubt and unbelief will vanish away; the Spirit will guide and lead into all truth.

Under the Divine influence there is awakened in each individual mind a personal experience, which will finally develope and educate our nature and our life into a form and likeness of the nature and life of Christ; and this life and nature not only begins with the Divine influence, but it is continued under that influence, and completed and perfected by it. Thus a perfect man in Christ Jesus is brought forth; and Christ becomes to such the Author and Finisher of their faith. All such as come thus to Christ, wherever they may be found, or whatever their name or profession of religion may be, are living members of the church militant, and as they are faithful and hold out to the end, will receive the immortal crown of glory, and thus become members of the Church triumphant in Heaven. T. F.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

CATAWISSA AND ROARING CREEK.

Having attended the recent Circular Meetings within the limits of Fishing Creek Half-year Meeting, I have thought a short account might be of interest to Friends generally. They were held on the morning and afternoon of the 15th ult. at Roaring Creek and Catawissa meeting-houses, distant from each other four miles, and, for the neighborhoods, were largely attended; the houses, though not large, being well filled, mostly by non-members, the descendants of Friends. All classes were represented, from the venerable patriarch of four-score to the babe in its mother's arms; yet such was the feeling spread over the meeting by the clear and convincing testimonies borne by concerned minds to the Truth as professed by Friends, that even the prattle of childhood failed to disturb the solemnity. No regular public meetings for worship are held by Friends at either place, on account of the small number of members and their remoteness from each other, except that at Roaring Creek, meetings for worship are held at private houses; but it is evident that there are many, especially among the young, who are sincerely inquiring who shall show us any good? These look on Friends with feelings of affectionate interest, and if they could be gathered once a week for public worship or in a First-day school, and the beauty and simplicity of the truths professed by Friends and their practical application to the various duties of life explained to them, I have no doubt that many would be attracted towards us, and new life be infused where now seems weakness.

I would ask those of desponding minds who are looking upon the dissolution of the Society as but a question of time, and are unwisely querying with themselves, "Why were the former times better than these," and who shall rebuild the walls of our Jerusalem, to go and sit with Friends in their small and secluded meetings and enter into feeling and sympathy with them. By such intercourse they will doubtless realize the assurance that those who water shall be watered in return, and a measure of the experience of the prophet, that what at first sight appeared as a valley full of dried bones, will become, by individual faithfulness to the Divine command, a mighty army valiant for the Truth.

9th mo. 1st, 1869. T——N.

From the Presbyterian Banner.

THE OBSCURE GLASS.

Through faith light comes to the mind over the generations of the past, and in this light we see light clearly. By this also, light comes to us over the ages to come, and we confidently hope that they shall be, and that we will act a part in them. Thus, though sense is defective, and utterly non-plussed when it has to do with the unseen things of the past, and though it is equally or more at fault, when it has to become familiar with the unexperienced realities of the future, yet faith can familiarize the mind both with the past and the future. It is the substance, or it gives the feeling of existence and living reality to the things hoped for, and is the evidence of the things not seen. It acts with regard to the unseen past, and the unexperienced future, as the eye, and the taste, and the touch do with the things of the present. It sees, and feels, and it derives a delightful relish from objects, from which the senses derive no impression, receive no knowledge, and obtain no advantage or enjoyment.

In this respect faith has the advantage of the senses. They hold converse only with the things which are visible, tangible, and temporal, and which are so near as to come in contact with them. Faith has to do more with objects which are remote, which were a thousand years ago, or will be a thousand years to come. The information of the senses

is limited to the things which are material and earthly. The informations of faith are of things spiritual and heavenly, unseen and eternal. By the aid of magnifying glasses, the sense of sight is greatly assisted to become acquainted with the existence, magnitude and properties of far distant worlds, as well as with the countless myriads of little, moving, and before undiscovered life, and the peculiar nature and habits of each. As the magnifying glass is to sight, so is revelation to faith. It is the sunlight upon a mind before shut up in gloom. It is the telescopic aid to familiarize the mind with the world of the past, and the world of the future. It raises the mind to an elevation from which it can take comprehensive views of God. As from the summit of a lofty mountain distant hills, pleasant valleys, and verdant plains are seen, which are unobserved at its base; so faith, applied to revelation, reaches far into the boundless works of God, the mysterious schemes of his providence, and the unfulfilled purposes of an unlimited futurity.

That we may obtain a pleasurable or beneficial impression from an object by the senses, it must be present. A person at too great a distance can receive no advantage from it. But faith has the property of bringing distant objects near.

To love personal qualities, they must be seen. But in regard to the objects of faith, "whom having not seen ye love." Faith, as a source of information, has the advantage, not only over the senses, but also over reason. As reason corrects the errors which the senses may occasion, so faith corrects the errors which reason may occasion, when it makes inferences according to the senses. To the senses the sun appears less than a carriage wheel. But reason, by artificial help, teaches that it is much larger than the whole earth. What makes it appear so small is its great distance, and our imperfect vision.

To the senses, and to reason without faith, earthly things appear the largest and most important things. The reason is, they are near and can be tested by the senses. The little child supposes its own door-yard is the largest enclosure in the world, and its own spring the largest stream; and the more grown child imagines its own country is the largest country in the world; but maturer faculties and more extended information correct these views. When a child, one thinks and speaks as a child; but when he becomes a man, he puts away childish things. So with the growth and maturity of faith. As the child, feeling and acting only by the senses, has but a very limited knowledge, and makes many mistakes; so reason, after correcting many mistakes of the senses, often finds herself laboring in mistake and groping in the dark. The ground on which she goes is the information which is at first derived from the senses. Her inferences in regard to things with which the senses have no converse, may be wide from the truth. But in the mind naturally, there is no higher power than reason, till faith comes to aid it. Then reason acknowledges her weakness, her many errors, and false conclusions, bows at the feet of faith, rejoices in her offered help, accepts her hand to guide her in an obscurity, where she could not go alone, rejoices in the certainty, which she brings, of the many before undiscovered and delightful truths, which were before unknown.

As it is natural for new emotions to accompany new discoveries, pleasurable or the contrary according to the impression upon the senses, or the conclusion of reason; so it is also with the discoveries of faith. And as accompanying affections are weak or strong according to the importance of the objects seen, and our interest in them; so the affections, which grow out of the informations of faith, in proportion to the strength of its exercises, are the most pleasurable of all the affections. "In whom ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." The reason of this is that the objects which faith brings to view are the most important of all objects of human thought; and because they are those with which we have the deepest interest, for the longest period of our existence. H. H.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THOUGHTS ON WAR.

The long-continued outrage, injustice and cruelty practiced against the Indians by this Government and its officers, have called forth a concern with some Friends to see if means could not be applied to prevent such suffering and wrong. This Christian concern, attended to by individuals, awakened such a general interest throughout our Society, that the different Yearly Meetings have been prepared to act in the matter by the appointment of standing committees specially to look after the subject.

The cause being a good one, we have reason to hope a blessing will attend these efforts; and even if entire success is not soon attained, Friends will have so far washed their hands from participation in the injuries inflicted on the Indian nation. Should not this circumstance awaken inquiry why Friends do not, in an associated capacity, take active measures for the diffusion of their testimony against war? Why do they not appoint standing committees, whose duty it should be to look after that great and interesting

subject, and embrace every right opening for bringing it before their respective bodies, in order that Legislatures on all fitting occasions may be petitioned, and also to spread such publications as are calculated to enlighten the public mind on this subject? Again, if the Society of Friends is possessed of an influence which, if properly directed, would greatly increase the Christian testimony against all war, are we not held responsible for its exercise? Has not the war system been in operation a sufficient length of time to require attention? and if not, when will it have been? We may well query, what is there that inflicts so great a burden upon the people in every sense of the word? Would it be an over-estimate to say that one-third of the productive labor goes to support the military system in its various operations? To say nothing of morals, the destruction of life and property by this institution is beyond estimate. Witness the results of the late civil war in these United States. Is it not shocking to contemplate that, in this professedly Christian country, a military school should be set up to instruct young men in the art of murdering their fellow-men according to law, and that they should be trained to believe the occupation praiseworthy and honorable? Do not these things call upon us, making the profession we do, for something more than silence?

I have expressed my feelings thus much in the hope that it will call forth from others something that would do more ample justice to this interesting and important subject—a subject that, I believe, is unceasingly demanding earnest, self-sacrificing, discreet labor,—a labor that cannot fail of being blessed to individuals and the great family of man. Shall it not be entered upon? Let us make an effort to wash our own hands in innocency in regard to the perpetuation of war and its attendant evils—evils that can hardly be surpassed in magnitude. D. IRISH.

Quaker Hill, Dutchess Co., N. Y., 8th mo. 21, 1869.

PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

AN EXTRACT.

"There have always been two ways of regarding and using the world—in short, two kinds of philosophy. The one seeks to know what things are made of, the other what they are made for. From the child who tears to pieces his tiny trumpet to come at the secret and soul of the mysterious music, to the skeptic, who will not let the spiritual clock go for his perpetual prying into the springs of its movement, we trace the same deluded and perverse waste of zeal and energy. Jesus came not as the metaphysician to analyze man, and tell what he is made of, but as the good Physician and Prophet of the soul, to show him what he is made for; and every heart that truly and thoughtfully follows the life and labors of Christ feels this. What is the human heart?—What is it made of?—curiosity asks. The true question is, What is it made for? and the answer is not far off. It is made to glow with rapture at the sight of Divine beauty, with sympathy at the spectacle of human woes and human heroism, with zeal for the truth and the right, and with generous ardor for the uplifting of man. 'Who is a wise man and endowed with knowledge among you?' asks the apostle James, and answers in substance, Not he who has ever so keen an insight into other men's weaknesses and follies, but he who nobly strives to stir their sluggishness and surround them with his good. The true wisdom means a wise heart, and a wise heart is a warm heart, and a warm heart throbs and glows out not only in good wishes, but in good works, and to the good worker God gives the greatest wisdom."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

DUANESBURG QUARTERLY MEETING, N. Y.

In accordance with the decision of our Quarterly Meeting last spring, that the meeting should be held at Duanesburg instead of Rensselaerville, as heretofore, in Eighth mo., we have been permitted to mingle together and transact the business that came before us in a precious unity of spirit.

The number in attendance from most of the Monthly Meetings was larger than usual, and we feel that the privilege of thus meeting with our friends strengthens the "inner man," and awakens a sympathy for and interest in each other, which should ever characterize members of our Society and bind us together as a united body.

Although none were sent amongst us to bear vocal testimony to the truths of the Gospel, and our sittings were mostly in silence, yet the quiet and solemnity that prevailed bore evidence that the presence of the Great Preacher, which crowns all rightly gathered assemblies, was sensibly felt by the many assembled.

Though the subject claims not the attention of the Quarterly Meeting, yet we find many feel a deep interest in the weighty engagement into which Friends have entered relative to the Indians, earnestly desiring success may attend their peaceful mission.

The subject of First-day schools was freely and encouragingly discussed in the social circle, but way seems not yet to open for us to engage in them here. E. H.

Never wait for a thing to turn up. Go and turn it up yourself. It takes less time and is sure to be done.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

BURLINGTON QUARTERLY MEETING.

Believing it will add interest to the "Intelligencer" to have accounts of Quarterly and other meetings in various parts of the country, I have thought to furnish a little account of Burlington Quarterly Meeting, held on 31st ult.

The house was well filled, even the stairways being occupied by those in attendance.

Stimmuson Powell, of Westbury Monthly Meeting, N. Y., John Parrish, of Woodbury, N. J., and Mary S. Lippincott, of Chester Monthly Meeting, N. J., were present with minutes; and of those without minutes may be mentioned Isaac W. Rushmore, of Long Island, companion of S. Powell, Elizabeth Comfort, Sarah Hunt, Phebe W. Foulke, Louisa A. Wright, and Joseph Bancroft.

Testimonies were borne to the efficacy of the indwelling Light, which is able to save the soul from sin; and the concern was expressed that the little seed which might be, as it were, in the cleft of the rock, might be watered and refreshed, enabling it to strike its roots downward and spring upward, and thus manifest its greenness and vitality.

A Friend, formerly a member of that meeting, felt encouraged at hearing so many new names on the list of representatives, giving evidence that the young were coming forward to aid in upholding the principles and testimonies of our Society; and the youth were encouraged to come under the cross of Christ, which will bring sweet peace to their minds, far above that which they experience by an indulgence in worldly gratifications.

In reading the three queries, it was thought by some Friends that there was an increasing concern in relation to the matters queried after, especially in reference to sleeping in meeting; and it was remarked by a Friend, that when his mind was where it should be during meeting time, dwelling on things of a spiritual character, then he could keep awake, but when he allowed himself to wander, and, as it were, engage in bartering, then drowsiness would overcome him.

A number of appointed meetings in various parts of the Quarter were announced, which S. Powell and J. Parrish expected to attend.

M.

Patrick Henry left in his will the following important passage: "I have now disposed of all my property to my family; there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they had that, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; and if they had not that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

OBITUARY.

There are few perhaps who will be more missed from the circle in which they have moved than Gertrude K. Burleigh, wife of Charles C. Burleigh, of Florence, Mass., and daughter of the late Emmor Kimber, of Kimberton, Pa. Early in life she manifested a strong sympathy for suffering humanity, and her feelings being especially awakened on behalf of the slave, she became an earnest laborer in the anti-slavery movement, at the cost of great personal sacrifice. She carried with her into active life the impress of early teaching, and ever clung with faith and hope to the vital principle of the "*inner light*," which she accepted as her guide, and by which she was convinced of the universality of the Father's love and the sacredness of the bond of human brotherhood.

The field in which she labored after her marriage was without the precincts of the Society of Friends, in which she had a birthright, but she not unfrequently alluded to the strength which she derived from retirement of spirit in which she was wont to indulge, although separated from those who could *fully* sympathize with her in her views in regard to silent spiritual worship. In the expansive nature of her religion, however, she could mingle with the good and the pure wherever found, and it was upon this basis that the rare elements of her character conspicuously shone. Being fully persuaded herself in what her duty consisted, she shrank not from the cross it might involve, but cheerfully accepted whatever followed in connection with it. In her ministrations to the poor and friendless and to those who were sick, the efficacy of her genial and loving spirit was especially felt, and her unselfish kindness among her neighbors generally will cause a feeling of mourning throughout the community. In the relations of wife and mother she portrayed a devotion not often excelled. Having thus fulfilled the work of her day, she was called hence on the 26th of Eighth mo., 1869, in the fifty-fourth year of her age.

T.

9th mo. 3d, 1869.

A CHEERFUL ATMOSPHERE.

Let us try to be like the sunshiny member of the family, who has the inestimable art of making all duty seem pleasant, all self-denial and exertion easy and desirable; even disappointment not so blank and crushing; who is like a bracing, crisp, frosty atmosphere throughout the home, without a suspicion of the element that chills and pinches. You have known people within whose influence you felt cheerful, amiable, hopeful, equal to anything! O, for that blessed power and for God's grace

to exercise it rightly! I do not know a more enviable gift than the energy to sway others to good; to diffuse around us an atmosphere of cheerfulness, piety, truthfulness, generosity, magnanimity. It is not a matter of great talent; not entirely a matter of great energy; but rather of earnestness and honesty, and of that quiet, constant energy which is like soft rain gently penetrating the soil. It is rather a grace than a gift; and we all know where all grace is to be had freely for the asking.

Scraps.

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I feel a deep interest in the welfare of our Society, and greatly desire that we may remain a united body. Surely there is great need of *watchfulness*. In *that* state there is safety. We must not look too much on the dark side of things, but have *faith* in that all-controlling Power, that has been so marvelously manifested in our midst in days gone by and past. He is our Heavenly Father, and stands at the *helm*. Why do we *fear?*

I hear a good account of Friends' circular meetings at the different places, and I hope they may have a good effect in the neighborhoods, particularly among the young members of our Society. Oh! that these could be gathered into the fold of safety. If they were willing to listen to the voice of instruction, how they would grow and become as a garden enclosed, and precious plants of the Heavenly Father's own right-hand planting would appear!

After having been, through adorable mercy, favored to feel humble submission to the dispensations of Divine Providence, it has been found needful to obey the command of our blessed Lord, "Watch and pray." Unless the warfare with *self* be maintained, and the clamors of *nature* silenced, there is danger of the "shield of the mighty," which has been graciously furnished in the season of deepest conflict, being "vilely cast away." May thy precious mind be preserved from fainting in this day of trial, and favored to keep near to Him, who is able to do for us above all that we can ask or think. There is great consolation in being permitted to feel an assurance that those we have so tenderly loved are removed to that eternal home where sorrows are unknown. Our Divine Master said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." To be *willing*, our friends should be supremely happy, and to rejoice in their felicity, is indeed laying down that which we have most life in "for our friend." Why shall not the Spirit, which has given proof of its Divine origin and heavenly tendency, be suffered to rise to its proper abode, to a holier community, to a vision of God, under which earthly and mortal natures would sink and be dissolved?

The old proverb is a good one,—as it relates to some things,—"Slow and sure;" but in meetings for business, I doubt whether it will hold, for there slowness is generally the product of idleness, indifference, unfaithfulness, or an unwarrantable or unprofitable diffidence, from neither of which much can be expected. I think in meetings "lively and clear" would be a better maxim to adopt. Sometimes when people have been long accustomed to particular habits and a certain line of action, they think it almost criminal to adopt new ones that are better.

Let not the talents which have been committed to thy trust lay dormant. I have long believed the Master is preparing thee to occupy these talents in a more extensive manner than has hitherto been the case; and every feeling within me desires that His gracious intentions may not be frustrated. Let men say, or meetings do, what they may, do thou what He requires of thee. Whatsoever He commands, that do; then will He turn water into wine, make weak things strong, hard things easy, and bitter things sweet.

Thy kind greeting came duly to hand. It was a cheering response to the feelings of my own heart. I am always ready to hail these moments of silent intercourse as harbingers of comfort and strength, and truly we have need of all that we can gain, by thus drawing nigh to the true Fountain; and perhaps there never was a time nor an occasion wherein there was more need of poor pilgrims having their strength renewed morning by morning than the present allotment of the little band now treading a path replete with trial and difficulty; but by keeping close to the Master, we have seen that there are *little ones* secretly begging not only for their own lives, but for the lives of their people. For these, food convenient has been mercifully provided. The meeting at ——— was a pretty comfortable one. There are a number of valuable Friends within its verge, and no difficulty occurred in our journey. The peddlers were helped on with their homely ware from station to station. The meetings belonging to our Society were all visited; also some not within our borders; all of which were mercifully owned by the great Head of the Church. Some of them were eminently crowned by Him who remains to be the crown, diadem

and beauty of all rightly-gathered assemblies. Let the praise be given to Him, to whom it is due, for after all we have done, the acknowledgment must be we are but "unprofitable servants."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 11, 1869.

Agent of Friend's Intelligencer has received a package for the benefit of the Indian children, directed to M. B. Lightfoot, containing combs, thread, tape, buttons, &c. Also, Eighth month 12th, Cash $5.00, from "M." Eighth month 31st, a Post-office money order for $7.00, from "S. S.," and in same envelope a similar one for 51 cts. from "three little children." Care has been taken to forward them to the Committee having charge of Indian affairs.

MARRIED.

SUTTON—THOMAS.—On the 16th of Sixth mo., 1869, by Friends' ceremony, at the house of Edwin Gager, Newark, N. J., George A. Sutton, of Chenoa, Illinois, to Jannette G. Thomas.

JACKSON—DAVIS.—On Fourth day, the 18th of Eighth month, 1869, by Friends' ceremony, (at the house of the bride's mother, No. 335 West 18th St., New York,) William M. Jackson, of Quakertown, Pa., and Anna M. Davis, daughter of the late David H. Davis, formerly of Philadelphia.

DIED.

BOYCE.—Of paralysis, on the 15th of Sixth mo., 1869, Huldah B. Boyce, in her 63d year; a member of North Collins Meeting. This dear Friend endured with Christian patience and resignation many privations and afflictions, and was favored to realize that He whom she had endeavored to serve was a stay and comfort in every time of trial.

PICKERING.—At his residence in Lower Makefield, Bucks Co., Pa., on the 31st of Seventh mo., 1869, T. Ellwood Pickering, in the 49th year of his age; a member of Makefield Monthly Meeting.

WALKER.—Of pneumonia, on the 25th of Fifth month, 1869, Sarah Walker, widow of Asahel Walker, in her 78th year; a member of Sadsbury Monthly Meeting, Pa. Her remains were interred in Friends' burial ground at Sadsbury, after a solemn meeting held in the meeting-house. Her illness, though painful, she bore with truly Christian resignation, and her close was peaceful and calm.

ROBERTS.—Suddenly, on the evening of the 24th of Eighth month, 1869, at the residence of her husband Jesse W. Roberts, Hannah L. Roberts, in the 62d year of her age; a member of Fall Creek Mo. Meeting, Ind.

THE FREEDMEN.

Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen will meet on Fourth day evening, 15th inst., at 8 o'clock, in the Monthly Meeting Room, Race St. All interested are urged to attend.

JACOB M. ELLIS, } *Clerks.*
ANNE COOPER, }

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The Executive Committee will meet at Race St. Meeting-house (1st floor) on Sixth-day afternoon, Ninth month 17th, at 3 o'clock.

W. M. LEVICK, Clerk.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

The Committee of Women to aid in furnishing the College will be held in Race St. Monthly Meeting Room on Third-day, 13th inst, at 3½ P.M.

ANNIE COOPER, *Secretary.*

THE INDIANS.

The Committee on Indian Affairs of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will meet on Sixth-day, Ninth month 17th, at 3 o'clock P.M., in the Monthly Meeting Room, (Race St). Full attendance desirable.

JACOB M. ELLIS, Clerk.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

9th mo. 12th, Buffalo, N. Y., 3 P.M.
" 19th, Merion, Pa., 3 P M.
" " Manhasset, N.Y., 11 A.M.
" " Port Washington, N. Y., 3½ P.M.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

The Committee on Circular Meetings of Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting will meet at Race St. Meeting-house on Sixth-day afternoon, 17th inst., at 4 P.M.

GEO. TRUMAN, *Clerk.*

THE DECAY OF PREJUDICE.

The Natural History of Prejudice of Race were no bad subject for an author in search of a subject. It has existed in all time and in every nation. The Jews entertained it as to all the nations round about. The Greeks as to all mankind out of the narrow limits occupied by them and their colonies. The Romans against all peoples they had not conquered and most of those they had. The Franks against the Gauls whom they subdued, and the Normans against them. The Saxons against the Britons, and the Normans against the whole mixed population of England that we lump together as Anglo-Saxons. The English of the last century had a modified *scunner* at the Scotch, and Scotch and English against the Irish. The free and independent Americans have always entertained a lofty contempt for the negroes, of which they have by no means as yet divested themselves, though we may hope that they are in the process of cure. In almost every case the prejudice of race is one of a stronger race toward a weaker, and serves as an excellent excuse for oppressing them.

After the spread of Christianity throughout Europe, though it gradually mitigated and modified other prejudices of men, all Christian nations held on to their prejudice against the Jews, almost as a part of their religion. And the change which has come over the nations in this particular within the last century is one of the strongest proofs of the growth of true Christianity and true civiliza-

tion. We have more than once had occasion to call the attention of our readers to this fact. It has been brought again to our notice by, perhaps, the most singular circumstance in the latter history of such prejudices, which has occurred in one of the last places where it might be looked for. It is generally known that the English universities were for centuries as strict preserves of Christians of the type of the Established Church as any ancient manors of partridges and pheasants. It is but very recently that Dissenters, including Catholics, have been permitted to enjoy even a modified use of their advantages; and but very recently, indeed, that such misbelievers could be admitted to degrees. Now it so happens that this year the senior wrangler at Cambridge, the man who comes out at the head of all competitors for honors, *is a Jew*, one Mr. Numa Edward Hartog! And he not only has had his education and fair play at the examinations, but the usual formula of admission to the degree of B. A. was changed so as to avoid whatever recognition of the Christian religion it involved! Truly, the world has moved, and moved very fast, to have witnessed or produced such a revolution as this!

This is much more of a sign of these changing times than the mere admission of dissenters from the Established Church to the university. The Jews have worked their way into Parliament, into the privy council, into Downing street, to the bar, into knighthood and baronetcies, though not yet, we believe, into the House of Lords. But that they should be received to the academic shades on the banks of the Cam, so long monopolized by the dominant church, is a much more pregnant proof of decaying prejudice. The dying out of prejudices of this class is one of the surest proofs of growing civilization under the influences of a more enlightened Christianity. It is a precursor of its total extinguishment in the course of time. It will seem as strange a century hence to the descendants of the lately enslaved race that their ancestors and all of their complexion were treated as incapable or unworthy of the rights and duties of citizens as to the Jews of this day that all of their lineage were subject to disabilities and degradations long since extinct. Or, for that matter, as it would to many a sturdy Democrat or aristocratic Republican to be told that they are descended from ancestors who were slaves to all intents and purposes as much as were those of the plantations. Yet it is even so. All who bear the appellation of any trade or manual service, or of any color or other personal peculiarity, or any name implying sonship, as Johnson or Thomson, all come of ancestors who did not even have names of their own. But let them take heart of grace. The premier peer, Earl and Duke of England, the heir of "all the blood of all the Howard," derives his blood and his name from a fellow-slave of Garth, the swineherd in Ivanhoe—a *hogward*—who wore a collar riveted round his neck when the Conqueror came into England. The great Irish house of Ormond takes its family name from the menial office of butler borne by an ancestor. The Scottish house of Hay derives its name from a peasant who, with his sons and the implements of their toil, held a bridge for the king against an invading enemy. And so of multitudes of others. In the light of facts like these we may well believe that the prejudice of color, which was but the shadow which slavery cast over the land, will vanish with the dark oppression which projected it, and be but a half-remembered tradition of barbarism.

From the Christian Register.

GRASSES.

Grasses, such as Linnæus, the great botanist, kneeled beside, and praised the Lord for having made, are now in their greatest perfection. They grow in beauty everywhere, and the tiniest child admires their feathery plumes, their brilliant green, but cannot appreciate their perfect beauty. The Greeks delighted in the grass for its usefulness; the Romans for its color and beauty. But both esteemed it as the chief element of the lovely landscape. . . . And Christ teaches us a lesson of faith drawn from its perishing nature, saying, "Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye, of little faith?"

In the economy of nature, grass bears a most important part. The earth is clothed with it, and its inhabitants principally sustained by it. Cattle feed from its leaves; birds from the smaller seeds, men also upon the larger; none require to be told that wheat, rye, barley and oats belong to the family of grasses.

If gathered at this season, tied in bunches, and hung in a dark closet, they do not entirely lose their green hue, and make very charming additions to everlasting flowers, arrayed in bouquets or vases, adding a grace and loveliness to them, not their own. Even the common grass of our door-yards, mingled with the brilliant flowers of summer, imparts an additional charm to them.

The tall, sweet-scented clover, with its feathery fronds of white flowers, will keep its sweet perfume for months, and will, if cut and dried in large bunches, send forth its sweet-

ness in closet, buttery and cabinet, driving thence all mustiness, or bad odors. We have used it for years with great success. It also serves to perfume linen-presses, and bureau-drawers, giving a delightful odor to table-cloths and napkins.

By grasses are meant all those plants which have a round, jointed, and hollow stem, surrounded at each joint with a single leaf, long, narrow and pointed, and whose seeds are contained in chaffy husks. This is Ray's definition.

This family is most numerous—embracing even the tall bamboo of India—that most invaluable grass which affords building material for houses, carriages and furniture; and yet it is brother to the meadow foxtail grass, so called from the tufted form of its blossom. Our prairies abound in varieties of grasses; some blossom in clusters, and are variegated as the peacock's plumage, some pinnated and feathery as the marabou plume, but all beautiful—exquisitely beautiful. We love the grasses as much as their more brilliant sisters, the flowers, and yearly gather large quantities, and glory in their grace and beauty, and love to recall Ruskin's great praise of them. Consider what we owe merely to the meadow grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft, and countless, and peaceful spears! All spring and summer is in them; the walks by silent, scented paths, the rests in noonday heat, the joy of flocks and herds—all these are summed up in those simple words—the grasses.

The grass and flowers are types in their passing of the passing of human life, and, in their excellence, of the excellence of human life; and this in a two-fold way, first, by their beneficence, and then, by their endurance; the grass of the earth, in giving the seed of corn, and in its beauty under tread of foot, and stroke of scythe; and the grass of the waters, in giving its freshness for our rest, and in its bending before the wave.

S. O. I.

WHITTIER ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

The following letter from John G. Whittier was read at the Woman Suffrage Convention, at Newport, R. I.:

AMESBURY, 12th, 8mo., 1869.—*My Dear Friend*:—I have received thy letter, inviting me to attend the convention in behalf of woman's suffrage, at Newport, R. I., on the 25th inst. I do not see how it is possible for me to accept the invitation, and were it possible for me to do so, the state of my health would prevent me from taking such a part in the meeting as would relieve me from the responsibility of seeming to sanction anything in its action which might conflict with my own views of duty or policy. Yet I should do myself great injustice if I did not embrace this occasion to express my general sympathy with the movement. I have seen no good reason why mothers, wives and daughters should not have the same rights of person, property and citizenship which fathers, husbands and brothers have. The sacred memory of mother and sister, the wisdom and dignity of women of my own religious communion who have been accustomed to something like equality in rights as well as duties, my experience as a co-worker with noble and self-sacrificing women as graceful and helpful in their household duties as firm and courageous in their public advocacy of unpopular truth, the steady friendships which have inspired and strengthened me, and the reverence and respect which I feel for human nature irrespective of sex, compel me to look with something more than acquiescence on the efforts you are making. I frankly confess that I am not able to foresee all the consequences of the great social and political change proposed; but of this I am at least sure, it is always safe to do right, and the truest expediency is simple justice. I can understand without sharing the misgivings of those who fear that, when the vote drops from woman's hands into the ballot-box, the beauty and sentiment, the bloom and sweetness of womanhood will go with it. But in this matter it seems to me that we can trust nature stronger than statutes or conventions. She will be conservative of all that the true man loves and honors in woman. Here and there may be found an equivocal, unsexed Chevalier D'Eon, but the eternal order and fitness of things will remain. I have no fear that man will be less manly or woman less womanly when they meet on terms of equality before the law.

On the other hand, I do not see that the exercise of the ballot by woman will prove a remedy for all the evils of which she justly complains. It is her right as truly as mine, and when she asks for it, it is something less than manhood to withhold it. But, unsupported by a more practical education, higher aims and a deeper sense of the responsibilities of life, it is not likely to prove a blessing in her hands any more than in man's.

With great respect and hearty sympathy, I am truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Never shirk your duties, however low and mean they may seem to you. Remember that to do as well as ever you can what happens to be the only thing within your power to do, is the best and surest preparation for higher service.

A PRAYER.

BY Z. PARIS.

Mine eyes are looking unto Thee
With earnest pleading:—
From love of self, oh! set me free!—
Thine aid I'm needing!

Loose, loose, I pray, the fretting chain
That brings but anguish;
Beneath its weight I'd ne'er again
One moment languish!

My life destroy, and form anew
One pure and holy,
That wounding things I may review
With spirit lowly!

Help me to bear the word and deed
That fall unkindly,
And meekly trust to Thee to lead
Where I'd walk blindly!

Self comes in such a guileful dress
That oft I'm straying,
But closer to Thy side I press
While humbly praying!

And up to Thee my soul, I know,
Indeed is reaching,
When to Thy precious Word I go
For Thy blest teaching!

And I know, too, my feet Thou'lt guide
To Thy fair Heaven,
And set, each day, myself aside
By new life given!

Ah! holy is the peace that falls
With wondrous power,
When this sweet promise faith recalls
In darkest hour!

Selected.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN WITHIN.

"Around each earth-bound spirit
A world of beauty lies—
Of fragrant flowers and golden fruit
Seen by the spirit's eyes.

"And music deep and wondrous sweet
Among those flow'rets moves,
Singing the heavenly melodies
Which the watching spirit loves.

"A world of beauty wholly made
Of man's interior life,
His holy thoughts, those 'fragrant flowers'
Which do not grow in strife.

"The 'fruit,' his deeds of love on earth,
That 'music sweet,' the breathing
Of the immortal soul to God,
And harmony receiving.

. . . . . .

"O ye who tread God's beauteous earth,
And dwell before His face,
O ye are building day by day
Your own abiding place,

"Your words of love, your gentlest thoughts,
Your slightest acts are there—
And the breath of life which all must breathe
Is the answer unto prayer.

"Then fill your hearts with heavenly thoughts,
Your lives with deeds of love,
And beautiful beyond compare
They'll bloom for you above.

"Thus may ye build a world of light,
Of wondrous sights and sounds,
Where, 'mid the joys which angels know,
The peace of God abounds."

From Public Ledger.

HISTORY OF A WINDOW PANE.

GLASSBORO', N. J., Aug. 30th.

New Jersey is one of the chief producers of glass in this country. The manufacture is attracted there by the abundance of sand and fuel, so that glass factories are dotted all over South and West Jersey—at Glassboro', Clayton, Jackson, Waterford, Winslow, Williamstown, Malaga, Millville, Salem, Bridgton and other places—and their product is sent to all parts of the continent. Fine white sand, the silica of glass, is found in profusion in New Jersey, and the pine forests furnish the fuel. These attract the manufacture, which employs a large capital and requires the industry of a considerable section of the population. Some of the factories devote themselves to flint glass and hollow-ware, but about one-half make window glass, which is one of the most novel manufactures of the country, and requires great skill and care.

The furnace to melt the glass is a great desideratum in a glass-house. It has to withstand the intensest heat, diffuse it equally in all parts, and at the same time secure these results with the least fuel. Coal and wood are dear now, and their cost to a concern where thousands of tons of coal and cords of wood are thrown into the furnaces during a single season, is a considerable item. The utmost care has therefore to be used in proportioning the furnace, and one when built, although not over ten or twelve feet long, is frequently valued, owing to the costly character of the materials, at $1000. Fire is placed at both ends, the pots containing the molten glass being in two rows between, and so arranged that each pot is in convenient proximity to an aperture about a foot in diameter, called the "ring-hole," through which the glass blower gets his supply of glass. It requires from ten days to two weeks to get the furnace heated up to a sufficiently high temperature to melt the glass; so that the fire never goes out, week-day or Sunday, until the furnace is burned to a shell and will stand it no longer. The pots in which the glass is melted have to be constructed with even more care than the furnace. They are large high tubs, made of imported clay, and so much labor is bestowed on them that each is valued at from $40 to $50. No lady takes more care with her complexion than is bestowed on one of these crucibles. The clay is kneaded for weeks, the kneader dancing a hornpipe over it with his bare feet in a huge trough. Then the crucible is slowly built in a mould, little pinches of clay being placed one after another together, by hand. Thus, slowly and laboriously, the pot is built, equal care being taken in

drying it. The least flaw, the smallest particle of foreign substance, a cold blast of air, or too great a drought in certain stages of the fire, will break a pot, and cause it and its valuable contents to be lost. A glass-melting crucible is thus a frail commodity and is subject to so many disasters that it seldom lives more than four weeks. Then it has to be taken out of the fire and a new one put in; one of the hottest and most disagreeable jobs the men can perform.

Glass is a mixture of silica and an alkali. Soda is the alkali, and lime is added as a flux. The component parts of the mixture used to make window glass, are 100 parts of sand (silica) 32 of soda and 30 of lime. These are carefully sifted to remove all foreign substances and the sand is previously dried in ovens to expel the moisture. Other ingredients are used, and the component parts vary somewhat, according to the quality of the glass it is intended to produce, and occasionally a small quantity of salt is added to assist the melting. This mixture, although a fine powder when put into the furnace, loses nearly half its bulk in melting, so that the pots have to be replenished. Some thirteen hours are consumed in melting, during which the furnace is forced to the highest possible heat.

When the melt is finished, the furnace is allowed to cool, and the glass-blowers being summoned they begin work when the glass cools to the consistency of stiff molasses. Their operations are the most curious part of the manufacture. With scarcely any clothing on, perspiring in streams, scorched and grimed, they and their attendants flit about with huge boulders of red-hot glass; yet, whilst they are crowded together in a small space, they are so well drilled that burns are rare.

Each glass blower has an attendant who assists him, and the chief instrument is a hollow iron tube, or blow-pipe, about five feet long. Upon this tube a ball of hot glass is gathered, five or six inches in diameter, and it is heated until the heat is equally diffused throughout the entire mass. Then it is rolled in a hollow basin of wood or iron, containing a small quantity of water, the glass-blower at the same time blowing through his pipe until it gradually assumes the shape, first of a pear, and afterwards of a demijohn with a very thick bottom. Then it is heated again in the furnace, and the blower swings it in a pit, at the same time blowing through the pipe. This combined swinging and blowing operation gradually lengthens the demijohn into a long, hollow cylinder, about a foot in diameter, dome-shaped at the lower end. When it has grown long enough the dome-shaped end is again put into the furnace, the glass-blowe constantly turning and blowing it, until fina ly he blows a hole through the extreme enc and the cylinder being again swung in th pit, the soft, hot glass at the end opens out s as to produce a complete cylinder with straigh sides, four or five feet long. The work i then complete, and the pipes being detache by the touch of a cold iron, and the pea shaped head cracked off by winding aroun it a string of hot glass, the cylinder is read to be flattened out into a plate. Whilst thi blowing is going on the greatest care has t be taken with the furnace. All the draught are shut off, and the fuel used in small stick of wood previously dried in a kiln. This car is necessary to prevent cinders and motes fly ing about, for they get into the glass and ma its symmetry.

Before the ends of these cylinders ar opened out, the dome-shape above referred t is in the form of the vase so much prized b ladies for covering over wax flowers an fruits, and other similar frailties, and whic dealers endeavor to make purchasers believ are very costly, but which manufacturer know are no more expensive than ordinar glass. The skill of a glass-blower is show in the formation of these cylinders by th straightness of the sides and their uniform thickness. Some workmen attain wonderfu skill, and can produce work as accurate as i it were moulded. After the cylinder is cool a hot iron passed quickly through it length wise produces a long straight crack, and it i ready to be flattened out into a plate, an annealed. During all these operations, copi ous streams of water are poured over all th tools used, to keep them comparatively cool although even when used they are too hot fo the uninitiated to touch.

The glass-blower, by keeping them and hi hands constantly wet, can handle them; an whilst a man in ordinary condition cannot g near the furnace, these men, protected by th profuse perspiration that stands in big drop on their faces, can poke their heads almos into the fire. For such hot and distasteful but, at the same time, difficult work, th glass-blowers are paid according to the quali ty and amount of work produced, and get a average of $125 a month, whilst their atten dants receive about $60 a month.

The flattening of the hollow cylinder i produced in a series of furnaces, none of then heated, however, to as great heat as the melt ing furnace. The cylinder is put into the firs of these on a flat stone with the crack up wards. The heat soon causes the glass t soften and unfold, in which an attendant wit a rod assists it, taking care that the edge shall not curl up. By a system of machiner

The flat stone bearing the opening cylinder is then passed along to another attendant, who smooths it out into a perfectly flat plate. The glass sheet is ironed out exactly as a laundress would iron out a linen sheet, excepting that in this case the iron is a smooth block of wood. Being completely flattened into a smooth plate, measuring four or five feet square, the glass is then annealed. Glass is so bad a conductor of heat, that to prevent its being extremely brittle and liable to break at the least jar, it has to be cooled very gradually, and this is done by passing it through a series of ovens, of gradually decreasing heat, until the glass is brought out into the open air, this annealing process occupying many hours. The sheets are then cut by diamonds into the various sized window panes desired; glass cutting being a separate branch of industry, requiring much skill and being proportionately well paid. The window panes are then boxed up, carefully packed in straw, marked "This side up with care," and shipped to market.

SLANDER is the revenge of a coward—*dissimulation* is his defence.—*Adventurer.*

PROGRESS OF FRUIT CULTURE—HOW MAY IT BE PROMOTED?

BY A. M. POWELL.

[1] *Paper read before the New York Fruit Grower's Club, in Horticultural Hall, July 22d, 1869.*

One who has never turned back to look over the old authorities on the subject of fruit culture will doutless be surprised to find how ancient in origin are nearly all of our present choicest varieties of fruit, and many of our most approved methods of culture as well. The chief difference between then and now is that the knowledge requisite to successful fruit culture is more widely diffused among the people. The luxury of choice pears, grapes, peaches, strawberries and other fruits is not now so much confined to the wealthy few. There is the same difference between ancient and modern days in relation to all scientific knowledge. Education is not as much superior now as it is more general. But in popular, successful fruit culture we are still quite too backward. We have scarcely taken more than the first step in the direction of the progress which the undeveloped resources of our soil and latitude invite.

Without attempting to give technical instruction in detail, I incline to say a few words which may serve somewhat as a stimulant to a still more general cultivation and use of fruits. To-day, as in the past, the few who are possessed of abundant means will have greenhouses and highly cultivated gardens. But there is no good reason why the masses of the people should not also have a liberal supply of delicious pears, peaches, plums, apples, grapes, strawberries, blackberries, and other kinds of fruit, at less cost than they now pay for other less inviting, and, in many cases, unwholesome food. It is amazing that in this day of cheap agricultural and horticultural books and journals, of Farmers' Clubs, and Fruit-growers' Societies, with so many sources of information, that even in the country, among the owners and occupants of the land, good fresh fruit, as a part of the table-food, is exceptional, and in very many, if not a majority of farmers' families, altogether unknown! With a little forethought, intelligent observation and common sense, any one so fortunate as to possess even a small door-yard can have at least a few good Seckel and Bartlett pears, a few vines of Concord, Delaware or Isabella grapes, some strawberries, currants and blackberries in their season. Visit the farmhouses of New York, New England and the West this third week in July, and I venture to say that instead of finding, as you should, a supply of the later strawberries and cherries, of improved raspberries and blackberries, you will see either no fruit at all on their tables, or only such as they have been able to glean, wild and uncultivated, from the vines and bushes of their fields and woods. Here in this city are thousands of people who never think of using good fruit as a part of their food. They cannot, at present retail prices, afford to do so if they desired it.

It is true there is, compared with even a few years ago, a greatly awakened interest in fruit growing. The large prices obtained by some fruit-growers for superior fruit serve as a stimulant to many to plant trees and vines. But this increased planting is much of it done after the old slipshod, shiftless plan of general farming, and done in that way of course it adds little to the supply of really good fruit. Said a friend, a nurseryman, to me one day, "Why do you not cultivate trees and vines for sale, instead of pears, grapes and raspberries? You will find it quite as profitable and much less care and trouble than the marketing of the fruit." He added: "Why, I have customers among farmers in this community"—naming some of them—"who come to me regularly every spring or autumn for a fresh supply of trees or vines to replace those of the previous year's planting." "The demand," he thought, "would be likely to continue good for a long time." He would explain to the purchasers how the tree or vine should be set out and taken care of; but once planted out, probably in stinted holes, that was very often the end of the care, and

presently the end of the trees and vines, and of the prospect of the farmer and his family for a supply of good fruit. No young man's or young woman's education should be considered complete who, especially living in the country, or having a village lot, has not been carefully taught how to transplant and train a tree or vine. Choice fruits will not grow hap-hazard, and can only be had anywhere by intelligent, painstaking toil.

Fruit culture in this country is to become more and more a matter of commercial interest. As in other kinds of business, many who have tried it have failed, and yet many more doubtless will fail. There is, as is frequently said here in answer to inquirers, no general rule applicable to all localities as to varieties. There is the one general rule as to careful cultivation which holds good everywhere. Experience must be the first teacher as to varieties in given places. If the experience and knowledge of honest nurserymen can be made available, very well. The supply of fruit in the market increases, but the supply of really choice fruit is never, or rarely even now, equal to the demand.

We still want not only a greater diffusion of intelligence concerning varieties of fruit and the best methods of cultivation, but also there is great need among the people of both the country and the city of education as to the use of fruit as food. All are fond of good fruit, but outside of a comparatively small number of families, as compared with the whole, fruit rarely appears on the tables as a part of the regular meal. If at all, it is generally counted as a special luxury or dessert, to be tasted merely, not fully and rationally enjoyed before a sufficient quantity of other food has already been taken. More frequently, and still more mischievously, fruit is taken "between meals," and at unseasonable and irregular intervals. During the hot months particularly, there are thousands of families in this city, as well as among farmers, wherein fruit never enters as a part of the regular diet, whose health and comfort would be greatly promoted by banishing meat, except perhaps, once a week, from their tables, and supplying instead wholesome fruits. These fruits ought to be, might be, and by-and-by will be supplied at least at no greater cost than meat. But physicians, and all who can reach the ears of the people on the subject of health, must help the formation of the habit of relying more upon fruit as part of a legitimate, nourishing diet. Meanwhile every one who causes two first-rate pears, apples, plums, peaches, strawberries, or blackberries to grow where but one poor one, or none at all, grew before, is a true public benefactor.—*N. Y. Times.*

PROFESSOR OF UNIVERSAL SCIENCE.

A story, of the Professor of Universal Sci ence, illustrating the different interpretation which may be put upon the same facts, w once heard told, at a meeting of the West moreland Classis, by the late Rev. W. Con rad. This, we think, may be given to th public, without detriment to the memory o the quaint, genial, humble, yet penetratin spirit of that singularly modest, but trul worthy man—now gone to his eternal rest His labors will live after him.

It happened once that the ambassador o the English government at one of the court of Southern Europe, was a somewhat boast ful man. And over his wine at a royal din ner, where some of the most distinguishe members of the University were present, h thoughtlessly informed them, that in his coun try they had what far exceeded them all, *Professor of Universal Science.*

The learned dignitaries present expresse their surprise; and one desired letters of in troduction from the ambassador to his hom government, in order that he might be abl to find and meet such a wonder as Prof. Un Science. These could not be refused. Bu by the first post, the English boaster had sen dispatches in advance to his friends at hom of what had transpired; and requesting them for the honor of the government, to save hi boast from humiliation and shame.

When the Southern Professor arrived a London, he was at once received with mark of distinction; and thence, sent to the Un versity. There, to his great regret, he foun that the Prof. of Un. Science had gone t Edinburg. Nothing daunted in his laudabl search after knowledge under difficulties, h determined on following him to the Univer sity in that city. Reaching Edinburg, h learned that the distinguished Prof. had jus betook himself to Dublin; and thither als he followed him.

Previous to his arrival, the faculty ha been notified of his coming, and had con vened for consultation. In the midst of the trouble to know what was to be done, a one eyed butcher heard of their distress, and vo unteered to act the part of the Prof. Un. Sc ence. So, assuming the gown and wig, he wa seated in the professional chair when the di tinguished stranger arrived.

Introduced into the long hall, at the farthe end of which the robed Prof. sat in dignity the learned foreigner made a profound bow to which the Universal Prof. deigned to mak a proper acknowledgment. The attendan withdrew, in order to escape what sham might follow, and left the great men t gether.

Holding up grapes and oranges, the frui

of his clime, the stranger laid them as an offering before the acting Prof. Without changing a word, he drew a crust of bread from his pocket, and held it up before the gazing foreigner. The latter then held up one finger; the one-eyed butcher held up two fingers. The stranger, with expressions of admiration, next held up three fingers; and the butcher, without further ado, held up his clenched fist. Standing for a while in mute astonishment and wonder, adding nothing more, the foreigner at length withdrew.

Outside, the officials in great excitement to know what had happened, received him. Having asked him his opinion, he expressed himself in the highest terms, praising the wonderful wisdom of their Professor of Universal Science. Now was their turn for wonder; and they inquired further about the interview, an account of which he proceeded to give.

"I offered him the rich fruits of the tropics; he understands me at once and tells me *bread is after all the staff of life,* and he is satisfied with a dry crust.

"I next tell him, by signs, the universal language, that these gifts are all from God, holding up one finger; he replies promptly without a word, but only holding up two fingers, that God reveals Himself in two natures!

"I then go to the root of all Science, and tell him, by the sign of three fingers, that this God is in final revelation, Trinity; to which he answers, closing his hand, that this Trinity, holds in Unity.

Satisfied beyond measure at the favorable turn the affair had taken, they send the stranger to his lodgings, and joyfully go in quickly to see their friend and deliverer the butcher.

Him they found in a towering rage; and soon learned the cause. "He began by boasting of his good things of the South; but I told him I didn't care for them, as we had bread to eat here in England.

"At that, he pointed with one finger to my *one eye*; and I, putting up two fingers, tell him my one is as good as his two. Then he says, sticking up three fingers, that we have only *three eyes* between us. As I could stand the insult no longer, I drew my fist at him—and he left without another word."

With such a difference of conclusion, from the same given facts, we see how possible it is for men to differ about the plainest common truths.—*Reformed Church Messenger.*

SUNSHINE AND CLOUDS.—Ah, this beautiful world! I know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all sunshine and gladness, and heaven itself lies not far off, and then it suddenly changes, and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the day. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come gloomy hours, when the fire will not burn on our hearths, and all without and within is dismal, cold and dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not, and ofttimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.—*Longfellow.*

A GREAT DISTINCTION.

Henry Ward Beecher says in one of his sermons: "I love goodness a thousand times more than I hate badness." A noble sentiment. But, ah, how often it is not true, even among Christians. The belligerent element seems to be most developed. It is the church militant, the church hating badness, rather than the church with serene brow, loving and cultivating goodness. It is the church hunting down heresy, rather than the church gladly recognizing orthodoxy. It is a bad sign when a man is more inclined to discover spots in the sun, than to admire its glorious shining. Too often, we fear, preaching assumes a controversial, disputatious tone. It is more an opposition to error than an exhibition of truth. But he who is so enamored of truth and goodness, that he continually holds them up in all their beauty with the enthusiasm of a lover, does more to destroy error and evil than by an unceasing play of redhot polemics.

Twenty years ago Nantucket harbor was frozen over nearly all winter. All the coal in store had been burned, and there was much suffering from want of fuel. Even the fences had been torn down and burned to eke out the scanty supply of wood. To the great delight of the townspeople the ice broke up one fine morning, and a schooner laden with coal was seen approaching. There was much excitement, and before the craft was moored a coal dealer boarded her and eagerly addressed the honest Quaker skipper, Captain Gifford. "Well, cap'en," said he, "you've about hit it this cruise. I guess I'll hev to take y'ur hull cargo. S'pose you'll want more'n the usual $7 a ton. Wall, I like to do the squar thing by a friend, and I'll give you $12 a ton for it." "Friend," said Captain Gifford, "thee can have a ton of my coal if thee likes for $8, but only one ton; all may have a chance." Just then one of the richest men in the place joined them, saying: "I want ten tons of your coal at your own price—name it. I have suffered enough for once." He received the same answer, and so did all—one ton for each family—$8 the price for each ton. No love of gain, no solicitation, no regard for

individuals, could move honest Captain Gifford. Who would do thus now?—*Ex. Paper.*

"With patient heart, thy course of duty run,
God nothing does, nor suffers to be done,
But thou wouldst do thyself, if thou couldst only see
The *end* of all He does as well as He."

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Open the shutters of your dark chamber, and let these three ineffable rays beam in: God is perfect in *knowledge;* he knows what is best for you. God is perfect in *power;* he is able to do what is best for you. God is *love*, and the heavens will fall before he harms a hair of his children's heads. Now put these three rays together, and they form this blessed pencil of light: *He hath done all things* WELL!

"To have each day the things I wish,
Lord! seemeth best *to me!*
But *not* to have some things I wish,
Lord! seemeth best to Thee.

"Henceforth then let Thy will be done!
Though mine, O God, be crossed;
'Tis good to see my plans o'erthrown,
Myself in Thee all lost!"

"It is true that men do not know how to value health till they lose it." It is the same with wealth. One says, "Sir, I have not always been as you see me now. I have been in better circumstancee." Perhaps so; but I do not consider, madam, that you were in better circumstances, because you once wore silk and now you wear calico. Pride and vanity dressed in silk, are not half so prosperous as meekness and gentleness dressed in the plainest garb, yea, in sackcloth."

ITEMS.

THE FOURTH OF JULY occurs on Sunday whenever the Dominical, or Sunday letter for July happens to be C, which takes place on the second, eighth, thirteenth and nineteenth years of each solar cycle. This cycle is a period of 28 years, during which the days of the month of each year return to the same days of the week as in a corresponding year of a preceding cycle, and the same connection is observed between the changes of the day of the week, in passing from one year to the next. It is true that the same day of the month falls on the same day of the week four times during this cycle, but the same regular succession is not preserved in the intervening years. Hence the entire period of twenty-eight years is required to regulate the calendar. The Fourth of July then falls on Sunday in 1869, 1875, 1880 and 1886. A new cycle commences in 1896, and the Fourth of July falls on Sunday in 1897, 1903, 1908 and 1914.

A MAN, less heavy than the horse, has a greater relative muscular power. The dog, less heavy than man, drags a comparatively heavier burden. Insects, as their weight grows less and less, are able to drag more and more. It would appear, therefore, that the muscular force of living creatures is in inverse proportion to their mass.—*Bulletin.*

COMMISSIONER WILSON of the General Land Office, has just received from the Surveyor-General's office at Leavenworth, Kansas, a beautiful specimen of the marble recently discovered by the Leavenworth Coal Company in shafting for coal on their tract on the southeast corner of the Fort Leavenworth Reservation. The bed from which the specimen was taken lies at a depth of three hundred feet from the surface, and the stratum is over twelve feet in thickness. This marble is *dolomitic silicate of magnesia*, a composition more durable than Italian marble. The specimen received is polished on one side, showing small crystals of pearl-spar, while some of the markings have the appearance of white clouds.

CREOSOTE AS FUEL.—The London *Daily News* says: "For a long time past creosote has been almost a drug in the market, the demand for it for the chief purpose to which it had been previously applied, viz.: as a preservative of timber, having almost ceased with the completion of the great railways, and the depression in the railway interest, which has of late years prevented the further development of that branch of commercial enterprise. The gas companies have been glad to get rid of it on any terms, and that which had for some years been a valuable refuse of gas manufacture became almost worthless. Its application for heating purposes, for which it seems admirably adapted, will, however, probably restore the equilibrium of value which the causes referred to have temporarily disturbed, and at the same time introduce a fuel which, where a very extreme temperature is required, promises largely to supersede the use of coal. At Mr. Schwartz's sugar-refinery on Pelham street, Spitalfields, more than one thousand gallons of creosote oil are daily consumed in heating his two furnaces, which are of one hundred and forty horse power, and he speaks of it as a most successful experiment. According to his calculation, two hundred and twenty gallons of oil—the cost of which is one penny a gallon—equal in heating power to two and a half tons of coal, and one pound of oil, will evaporate thirteen pounds of water, whereas one pound of coal will evaporate only seven pounds of water.

IT HAS often been asked whether it would be possible for a man to swim in oil. The question was practically solved the other day by a workman employed in an oil manufactory at Nice, who fell into a tank of olive oil nine feet deep. He was an expert swimmer, but he went to the bottom like a plummet, and was only saved from drowning by the timely aid of a comrade. Oil is too light to swim in; it is not sufficiently buoyant, and does not offer the resistance necessary to keep a man afloat. On the other hand, it is worth knowing that if a bath in oil offers dangers to the swimmers, there are occasions on which it may be of valuable use; for it is the best of all remedies for serious burns. A German ballet-girl, whose dress had caught fire, and who had been horribly burned in consequence, was put in a bath full of oil by the chief physician of the Leipsic hospital. She was suffering atrocious agonies; but the oil caused her pains to cease almost immediately. She remained in the bath nine days and nights, the oil being renewed five times during that period, and her burns were then so far healed that she could be taken out without pain or danger. Three weeks after she had completely recovered. This is an admirable form of cure, because it suppresses the intolerable tortures which do more to kill the victims by fire than the actual gravity of the wounds. Unfortunately, like most good things in life, it is a remedy beyond the reach of small purses.—*Ex. Paper.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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LETTER FROM SARAH L. GRUBB TO ———.

FALMOUTH, Eleventh month 21st, 1801.

For several days past thou hast been my companion in meetings and out of meetings; yea, a sweet sense of the cleanness of thy spirit has covered mine, so that I thought it no harm to tell thee so, with a salutation of heavenly love in that light which triumphs over death, which is precious, being begotten of Him who was, and is, and is to come; the never-failing source of sufficiency to the waiting soul; such I believe thine is, therefore trust thou in the Lord thy God for ever. No doubt thy trials are many; the faithful among you must often be plunged as into the deeps; but there is a power which is "mightier than the noise of many waters;" this can enable you to stand, as with the ark of the testimony upon your shoulders, in the bottom of Jordan, the appointed time, and to bring up stones of memorial from thence: this has, no doubt, from time to time, produced the acknowledgment, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us:" but why should I thus write to thee?

From Perran we came here; sat their First-day meetings in silence on my part; were housed on Second-day; turned out westward on Third-day, taking two meetings at Redruth on Fourth, one of which was with the people of the town. In attempting to set forth the dangerous state I believed some to be in, my spirit obtained no relief; for, if I am not mistaken, the word was not mixed with faith in many that heard. This is the place where dear Catharine Phillips lived and died, but it is not always in such spots that the true seed flourishes the most; we may be in this, as in *all* things, instructed, but I am not saying respecting this place, "There is none righteous; no, not one," although my mind was oppressed; perhaps we did not see the cream of the people. Enough, however, of Redruth; and now let me proceed to say, that the following day at Marazion, we had a very open meeting; it was also very large. In that day's favor, the language of my soul was, "My spirit rejoiceth in God my Saviour, for He hath regarded the low estate of His hand-maiden." On Sixth-day a meeting with the people at Penzance; laborious, but powerful and weighty in the end: a public meeting at the Land's End on First-day; hard to get through, but it ended well; blessed be the Lord! He measurably softened the stony hearts. I walked after meeting to see a dying young man: my feelings were awful, yet, in deep retirement, I believed all would be well. "Cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned," &c., comforted my mind respecting him. He died next morning. He was not one of our name—had been led away from the path of virtue by bad company, but his sufferings had been great and availing. I thought I never was more sensible of the powers of the world to come, than as I sat by his bedside.

The reflection was and is pleasant, that we are on our way home, having been to the end of the earth this way. We have had four public meetings in this town, all large; and one in particular, very relieving. I thought it was a little like old times with our worthy predecessors, as was also a large meeting at Penrhyn, when the pressure was such to get in, that it caused a little disturbance. I was on my feet, but took my seat in consequence, after saying that it might be better for some one to go and inform those who were without, that there was no room; but I soon rose again, telling the people that no mind need be unsettled, for I felt the power of God over the meeting; and all ended well, even in thanksgiving and glory to Him who is only worthy. I went to this meeting under peculiar discouragement, but had not well taken my seat, before my mind was sensible of the everlasting truth being in dominion. Oh! may my soul lie low before the Lord. I could not have commanded this display of His excellency. No; *I* am nothing, but He can arise as the sun in its strength, and comfort and animate His true seed, that all may redound to His own honor. I feel the same openness to thee as ever; desiring the living breathings of thy spirit for my preservation—a poor child. From hence we think of proceeding to Wadebridge, taking meetings among other people in our way, and so to the north of Devon, where there are few or no Friends, bad roads, &c.; but if the great "I Am" is with us, no doubt difficulties will be surmounted. No rest for me yet, but I am, at this moment, sensible of that which, in some degree, can say, "Not my will but Thine, oh Father, be done." I have every reason to resolve—

"My life (if Thou preserv'st my life)
Thy sacrifice shall be,"

for He hath caused "Jordan to be driven back, and the mountains to skip," when I was without might, and when things were permited to weigh down my life: when I was almost crushed under the heavy burden, then He kept me from removing my shoulder from it; and in His own time *He* removed it, showing himself to be omniscient, and omnipresent, and omnipotent. Eternally adored be His great name, saith my soul. Let us pray for each other, that we may so abide under the baptizing influence of truth, as more and more to be of the babes in Christ, desiring to be "fed with the sincere milk" of the holy word, that we may grow thereby. That in this day, God may have those among you and us, who are pillars in His house, is what my mind craves.

We are here with Friends who are very hospitable, and, I think, growing in the root of living virtue. At present they are under very great affliction. But whilst we see that affluence and poverty are alike open to spiritual adversity, yea, to sickness also, and to the varied family and private cross occurrences of life; whilst this all tells us that our rest is not *here*, what a consolatory reflection, that, in rightly yielding to tribulation, it is the means of strengthening the union with uncreated Purity; of preparing to join the heavenly host, where peace reigns triumphant, eternally triumphant, when these few moments terminate!

THE DAILY CROSS.

The difficulty in religion is the taking up of the cross daily, rather than the taking it up on some set occasion, and under extraordinary circumstances. The serving of God in little things, the carrying of religious principles into all the minutiæ of life, the discipline of our tempers, the regulation of our speech, the domestic Christianity, the momentary sacrifices, the secret and unobserved self-denials; who that knows anything of the difficulty of piety does not know that there is greater danger of his failing in these than in trials of far greater cost and sterner endurance? It is not, comparatively, hard to put the armor on when the trumpet sounds, but it is to keep the armor on when there is no alarm of battle. And the warfare with our spiritual enemies is not warfare in a series of pitched battles, with intervals for resting and recruiting; it is rather daily, hourly, momentary fighting. This is the driving out "by little and little," to which the Almighty promises "the reward of the inheritance."—*The Moravian.*

The following, taken from Friends' Quarterly Examiner, so nearly accords with our views on the subject treated of that we feel willing to place it before our readers.—EDS.

THOUGHTS ON THE PAST AND FUTURE OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

BY ANNE FOWLER.

So much has already been written respecting the Society of Friends, both in this periodical and elsewhere, that the following remarks might be deemed superfluous were it not that the presentation of the same truths in varied terms, and by different minds, sometimes helps to enforce them.

There is no question that the principles adopted by the Society of Friends from its rise, and maintained to the present day, are based upon Christian truth deduced from a careful and enlightened study of the Holy Scriptures; but the most orthodox creed, united with the best arrangements for carry-

ing it out in practice, fail in effecting their purpose if a corresponding spiritual vitality be wanting in those who uphold them.

In the first period of the existence of this Society, it was composed almost entirely of men and women of earnest religious purpose and experience; it was distinguished by no forms but those which arose naturally out of the general participation of its members in the same devotedness of heart, and the same abhorrence of all that was *seeming* and not *real*—sentiments which actuated them as with a common life. It was a life *wrought in them* by the influence of God's Holy Spirit, acting upon hearts that were made willing to yield all that they were, and all that they had, to his service.

This devotedness was further tested and strengthened by *persecution*; so that, looking at the body during the first forty or fifty years after it was gathered, one may say that with little if any exception Friends were what they professed to be.

The strength that they sought and found in union as a Church arose from the interchange of love and sympathy, and from oneness of *aim;* not from an interdependence of opinion, for they leaned, not one upon another but upon Christ. From Him they received their convictions, and to Him they looked for direction in their varied lines of service; their testimonies also and their scruples came fresh from the Fountain-Head, and therefore reflected forcibly upon many of the sins and follies of the times in which they lived. No wonder then that they presented, on a small scale, an illustration of what the Church militant should be—"leaning on her Beloved—fair as the moon, clear as the sun, terrible as an army with banners."

They acknowledge that their "treasure was in *earthen* vessels." They were troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; "always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in their bodies." If in the first century of the Christian era these were evidences of apostolic devotedness, they cannot be refused as such in the seventeenth!

Now let us turn our attention to the representatives of this little band of Christians in a later age; not to cavil at the changes that have come over it, nor altogether to deplore them, but to seek the key that may unlock the secret of the loss of that holy zeal that was at first so generally diffused; and, if possible, to point to its recovery.

There is in human opinion and practice a remarkable tendency to *oscillate*. No one who has read history, and noted the phases of political opinion or religious thought which in succession gain the ascendency over men's minds, can fail to have been struck by this fact. Each generation as it arrives upon the field of action, finding in the circumstances that surround it imperfections which are inseparable from human frailty, attributes them to some errors of judgment in its predecessors, and an attempt at readjustment often results in as great a deviation in another direction. This especially applies to religious dogmas and doctrines; some *one* truth is insisted on to the obscuring of others. In one generation the freeness of Divine grace is allowed to interfere with that of human responsibility; in the next, human power and intellect too much ignores the need of Divine assistance At one time, justification by faith, unaccompanied by holiness of life, makes "Christ the minister of sin;" and the reaction from this dangerous error, or its precursor, is a looking for salvation as the reward of good works, with its hopeless train of self-mortification and self-righteousness. How rare it is to find the equal balance of truth, as presented in the Holy Scriptures, held evenly for any length of time by the successive expounders of it! Here is one cause of change in religious faith and practice; and no man or body of men can keep themselves entirely free from the influences that happen to prevail in their generation; for these are to the mind what a strong current is to the ship at sea—she may not be turned altogether out of her course, but her track will be affected by it. Thus the practice of a religious society becomes modified; and thus, the zeal which prevailed amongst all parties during the latter half of the seventeenth century having subsided, the first ardor of the Friends slackened with it.

Other causes also came into operation. The fervency of first love could not be handed down with a membership claimed by birthright; thus by degrees an aggressive position was relinquished for one of passive resistance or self-defence; and under these altered circumstances the accession of members from without naturally lessened. Example and training no doubt had their effect among the young; but religious truths, to which the mind has been habituated from childhood, do not seize upon the whole man and rule the life, as they do when brought for the first time to bear upon the conscience in mature age; *then* the conflict may be more severe, but the change once effected is often more thorough and the fruit of it more obvious.

Persecutions having ceased, earthly possessions became more secure, therefore more desired, and more time and attention were occupied in the pursuit of them; in short, the

love of other things (however lawful in themselves,) entering in, divided the heart. These causes operating throughout the Society (although there were signal exceptions,) the early whole-hearted devotedness to religious interests became more rare, the PRINCIPLES professed remaining meanwhile the same. This could not go on long without a conscious decline being recognized by the members at their periodical meetings for the transaction of the affairs of their Church; consequently, towards the end of the last century, an attempt was made to resuscitate the slumbering embers by a stricter enforcement of discipline. Those peculiarities of practice, which originated from individual tenderness of conscience, receiving the stamp of ecclesiastical law, ceased to hold their lawful position. An outward standard of judgment was brought into authority, which impaired the freedom of personal conviction, and exposed the community to the danger of being drawn aside from the simplicity that is in Christ; and thus the very body which at its rise pleaded emphatically for freedom from human interference in religious opinions, became inadvertently a party, in lesser particulars, to moral coercion. It cannot be denied that injury has resulted from this retrograde step—the adopting by *rule* of practices which are good only as they proceed in freshness from the Master's mind.

Different temperaments, differently constituted minds, liable to temptations even from opposite quarters, require dissimilar courses of discipline; and much of this wholesome training is lost when an artificial rule is substituted for individual spiritual direction.

"To go with the multitude," and to "tread in beaten paths," is at all times more easy to our natural inclinations than to accept of the rule of Christ in *whatever way* his yoke may be laid upon us, while maintaining as an inviolable right the liberty wherewith He makes his children free. By all means let those who are the subjects of peculiar religious scruples adhere cheerfully and conscientiously to what they involve, and they will be blessed in them; but no sooner is this limit overstepped, and we endeavor to lay upon others that which is intended for ourselves, than we interfere with the Lord's prerogative.

Perhaps some who read this paper may think that these remarks apply to a period in the experience of the Society of Friends which is either past or fast passing away. Let us hope that this is the case; and yet the same liability under different forms will never cease to call for close watchfulness on our part to guard against it. The cry for liberty must not be for a liberty to please *ourselves*, or to adopt the liberty of others if it is not rightly ours; "happy is he who condemneth not himself in the thing that he alloweth." If, as we trust is the case, the old zeal and the old freedom of thought and action are reviving together, we must cherish also that "fervent charity among ourselves" without which zeal ceases to be Christian zeal; and free course must be given to that spirit of self-renunciation and willingness to submit to the Divine guidance which softens the character of Christian freedom.

Only by the revival of a deep heart-work, especially amongst our younger members, will Friends regain and maintain their position in the forefront of religious progress; when time, mind, health, and means are heartily consecrated to the service of Him who bestows them, under an inwrought conviction that such is the noblest purpose to which they can be applied. Then the question felt to be of first importance by all whose hearts God has touched will, as they approach the development of their powers, be, "Lord, what wilt thou have *me* to do?" And however varied the answers to this petition, the carrying of them out in childlike obedience, and dependence on Divine aid, will diffuse warmth and vitality from heart to heart—"the breath shall come again into the dry bones," and they shall stand up as of yore an exceeding great army. The harvest-field is extensive, and it offers much variety in the kind of work required. We are told to pray that the Lord of the harvest will send forth the laborers; and it is He (who only is omniscient) who can unerringly appoint them to their several duties and specific services. The message to some may be, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature;" while to others it will be, "Feed the flock of God that is *among* you, taking the oversight thereof willingly;" to others, "Visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction"—"Undo the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free;" or, "Sell that ye have and give alms;" or it may be the more passive injunction, "Watch thou in all things," endure afflictions —"Meditate on these things, give thyself wholly to them."

The evidence of work being for Christ lies not in its publicity, nor in its magnitude; the greatest results often spring from the humblest efforts. "The Lord seeth not as man seeth; man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." But unto every one is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ, involving us in a responsibility which we cannot safely lay aside, lest the liberty for which our predecessors suffered, and which was to them a liberty *for* service, became through our apathy a sorrowful inheritance of liberty *from*

it, and others be called not only to take our place, but also our *crown*.

"What though unmarked the happy workman toil,
And break, unthanked of man, the stubborn clod?
It is enough, for sacred is the soil,
Dear are the hills of God.
Far better in its place the lowliest bird
Should sing aright to Him the lowliest song,
Than that a seraph strayed should take the word,
And sing His glory wrong."

From the Christian Register.

THE PATIENCE OF THE POOR.

Admirable! but how astonishing. If the poor were always strong and well their privations and ceaseless labor would not be so pitiable; but when exhaustion has so frequently to take up the task and depression accompany it, how does their patience rebuke the inanity, *ennui* and ingratitude of our more favored lives.

A needlewoman in London lived as long as she could on two shillings a week, and then died of starvation. Her landlady, on opening her door, found a broken table, two bottomless chairs, a heap of rags and a dead woman.

Is it necessary to add anything to this? Does not the unvarnished statement of unrepining suffering and a terrible, lonely death, as far as human sympathy was concerned, make us ashamed at not going out of our petty, or even our great troubles, to heal, and comfort and soften the harder lives of the poor.

I do not believe that often in this highly-favored country, even in the crowded cities, many starve to death; but I am sure that a multitude of the poor are starving for innocent recreation, for mental culture, for religious hope. We are merciless when we say they do not need, for they have never known anything better; they do not mind herding, eating, sleeping, dressing in the same room; they are used to their lives; amusement would take their minds from their work, and upset the comfort and routine of society.

For this hardness of heart, for this neglect of the poor, "whom we have always with us," we shall be called to judgment. If our reason remains unconvinced, do not their pale, pinched, dull, yet uncomplaining faces touch a human chord in our hearts? Let us not dole out their just dues reluctantly; but run with willing feet to give something over. Let us put ourselves in their position, in their clumsy, hob-nailed shoes, and mete out the measure we should wish meted to ourselves. It is simply our duty to do this, for we are only stewards. Be not only just to them, but brighten their lives; trust to the inherent goodness of human nature; it is not all vile; if we cannot save by kindness, by addressing the nobler sentiments, we cannot save at all. Even the dumb creatures are not insensible to kindness; how do we condemn our common human nature in having no trust in the poor.

The poor brood more than we think on the differences of lot. They would read the ways of Providence more hopefully, did the rich show a more delicate sympathy. But we cannot feel this sympathy if we are not tolerant of their ignorance, patient with their improvidence, and hopeful in spite of their ingratitude. We, too, are ignorant and ungrateful; and while we should mete only *justice* to our own failings, to the poor that justice should be tempered with *mercy*. C.

HOLINESS AND HUMILITY.

Holiness and humility are inseparably connected together. The nearer the soul comes to God, the more completely it is humbled, subdued and overpowered. It was when Job heard the voice of the Lord out of the whirlwind, that he exclaimed, "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." When the "still small voice" of God spake to the exiled prophet in his cave, he wrapped his blushing face in his mantle, and his whole being bowed before the Divine presence and power. It was when the evangelical prophet Isaiah saw the glory of the Lord and heard the six-winged seraphim crying one to another, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts," that he cried out, "Woe is me, for I am undone." It was after Paul had been caught up into the third heaven that he was the least of all the saints. And it was the beloved disciple, whose head had leaned on the bosom of Jesus, and whose eyes had beheld his glory in apocalyptic vision, whose meek, childlike spirit has been the admiration of all ages. Thus it is with every saint of God on earth, and it is so with every glorified spirit in heaven. The higher the soul rises in holiness, the deeper it sinks in humility and self-abasement. So sings Montgomery:

"The bird that soars on the highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest:
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

"The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
In lowliest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down
The most when most his soul ascends:
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstep of humility."

It was a saying of Socrates that every man had need of a faithful friend and a bitter enemy; the one to advise him, the other to show him his faults.

Selected.

KIND WORDS.

Ah, what meaning there is in them! Those who are happy and have loving friends all around them, can hardly imagine what distress it would give to rarely receive kind and encouraging words. There is a want, a great want in the world for words of gentle import to prevent goodness of heart and trust from being crushed in the soul. It cannot bear rebuffs and surly replies without an occasional expression of sympathy and interest in its welfare.

God never meant the soul to be shut up within its prison walls with no light to shine into it, but what his invisible presence gave to it. Yet, happy ones, you have a duty to perform to the souls around you, to raise their curtains so that the light of human love may shine in, to enrich and bless; and it may easily be done by a few gentle words, or even perhaps by a grasp of the hand. Are there any who cannot recall many times when they have gone out from their homes with a feeling of gloom, either real or imaginary, soliloquizing to themselves that life is dull, and even while in this mood have met friends that have greeted them warmly, and by their gentle words cheered their hearts, and made different beings of them, so that they wondered, on their return, what had become of their sad thoughts which they started out with? Can it not be traced to those few cheerful words, or might it not have been only a smile or a look? It was what you needed, and cheered you.

Think of this, kind readers, when you go out from your homes, and you will find many whom you can cheer and bless. No matter whether they are in good circumstances or in rags and filth, be sure a few gentle words will cheer them, and if not elevated, will cast a ray of sunshine within their hearts, with the thought that the world was not all cold and hard. You, who have not longed and prayed for gentle words, can have no conception of the wants of those who are seldom greeted with words of encouragement and sympathy.

Have we not all a duty to perform in this direction? Can we allow ourselves to pass by the unhappy without one look, or if a look, one of contempt, with the thought that they do not deserve our sympathy or kind words? Where, in our great example, Jesus, can we find him turning away from the most degraded? And are we more privileged to do so than he? Ah, no. To have the life of Christ within us we must do our best to raise up the lowly and the outcast. If the whole world could be roused to make the exertion, and to resolve for one year only to avoid speaking one cross word, and use every opportunity to speak the words of kindness, what a different world this would be; not that it would remove present vice and wickedness, but it might stop the beginner in his downfall, and the heart that received this timely aid might forever bless the giver for those few words which saved him from ruin, and which cost him who gave them so little.

It is not only the gentler sex and children that need this cheering that gentle words always give; but strong men, who would be almost ashamed to be seen in tears, pine for encouragement through cheering words, and I know of no one, from the little child just learning to walk, to the aged one just falling into the grave, that would not be made happier, nay, better, by a few kind words.

With such a demand, with such a desire, is it not worth the while to cultivate the power to ever speak gently, encouragingly, to all with whom we come in contact, either in our own homes or abroad?

God grant us the power to forget our own selfish desires, and strive to lighten the burdens of others in this most needed way, for then a great duty will have been performed, a duty which will be approved by our consciences and bring the reward of Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was hungry for encouragement and ye gave me sympathy; I was a stranger and ye gave me your hearts; naked and desolate and ye clothed my aching heart with words of comfort; sick, and gentle words soothed me; in prison, in darkness, and alone, ye shrank not away from me, but from the kindness of your hearts, you, in softest tones, told me of the dear One above, and opened the windows of my prisoned soul to the light and glory of my dear Heavenly Father, and made me fit to dwell in the presence of angels.

S. S.

The immortality of the soul may be demonstrated by a very simple process. Every thing in nature arrives at maturity before it ceases to exist—the flower, the star, the tree. Does man arrive at maturity at what we call death? So far as perfection or completeness of being is concerned, does not the humblest flower that blooms around our feet put us to shame, if there exists no life beyond that of our present bodies? When the flower has put forth its leaves, and subserved the purpose for which it was designed—the exhaling of its perfume, the bearing of its fruit or seed—it must die. Can it ever be said so of man? Does not every day bring new wants, new desires, and thus necessitate the next, and so on forever? Immortality is no uncommon thought? It is but the miracle of every day

constantly repeated. The philosophy of it is seen by the relations we sustain to God—those of perpetual receptivity.

Scraps.

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

1847.

Grateful am I to the Father, in that He put it in thy heart to send to me words of consolation at a time when the spring of life in my soul was nearly dried up, and I was ready to exclaim, "Deliver me, O Father, from the body of this death." I have long seen that my course in the Society was not to be an easy one, if I continued faithful to the inshinings of Light and Life in my own soul; yet have I shrunk from the contumely which I see is heaped upon those whose course of action diverges from the beaten track, and who feel that woe is unto them if they "preach not the whole counsel of God." Thou art far before me in religious experience, therefore were the teachings of thy spirit as a leading string, causing me to take fresh courage in my steppings. How truly did I feel while reading thy letter, that I was to be one of "the little ones whose feet would most likely be turned into paths not frequented by those who have been apostles before us, and where the friendly greeting would not be often received." If I may only be permitted to realize the presence of the Master, I feel as if I would care not, even if "bonds and afflictions abide me."

For many years ——— has seemed to me as a star out of its true course. There was a period when the simplicity of our profession was valued by him, and was looked upon as a safe abiding amid the world's temptations, but upon the wings of riches he was carried from the low valley. I trust, in the goodness of Him who careth for us all, he will again make his habitation in its shade, and find truly that he who humbleth himself shall be exalted. How touching is the exhortation to watch that so we take not our flight in the summer season, neither on the Sabbath day! These figures aptly describe seasons of worldly prosperity and spiritual favor, and our friend has surely known both, in no common degree. The Apostle Paul says, "In all things we may be instructed." If this be so, let us ponder the lesson now before us, and let our brother's mistakes be made the occasion of promoting a greater watchfulness on our part.

1840.

I salute you, under feelings of near and renewed sympathy. How is it with you. Do you know the companionship of Him, whose presence can alone illuminate your dwelling, and sustain you under your affliction, or are you left to feel your own impotence. Be it as it may, it is right;—all in wisdom, doubtless, and it will work together for good, if in the time of proving your minds be not suffered to wander after other beloveds. May you rest in full confidence upon that Arm, that has hitherto proven able to support. It will not fail in this hour of trial—in this time of need. I know of what I speak—yes, even though unworthy of such favor, I have proven its sufficiency. Let not the pleading of any be "my leanness, my leanness," but may there be a laying hold of the strength that is offered, and a laboring in its might. The work whereunto we are all called is not perfected without us. There must be on our part a *co-working* with the grace—the good Spirit of God—if we would know those fruits brought forth which are looked for at our hands.

12th mo., 1840.

I want to tell thee, my dear C———, that a retrospective view of my visit to you affords pleasant feelings, if I except *one occasion*, which tended to mar in some measure my full enjoyment. When about leaving "Grandmother D.'s, my mind was arrested by a feeling, which, had it been yielded to, would, I believe, have caused an opening of the storehouse, and a handing forth from thence that which might have proved mutually refreshing, but it was not heeded. How often do we, or rather, how often do *I*, through unwatchfulness, deprive myself of that good, of which I might partake, were I watchful and faithful—watchful to observe the offered visitation, and faithful in suffering the Word to have free course; and I believe our social gatherings would often be times of refreshment, when heavenly food could be partaken of, were we careful to observe the secret intimations or touches of the Father's love, calling us to receive His blessing. We sometimes lose these seasons of favor, because we suffer our minds to be wholly engrossed, full even to repletion, with our social enjoyments, and are not found watching for the coming of One, who would bring a richer blessing. We are told, and it is true, that "blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching. Verily I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them to sit down at meat, and will come forth and serve them."

Afflictive dispensations are necessary to enable us to make a proper estimate of the present world and all it can give. Happy are

those (and none else are truly so) who gain the enriching treasure which it cannot give nor take away. It has often been remarked that "sick-bed" convictions, even if deep at the time, are not always lasting. Returning health, meeting with strong attractions from without, is too apt to obliterate the solemn impressions made on the mind, while under the hand of disease and affliction.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 18, 1869.

OBITUARIES.—Friendly hints and admonitions, even when appreciated and acted upon at the time they are given, are very apt to slip out of the memory, and require to be often reiterated. Even in matters of the highest moment, we need to have "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," and so also in minor matters. Reflections like these have been often suggested by some of the obituary notices that are sent us. We have more than once informed our readers that we take the liberty of abbreviating some of these, and have given our views upon the subject in general. These editorials are not now before us; and if what follows should be a repetition of what has been before said, it must be excused on the ground that those for whom it was intended appear to have forgotten it.

In the first place, the space which should be devoted to a list of deaths in a paper of 16 octavo pages, is not very considerable; and therefore every line beyond a simple announcement of the death is of importance. Not that we should object to occupying a whole column in this way, were the matter of such general interest and benefit as to warrant it: but this cannot be said of obituaries in general. There is a tender and sacred feeling toward the dead, in which all that was good and loveable in their character is remembered, while their faults and failings are forgotten. But while this amiable trait of human nature should be cherished, and is a source of consolation to the bereaved, it is neither necessary nor instructive that the *public* should be informed of the estimation in which the deceased was held by those most nearly connected. Detailed statements of the nature and progress of the disease, circumstantial accounts of the feelings and expressions of the dying person, which concern only the near relatives, and obituary poetry, unless it possesses decided merit apart from the occasion upon which it was written, we prefer not to publish.

Having thus given our views, we hope no one will feel aggrieved, if we continue to use our best judgment in curtailing obituary notices sent us for insertion, and in some cases omitting all but a simple notice of the death.

Being requested to extend an invitation to the Annual Conference of First-day Schools, to be held in Indiana, we do so by publishing the following note from our friend W. C. S.

The Annual Conference of First-day Schools within the limits of Indiana Yearly Meeting will commence its sessions on Seventh-day evening, 25th inst., preceding our Yearly Meeting; and we desire the company of as many of our Eastern Friends as can make it convenient to come.

W. C. STARR,
Richmond, Ind. For Committee.

DIED.

MALSBY.—At his residence in Richmond, Ind., on the 16th of Sixth month, 1869, John L. Malsby, aged nearly 55 years; an elder of White Water Monthly Meeting.

THORP.—At her residence, on the 30th of Seventh month, 1869, after an illness which she bore with Christian patience and resignation, Mary, wife of Thos. Thorp, in the 79th year of her age; a member of Deerfield Monthly Meeting, held in Morgan Co., Ohio. She was for several years clerk and overseer of the little meeting of which she was a member, and though living six miles from where it was held, she frequently went that distance on foot to meet with her friends. Having settled in the woods with a large family, they endured many privations, which those blessed with abundance of this world's comforts are strangers to. Though she lived to enjoy many of the blessings of this life, yet she never forgot the time of her need, and was ever ready to lend her assistance to those around her. She lived almost sixty years with her husband in great harmony.

LIBRARY OF SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

It is proposed to establish a general library of standard works, and Friends possessing copies no longer of use to themselves, of standard works on History, Biography, Travels, General Literature, Natural History, Science, Technology, and any other suitable books, are requested to forward them by express to the undersigned. Original editions of standard Friends' writings and works of special historical interest, if deposited at the College, will be carefully preserved for reference.

EDWARD PARRISH,
3t 800 Arch St., Philada.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

The Women's Committee having in charge the furnishing of the household department of the College already find themselves without sufficient means to complete the necessary purchases, and are compelled once more to appeal for contributions toward that object. While there has been no extravagance in the purchases already made, and strict economy will be practiced in the appropriation of the funds hereafter entrusted to them, substantial and durable articles are believed to be the cheapest in the end, and these can only be secured by the collection of more money than has yet been subscribed.

Contributions sent to either of the undersigned will be handed to the Treasurer, JANE P. DOWNING, No. 1613 Race St.

On behalf of the Committee.

HELEN G. LONGSTRETH,
110 N. 17th St., Philada.
ELIZABETH S. WORTH,
Coatesville, Pa.
MARGARET I. PARRISH,
800 Arch St., Philada.
MARTHA G. McILVAIN,
34th and Market Sts, Phila.
CATHARINE H. TRUMAN,
N. Seventh St., Philada.
ANNA M. HOPPER,
9 Clinton St., Philada.
ELIZABETH DORSEY,
Germantown, Philada.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

9th mo. 19th, Merion, Pa., 3 P.M.
" " Manhasset, N.Y., 11 A.M.
" " Port Washington, N. Y., 3½ P.M.
" 26th, Hopewell, Va., 11 A.M.
" " Centre, Va., 3½ P.M.
" " Rochester, N. Y., 3 P.M.

THE NEW COMERS.

The sensation of the week in New York has been the presence of the Chinese merchants who have extended their visit from Chicago. The Celestials have been to see all the sights, and have been welcomed to the hospitalities of palatial homes. Their object has been to advance the interests of trade, but as great moral changes follow those which are commercial, so this visit of the representatives of a new race has a significance beyond its bearing on the progress of trade. There are two distinct points of great interest.

First, the opening of direct trade with China will bring together the oldest and newest civilization. The youth and the old man shake hands. The closer the commercial intercourse between two nations the greater will be the mutual influence on each other. We shall learn something from the Chinese; they will in turn be taught by us. The Chinese have many excellent qualities, which if adopted by us would be an improvement. They are very thorough workers. What they undertake they finish. Everything connected with them gives you an idea of completeness. The work undertaken may be comparatively unimportant, but once begun, they do not leave it. Mr. Burlingame has assured us we have much to learn from them in agriculture and the various industrial arts.

But the most important result of the opening of China to commerce will be the inswelling tide of people which will pour upon us. We have as yet scarcely seen the beginning. The Coolie proper may come first, but soon he will be followed by a better class. Not only those on the sea-board, but those from the interior will follow. The skilled farmer and handicraftsman will join the host. Thus far those who have come exhibit many excellent traits. They are in the main reliable, docile, and industrious. The testimony which comes from California is largely in their favor. They make good house servants, can work in mines, in the field, or factory. Their imitative power and general faithfulness make them so efficient in various ways that their labor can be turned to great account. It is a fixed fact that we shall be the gainers in our resources by their coming.

How is it with the higher question of general influence on our life and institutions? Here it is difficult to speak intelligently. We can easily dogmatize or prophecy, but to do thus, is little more than to assert and guess. How far they will assimilate to us or be absorbed by us remains to be seen. One thing is a fixed fact. They will come in swarms.

The first thing for us to do is to deal justly with these new comers. Injustice will turn and sting us. The story of the nation's wrong to the African has been written in blood. Will we, with this fresh record before us, do the same thing in another form? This would be sheer blindness. Care should be taken that they come of their free will and that they be protected in their rights the same as any other citizens. The Irish regard them with jealous spite, because they come as competitive laborers. So the African looks on them, at least, with suspicion. The proper course is to see that the laws of Congress are faithfully observed, and if these are defective improve them. The Coolie system proper is only a little removed from slavery. Let this be abolished, so that the laborers will be free to make their own terms. We shall stamp ourselves with infamy, if now we sacrifice the great principles of justice and humanity to the interests of wealth. If we do, the scorpion will turn and bite us. We trust that Congress, early in its session, will make a clear record. Already we are bound by solemn treaty to give them equal protection before the law. The policy of justice, always the true and safe course, is the one for us to pursue here.—*Exchange Paper.*

Wrong and error can never become immor-

tal, no matter how colossal they may grow. Truth and right alone have the germs and requisites of immortality.

NATURE OF TREE-BUDS.

To G. Roberts:

At your request I enclose for Friends' Intelligencer a copy of my remarks on the Nature of Tree-buds, at the meeting of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, on the evening of September 7, 1869.

Thomas Meehan.

It is well known that all vegetable physiologists taught, there were two classes of buds in plants. One called *adventitious* buds, which had a kind of normadic existence, springing anywhere from root or branch, in apparent defiance of law or order; the other, *axillary* buds, which were supposed to owe their origin to the leaf from the base of which they sprung. It was customary to speak of these as the "parent leaves of the axillary buds." He would show that the leaf not only did not aid the axillary bud formation, but was rather a foe to bud development. He exhibited vigorous shoots of the Kentucky coffee tree, honey locust, Virginian itea, hickories and walnuts, showing what had been entirely overlooked by other botanists, or passed over as of no importance; that there were in these two or three buds, instead of the usual single axillary bud, in all these instances the one the farthest removed from the base of the leaf, and of course the one least under its influence, was the largest and best developed. These facts he had already incorporated in a paper read before the American Association at Salem, Mass., last month. He had since extended the observations so as to get proof of the same principle from single bud cases. He exhibited specimens of some maple shoots of the present season's growth, and showed that there was a gradual diminution of strength in the leaves from the spring to the present time! *but just in proportion as the leaf lost in vigor, the axillary buds gained in strength.*

The upper buds were large and plump, the lower scarcely discernible. The inference was made clear from these illustrations, that whatever may be the cause of the simultaneous appearance of leaves and axillary buds, they were not in harmony together.

He further suggested how very important it was that botanists should note well the most trivial phenomenon. These facts, which bid fair to revolutionize one of the most popular dogmas in vegetable physiology, had all originated from the single observation that the leaf-stalks of the common wild senna weed, Cassia marilandica, were not always in one fixed position, and could not therefore be an elementary part of the regular leaf system. They were afterwards found to be buds which had been devoured as it were by the leaf, and actually absorbed into its strength.

From Public Ledger.

THE RAMIE PLANT.

The China or sea grass, better known in this country as the Ramie plant, bids fair to become one of our staples. It has already been successfully cultivated in Louisiana and Texas as a substitute for cotton planting, and efforts are now being made to introduce it on an extensive scale in California. It appears that the English manufacturers have taken it up, and produced some new and particularly attractive goods, by interweaving it with wool, the Ramie forming the *chains*. Specimens of these fabrics have been sent to San Francisco from England, and an agency has been established in that city for the importation of them. The agent states that he has received instructions to order from China 100 tons of this plant, and to follow this order up by regular invoices hereafter; also that he has been requested by his employers to order at the same time a large quantity of the seed for California, and to make every effort to induce the California farmers to cultivate it, because it is about to become a leading staple for goods of many new varieties in England. He further says, that he will buy or make advances on all the Ramie fibre he can get. Thus there is encouragement to make a beginning at all events. But why should not the Pacific States, and, indeed, the Southern States generally, undertake the cultivation of this plant? If it can be successfully raised in Texas and Lousiana, why can it not be raised in Florida, Alabama and Mississippi? It is a very hardy plant. The Texas farmers say that it stands drought surprisingly, and that the roots will not be injured by any winter frosts which are likely to visit California and other States in the same parallels of latitude. The chief difficulty in raising it is found in the intense heat of the South, which prevails between cutting time and the new growth—the plant being apt to dry up and wither under continued exposures to the sun. But this is a difficulty that can be obviated by artificial means, and doubtless the ingenuity of our planters will soon devise them. The following are said to be among the advantages connected with the cultivation of Ramie. The plant is hardy and free from insect ravages. Its culture is cheaper than cotton, and it will pay better. It surpasses all textiles for human clothing in length of wear and in the great variety of combinations to which it is applicable. It promises to be a cheap and popular substitute for linen. Manufacturers

say that it will, by rather rapid advances, effect great and radical changes in the styles of woollen and worsted combinations, known as stuff goods, where its permanent gloss and its great strength make it a substitute for silk, and that it will be very largely interwoven with silk itself, as is now done in India and Japan, forming very desirable dress goods.

It should be borne in mind, however, that the prognostications thus boldly put forward are those of persons interested in the cultivation of the plant. "The wish is father to the thought" on the part of those English manufacturers who have gone into Ramie fabrics. The difficulty of procuring cotton of the best quality from India and Egypt, and of obtaining it in sufficient quantities, so as to be sure of having the requisite stock always on hand, has been one reason why they have turned their attention to this China grass just now, and are drawing the attention of the world to it. The article itself is not new as a material for textile fabrics. Fifty years ago, summer coats made of it were known under the name of sea-grass. Handkerchiefs, fine as cambric, are made of it in Manilla, and, before crinoline came into fashion, it was used for ladies' skirts. For years past certain favorite styles of goods have been made in Europe by mixing China grass with wool and with silk, as they do now in China and Japan. But, for some reason or other, the China grass summer coats have disappeared from the market, the fashion has changed, and, perhaps, the manufacturers themselves withdrew this article from the market because there was too much wear in it. It was well known that its gloss was permanent, and that it resembled fine linen in texture and coolness, but, apparently, it would last forever. Possibly, too, the purchasers got tired of wearing it, as is not unfrequently the case with regard to other long-enduring textiles.

There are several varieties of the Ramie—a word, by the way, which is not to be found in Webster's Dictionary, although the plant has been in use for textile fabrics more than fifty years, and in Asia for hundreds of years. It is called in common parlance China-grass and sea-grass. The French call it *Artic de la Chine*. Its botanical names are *Urtica Ninca* and *Urtica Candicans*, two distinct varieties of the same plant; and *Rachmeria tenacissima*, which last is the scientific name given to Ramie, on account of the toughness of its fibre, and is the species now cultivated in Texas. The name "Rame" is of Indian origin. It is said that Ramie cannot be raised on plantations from seed, because the latter is too small and delicate for field culture, and requires finely dressed garden beds for proper development. The plant must be raised on plantations from cuttings and roots The first crop serves for supplying cuttings and roots for the next, and certain soils will yield three crops of 600 to 1000 pounds weight per acre. The raw fibre is worth ten cents (in gold) per pound, at present prices.

When Plato was told that one whom he highly esteemed had spoken ill of him, he mildly replied, "I am sure he would not have done so, if there had not been reason for it."

GROWING OLD.

One by one they are passing away—
The old of our town,—to their final rest;—
With reverence fashion the pillow of clay,
And pile up the earth on the quiet breast,
That pillow is soft to the time-worn head,
That load is light to the aged dead.

They have borne their burdens of joys and pains,
They have had their portion of hopes and fears;
They have wrought out their work, they have gained their gains,—
They have smiled their smiles,—they have wept their tears,
It is over now!—the records close,
And leave them there, to their long repose.

Speak of them gently, remember them well,
They were children of earth, as we are now;
They strove with temptation, they yielded and fell,
And anon they conquered, as we still do,
Their history is what ours shall be,
Speak of them, think of them, tenderly.

But few remain; and when they are gone
We shall find the places which they now hold;
Our heads will be frosted—our bosoms be lone—
Even our hearts will grow tame and cold;
And the faltering step and failing breath
Will remind us, too, of approaching death.

Rivalry, coldness, worldliness, pride—
Why should we yield to their baleful thrall?
Let us clasp hands closer as downward we glide
Into the shadow that waits for us all;
For soon we shall be among the old,
And the days of our years will soon be told.

FROM "UNDER THE WILLOWS."

BY J. RUSSELL LOWELL.

In June 'tis good to lie beneath a tree
While the blithe season comforts every sense,
Steeps all the brain in rest, and heals the heart,
Brimming it o'er with sweetness unawares,
Fragrant and silent as that rosy snow
Wherewith the pitying apple-tree fills up
And tenderly lines some last-year robin's nest.
There muse I of old times, old hopes, old friends,—
Old friends! The writing of those words has borne
My fancy backward to the gracious past,
The generous past, when all was possible,
For all was then untried; the years between
Have taught some sweet, some bitter lessons, none
Wiser than this,—to spend in all things else,
But of old friends to be most miserly.
Each year to ancient friendships adds a ring,
As to an oak, and precious more and more,
Without deservingness or help of ours,
They grow, and silent, wider spread, each year,
Their unbought ring of shelter or of shade.

TRUST.

BY ISAAC WILLIAMS.

The child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest;
The bird sits singing by its nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

He hath no store, he sows no seed,
Yet sings aloud, and doth not need;
By flowing streams or grassy mead,
He sings to shame
Men, who forget, in fear of need,
A Father's name.

The heart that trusts forever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings:
A well of peace within it springs;
Come good or ill
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will!

THE FIRST THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BY SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D. D.

The first thousand dollars that a young man, after going out into the world to act for himself, *earns* and *saves* will generally settle the question of business life with him. There may be exceptions to this statement; yet, for a rule, we think that it will hold true.

The first condition is that the young man actually *earns* the thousand dollars in question. He does not inherit this sum. It does not come to him by a streak of good luck, as the result of a fortunate venture in the purchase and sale of a hundred shares of stock. It is the fruit of personal industry. He gives his time and his labor for it. While he is thus earning and saving it, he must earn two, or three, or perhaps four times as much to pay his current expenses. He is consequently held sternly to the task of industry for a very considerable period. The direct consequence to him is a steady, continuous, and solid discipline in the habits of industry, in patient, persistent forecasting and self-denying effort, breaking up all the tendencies to indolence and frivolity, and making him an earnest and watchful economist of time. He not only learns how to work, but he also acquires the love of work; and, moreover, he learns the *value* of the sum which he has thus saved out of his earnings. He has toiled for it; he has observed its slow increase from time to time; and in his estimate it represents so many months or years of practical labor. His ideas of life are shaped by his own experience.

These natural effects of earning the first thousand dollars we hold to be very large benefits. They are just the qualities of mind and body which are most likely to secure business success in after years. They constitute the best practical education which a man can have as a *worker* in this working world. They are gained in season for life's purposes; at the opening period, just when they a wanted, when foolish notions are most like to mislead an inexperienced brain, and whe too, there is a full opportunity for their e pansion and development in later yea Men have but one life to live; and, henc they start from opening manhood but onc And the manner in which they start, th principles with which they start, the purpos they have in view, and the habits they forn will ordinarily determine the entire sequel their career on earth. To succeed, men mu have the *elements* of success *in themselve* One great reason why there are so many us less, inefficient, and poverty-stricken men o earth—or, rather, boys seeming to be men—consists in the simple fact that they did no start right. A prominent reason why th children of the rich so frequently amount t nothing may be found in the luxury, eas and indolence which marked the commence ment of their lives. It is the law of God tha we should be *workers* on earth; and no one s well consults the best development of his be ing as when he conforms his practice to thi law. The workers in some suitable spher are the only really *strong* men in this world

The *other* condition of the statement is tha the thousand dollars should be *saved*, as ar actual surplus beyond daily consumption He who spends all he earns is always poor He never has a dollar of accumulated wealth The stream runs out as fast as it runs in. In spending his entire earnings he will, on the one hand, contract the habits of prodigality, with its kindred vices, and, on the other, lose those of a sound and judicious economy. This being the phase of things as life opens with him, his prospects for the future are a minus quantity. Life with him will be a failure; mature years will be marked by insignificance; and old age, if he lives to see it, will be loaded with poverty. He is an object of charity at the moment in which he ceases to be a producer, having no reserve upon which to draw in the day of adversity. Some men seem to be doomed to this by necessity, and in their case poverty and want are not their fault; yet a very large number make this condition their *choice*—and, hence, with them it is self-produced.

The great rule of good sense and Christian virtue is not to spend *more* than one earns, never to spend anything either foolishly or viciously, and always spend as much *less* than one's earnings as is consistent with a reasonable degree of personal comfort and a proper sense of duty to God and man. This is the general thought which every one must apply for himself. It is not meanness, but economy. It is not selfishness, but a legitimate self-love. It is far more likely to dwell in the bosom of

virtue than in that of depravity. It is, indeed, a form of virtue, graded to the realities and necessities of this life, and not unfitting its subject for the enjoyments and glories of the next.

Now, in saving the first thousand dollars, the young man whom we have in view practices this economy. He lives within his means, and hence owes no debts he cannot pay; he never spends money in a foolish or vicious way; and, after a proper attention to his own wants, and the duties which bind him to others, of which question he is the sole judge, he lays by, from month to month, or year to year, his surplus earnings as so much accumulated capital. At length he reaches the point, and is worth a thousand dollars. The lesson thus acquired will almost certainly last him for a life-time. They were wrought into the very tissues of his personal being. If fortune smile upon him, as it probably will, it will not make him a fool. He can stand prosperity without explosion. He understands economy, for he has practiced it. It is with him not an idea merely; but a fact, and a fixed feature of character. The outflow of his earnings may increase with his increase of means; yet the law which governed and the processes which secured the saving of the first thousand dollars will be likely to stand by him in all time to come. Some men fail for the want of sufficient action to command success; others fail for the want of sufficient economy in respect to the products of action; still others fail for the want of both. Some have no discretion in prosperity, and others have almost no energy and force in the day of adversity. The trained worker and the trained economist belongs to no one of these classes. His personal qualities make him a *man*—a sensible, prudent, forcible, practical man in any relation and at all times.

We select a thousand dollars as the *trial* sum, because it is not too large to be attainable in most cases, or so small as to be of easy attainment. It is about sufficient to put a young man to the test, and bring out what there is in him, and in this way give him a practical education for the business work of life.—*The Independent.*

All truth belongs to God. No individual, then, should regard it as his personal property. If he does, his arrogance and self-love close up the gates by which it flows into the soul, and what truth he has dies within him, or is made inoperative. As in us all truth is progressive, so the mind should be left continually open for the enlargement and modification of our thoughts, and for the reception of new ideas.

ORNAMENTAL HORTICULTURE.

At a late meeting of the N. Y. Fruit-growers' Club, S. B. Parsons, the noted nurseryman of Flushing, remarked:

"Those who grow fruits for market do so for the purpose of making money by filling the stomachs of their customers. This is certainly a commendable and legitimate transaction, and I would not wish to discourage any one who is engaged in this business; still there is very little in the mere act of growing fruits or plants for sale, that will develop the higher elements of our nature. But, on the other hand, the man who purchases a fine tree or shrub for the purpose of ornamenting his grounds does not look upon them as a source of profit, but purely as an ornament—something that he can and does enjoy, free from sordid thoughts. I have been all through the various fruit 'fevers' that have prevailed during the past twenty years. I planted a large pear orchard; but the blight killed a portion, and a dry summer finished the remainder. When the grape fever was at its height, I planted two acres of Delaware; but my profits have been exceedingly small. Other varieties have done better, and with some kinds of fruit I have been partially successful. The taste for horticulture is rapidly increasing, and probably in no one branch is it more apparent than in that of ornamental plants. Few men will, at the present time, live in a house not surrounded by ornamental trees. These may not be of the most costly varieties: and it is not necessary that they should be, for the dearest are not always the best. Our native trees are as beautiful as those of any other country, and the masses should become better acquainted with them by planting specimens in their grounds. I do not know of a more beautiful tree than the tulip, or whitewood, as it is sometimes called. The sugar or silver maples, liquidamber, magnolias, and scores of other native trees are to be had very cheap, and often for the mere cost of digging and planting.

"There is, however, a great want of taste in those who plant trees about their dwellings, and a majority of our people place them too near; and when they become large they overshadow the buildings and make the place look gloomy. No large trees should be placed nearer than 100 feet to a dwelling house. Place your large trees in a group, where they will form a background, and then gradually tone down with smaller trees and shrubs, until you reach the house, leaving it free to sunlight and air. Evergreen trees may also be planted in groups, or as borders to extensive grounds, and smaller evergreen shrubs placed within or by the side of them.

"There is too much sameness in the appearance of the leaves of our large evergreen trees to furnish a very great variety; but, by introducing what are termed the broad-leaved evergreen shrubs, a striking effect can be produced. The rhododendrons are probably the very finest and best of all. Their leaves are not only superb, giving a cheerful appearance to the garden even in winter; but their flowers add another charm, which must be seen to be appreciated."

AN AGED WOMAN REDEEMED FROM SLAVERY.

The *Cincinnati Chronicle* tells the story of Rebecca Whale, aged sixty-eight years, who, having passed all her days in the bond service of another, even since the emancipation of her race, has still remained in bondage to her former master, ignorant of her freedom, until released recently by a daughter whom she had not seen for a period of over twenty years. The mother and daughter arrived in Chicago a short time since. Upon a plantation in the neighborhood of Lexington, Ky., the old woman was born and raised, and upon the same plantation she has lived and toiled for the Coleman family, and was the chattel of James Coleman when the war burst upon the country. In the year 1825 Rebecca was married to George Whale, a field-hand on the same plantation, and in course of time two sons and two daughters were born. The domestic relation had to be sacrificed to the cupidity of their master, and the children were separately sold from time to time to purchasers from below. The husband died, and the only remaining solace and hope of the despondent widow was the younger child, Alice, a sprightly girl of twelve years, but she at length was also sold to a Louisiana planter in the fall of 1847; since which time the poor widowed and childless slave knew nought of her offspring until sought out and restored to liberty by her younger daughter. The poor slave grew old in servitude, and pined beneath her load of sorrows, but being skilful in the art of cooking, she was indispensable in the Coleman household.

When the storm of secession swept through the State, the Colemans espoused the rebel cause, and suffered the destruction and confiscation of their patrimonial estate at the hands of others. The family removed a number of miles into the interior, remote from the city, taking with them the old family servant, who was taught to believe, even after the final emancipation, that the negroes were still in bondage.

When the Union troops swept through the State of Louisiana and announced freedom to the blacks, among the first who availed themselves to enter the Union lines was Alice Whale, the daughter above referred to. In the capacity of cook she became attached to the Seventy-Second Illinois regiment, and followed the vicissitudes of that command until the close of the struggle, when she was induced by some of the officers to come to Chicago. Shortly after arriving here she became acquainted with David Payne, who had also been a slave and been liberated by the war,—whom she married in the fall of 1866. Ever since her arrival in this city the daughter, who is more than ordinarily intelligent, has corresponded in all directions in hopes of ascertaining the whereabouts of her mother, brothers and sisters, whom she had not seen or heard of for nearly twenty years. The brothers were found to be in business in Ohio and Kentucky, but the mother and sister were nowhere to be found. Persisting, however, in her efforts, she learned one day last week that her mother was still held in bondage in the interior of Kentucky.

Hastening at once to the place designated near the city of Lexington, she found the story to be too true. Clad in rags, and bowed beneath the weight of years and labor, the poor old woman still did the drudgery for the family, and lived alone and neglected in a miserable hovel near by the family mansion; and a bundle of straw answered for her bed, and the many years of faithful service was rewarded with accommodations unfit for the vilest cur. The old lady knew not of her freedom until informed thereof by the daughter, sold from her twenty years before. The meeting of mother and child was happy indeed.

It is only necessary to add, that the industry of Mr. Payne has accumulated a competence, and the now happy family reside at No. 123 West Polk street, Chicago.—*A. S. Standard.*

SLAUGHTER IN THE SEA.

Many years ago the poet sung of the South Sea Bubble:

"As fishes on each other prey,
The great ones swallowing down the small,
So fares it in the Southern sea—
The whale directors eat up all."

An article in the *Edinburg Review* on the subject of the "Herring Fishery of Scotland" contains an account of the enormous destruction of life which is constantly going on in the depths of the ocean:

"If the sea is prodigal of life to a certain degree that baffles our powers of conception and calculation, it is no less a scene of boundless destruction. The life of all fishes is one of perpetual warfare, and the only law that pervades the great world of waters is that of the strongest, the swiftest, and most voracious.

The carnage of the sea immeasurably exceeds even that which is permitted to perplex our reason on earth. We know, however, that without it the population of the ocean would soon become so immense that, vast as it is, it would not suffice for its multitudinous inhabitants. Few fishes probably die a natural death, and some seem to have been created solely to devour others. There is probably none which does not feed on some other species or on its own.

"Many of the monsters that roam the watery plains are provided with maws capable of engulfing thousands of their kind a day. A hogshead of herrings have been taken out of the belly of a whale. A shark probably destroys tens of thousands in a year. Fifteen full-sized herrings have been found in the stomach of a cod. If we allow a codfish only two herrings per day for its subsistence, and suppose him to feed on herrings for only seven months in the year, we have four hundred and twenty herrings for his allowance during that period, and fifty codfish equal one fisherman in destructive power.

"But the quantity of cod and of ling, which are destructive as cod, taken in 1861, and registered by the Scotch fishery board, was, say the commissioners, over eighty-one thousand hundred-weights. On an average, thirty codfish make one hundred-weight of dried fish, and two million four hundred thousand will equal forty-eight thousand fishermen. In other words, the cod and ling caught on the Scotch coast in 1861, if they had been left in the water, would have devoured as many herrings as were caught by all the fishermen of Scotland, and six thousand more, in the same year. But as the cod and ling caught were certainly not one-tenth of those left behind, we may fairly estimate the destruction of herrings by those voracious fish alone as at least ten times as great as that effected by all the fishermen of Scotland.

"Sea-birds are scarcely less destructive to fish than fish are to each other. The solon-goose can swallow and digest at least six full-sized herrings per day. It has been calculated that the Island of St. Kilds, assuming it to be inhabited by two hundred thousand of these birds, feeding for seven months in the year, and with an allowance of five herrings each per day, the number of fish for the summer substance of a single species of bird cannot be under two hundred and fourteen million. Compared with the enormous consumption of fish by birds and each other, the droughts made upon the population of the sea by man, with all his ingenious fishing devices, seem to dwindle into absolute insignificance."—*Exchange Paper.*

HOW TO BUILD HOUSES.

Build your houses in the country, in preference to any place near the seacoast. In the country, choose a slope rather than a plain to build upon, and where the sun can have full access to it, if possible, all the day. Be sure (if need be, by effectual drainage) that the soil is thoroughly permeable to water. Let no moisture from the soil, from any source, be permitted to distill its pernicious influences upon the future dwelling or its inmates. Let the rooms be large, of substantial breadth rather than high, and so pierced by windows that the air may have a bounteous and free entrance and exit. Let fireplaces be built in every room and chamber,—fireplaces made for real use, not kept for show, and not closed with iron plates which are to be pierced for air-tight stoves. Eschew all furnace heat except for warming the entries and corridors.

Outside the house let there be ample space for air and sunlight. One or two trees may be permitted to grow near the house, but not to overshadow it, for nothing but evil comes from too much shade, either of trees or climbing vines. Both of these may very materially prevent the warm rays of the sun from reaching and bathing the exterior, or from penetrating the interior of the house, which they should be allowed to do freely, even in the depths of summer. Nothing so deadens the atmosphere as the too constant closure of the windows, blinds and curtains, whereby light and heat, as well as fresh air, are excluded. Every morning let the windows be opened widely, so as to drive off the remains of foul air that has necessarily accumulated from the sleepers during the previous night. Every night let a part of the windows be left open, and, if possible, at the top and bottom, so that during sleep there may be still a plenty of fresh, unbreathed air for the children and adults to use. Of course, the amount of space thus opened will vary with the season; but often, even during our northern winters, especially in a furnace-heated house, a small aperture, at least, may thus be left. Two or three extra blankets only will be needed for any coldness thus caused.

As to the value of fresh air, alike for the healthy and the invalid, there seems to exist great doubt in this community. Even the healthy have no real faith in its efficacy as a means of giving health. Invalids, almost without exception, we have to educate to that faith. They have so many doubts about the weather. It is too cold, too hot, too windy, or too blustering. It is cloudy, or an east wind prevails. These and a hundred other trivial deviations from perfect weather are noted, and the unfortunate invalid quietly

stays within doors, day after day, to avoid them. Nothing is more pernicious, no behaviour more unwise. Both invalids and healthy persons ought to eschew all such views as arrant folly. "Whenever *in doubt*," we say to our patients, "about going out, *always go out.* If a violent storm is raging, to which no one would willingly expose himself, then keep to the house, but the moment it ceases, seize the occasion for exercise out of doors." "It would be better," said the late John Ware, "for everybody, sick and well, to face every storm, than to be fearful, as we now usually are, of even a trace of foul weather.—*Dr. H. I. Bowditch in the Atlantic Monthly.*

EDUCATION does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's looks—with a father's smile of approbation or sign of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance—with birds' nests admired and not touched—with creeping ants and almost impossible emmets—with humming bees and great beehives—with pleasant walks and shady lands, and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones and words, to mature to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good—to God himself.

STAMPS.

The use of postage stamps on letters and newspapers is merely a new application of an old invention. Revenue stamps are comparatively new with us, but they have been known in Europe for nearly two hundred and fifty years.

The Dutch have a right to whatever credit may be due for such an invention. Early in the seventeenth century the States of Holland had laid heavy duties on merchandize of every sort, and still the income of the Government was not equal to the expenditure. They now offered an ample reward to any one who should invent a new impost; one that would, at the same time, be light on the people, and be productive to the public treasury. Some shrewd thinker proposed that it should be enacted by public authority that no petition should be received, that no document should be admitted in courts of justice, that no contracts of any kind should be valid, except such as were written upon paper impressed with the seal of the State. This appeared to the Hollanders a happy idea, and stamped paper was introduced at once (1624) by an ordinance which represented the necessity and the great benefit of the new tax. Stamped paper, it was claimed, would tend to lessen the number of lawsuits, and for that very reason, if for no other, would soon be adopted by other nations.

The Dutch were right. In less than fifty years a trial of stamp duties was made in England—though not for the purpose of lessening litigation, perhaps—and other nations were not slow to follow. Indeed, the Spaniards are said to have been ahead of the English.

At the present day this Dutch fashion holds its ground over a large part of Christendom. A slight change, it is true, has been made. At first the blank for the writing was sold with the stamp, and it was necessary for the Government to invest a large amount in paper. The improvement consisted in selling the stamp separately, as is now done in most cases.

When the uniform cheap postage commenced in England, somebody suggested the idea of paying postage by means of stamps, and the plan was adopted in 1840. Seven years later the Postmaster-General of the United States was authorized to prepare postage stamps and to furnish them to the post-offices throughout the country. In 1852 stamped envelopes were authorized in the same way.

At first the writer could place a stamp on his letter, or pay the postage and send it without a stamp; but, since the beginning of the year 1856, it has been the duty of the postmaster to place stamps on all letters on which stamps had not already been placed—that is to say, if the postage had been paid.

In 1861 the Postmaster-General was authorized to procure and furnish letter sheets "with postage stamps impressed thereon;" but the method of folding these so that, when sealed, their contents cannot be read, may almost be reckoned among the lost arts, and there is consequently very little call for this kind of stationery.—*Oliver Optic's Magazine.*

RANGE OF THE HUMAN EYE.

The range of the human eye may be judged of from a consideration which gives us at the same time a good idea of the scope of animal structure. Supposing that an individual of every known species were to take its stand between the two species that were respectively the next larger and the next smaller than itself, the smallest known animal at one extremity of the line, and the largest standing at the other; and then supposing we were to ask which creature occupied the middle place, having as many degrees of size below it as above, and as many above it as below, that place would be found to be occupied by the common house fly. What a stupendous optical instrument must that be which, assisted with a few brass tubes and some disks of glass, shall discern a creature as much smaller than a fly, as a fly is smaller than an elephant!—*Little Things of Nature.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXVI. PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 25, 1869. No. 30.

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WILLIAM PENN.

In the 12th chapter of the Life of William Penn, by S. M. Janney, is given an account of the grant of Pennsylvania by Charles II., with other particulars, which we think cannot fail to be of interest to many who now enjoy privileges which had their origin in the wise statesmanship of Wm. Penn.

We call attention to the fact that the colony was named by the King in honor of Admiral Penn. Wm. Penn, it appears, was opposed to it, lest it should be looked upon as vanity in him, and not as a respect in the King, as it truly was, to his father.

William Penn, having been for many years actively and successfully engaged in the colonization of New Jersey, became well informed concerning the extent and resources of the adjoining territories; and thus his thoughts were turned towards that great enterprise of founding a colony on the western bank of the Delaware, which has proved to be the crowning achievement of his useful and eventful life. He inherited from his father a claim on the British government for money advanced and services rendered to the amount of sixteen thousand pounds, and in the year 1680 petitioned Charles II. to grant him, in lieu of this sum, a tract of country in America, lying north of Maryland, "bounded on the east by the Delaware river, on the west limited as Maryland, and northward to extend as far as plantable." (Hazard's An., 474.)

The object of this enterprise was not only to provide a peaceful home for the persecuted members of his own Society, but to afford an asylum for the good and oppressed of every nation, and to found an empire where the pure and peaceable principles of Christianity might be carried out in practice.

The petition being referred to the "Committee of the Privy Council for the affairs of trade and plantations," they notified the agent of Lord Baltimore, and Sir John Werden, agent of the Duke of York, in order that they might report whether the proposed grant would be consistent with the boundaries of Maryland and New York. (Hazard's An., 475.) At a subsequent meeting of the committee, a letter was produced from Sir John Werden, objecting to Penn's request, on the ground that "the territory west of the Delaware was an appendage to the government of New York, being known by the name of Delaware colony, or more particularly, New Castle colony, and planted promiscuously by Swedes, Finlanders, Dutch and English." At the same time a letter from the agent of Lord Baltimore was read, desiring, if the grant should be made to Penn, that "it might be expressed to be lands north of the *Susquehannah Fort*, which is the boundary of Maryland northward."

When the opposition on the part of the Duke of York's agent became known to Penn, he had an interview with the Duke, and succeeded in removing his objections, after which a second letter was addressed by Sir J. Werden to the Secretary, in which he says, "his royal highness commands me to let you know, in order to your informing their lordships of it, that he is very willing Mr. Penn's request may meet with success." (Ibid, 480.) The petition being referred, by the Lords of Trade, to the attorney general Sir Wm. Jones, he reported that "it did not appear to entrench upon the boundaries of Lord Baltimore's province nor those of New York, so that the tract of land desired by Mr. Penn seems to be undisposed of by his majesty; except the imaginary lines of New England patents, which are bounded westwardly by the main ocean, should give them a real, though impracticable right, to all those vast territories." At a meeting of the committee, January 25, 1681, the boundaries of the proposed patent to Penn, settled by Lord Chief Justice North, with the alterations of Sir John Werden, were read and approved. From these proceedings it appears that great care was taken to adjust the boundaries of the proposed province, so as not to entrench upon former patents; nevertheless, we shall find that the line between the territories of Penn and Lord Baltimore was, for a long period, a subject of controversy, attended with much annoyance and heavy expense.

At one of the meetings of the committee a paper was read from the Bishop of London, desiring that Penn "be obliged by his patent to admit a chaplain of his lordship's appointment, upon the request of any number of planters, which was referred to the Lord Chief Justice North." At a subsequent meeting of the committee, a draft of the patent was read, and there being a blank left for the name, it was agreed to leave the nomination of it to the King.

At length, after many delays and much solicitude, Penn had the gratification to learn that his patent was prepared for the King's signature, which was affixed to it under date 4th of March, A. D. 1681. "This venerable document, which is still preserved, and now hung up in the office of the Secretary of the State at Harrisburg, is written on strong parchment in the old English handwriting, each line underscored with red ink, and the borders gorgeously decorated with heraldic devices." (Hazard's An., 500.)

The satisfaction of Penn on this occasion, and the delicacy of his feelings with regard to the name bestowed on the province, may be seen in the following letter to his friend Robert Turner:

"5th of 1st mo., 1681.

"DEAR FRIEND:—My true love in the Lord salutes thee and dear friends that love the Lord's precious truth in those parts. Thine I have, and for my business here, know that after many waitings, watchings, solicitings, and disputes in council, this day my country was confirmed to me under the great seal of England, with large powers and privileges, by the name of Pennsylvania: *a name the King would give it in* honor of my father. I chose New Wales, being, as this, a pretty hilly country, but Penn being Welsh for *a head*, as Penmanmoire in Wales, and Penrith in Cumberland, and Penn in Buckinghamshire, the highest land in England, called this Pennsylvania, which is the *high or head woodlands;* for I proposed, when the Secretary, a Welshman, refused to have it called New Wales, *Sylvania*, and they added *Penn* to it; and though I much opposed it, and went to the King to have it struck out and altered, he said it was past, and would take it upon him; nor could twenty guineas move the under secretary to vary the name; for I feared lest it should be looked on as a vanity in me, and not as a respect in the King, as it truly was, to my father, whom he often mentions with praise. Thou mayest communicate my grant to Friends, and expect shortly my proposals.

"It is a clear and just thing, and my God that has given it me through many difficulties, will, I believe, bless and make it the seed of a nation. I shall have a tender care to the government, that it be well laid at first. No more now, but dear love in the truth. Thy true friend, WM. PENN."
(Hazard's An., 500.)

The royal patent or charter of Pennsylvania consists of twenty-three articles and is too long for insertion here, but some of its leading provisions may be interesting to the reader.

The preamble declares, that William Penn's application for the territory arose out of "a commendable desire to enlarge the British empire, and promote such useful commodities as may be a benefit to the King and his dominions; and also, to reduce the savage nations, by just and gentle manners, to the love of civil society and the Christian religion."

The charter states that the King, favoring his petition and good purpose, and having also a regard to the memory and merits of his late father, Sir William Penn, "doth grant unto the said William Penn, his heirs and assigns, all that tract or part of land in America, bounded on the east by the Delaware river, from twelve miles distance northward of New Castle town, unto the three and

fortieth degree of northern latitude. The said land to extend westward, five degrees in longitude, to be computed from the said eastern bounds, and the said lands to be bounded on the north by the *beginning of the three and fortieth degree* of northern latitude, and on the south by a circle drawn at twelve miles distance from New Castle, northward and westward, unto the *beginning of the fortieth* degree of northern latitude, and then by a straight line westward to the limits of longitude above mentioned." William Penn is made absolute proprietary, saving to the King and his successors the sovereignty of the country, and the allegiance of Penn, as well as of all who shall be tenants under him. The grant was "not *in capite*," but in "free and common socage, by fealty only," yielding and paying to the King *two beaver skins annually*, to be delivered at the castle of Windsor, and also the fifth part of all the gold and silver ore which shall be found within the limits aforesaid. The proprietary, with the assent and approbation of the freemen of the colony, was empowered to make all necessary laws, not inconsistent with the laws of England. He was authorized to appoint magistrates and judges, to grant pardons, except for the crimes of wilful murder and treason, and in these cases to grant reprieves until the King's pleasure should be known therein. The laws of the province were to be transmitted to the privy council for approbation.

Appeals from the judgment of the colonial courts might, in certain cases, be taken to the King. The fruits and commodities of the province might be imported into any of the ports of "*England, and not into any other port whatsoever*," but within a year after the landing of the same in England, they might be reshipped to any other country, paying such duties as British subjects are bound to pay. Penn and his heirs were to enjoy such customs on imports and exports, in the province, as he or they, and the people there, when assembled, may reasonably assess, "saving to the King and his successors such impositions and customs as are, or by act of *Parliament shall be, appointed*." But the King was to levy no taxes upon the inhabitants of the province, without the consent of the proprietary or assembly, or by *act of Parliament*.

Penn was invested with all the powers of a "captain-general," "to levy, muster, and train all sorts of men," to make war by sea and land against barbarous nations, pirates and robbers. It was provided, that on the application of the inhabitants of said province, to the number of twenty, to the Bishop of London, for a preacher to be sent to them, *he should be permitted to reside in the province*; and lastly, that if any difference should arise, concerning the meaning of the charter, it should be construed in a manner most favorable to the proprietary. (Hazard's Annals.)

It has been thought by some, that "the spirit of freedom which breathes through this charter, is at variance with the character of its grantor, and with his policy towards the colony of Massachusetts, particularly in the independence of legal control permitted to the legislative power." (Gordon's Hist. of Penna.) It is said to have been "drafted by Penn himself, from the charter of Maryland; originally drafted by Sir Geo. Calvert, Secretary of State to James the First, and was revised by Chief Justice North, and the Attorney General, Sir Wm. Jones, who added two important clauses." It is obvious that the article investing the proprietary with the powers of a captain-general, and the clause allowing ministers of the church of England to reside in the province, did not emanate from Penn, but were inserted at the suggestion of others, the former being contrary to his principles, and the latter wholly unnecessary.

The restriction upon the commerce of the province, requiring it all to pass through English Ports, was in accordance with the policy long pursued by the British government, which sought to secure to the mother country all the benefits of colonial trade.

The right of the British Parliament to tax the colony, which is implied in this charter, must have been repugnant to the feelings of the proprietary, as well as opposed to his interest, but at that period the momentous consequences involved in it were, probably, not foreseen.

(To be concluded.)

A man is truly religious in so far as he is truly submissive to the will of God, and no further.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE MINISTRY.

Oftentimes the manner of answering our Queries has made the Society more neglectful of its testimony against a "Hireling Ministry" than against "Oaths, Military Service, Clandestine Trade, Lotteries," &c. These answers seem to be based upon the fact that some of our members occasionally attend meetings of other denominations when not interfering with our own. On endeavoring to know upon what foundation this testimony rests, I have become convinced that we really bear a more vital, living testimony against a "hireling ministry" than we do upon any other subject considered in the same query. The language of our Discipline is against a "hireling ministry," not hireling minister, as we seem too often to think it should be, and we class all

who are supported by their Society organizations as "hirelings"—a cruel and unchristian word, as we too often use it. I believe our testimony is against a *man*-made ministry, as distinguished from a Christ-qualified one; and that a man-made minister preaches quite as often for position, for applause, and for ease, as for money, and that each is equally a "hireling" ministry, a preaching for man's pay: it is now as it was of old,—"Verily they have their reward." On the other hand, while I would inculcate the great superiority of that ministry which so recognizes God's power to give bread, blessed by himself, to hand forth to the multitudes, that they need not study or prepare (according to the rules of man) for the service, over that which so needs study and education as to preclude them from that labor which would support themselves and families, I would still have Friends as a body more willing to recognize the sincerity, self-sacrificing, prayerful labors of many in the Master's vineyard who are classed as "hirelings." While we do not believe they have the best way, we may yet believe that, in view of their field of labor and the powerful influence of education and surroundings, their labors are often blessed; and it behooves us to be careful lest the higher profession we make may not produce even as good fruits as those of the less favored, whom we condemn. Believing as I do, that there is a great field of labor before our Society, in promulgating in all its force and beauty the truth, that as the gospel was freely received, so it must be freely dispensed, I am glad to believe that many, especially of our younger and middle-aged members, are placing this testimony upon its proper ground, and are bearing a testimony that is felt, and welcomed, too, among other denominations, against a "man-made" ministry, while towards the ministers and the members of other religious societies they exhibit that Christian charity and love, which opens their hearts to feel and their ears to hear the Truth. The truth spoken in love and with charity is powerful, and I believe our testimony, as it has been called, against a hireling ministry, has not been more blessed of latter years, because it has been borne in bigotry too often, in charity too seldom, and against the *persons*, as a class, of those who have not seen with us, instead of against the *error* itself.

Indiana, 9th mo., 1869. P.

But angry words should be remembered only for the good that can be got out of them: not with feelings of resentment towards those who utter them. Usually those words are the hardest for us to forgive which have the most truth in them.

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer.

I notice in paper of 28th past month your "Reply to Inquirers," referring to questions propounded by K., some of which you say were the following: "What is the nature of the future life?" "Can spirits live without material bodies?" "Where is heaven?"

Your method of treating the questions I thought a little off-hand; as any question relating to the interest of the human soul or mind might be disposed of in the same way. I perhaps was somewhat sensitive on the subject, because my mind has been much exercised of late in respect to the darkness which seems to pervade the human mind on those questions—questions about which this mind is everywhere thinking. What is more natural to one meditating on life—on life as a unit—once begun never ending, than to seek for a rational view or glimpse of that part of this life which laps over into the beyond—not another existence so much as it must needs be an existence continued. We are exhorted to, and we do, meditate upon God, upon His fatherly attributes and character. In doing this we sometimes take the eye, so to speak, of the prophet Isaiah, who was but a man like one of us, and we behold Him "high and lifted up and His train filling the temple;" and with the prophet's ear we hear the voices, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts, all the earth is filled with His glory;" and we hear the prophet exclaiming, "Wo! is me . . . for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." By means of the vision of the seer of Patmos while in the Spirit on the Lord's day, we see "one like unto the Son of Man," emblazoned with the insignia of glory, whose voice was as the voice of many waters proclaiming Himself to be the "Alpha and Omega, the First and the Last."

If it be lawful then to meditate upon the God of Heaven, why not about Heaven also, and if about heaven, why not about its inhabitants. Prophets and apostles with their inner sight opened have beheld the inhabitants of that other land, and have uniformily certified to their manhood, and to their reality as sentient human beings, one of whom, although glorious indeed, declared himself simply one of John's brethren the prophet.

Revelation then, establishing, as it does, the evidence of the Being of God, of the existence and reality of heaven and of its inhabitants, why not, with so much given, seek with an humble spirit of prayer for still further light. The heavens and the earth are the creation of the One God. This creation must needs be itself a unit after the fashion of its Creator: so that He who cares for the heavens, cares at the same time for the earth as well. He who supplies the angels with life and wisdom, also

supplies human beings here with the same blessings,—"withholding no good thing from those who walk uprightly." The law of relation and analogy is every where seen. Having the sun and some known planets, astronomers discover where others, although unknown, ought to be. They look for them there and find them. Perhaps the trouble may be, that in seeking light we look too high. We are apt to lose sight of the fact that a rational principle has been given to the human mind for its guidance; does not our whole experience teach us that when we do find a genuine truth it never does violence to our rationality? There is so much simplicity about truth that we are apt not to notice the seldom trodden pathway to her temple; and in this connection I feel that I ought not to refrain from expressing admiration for the thought of Friend Hallowell, by quoting what he says in his article published in No. 24 present volume of the paper, viz: "True religion must be simple, plain, it must be reasonable, and it must admit of being tested by consciousness as a basis of true faith."

The matter closing in my mind here, and believing that the questions of K. are made in sincerity, I would refer him to a little work by Dr. Holcomb, published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., entitled, "Our Children in Heaven."* It has been highly spoken of by the press, and will probably throw some rays of light on the queries to him or to any others looking in the same direction. With a desire of helping a fellow mortal on his way, I have written this simply as suggestive of thoughts rather than as teaching. I acknowledge my gratitude for the good things we are continually receiving through the pages of the *Intelligencer*.

JAMES WHITE.

Newark, Ohio, 9th mo. 7th, 1869.

GROWTH IN GRACE.

How rapidly any soul, under the grace of God, may advance, it is impossible to say. In some sense, time and space have little to do with the deeper things of God. What special revelations or manifestations, in given circumstances, may be granted in answer to prayer, what glorious attainments made by consecration and sacrifice, what profound inward experience of the Love of Christ, what a burst of blossom in the summer of God, none can tell. But rapid or slow, hindered or helped, the life of God in a human soul must first be a germ or germinant principle, or as the apostle calls it, a "seed which remaineth," a seed "incorruptible;" then an evolution or progress through difficulties and impediments; internally a growth in knowledge and love, externally an expanding form or order and service; and finally a full-orbed symmetrical perfection. Of course, there will be many changes, many singular, perhaps unexpected transitions, possibly many conversions or "renewals"—for these are but "the turnings" of the soul towards God—fresher and higher consecrations, sweeter and profounder experiences of the new life; and the perfection at any time attained a relative not an absolute perfection, it may be, the perfection of faith, which is unfailing trust, the perfection of love, which is boundless admiration and gratitude, the perfection of obedience, which is doing the will of God from the heart, the perfection of happiness, which is "the joy of the Lord unspeakable and full of glory." But growth may be unlimited, advancement eternal. — *Watchman and Reflector.*

MEETINGS FOR MINISTERS AND ELDERS.

One branch of discipline—viz., the institution of meetings of ministers and elders—I highly regarded. For when we have (in a sense of our entire inability without His help) prostrated ourselves together before the Most High God, he hath graciously vouchsafed to open the living springs of counsel, suitable to the several states and stations present, tending to stir up to diligence and devotedness in his service, and pointing out clearly, in the opening of gospel light, the snares and dangers waylaying the spiritual traveller in his journey. Often have these meetings, when we have been thus prepared for them, cemented us together in an humble engagement of soul toward God. Tender love hath abounded, which hath made us dear one to another, as children of one family, and fellow-laborers in the highest and best cause.

Christ our Lord has favored us with his presence and sovereign power, and made us partakers together of his heart-tendering goodness, and of a near communion and divine fellowship with him through his Spirit, and with each other therein, to the renewing of our ardent concern for the honor of his name and the promotion of his truth. But when this preparation hath been wanting, and inattention and absence of mind have taken place, then we have been barren as the dry heath, and like the earth, covered with darkness, without form and void, when the Spirit of the Lord moved not on the face of the waters. Both the immediate and instrumental springs of lively and clear counsel and consolation have been closed up, and the edification and watering of the flock withheld. This hath caused living zeal, and even the attendance of them, to decay, and to yield to temporal

* We know nothing of the book our correspondent recommends.—EDS.

affairs and temptations, to the hurt and loss of many. May these considerations move both ministers and elders more particularly to seek after the preparations requisite for their assembling in the name and power of Christ, and under a renewed concern for their individual preparation, as well as for that of their brethren and sisters, that they may thereby be comfortably enlivened, and enliven one another to all goodness, as men and women redeemed from the world, and fellow-citizens of the New Jerusalem. Then of great and valuable benefit indeed would these solemn meetings be, as heretofore, when faithful laborers in the Lord's service dignified, adorned and upheld them.—*Extracted from the Life of James Gough.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

NOTHING AT COMMAND.

These words fitly describe a state of mind into which the Christian traveller is often introduced, and which may be received as one of the dispensations of Him who is infinitely wise. It is doubtless designed to teach man his dependence upon the great Source of wisdom and understanding,—the Power that can alone enable him to press on in the daily fulfilment of life's duties.

In the Proverbs of King Solomon we are told that "the well-spring of wisdom is as a flowing brook." It refreshes as it flows, but its *Source* is hidden. This is not under the control of man, neither does the brook flow nor cease its flowings at his command. So with the incomes of divine strength. He who knows the times and the seasons, governs alike the flowing of the rivulet and those inflowings of light and of love whereby our spiritual strength is renewed; and as His promise is that springtime and harvest, summer and winter, day and night, shall not fail, surely the Christian's confidence should be maintained, even if the winter seem long or the time of drouth be prolonged. There will ever be a succession of seasons in the spiritual as in the outward world, and neither the early nor the latter rain will be withheld. "Why then sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, my way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God? Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of his understanding. He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength."

"Oh the depth of the wisdom of God!" "It was by wisdom that God established the heavens and founded the earth." As saith Solomon, when he personified Wisdom in connection with the creative power of the Highest, "When He prepared the heavens, I was there; when He set a compasss upon the face of the depth; when He established the clouds above; when He strengthened the fountains of the deep; when He gave to the sea His decree that the waters should not pass His commandment; when He appointed the foundations of the earth,—then I was by Him, as one brought up with Him, and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before Him."

Surely He who formed the world, and who holds in His hand the deep places of the earth, will not prove regardless of any of his rational family. Then let no one doubt His goodness and His power, or His continued superintending care, but remember there will ever be a succession of seasons, and all these are alike under the one controlling Power, and all alike fruitful of good. The winter season, when every green thing has disappeared, is looked at with dread by some, but see how the storms and wintry blasts cause the sap to descend for safety into the roots, there to remain until the warmth of spring draws it up in renewed vigor to assume the form of leaf and bud.

There is in the outward or visible world a beautiful representation of spiritual experience. The winter of life comes in the many trials and tribulations which are incident to this state of being, and blessed are we if these trials cause a centering to the root of life, where, if faith fail not, safety will be known, even until the winter shall be over and gone, and the time of the singing of birds shall come.

In the outward, we would not, if we could, have perpetual sunshine. So, too, in the inner world, such an allotment would not promote our highest interests.

Let our faith then be unbroken in Him whose government is founded in wisdom, and let us thank Him in that He holds in His own hand the times and the seasons, and dispenses unto whomsoever He will, giving bread in due season to every dependent spirit.

9th mo., 1869. J. J.

The Nantucket Inquirer of the 11th inst. has an obituary notice of our friend Nathaniel Barney, from which we extract the following.

EDS.

OBITUARY.

The death of that excellent citizen and good man, Nathaniel Barney, formerly of Nantucket, occurred at his residence in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on the 2d inst., and his remains were buried on his native island on Sunday, the 5th inst. In the passing away

from earth of one so well known for his many virtues, his great uprightness and integrity, for disinterested benevolence and kindness of heart, and for self-sacrificing devotion to the interests of truth and humanity, it is fitting that something more should be said than the mere announcement of his death.

Nathaniel Barney was born on Nantucket, December 31, 1792, of Quaker parentage, and grew up to manhood, educated in the principles of the Society of Friends, to whose testimonies he adhered through life. During his youth he made a good improvement of his time and opportunities, acquired, by his own efforts, a good English education, and for some years after he became of age, devoted himself to the profession of teaching on his native island.

In 1820 he was married to Eliza, daughter of Joseph Starbuck, of Nantucket, with whom he has lived a long and useful life, in happy associations, and a union of interest and labor in all the beneficent reforms of the age, and in the work of life. A son and daughter, and the wife and mother remain to carry forward his life's work and to bless and honor his memory. . . . . .

Mr. Barney, through life, was distinguished for his kind and benevolent heart, for his devotion to what he believed to be truth and justice, and to the rights of man. To the poor and unfortunate he was ever a sympathizing friend, and gave freely as he had received. From the earliest period of the anti-slavery reform he espoused the cause of the enslaved African race. By tongue and pen, and a liberal contribution of his means, from year to year, he aided the growth of anti-slavery sentiment in this country. . . . . .

In the day when the colored people were excluded from equal privileges in the common schools and from means of public conveyance, he bore a faithful and earnest testimony against this unchristian prejudice; and refused to tolerate it under any and all circumstances. Being a stockholder in the New Bedford Railroad, he refused, for several years, his share of the dividends, as long as the colored man was not allowed his equal rights as a passenger in the cars; and when, at last, the prejudice gave way, he gave the accumulated dividends to his friend, William Lloyd Garrison, for the anti-slavery cause. It was one of the rewards of his fidelity that he lived to see the triumph of his principles, and many of the persecuted reformers whom he had counseled and aided, become the honored statesmen of his country. . . To the cause of woman he gave an equally willing and earnest support. . . . .

In religion he always sympathized with the liberal branch of the Society of Friends. During life he continued to maintain the habits, the conversation and the principles of the Society, and in all his sentiments and feelings, and the conduct of his daily life, he was a true and sincere Christian, a follower of the humble Nazarene.

He was a frequent contributor to the newspaper literature of the day, and especially to those journals devoted to the anti-slavery reform, the Liberator, the Anti-Slavery Standard, and the papers published on his native island. Many of his contributions were valuable for the historical facts they contained, and the strong current of humane and religious feeling they exhibited. His last contribution to the press was an excellent historical statement of the early testimonies of Friends against the sin of slavery, showing that they preceded all other religious denominations in their declarations against it, by some hundred years, although the first anti-slavery sermon had been attributed to Dr. Hopkins of Newport, R. I., as he shows, erroneously, John Woolman and other eminent preachers of the Society of Friends having long before written and preached against it. This article was the ground of the proper credit which Ex-Governor Washburne, of Massachusetts, gives to the Quakers, in his able address on Slavery, before the New England Historic Genealogical Society, with whom Mr. Barney held an interesting correspondence. His communications were always well written, with a slight flavor of the Quaker idiom, in good pure English, having an elevated tone of moral and religious thought and feeling, and frequent reference to the natural sentiments of justice and benevolence in the human heart, with which he was himself so highly endowed.

During his last illness he sent farewell messages of friendship and love to many of his familiar and cherished acquaintances and kindred, and was solaced by their answers of affectionate interest and sympathy. After a few weeks of gradual decline, with his reason and memory and power of expression unimpaired to the last, surrounded by his family, peacefully and resignedly he passed onward to the realms of light, in the 77th year of his age.

EXTRACT.

The following is reported from a sermon on the "Sufferings of Conscience," preached by Dr. Temple, at Westminster Abbey:

By conscience he meant that voice in us which eternally distinguishes between right and wrong. Whoever obeys it,—thus "doing righteousness, is righteous." That which on earth we mean by love and truth, is that

which on high they mean by love and right. At all times since man was created he has perversely sought other ways of coming to God, other means and mediators than simple righteousness. Will God be pleased with thousands of rams, or ten thousands of rivers of oil? No. Do justly; love mercy; walk humbly with thy God. Then all is well. Otherwise nothing is well; no intercession can help—no atonement avail. Sacraments, rituals, litanies, ceremonies—never so grand, never so "holy"—could benefit man but in one way; Christ himself could redeem him in but one way; and that was the way of self-redemption through faithfulness of life. The atonement is an atonement only in so far as it fills the receiver's soul with its own purity and justice. All goodness is in reality divine. It is a mistake to say that the judgment of Heaven will be essentially unlike our judgment on earth. No. It is not, that in order to be religious, we must bring something down from above, or up from the deep. God's truest word for thee is ever nigh thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart. Harmony with the highest dictates of conscience is the only way of being born a child of God. For every man there is an outer and an inner life. The outer has help and sympathy continually, but the inner walks alone with God. The outer is far easier than the inner. So, that, if a man fails in the outer, how much surely and terribly does he fail in the inner life. No wonder you are cold and heartless in your devotion to God, when you halt in your duty to your fellow-man. Go and be true to yourself and to him.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Seated this evening at my work, enjoying twofold the quiet of home after a ten days' sojourn at Cape May, my mind became a little gathered, and desires were raised that I might know a greater purification of heart, by whatever means Divine Wisdom might see meet to effect it. My thoughts then naturally turned to thee, with that wonted sweetness and love with which since our earliest acquaintance thou hast been associated. I took from my pocket the note last received from thee, and read it with more interest than I had before done.

The little scraps thou speaks of as savoring of Divine life were from a heart humbled under affliction. I often fear that it will be harder for me to bow under the chastening hand, now that affection, and almost every earthly blessing, have made my lot a happy one, than it was when I seemed bereft of every earthly comfort.

Thou regrets the cessation of our correspondence, and I too often regret that we cannot mingle more together, because, as our spiritual perceptions are not wholly independent of outward circumstances, we cannot aid and strengthen each other as we could when circumstances threw us oftener together. I trust, however, that we shall both encourage every feeling which prompts us thus to commune, well knowing that it is not *always* we are qualified to send forth even so poor a greeting as this.

Oh, how sweetly does the desire sometimes spring in my heart to encourage thee in thy "short steps," which, short as they are, will at last bring thee to the quiet habitation, a foretaste of the blessedness of which thou hast often known.

In regard to thy prospect, although I feel very diffident of my capacity for any thing more than a general sympathy with my friends, yet perhaps I may venture to say, that if thy exercises and baptisms in relation to it have opened any new path of duty, does not former experience lead to the conclusion that obedience to all that is required will be followed by an enlargement in the truth, and an introduction into that glorious liberty "which whoso tastes can be enslaved no more"?

I have not been sensible on any previous occasion of more strength having been given our friend ——— to divide the word aright than during our late engagement. Although from twelve to sixteen families were visited in one day, requiring a ride of as many miles, yet we were favored with strength to accomplish it satisfactorily, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. In making our first visit on Second-day morning after the snow, we had to unhang one gate, take down five fences, one pair of bars, and tread a road across a lane for the horses and sleigh to get to the house, and all within one mile; still we visited sixteen families and rode twenty miles that day. The snow was so drifted that we had to throw down fences and cross fields in *many* places, but through all we have not doubted its being the right time to engage in the service.

The visit appeared to be acceptable to our friends, and above all, dear A—— returned with sweet peace of mind, relieved from the weight of exercise long borne. This is the crown for labor.

Yesterday, as I sat in our meeting, with a mind more centered, I think, to the Source

of all good than I have ever before experienced, and that, too, when I had nearly given up the struggle to attain it, thou wert brought sweetly before me, and could I then have saluted thee, it would have been with a freshness of feeling, some of which I am sensible has now passed away.

Yet I could not think of leaving the city for a longer stay than usual, without bidding thee in every sense of the word *farewell*, and expressing the feeling of comfort and almost rejoicing which has of late been my portion. Should this find thee in a different allotment, dwelling in that part of the spiritual creation which is seldom and but for short periods visited by the *direct* rays of the sun, yet be content, my beloved friend, in the belief that the love of our Heavenly Father extends to the utmost bounds of His creation, and that He not only allots our habitations, but so adapts us to them, that we can rejoice in our short season of sunshine, and look forward with hope during the long darkness to His reappearance.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 25, 1869.

J. W., in his reply to our Editorial of the 28th ultimo, says, in reference to our characterising certain questions as beyond the reach of the human intellect, "Any question relating to the interest of the human soul might be disposed of in the same way." He seems to have overlooked the fact that we did not to dispose of those questions *we* considered as relating to the n erest of the human soul," ut answered them to the best of our ability.

CORRECT SPEAKING.—A valued Friend uggests that the Editors of the *Intelligencer* ontinue their remarks in relation to "Society hrases," so as to embrace some others, which re objectionable—such as using "the right"—this being indefinite, as persons honestly iffer in relation to what is "the right." One an regards it right to go to war—another nsiders "the right" for him, is to refrain om all wars and fightings. Some deem it ght to pay for preaching—others, to abstain om so doing. Our friend queries whether would not be better therefore to say, "Let ery one do that which he *believes* it right r him to do."

The term "right" is sometimes substituted for truth; as in answering the 8th query—It is frequently said "offenders have been dealt with, and where labor has proved ineffectual, judgment has been placed in right authority," instead of, "in the authority of truth." The judgment being often influenced by individual surroundings, this in the view of many is not sufficiently definite.

We have endeavored to embrace the concern of our correspondent in the above remarks, and although not to be classed with "Society Phrases," as the expression is not confined to Friends, we will also notice her objection to the "pronoun you" as sometimes used in familiar conversation; for instance—"If the ground is wet *you* cannot take a walk without getting *your* feet wet." As the speaker designs to include himself, it would be more correct to say, "*We* cannot take a walk without getting *our* feet wet."

It is profitable to be watchful even in little things, for thereby greater inaccuracies are more readily avoided.

Our form of speech is greatly marred by the improper use of the pronoun *thee*, which custom has so entirely sanctioned, that the use of the singular number correctly, is the exception to the general rule. And while habit leads us to regard *thou* as "stiff and precise," we shall go on without improvement.

We would be glad to see sufficient moral courage among our younger members, for it is with them the reformation must begin, to break down this ill-founded prejudice, so that the correct mode of expression, so beautiful in itself, may become general. We should soon learn to look upon our present ungrammatical language as others do, who though equally incorrect in using *you* to a single person, nevertheless regard our error as indicating a want of education.

Having called attention to the subject of Society Phrases, *we* have not much to add, as those who deem the matter of importance can readily recall to mind such expressions as are peculiar to our Society, and which require to be interpreted to be understood by others. We sometimes hear it said, that such an one has *appeared* in meeting—clear to us, but unintelligible to the uninitiated. Another "will

proceed as way opens,"—"In nearness of feeling,"—"We have unity with our friend's concern," &c., &c.

Now we would not be understood as making light of phrases that are the natural outgrowth of circumstances, but as the object of speaking is to be understood, and by a little thought the force of habit may be overcome, we think it of importance, especially to those who are now entering upon the stage of action, to be properly guarded in language, so that their meaning may be clear, not only to our own members, but to all with whom they mingle.

Our Agent has received for the benefit of the Indians,—from S. M. G., $5.00; from Penn's Manor, Bucks Co., Pa., a package containing sewing cotton, buttons, &c.,—and has attended to forwarding the same to the Committee.

MARRIED.

DIXON—HANCOCK.—On the 16th inst., at the residence of the bride's parents, according to the order of the Society of Friends, Charles A. Dixon to Mary Anna, daughter of Joseph L. Hancock, all of this city.

DIED.

LOWNES.—On the 10th inst., at the residence of her brother, in Lower Makefield, Bucks Co., Pa., Hannah P. Lownes, in the 61st year of her age.

LUKENS.—At his residence near Maroa, Macon Co., Illinois, on Sixth-day, the 3d inst., after a protracted illness, Aaron Lukens, aged 71 years and 6 months.

NOTICE.

The First-day School at Green St., Philadelphia, will re commence on First-day, the 3d of Tenth mo., at 2½ o'clock, and the Adult Class will meet at 3.45 P.M.

The Race St. First-day School will resume on the same day at 9 o'clock A.M.

Friends and others who may be favorable thereto are solicited to encourage their children to attend these schools.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

The Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia has recently made the Primary and Secondary Schools at Race St. and the School at West Philadelphia *free* to the children of its members; also, in some cases, at the discretion of the Committee, where one parent is a member.

It may be of interest to state here that an indulged meeting has been held in the northwest part of the city for several years, under the care of Green St. Monthly Meeting. It is now proposed to erect a house for its accommodation. All three of the Monthly Meetings have adopted a report favoring this, and Collecting Committees have been appointed. The cost of lot at Seventeenth and Girard Avenue, with the erection of a house for meeting and school purposes suited to the present wants of the Society, is estimated at about $40,000.

9th mo., 1869. M.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

9th mo. 26th,	Rochester, N. Y.,	3 P.M.
" "	Hopewell, Va.,	11 A.M.
" "	Centre, Va.,	3½ P.M.
10th mo. 3d,	Frankford, Pa.,	3 P.M.
" "	Jericho, N.Y.,	11 A.M.
" "	Oyster Bay,	3½ P.M.
" "	Washington, D. C.,	11 A.M.
" "	Alexandria, Va.,	4 P.M.
" "	Wheatland, N. Y.,	11 A.M.
" "	Camden, N. J.,	3 P.M.
" "	Birmingham, Pa.,	3 P.M.
" "	Pennsbury, Pa. (indulged,)	10 A.M.

LIBRARY OF SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

It is proposed to establish a general library of standard works, and Friends possessing copies no longer of use to themselves, of standard works on History, Biography, Travels, General Literature, Natural History, Science, Technology, and any other suitable books, are requested to forward them by express to the undersigned. Original editions of standard Friends' writings and works of special historical interest, if deposited at the College, will be carefully preserved for reference.

EDWARD PARRISH,
3t 800 Arch St., Philada.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

The Woman's Committee having in charge the furnishing of the household department of the College already find themselves without sufficient means to complete the necessary purchases, and are compelled once more to appeal for contributions towards that object. While there has been no extravagance in the purchases already made, and strict economy will be practiced in the appropriation of the funds hereafter entrusted to them, substantial and durable articles are believed to be the cheapest in the end, and these can only be secured by the collection of more money than has yet been subscribed.

Contributions sent to either of the undersigned will be handed to the Treasurer, JANE P. DOWNING, No. 1613 Race St.

On behalf of the Committee. HELEN G. LONGSTRETH, 110 S. 17th St., Philada. ELIZABETH S. WORTH, Coatsville, Pa. MARGARET S. PARRISH, 800 Arch St., Philada. MARTHA G. McILVAIN, 34th and Market Sts., Philada. CATHARINE H. TRUMAN, 142 N. Seventh St., Philada. ANNA M. HOPPER, 919 Clinton St., Philada. ELIZABETH DORSEY, Germantown, Philada.

FROM OREGON.

LETTER FROM MATILDA G. SAXTON.

PORTLAND, Oregon, July 25th, 1869.

. . . . The intelligence that the Congressional party (the House Committee of Ways and Means; also the Surveyers of the route for the Northern Pacific Railroad) were at our hotel, seemed to bring Washington and the Capitol, politics and an Eastern breeze right to our doors, while some familiar faces which we greeted cordially made us realize that the Pacific railroad was speedily doing away with the shut out sensation one might ntaurally experience a hundred miles up the Columbia river. They visited Oregon City the first day, and on the second we started

with them on an excursion up the Columbia by invitation of the Oregon Steam Navigation Co. This enterprising pioneer company, of which Capt. J. C. Ainsworth is President and Mr. S. Reed Vice-President, has made the communication on this river from its mouth to the head of navigation (a distance of —— hundred miles,) as easy and convenient as it is on the Hudson. They have built two excellent railroads around the rocky portions of the river with telegraphic communications the entire length of the river. This country is greatly indebted for its development to the liberal and intelligent management of this great line of communication, and I am informed that the company too has reaped that golden harvest which is due to its enlightened policy.

Messrs. Hooper, Kelly, Maynard, Blair and Brooks, composed the committee, accompanied by Mr. Julian, Chairman of the House Committee on Public Lands, with several others, and while sailing down the beautiful Williamette in the early morning, we were soon willingly exchanging Oregon items for Washington news, and hearing of mutual friends East. We reached the mouth of the Williamette in the broad day-light, and if the atmosphere had been a little clearer the party could have had a view we enjoyed some weeks ago. The boat had just left the Williamette and was entering the mighty Columbia with the fir-covered hills of the Cascade range on each side of it, and massive rocks hundreds of feet high rising from its surface, —while far in the distance Mt. Hood, St. Helens and Rainier stood out clear and distinct, piercing the clouds with their snow-capped peaks. This is the point all Oregonians say from which Bierstadt should have painted his "Mt. Hood," as the dark hills of the Cascade range and the river would have made a finer foreground than the level plain, and shown more clearly the relative height of the mountain from the surrounding peaks and from the surface of the river.

For a distance of sixty miles we steamed up the Columbia through the wildest and grandest river scenery I think in the world, each and all of us as we sat on deck straining our eyes to take in every near or distant peak, every fantastic rock and palisade, every mountain stream and waterfall that came tumbling and leaping down the sides of rocks two and three hundred feet high.

At the "cascades," a point on the river resembling the rapids at Niagara, over which of course the boat could not pass, we took the cars, the strangers looking and expressing much amazement at the sight of the locomotive and passenger car in the wilds of Oregon. The cars run twice a day to carry passengers and freight around these cascades to meet the boat above them. The general character of the scenery is the same as below the cascades, but on our approach to the "Dalles" we had an unusually fine view of Mt. Hood, the peak and base clear; the middle slopes cloud-girt and the crevasses visible through our glasses. The exact definition of the word Dalles I cannot ascertain, but here it is applied to a point where the river flows through a chasm or channel so narrow that you can throw a stone across, and the mighty volume of water rushes and foams between the rocks. Fremont and others since have attempted to sound it here, but no bottom has been found. At least this is the Oregonian's story; but with a longer line and heavier lead there would probably be little difficulty in ascertaining its depth. There is a town here also bearing the name of "The Dalles." Here we again took the cars to pass us over numerous large waterfalls made by jagged rocks lying in the river, and in an hour reached Celilo, the depot for the supplies of the company, and the starting point for the boats still farther up the river. After inspecting the large work-shops and iron foundry, and visiting the telegraph office, where several of the party received dispatches from their homes and from San Francisco, we started to return to Portland. But a few miles below Celilo, Mr. Reed had the cars stop at the falls, where two small tribes of Indians were encamped, fishing and drying salmon to carry back to their reservations. Everyone left the cars, the robust and the invalid, the stout and the slim, stumbling over the rocks to reach the falls. It was five o'clock in the afternoon, a warm July sun was shining full upon us, and the spray from the falls splashed in our faces. But the Congressional Committee had come for salmon fishing and meant to have it. The Indians unhesitatingly gave up their spears, hooks and nets to the gentlemen, and presently we had a scene on the rocks which I wish could have been photographed. Mr. Hooper stood beside a blanket clad Indian, his robust figure leaning over the falls, watching for some misguided salmon to commence its ascent, his attention diverted between spearing his fish and keeping his footing on the rocks. His efforts were rewarded by taking one large salmon, at least three feet long, which, in its efforts to wriggle off the cruel hook, almost took the great financier off his own hooks over the falls. Horace Maynard stood above the rapids waiting for the fish as they made a successful ascent, and with his long arms and a long-poled net, fished up thirty salmon, none less than two feet long. With his swarthy complexion, his long straight, black hair, and all absence of excitement in his man-

ner, he looked a near relative to the dark-hued, stolid Indian beside him. Mr. Julian caught eleven. The other gentlemen I was not watching, but understood the party caught over seventy. This is the season when the salmon go up the river to deposit their eggs near its source, and in these narrow channels formed by rocks lying across the river, the water is all alive with them. The squaws, entirely destitute of underclothing, with blankets tied round them, were cleaning the fish and stretching them on rocks to dry. The Chief came into the cars to bid us good bye, dressed in the unpicturesque costume of our race, speaking a little English and saying his name was Walla. He scarcely realized my ideal Hiawatha, but had an intelligent, animated face, and laid a hand in ours which, with its long slender fingers and finely shaped nails, an aristocrat might covet. But the majority, both men and women, were dirty, dull and heavy looking, though not near so repulsive to me as the degraded of our own race, on whose white faces ignorance and vice make their impress so plainly.

The committee thought they would rather enjoy a practical knowledge of the resources of our country, so Walla tied several large salmon to the tender of our locomotive, and on our return to the boat we had one for supper, and the others for breakfast and dinner the next day. The return trip was as thoroughly enjoyed as the day previous; the river, mountains and rocks varying with every atmospheric change, and always "a joy forever."

It was exceedingly pleasant in this far-off land towards the setting sun, to meet such congenial spirits, and especially Mrs. Julian, the daughter of Joshua R. Giddings, and to talk with her of the old struggles and great triumphs of the cause in which her father with many others battled so bravely. And you may imagine even so small a company of reformers could not meet without discussing such earnest, pressing tropics as the Chinese problem and the Indian question. The Chinese are anxious to learn English, and to teach them, is, it seems, the first step. The Presbyterian minister here, who is a thorough reformer, gave me his first experience in Christianizing his cook. He gave him the Chinese translation of the New Testament. The man turned to the back of it to read it, as is their custom, and after examining it a few moments, handed it back, saying, "Melican man's church book,—very pretty—Chinamen like better Chinese church book." Of course the dilemma cannot be taken by the horns in that way, nor their idol "Joss" be dethroned by such an awkward blow. Dr. Wyethe, the Methodist minister, has commenced a class in his Sunday School, where he will probably teach them the English alphabet before he does the First Commandment. At Boise, a few days ago, there was a hot battle between a Jew and a Chinaman. The Jew indulged in every sort of epithet towards the Chinaman, who stood speechless before such a tirade because his knowledge of English was too imperfect to allow him to respond quickly. But when the Jew finished the Chinaman said slowly, "Chinaman not like you—Melican man not like you. You killed Melican man's Joss." There is little prejudice among them in Oregon and they are generally preferred for servants, as they are so cleanly in their persons and surroundings, and generally indefatigable workers. I must confess that I am glad I am not necessitated to send my table linen to their laundries, as they sprinkle the clothing by filling their mouths with water and ejecting it over the linen in a very skilful manner.

The colored people are here in quite large numbers, considering there is a statute in the Constitution of Oregon forbidding their presence except for six months. It is considered a dead letter, but it is to be hoped that anything so mean and barbarous will soon be wiped out. We thought when we left the South that our immediate connection with that race was ended for the present, but the day of our arrival in our new home we found directly opposite a public school for colored children, with seventy-five scholars, and a few days afterwards were solicited to aid in organizing a Sunday School for these children, and to be present at the dedication of their first church here. So instead of coming to Oregon to rest, we find that a reformer's hands need never be idle. M. G. Saxton.

—*Anti Slavery Standard.*

USEFUL INDUSTRIAL CHARITIES.

The London *Daily News* says:

We have before us the report of an institution of which the public in general have heard but little and many philanthropic persons will be glad to hear. The National Central Office of the Institutions for Girls and Young Women of good character in Great Britain and Ireland was established in 1866 by Mrs. Goode, wife of the late Dr. Goode, then Dean of Ripon. Her object was to provide a kind of central organization through which the female institutions in various parts of the country could be affiliated together for mutual help in their common work. The office provides a central depot for work sent from the homes, a registry for domestic servants trained in the homes, for matrons, nurses, nursery governesses aud teachers, and a servants' home, where servants are boarded

for half a crown a week, or met at railway stations and escorted to their places on coming to London from the country. It also publishes a monthly paper, which is a kind of organ for the female institutions connected with it.

These institutions are now *eighty-two in number*, and the tabular report now before us gives a bird's-eye view of their nature and operations. More than half of them are industrial homes, in nearly all of which some payment of admission is required. This payment varies from one and ninepence to five shillings a week, and from eight pounds to fifteen pounds per annum. All these homes are, in fact, industrial boarding-schools, where, besides their general elementary education, poor girls are taught washing, sewing, cooking, baking, household work, and needlework, and are trained for all the duties of domestic service.

The other institutions affiliated to the office are of a more various character. Among them are training institutions for nurses, maternity charities, convalescent hospitals, a consumptive home, several homes for destitute young women, for servants out of place, and for young women employed in shops. In addition to these are a cripples' home, some institutions for the blind, a matchbox makers' home, working and sewing classes and young women's Christian associations. With the exception of a few missionary organizations, these institutions are of an industrial character.

The girls and young women are all earning something. They are not recipients of charity, but in nearly every case are helped to help themselves. The value to such institutions of a central office which brings them into connection with each other, and into contact with the public, is necessarily very great. Indeed, the affiliation of so many institutions in less than three years proves that it has supplied a want which was widely felt.

The following Poem, suggested by the death of Nathaniel Barney, is taken from the Nantucket "Inquirer."

IN MEMORIAM.

The sigh of Autumn
Scarce had wailed upon the air its coming,
When his pure spirit, disenthralled,
Wended its way thither, to its quiet rest,
For "God doth give to his beloved sleep."
High endeavor filled to the
Brim the measure of his life;
And loftiness of purpose won him Heaven.
Behold him laboring in
His Father's vineyard, battling with wrong,
And standing firm in every noble cause!
Many the hearts that shall arise
And call him blessed, who was
Ever moved to acts of mercy,
E'en when upon his brow was set
The seal of Death.
In his clear eye of Faith
There dwelt no shadow.
Bright visions only filled his soul,
And shed their holy calm
O'er all his household.
E'en the midnight watchers felt
That angels hover'd near, to bear him home.
Seventy and seven summers,
Counted his sum of life;
And Nature was the charm
Of his existence. Patient toil
That sweetens appetite, witnessed
His triumphs, bringing from
Earth her choicest treasures in her
Fruits and flowers, and showering these
Where his affections rested.
Rested, did I say? His love ne'er rested.
It was ever flowing; the oppressed and
Lonely bathing in its stream.
His home, of late, was where the gentle
River murmured by, to lull him to repose.
But his worn spirit longed to embrace,
Once more, his sea-girt home,
And on her bosom lay him down to sleep.
They brought him hither,
But he heeded not, nor time, nor place,
For God had called him hence.
Choice flowers of richest hue, gather'd
By loving hearts, shed their sweet fragrance
All about the room wherein they
Bore the sleeper; and flowers
Of snowy whiteness, such as his hand
Had often plucked, again, and yet again,
And lain at many a shrine,
Were placed upon the casket.
These to us were sacred.
Fresh from the hand of God,
They spoke in tones their own
Of man's divinity, of life, of death,
Of immortality;
Their peeping forth and budding into life,
His birth and infancy;
Their full bloom, his nobleness in manhood;
Their decay but symbols his departure;
Their seed the immortal germ
That buds and blossoms in infinity.
And this shall come to all.
Sweet hour of holy rest!
May we who wait thy coming,
In Faith gird up our loins;
In goodly works grow strong;
That when the curtain closes,
And on us thy mantle falls, as on
This ripened sheaf, this full-grown ear,
It may be well.

THE INFLUENCE OF FORESTS.

There is probably no country from which America can learn so useful a lesson in regard to the value of forest trees to man as Germany, for nowhere has the result of ignorance of their worth been more felt and at the same time more accurately noted. Science and experience have long since proved the great climatic influence of the forests, and their importance to human welfare in regulating the extremes of temperature—toning down the excessive heat of summer by their power of retaining the evaporation of the soil which

they cover, lessening the cold of winter by hindering the radiation of warmth from the earth's surface, and affording shelter against the northern winds. A country totally barren of forests, or but thinly overgrown, indicates an extreme of temperature. In the regulation of the fall of rain they are of incalculable benefit.

Many interesting facts bearing upon these points have lately been brought together by a German writer in a pamphlet entitled "The Influence of the Forests," being a lecture delivered before the Leipsic Polytechnic Society, by Dr. H. Coutzen, of the Stuttgard Polytechnic School. His facts are drawn not only from European but other lands.

It would almost appear, he says, that man has it in his power to regulate the temperature, to a certain extent, of the country in which he dwells. In Cairo, Lower Egypt, a number of years ago, rain fell but very seldom, only once in three or four years; but since the time of Mohammed Ali, twenty to thirty millions of trees have been planted, and the result is now that the people have from thirty to forty rainy days every year. In Upper Egypt the reverse is the case. In the beginning of this century it certainly did not rain there very much, yet there was enough; but since the heights have been deprived of their covering of palm trees, the rain has ceased to fall, and, in consequence, fields and meadows are rendered unfruitful.

From South America Alexander von Humboldt brings an interesting instance. In 1800 he visited Venezuela, and reports that the natives living in the valley of Araguay had remarked with great astonishment that a lake which lay in the middle of the valley had decreased in volume with every year; the cause of this he clearly traced to the felling of a great number of trees that grew upon the surrounding mountains.

In Europe itself, many parts of Würtemberg have been rendered almost barren by the felling of the forests. In Hungary the periodically returning drought is universally attributed to the extermination of the forests. The recent great floods in Switzerland have also been attributed, in part, to the mountain forest robbery. In January, 1863, the Canton Tessin alone lost six hundred and seventy-five thousand francs by the floods. But the Prefect of the Drome wrote, as early as 1804: "In Valence and Crest there is no more wood; the mountain declivities are in consequence cut up into millions of ravines.

Still, the author by no means advocates that the forests should be permanent, only that there should be a law to prevent their total extirpation; which, unfortunately, has come about in many countries.

Many celebrated Germans have earlier recognized the grand use for which Nature intended her forest trees. Riehl, the historian, said: "Cut down the forest and you destroy the historico-political society." Alexander von Humboldt said: "By the felling of trees covering the mountains and hills man prepares, under all zones, for the coming generation a twofold plague—lack of fuel and lack of water." The patriot Ernst Moritz Arndt uttered the prophecy: "Now will the axe laid to the tree in many parts of Europe become an axe which will be laid to the people." Dr. Coutzen attributes the deterioration of many races to the loss of the forests, and says: "Among the woods we find a fresh, healthy, strong people. The oaks of ancient Germany were as celebrated and powerful as its inhabitants, who were the terror of the Romans. The oaks are now seldom seen; the giant oaks have disappeared and given place to pigmies.

The Mongols and Arabs of Asia are also cited as examples of deterioration.

The conclusion arrived at, apart from the importance of forests considered in their æsthetic and poetic relations, in their inestimable value for the production of water power, and in relation to industry and agriculture, is, that man cannot safely disturb the harmony of the earth's organism; that he cannot carry far the devastation of the woods without incurring the penalty of his imprudence. In the taking away of the forests man deprives the earth of an irreparable magazine of valuable materials for the nourishment, development and beautifying of his own life, and the most perfect, elevating and beautiful picture of the vegetable creation. He attributes the present unfruitfulness of Asia Minor and Greece to the destruction of the woods; for where once reigned the greatest fruitfulness and highest culture, are now only steppes, ruins and tombs. Sardinia and Sicily, once the granaries of Italy, have suffered the penalty of their thoughtlessness in exterminating their forests. The ancients have related to us the wonderful productiveness of these lands two thousand years ago, when they were praised as the most beautiful in the world, and the richness of Sicily was certainly astounding. Now, as is well known, everything is completely changed. The reason must be looked for in the destruction of the forests upon the mountains, upon whose gloomy, bald summits now the rain falls but seldom, because the attractive power—the forest—is wanting. Many streams and fountains are now dry, which were once sources of fertility to the surrounding lands; and the once advanced intellectual development o

the people has given place to abject degradation.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE GROUND SPIDER.

This spider in South Carolina, the State from which I am now writing, is the largest of his class. He is from three to four inches across, when his legs are fully extended. His body is an inch long and of a beautiful light brown color, with a black stripe extending its entire length, from head to tail. His shape is oval, tapering to a graceful point. He has eight very slender, dark brown legs, that are covered with a short, hairy-like down; and also two large mandibles, of great strength.

This spider is, without question, the most active creature of his species. He can jump two feet, or more, upon a level. Soft ground (a garden just spaded up) is generally chosen for his cell or cave, but not unfrequently he selects a solid sandy spot, penetrating the earth to the depth of twelve or fifteen inches. The cave thus formed is tunnel-shaped, the neck extending upwards. It is lined at the top with his web, the orifice or entrance being surrounded with stems of leaves firmly attached to the web.

The top or lid of this creature's home is convex, and, woven of the finest web, is completely water-proof. It is covered with particles of a like color with the surrounding earth, and I defy the most careful observer to detect its exact locality. The top or door can be closed at pleasure to exclude the rain, or as a defence against intruders. You may walk over it, or stamp upon it, but it will remain undiscovered, and you will not be able to find its long-legged occupant unless you unearth him by digging ingeniously and expeditiously.

Just before a rain and between the showers he makes a chirping sound, not unlike the cry of a very young turkey, or Guinea fowl. This cry has been attributed to the chicken snake, which is very common in this section, but, strange as it may seem, I have discovered beyond a doubt that it proceeds from this kind of spider.

He is, as I remarked before, remarkably active; his charge upon his prey is like lightning itself. If he is within a short distance of his cell, you can just get a glimpse of him as he retreats and closes the door, and you are left in doubt as to whether he is there, or whether it was not some slight displacement of the earth from some other cause.

In pleasant weather he places himself near the mouth of the cell, and woe be to any worm or bug that approaches within two feet. He darts upon the ill-fated victim with inconceivable rapidity, and disappears in a twinkling, closing the entrance after him, and holding it fast for some minutes, so as to effectually fasten it down with its hinges. I have often thought he must have a staple through which the rascal thrusts one of his legs as a bolt, in imitation of the lady in Scottish history who attempted to keep the enemies of her mistress, Queen Mary, from entering her room, by thrusting her arm through the staple.

He is not satisfied with making one attack—in a few minutes he is at his post again, ready to pounce upon any unwary or unsuspecting insect which may come within proper distance; nor is he satisfied until his voracious appetite is appeased. If alarmed at the approach of an enemy, his door is closed, not to be opened again during the day.

I will conclude my article by giving an anecdote.

Several years ago while sitting in my garden, late in the evening, my attention was attracted to a common ground toad, which had just unearthed himself. He had selected his retreat from the noonday sun under the leaf of a large cabbage, which had extended itself some distance from the stem, very near the ground. It was a pleasant covering for Monsieur Toad. He had dug a hole of sufficient dimensions, had rolled himself up and covered himself with soft earth, in the manner which toads are wont to do, until the cool of the evening, when he sallied forth to catch any stray beetle, bug or worm, which secured, he rolled the "delicious morsel under his tongue" with a gusto that would delight any epicure. He remained after the repast a few minutes exceedingly still, with the satisfied air of a fastidious *gourmand*.

The toad, after making a few hops, approached a walk near by, and arousing from its slumbers a large black beetle, surreptitiously appropriated his bugship. At the same instant one of the largest spiders of the kind I have been attempting to describe, lighted upon him. As quick as thought the claw of the toad dragged the spider off, but not before the toad had been stung, for he swelled up instantly, and his whole body was covered with drops of water. Making several jumps he reached a walk which was covered with grass and weeds of different kinds. He then licked out his tongue several times, seemingly biting something, and returned to his shelter. In a few moments he made a hop to where the spider had secreted himself, when the latter lit again upon his back. He was raked off the second time, by one of the claws of the toad, who hopped away again to the grassy walk, biting either leaves or grass, and then returned again to the charge.

He appeared to diminish in size. Large drops of water stood on his body, and he

seemed desirous to gain his hiding-place. The spider made a third attack. He made the same efforts to rake the spider off; tried first one claw, then another, but his assailant, instead of leaping away now, moved from one part of his body to another, each time evidently stinging the poor toad.

At length the latter dropped his head and attempted to shield it by his four feet. At this moment I arose and approached the combatants. The spider disappeared like a flash of lightning, and I could not discover his place of retreat. The poor toad was in fearful agony. Great drops of water stood upon him, and he kept making efforts to rake something from his back, but finally he became still. I turned him over. He lay helpless, having lost all power to seek the antidote which he had evidently used before against the poison of the spider.

I left him in the grass. Whether he recovered or died I am unable to say. I regretted afterwards that I did not wait to see the issue of the contest.—*Father Longlegs, in Youths' Companion.*

WEARING MOURNING.

We long for the day when this custom shall be obsolete. It is unbecoming the truly afflicted one. The wearer says, by the black garments, "I have lost a dear friend. I am in deep sorrow." But true grief does not wish to parade itself before the eye of the stranger; much less does it assert its extent. The stricken one naturally goes apart from the world to pour out the tears. Real affliction seeks privacy. It is no respect to the departed friend to say we are in sorrow. If we have real grief it will be discovered.

When God has entered a household in the awful chastisement of death it is time for religious meditation and communion with God on the part of the survivors. How sadly out of place, then, are the milliner and the dressmaker, the trying on of dresses, and the trimming of bonnets. There is something profane in exciting the vanity of a young girl by fitting a waist, or trying on a hat, when the corpse of a father is lying in an adjoining room. It is a sacrilege to drag the widow forth from her grief to be fitted for a gown, or to select a veil. It is often terribly oppressive to the poor. The widow left desolate, with half a dozen little children, the family means already reduced by the long sickness of the father, must draw on her scanty purse to pay for a new wardrobe, throughout, for herself and children, throwing away the goodly stock of garments already prepared, when she most likely knows not where she is to get bread for those little ones. Truly may fashion be called a tyrant, when it robs a widow of her last dollar. Surely your sorrow will not be questioned, even if you should not call in the milliner to help display it. Do not in your affliction help uphold a custom which will turn the afflictions of your poorer neighbor to deeper poverty, as well as sorrow.—*The Central Baptist.*

ITEMS.

Italy and the Continent.—Every effort is now made to obliterate, penetrate or overcome the mountain barrier which separates Italy from the Continent. The success of the Fell railroad over Mount Cenis, and the promised opening of the tunnel under the Alps in 1871, has given a great stimulus to new enterprises. The talk now is of having railway communication by the passes of the Simpion, Splugen and St. Gothard. The proximate opening of the Suez Canal has awakened hopes which we are to wait not long to see realized. On these shores a prosperity is to be revived of which the commercial advantages of four or five centuries back are but a feeble symbol. The wealth of Asia is once more to be thrown into the lap of Italy, and Switzerland and Germany are to gain proportionate advantage. The wants of many millions are to be supplied, but we are always to keep in mind that the consumption of twenty millions in Europe is only about equal to that of one-third the number in the United States.

Brandon, Vermont, contains a very singular natural curiosity in the shape of a frozen well. In the fall of 1859 Mr. Andrew Trembly dug a well upon the sloping ground west of the railroad and about a quarter of a mile from the station. After penetrating the earth fifteen feet, he came to frozen earth, and dug through this twenty-three feet before finding water. The well is forty-one feet deep, with three feet depth of water. The well is stoned up. Near the water the stones are encrusted with ice, and the water has an icy coldness which it retains some time after being drawn. We saw the ice upon the walls of the well by the aid of a glass. As the weather grows cold the water of the well congeals, and about the latter part of November they are unable to obtain water. The water continues sealed until April. Formerly they had a boy who descended the well and broke the ice, and thus enabled the family to obtain water for a longer time. But since his leaving the well has been a sealed fountain during the time stated above. Two other wells have been dug on the same slope, one about thirty yards east and the other some forty yards west. These went through a similar strata of frozen earth, but contain more water. A well sunk about six rods to the south encountered no frozen earth.—*Lockport (N. Y.) Journal.*

The transit of Venus across the sun's disk in 1874 is looked forward to with great interest by astronomers, as the observations from various points on the earth's surface affords a basis for calculations as to the distance of the earth from the sun, or for ascertaining more accurately the sun's horizontal parallax. At the last session of the English Parliament, the Hon. Robert Lowe, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, denounced the system of public grants to learned societies even for public purposes, but another member of the ministry secured an appropriation of $52,500 to pay the expenses of the observations of the transit of Venus, to be taken at various points on the surface of the globe.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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WILLIAM PENN.

(Concluded from page 467.)

Within a month from the date of the charter, the King issued a declaration, stating the grant that had been made to Penn, and requiring all persons settled in the province to yield obedience to him as absolute proprietor and governor. About the same time, Penn addressed the following letter to the inhabitants of Pennsylvania:

MY FRIENDS:—I wish you all happiness, here and hereafter. These are to let you know that it hath pleased God, in his providence, to cast you within my lot and care. It is a business that, though I never undertook before, yet God hath given me an understanding of my duty, and an honest mind to do it uprightly. I hope you will not be troubled at your change, and the King's choice, for you are now fixed at the mercy of no governor that comes to make his fortune great; you shall be governed by *laws of your own making, and live a free,* and if you will, *a sober, industrious* people. I shall not usurp the right of any, or oppress his person. God has furnished me with a better resolution, and has given me his grace to keep it. In short, whatever sober and free men can reasonably desire, for the security and improvement of their own happiness, I shall heartily comply with, and in five months resolve, if it please God, to see you. In the meantime, pray submit to the commands of my deputy, so far as they are consistent with the law, and pay him those dues [that formerly you paid to the order of the Governor of New York] for my use and benefit; and so I wish God to direct you in the way of righteousness, and therein prosper you and your children after you.

"I am your true friend,

"WILLIAM PENN.*

"London, 8th of the month called April, 1681."

This letter, together with the King's declaration, was taken out to the province by William Markham, a cousin of the proprietary, who was commissioned to act as his deputy.

The commission to Markham, dated 10th of April 1681, contains the following directions:†

1st. "To call a council, and that to consist of nine, he presiding." 2d. "That he does there read my letter to the inhabitants, and the King's declaration of subjection; then (or there) take the inhabitants' acknowledgment of my authority and propriety." 3d. "To settle bounds between me and my neighbors, to survey, set out, rent or sell lands, according to [my] instructions, bearing date the 8th of the month called April, 1681." 4th. "To erect courts, appoint sheriffs, justices of the peace," &c. 5th. "To call to his aid any of the inhabitants of those Provinces, for the legal suppression of tumults," &c.

* Hazard's An., 502.

† See the com. in full;—Hazard's An., 504.

Capt. Markham arrived at New York on the 21st of June, O. S. (then 4th month), where he obtained an order from the Lieutenant Governor of that Province, for the surrender of the territory embraced in the charter of Pennsylvania, which had hitherto been under his jurisdiction. Markham was, also, the bearer of a letter from the King to Lord Baltimore, apprising him of the grant of Pennsylvania to William Penn, and requiring both parties to adjust boundaries. "Lord Baltimore being in the province, had an interview with Markham at Upland, (now called Chester) which resulted in discovering, from actual observation, that Upland itself was at least twelve miles south of 40 degrees, and that boundaries [claimed by Baltimore] would extend to Schuylkill." This discovery ended the conference, and gave fresh incentives to Penn to obtain from the Duke of York a grant of the Delaware settlements, as without such grant, he had now reason to fear the loss of the whole peninsula.*

Having taken these measures to secure his title to the province, Penn next drew up a description of it, from the best information he then possessed, and issued proposals for its colonization.

This document is introduced, by an argument in defence of colonies, intended to remove the prejudices of some, who thought they weakened the mother country, by drawing off her population and resources. He enters into an elaborate investigation of the subject, showing that the wisest and best men of ancient times were concerned in this great work of planting the seeds of nations, which, as they grow up to maturity, furnish the materials of commerce, promote the comforts of life, contribute to the increase of knowledge, and extend the boundaries of civilization.

"Let it be considered," he says, "that the plantations employ many hundreds of shipping, and many thousands of seamen, which must be, in divers respects, an advantage to England, being an island, and by nature fitted for navigation above any country in Europe. This is followed by other depending trades, as ship-wrights, carpenters, sawyers, hewers, trunnel-makers, joiners, slop-sellers, dry-satlers, iron-workers, the Eastland merchants, timber-sellers and victuallers; with many more trades which hang upon navigation; so that we may easily see the objection (that colonies or plantations hurt England,) is at least of no strength, especially if we consider how many thousand blacks and Indians are also accommodated with clothes, and many sorts of tools and utensils from England, and that their labor is mostly brought hither, which adds wealth and people to the English dominions."*

After alluding to the conveniences for navigation, the variety of timber, and the abundant means of subsistence, he thus speaks of the government. "According to the patent, the people and governor have a legislative power, so that no law can be made, nor money raised, without the people's consent. The rights and freedoms of England to be in force there; 'may enact what laws we please except against allegiance, which would be void.' So soon as any are engaged with me, we shall begin a scheme or draft together, such as shall give ample testimony of my sincere inclinations to encourage planters, and settle a free, just, and industrious colony there."

The conditions on which land might be taken up, were as follows. Those who wish to buy shares in the province, can have 5000 acres for £100, and to pay annually one *shilling quit-rent for each hundred acres;* the quit-rent not to begin till 1684. Those who only rent, are to pay one penny per acre, not to exceed 200 acres. Persons who take over servants, [*i. e.* laborers,] are to be allowed 50 acres per head, and 50 acres to every servant when his time is expired.

Lest any should engage in this enterprise, inconsiderately, he adds this caution: "Because I know how much people are apt to fancy things beyond what they are, and that imaginations are great flatterers of the minds of men, to the end that none may delude themselves with an expectation of an immediate amendment of their conditions, so soon as it shall please God that they arrive there, I would have them understand, they must look for a winter before a summer comes; they must be willing to be two or three years without some of the conveniences they enjoy at home, and yet I must needs say, that America is another thing than it was at the first planting of Virginia and New England, for there is better accommodation, and English provisions are to be had at easier rates. The passage will come, for masters and mistresses, at most, at £6 a head; for servants, £5 a head, and for children, under seven years of age, 50 shillings. . . . To conclude, I desire all my dear country folks, who may be inclined to go into those parts, to consider seriously the premises, as well the present inconveniences, as future ease and plenty, that so none may move rashly, or from a fickle, but solid mind; having, above all things, an eye to the providence of God, in the disposal of themselves. And I would

* Hazard's An., quoted from Chalmers.

* Hazard's Annals, 507.

further advise all such, at least to have the permission, if not the good liking of their near relatives, for that is both natural and a duty incumbent upon all, and by this means will natural affection be preserved, and a friendly and profitable correspondence maintained between them. In all which, I beseech Almighty God to direct us, that his blessing may attend our honest endeavor, and then the consequence of all our undertakings will turn to the glory of his great name, and the true happiness of us and our posterity."

Soon after these proposals were issued, they were forwarded to some of his friends with the following interesting letter:*

Westminster, 12th of 2d mo., [April] '81.

"FRS. R. TURNER, ANTY. SHARP & ROGER ROBERTS:—My love salutes you in the abiding truth of our God, that is precious in all lands; the Lord God of righteousness keep us in it, and then shall we be daily witnesses of the comforts and refreshments that come from it, to his praise that is the foundation of all good.

"Having published a paper with relation to my province in America (at least what I thought advisible to publish), I here enclose one that you may know and inform others of it. I have been, these 13 years, the servant of truth and Friends, and for my testimony sake lost much, not only by the greatness and preferments of this world, but £16,000 of my estate, that had I not been what I am, I had long ago obtained. But I murmur not, the Lord is good to me, and the interest [of] his truth with his people, may more than repair it. For many are drawn forth to be concerned with me, and perhaps this way of satisfaction has more of the hand of God in it, than a downright payment; this I can say, that I had an opening of joy as to these parts, in the year 1661, at Oxford, twenty years since: and as my understanding and inclination have been much directed to observe and reprove mischiefs in government, so it is now put into my power to settle one. For the matters of liberty and privilege, I propose that which is extraordinary, and to leave myself and successors no power of doing mischief, that the will of one man may not hinder the good of an whole country. But to publish these things now, and here, as matters stand, would not be wise; and I am advised to reserve that till I come there.

"Your ancient love to me, makes me believe you will have a brotherly eye to my honest concern, and what truth makes you free to do, you will; and more I expect not. 'Tis a clear, unintangled and, I may say, honorable bottom. No more, but let Friends know it, as you are free.

"With my friendship, in that which no water can quench, nor time make wax old, nor distance wear out,

"Your friend and brother,

"WILLIAM PENN."

"The enclosed was first read to traders, planters and shipmasters, that know those parts, and finally to the most eminent Friends, hereaway, and so comes forth. I have forborne pains and allurement, and with truth.

"W. P."

* Copied from MS. in the Archives of American Philosophical Soc., Philada.

If we wish to obtain a thing, we seek for it; it is the way by which alone we can expect to obtain it. What, then, is prayer? The heavenly desire and expression of the soul by which it expresses and seeks to supply some wants for which it feels a need. Our desires are expressed in a twofold way: by the expression of our want, the sincerity of our desire to obtain it, and work, by which we expect to obtain it. Prayer, then, fulfills the law of receptivity, by opening a way through which the blessings may come, and thought and work are the messengers who bring it to the soul. The mere words of prayer are nothing, as they may exist without the soul animating them, so as to give them life, as there may be fissures in the rocky lips of a mountain, without their being the cool waters of a fountain flowing through them.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

PAWNEE AGENCY, *Genoa, Platte Co., Nebraska*, 9th mo. 12, 1869.

In the belief that many Friends will be interested in hearing something about that deeply-wronged people, the Pawnee Indians, I am willing to give a brief description of those among whom we are located.

We left our late home in Virginia about two months since, and came out on the great Union Pacific Railroad to the new city of Columbus, 92 miles nearly west of Omaha, where we were met by Jacob M. Troth, Agent for the Pawnees. By private conveyance we proceeded 22 miles up the beautiful valley of the Loupe Fork of the Platte River to the Reservation, over the best road I ever travelled, and I think I may say through the most fertile country. The beauty of the variegated prairie flowers exceeded anything of the kind we ever beheld. The grass in some places was as high as the horses' backs, and makes, I find, as good hay as the best timothy. On our way we saw a specimen of the hares of this country, which was about twice the size of the wild rabbit of the eastern States, and a number of prairie hens and wild ducks, both of which are numerous. We also passed through two "prairie-dog towns," which were

to us a great curiosity. These dogs are quite small, of a light brown color, and have a head very much like a squirrel. When approached, they stand erect on the hind feet, and utter a shrill bark something like a dog, and then pop into the holes of their burrows under ground. They live in communities of thousands; hence the name "dog towns." A small kind of owl and the rattlesnake seem to be on friendly terms with the dogs, and all live in the same burrows.

Our Reservation is 30 miles long from east to west, and 15 wide from north to south, on both sides of the Loupe Fork River. The land is admirable for farming and grazing, the soil being from one to twenty-three feet deep before reaching the subsoil, and extremely fertile. There is plenty of timber for the use of the Indians and employees, a steam saw and grist mill, blacksmith and tin shop, trading post, agency and council house, barn and farm buildings, houses for the employees, and a good large brick school-house, about 33 by 128 feet, two stories high, with basement for kitchen, dining room, &c. At present there are about sixty pupils, under the care and excellent management of Elvira G. Platt, but I think the prospect is to increase the number of pupils soon. These are clothed by the agent, and board at the school, having but little intercourse with the wild Indians in the two Indian villages about one mile distant from our village. All the pupils of the school have Christian names. Among them is an Abraham Lincoln and a Ulysses Grant.

The Pawnees are in a far more uncivilized state than I expected to find them. Very few of them can speak English, and from what I can learn they have become demoralized by their intercourse with the whites, copying nearly all their vices, and but few of their virtues: this I attribute in a great measure to the class of men who have had charge of the Indians for many years, and who took but little if any interest in their improvement and advancement in civilization or Christianization. The Pawnees, however, have one redeeming trait; I have not seen one nor heard of any using intoxicating liquors; indeed the people generally out here are remarkably clear of this terrible evil. Since I have been in Nebraska, I have seen but three men under the influence of liquor, and they white men; and in Columbus, the county town, the three principal hotels do not sell intoxicating liquors, which speaks well for this country. There are about 3000 Pawnees here, who all live in two villages in sight of the Agency. Their lodges are built with poles put up and covered with dirt, having a doorway and a small opening at the top for the smoke to escape, but no windows of any kind. These lodges are circular and about 25 feet in diameter, several families living in one, having one open fire in the centre. They are divided into four bands, each band having one head chief and three subordinate chiefs, and then one of the sixteen chiefs is head chief of the Nation. Each band has also quite a number of *braves* or soldiers. The Skeedees live in a village by themselves, and the Kittkahaws, Chowees and Petre-Howedas live in a village together about half a mile from the former. These Indians mostly paint themselves very much. The men use very little covering except a small piece of blue or scarlet squaw-cloth around the middle, and a red, white or blue blanket, or buffalo robe, thrown over them. The squaws are more decently clad. They generally have squaw-cloth leggings, with a skirt of the same material coming down to the knees, and a blanket around the shoulders. Very few have any covering for the head of any kind. They all use a great many feathers, furs and bead-work as ornaments, when in their holiday dress. They own a vast number of ponies, the prairies being fairly dotted with them; some of them own as many as fifty, but none keep a cow, a pig or a chicken. The squaws lead a slavish life and do all the work. They cultivate all the corn by hand, never using a plough or harrow, although they have several hundred acres (it is thought by some 1700) in corn, beans and pumpkins—their only vegetables. The squaws also cut and bring home all the wood, build the lodges, dress the skins and furs, weave or plait the mats, &c. &c. The men seem to think it beneath their dignity to do anything but make bows and arrows, hunt and trap game, and *smoke*. The squaws carry their pappooses on their backs, generally lashed to a fancifully ornamented board. These Indians have many good traits of character. They are affectionate and kind, very friendly to the whites, very amiable in their disposition, and are easily managed and governed. Of course there are some bad ones, who are very expert at pilfering little things, but will at once give any thing up if you detect them. They are also very troublesome beggars.

We now have quite a number of Friends here. Our friend Barclay Jones, who has lately arrived with a family of nine, has come to take charge of the mills. We hold a Friends' Meeting every First-day at the School, attended by all the pupils and *all* the employees—I think to the advantage of all.

Last Fifth-day, the 9th inst., we had a novel occurrence here; two of our Indian were regularly married at an appointed meeting, by Friends' ceremony,—probably the

first Indians ever married in this way. Annie Carr, the bride, about 15 years old, was one of the school girls, and the groom was a widower from the village, with a long Indian name. To him was given the name of Munson Day. At the meeting, all the pupils, the employees, several of the chiefs, the relatives and friends of the parties, our interpreter and others were present. When the bride and groom stood up, Jacob M. Troth repeated a few words at a time of the ceremony, which was translated by the interpreter, and repeated by the groom; but the bride said the ceremony very distinctly in English. Then Jacob read the certificate, and the interpreter repeated it; after which the groom touched the pen, while the agent wrote his name; but the bride wrote her own—Annie C. Day—she, according to custom, assuming the name of her husband. The chiefs present, the white people, and many of the pupils, signed the certificate as witnesses. It was a solemn, impressive marriage. Elvira Platt gave them some excellent advice, and mentioned that the groom had promised her that Annie should not work like the other Indian women, and that they would pay respect to the first day of the week, and try to get a house built and live like white people. Her address was also interpreted. The Pawnees in the villages work on First-days just as on other days. There is a great deal of sickness among them; quite a number are blind, and a great many have an affection of the eyes, caused by their mode of living; there is also much scrofula among them. The nearest doctor is at Columbus, 22 miles distant, and he charges $25 a visit, I am told. I fervently wish Government or some benevolent, kind-hearted individuals would send a doctor to our Reservation, and establish a small hospital; it would be a real object of charity and benevolence. I hope Friends will think of it.

SAMUEL B. WALTON.

GIVING AND RECEIVING REPROOF.

There is scarcely any office of friendship which might be made to render more valuable results than that of giving reproof. Yet, in fact, there is hardly any that is so much neglected, so badly performed, or so ungraciously received. There is a general idea that our friends are to be sources of unmixed pleasure, while from our enemies alone are we to apprehend any pain. Whenever, therefore, any approach is made to the unpleasant subject of our faults, the pain we experience leads us to consider him who inflicts it rather in the light of an enemy than of a friend. The fear of this result naturally operates to prevent any allusion to the subject, and thus one of the chief benefits that might result from intimate companionship is constantly frustrated. The error that underlies this, as indeed it does most other forms of evil, consists in seeking for pleasurable sensations above ultimate benefit. None deliberately admit that they are doing this, and yet no stronger proof of it can exist than the unwillingness to hear an unpalatable truth. There is also a singular inconsistency in it. For whatever else we can dispense with in our friend, we all desire that he shall be *sincere*. We abhor hypocritical protestations, and flattery that we know to be such, yet when we only welcome his praises with cordiality, and receive his well-meant advice or reproof with coldness or displeasure, we actually check his sincerity, and put a premium upon hypocrisy. We desire that the friend shall have our best interests at heart, and shall use his efforts to promote them; yet when he aims to accomplish this in its highest sense, we practically forbid it by cold looks and averted eyes. We wish that he may possess a clear mind, a sound judgment, and a preference for the right in all things; yet we deny to ourselves the benefit of that judgment, and prefer that he should hide from us all his knowledge of the part of our character needing correction. We desire that he shall be keenly alive to his own faults, and yet blindly insensible to ours. These are the inconsistencies that detract so much from the essential benefits of real friendship, while at the same time, really, though unconsciously inviting and stimulating that hypocrisy and flattery which, when once seen in their real colors, are so abhorrent to every true nature. Men keep up a hollow truce with conscience, willingly remaining ignorant of truths, the knowledge of which would hurt their self-love, and thus they come to regard with dislike the sincere friend who, in uttering those truths, is really seeking their welfare.

It is evident that much of the reproof given is ill-timed, much is offered in a harsh, unloving or censorious spirit, and some even with a malicious desire of creating pain or fixing reproach. If it is important to receive reproof aright, it is equally necessary to study how, when, and in what spirit to bestow it. If any benefit is to result, it is essential that the friend who ventures to criticise or reprove, should be actuated by a spirit of sincere love and friendship, and a desire to do as he would be done by. If he cannot have this spirit, let him refrain from all reproof. It will only stir up contention. But, assuming that he acts in this spirit, he should, as far as possible, keep himself in the background, claiming no superiority, but pressing only the essential virtue of his subject—striving more

that his friend may be convinced than that he should have the credit of convincing him. Favorable opportunities should also be selected, avoiding formality or suddenness, or anything that may create a hostile feeling. Too often reproof is given in anger—when the friendly feeling is ruptured by unkindness, or when long brooding has fostered displeasure. Much more than the truth is then uttered, and even truths themselves, thus conveyed, only stir up resentment. In all reproof, too great care cannot be taken to avoid exaggeration. An under-statement of facts will ever be more effectual. The benefit that all would reap could friendship be founded on such principles as to invite and welcome friendly criticism would be incalculable. We shonld then fulfil Burns' beautiful wish,

"Oh, wad some power the Giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us."

It is the love of *truth* that we need above all things to cultivate. When we come to realize its intrinsic and eternal value, when we prize it above all interests and all pleasures, we shall then learn both to convey it and to receive it in such a way as most fully to insure the highest and noblest ends of friendship.—*Phila. Ledger.*

A life of disobedience and wrong actions is a life of continual pain, intricacies, doubts, skepticism, trouble. "Wisdom's ways" alone "are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

REVERENCE FOR THE AGED.

BY J. E. RANKIN.

A green old age—an old age not of infirmities and anxieties, not of jealousies and petulent exactions, but of hearty cheerfulness and serenity—is a signal favor and blessing of the Almighty. The two most sacred things on earth are the two childhoods of the race—are the infant and the old man—both sacred from their dependence and helplessness. But the infinite Jehovah protects most the most unprotected. The maternal instinct leads the mother to hover like an angel guardian around the cradle, sleeplessly to watch the toppling figure that goes out like a little adventurer among the dangers of an unknown world.

"The wee-bit bairn that toddles roun'
And catches mony a fa',
Frae his sweet pranks has always foun'
Some ane to min' his ca';
But, och, when he's *a bairn ance mair*,
And his auld mither dead,
Wha, then, aboon afflictions sair,
Will help him haud his head?"

The maternal instinct, the winning ways of infancy, protect the first childhood. Jehovah himself, by special commandment, interposes to protect the second. "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man, and fear thy God. I am the Lord."

Old age is to be reverenced because God is in it. We cut down the forest-tree, and find registered, in concentric circles within, its annual growth. These circles each represent the four seasons of a year—spring, summer, autumn, and winter; sunshine, rain, cold, and heat. This is the Creator's calendar of this tree's life. This is a record of his ministry to its growth. A devout man cannot stand by the fallen trunk of such a lord of the forest without reverence. For so many years, God sent upon it his sunshine and rain, arched the skies above it, gave room to its roots in the soil and its branches in the air. It has stood there and towered heavenward, and clapped its hands in the sunlight, and wrestled with the tempest, for so many long years. It is a monument of God's skill and God's care. And is an old man any the less so? For nearly a century, this fearfully and wonderfully made mechanism, beginning with the feeblest and most unpromising life—a life of wailing helplessness and speechlessness—has continued to exist. It has waked and slept. It has had its infancy, its boyhood, its youth, its manhood, its middle life, and its old age. It has played and toiled. It has laughed and wept. It has thought and felt. It has been exposed to disease and accident.

And yet not a limb has ever been broken, not a member ever been injured. Is not God in this also? God promises old age as a blessing: "With long life will I satisfy him."

"And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,"

he promises as well. A green old age, to go down life's descent, as if in answer to the poet's prayer addressed to Time:

"Creep kindly on the ancient pair,
Whose tott'ring footsteps downward go—
A few more threads of silver there
Will make their locks like driven snow:
Oh! may life prove, while death delays,
The Indian Summer of their days."

To be well housed and nursed, to be cared for by filial hands—this, according to God's own interpretation, is a favor from heaven. And for this we should revere old age, we should "rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man."

But old age is to be reverenced, also, *for its own sake.* The *first* childhood has its beauty; and so has the *second.* God's things are all beautiful in their time. If there is one kind of beauty in the faultless features, the bright and innocent expression, the restless sports, and the gay laugh of chilhood; there is an-

other kind of beauty in the hoary head, like some mountain-peak lifted up into the region of perpetual snow, though just beneath it the eye glistens with old-time light and the cheek still blooms with the colors of autumnal ripeness. If there is one kind of beauty in the implicit trust with which the infant clings to its mother's hand and nestles in its mother's bosom, there is another kind of beauty in the philosophical and serene adjustment with which old age accepts those kindly counsels and tender ministries which incipient youth is so prompt to reject as useless; takes the staff, the friendly arm, the precautionary shawl; is willing to be petted and nursed by filial, as it has been by maternal love; is willing at the proper limit to give up outward responsibilities, and take the honored niche by the fireside. And if to willingness to be old there be added cheerful contentment and a hopeful outlook toward a coming hereafter, a childlike trust, and a patient and prayerful waiting when his change shall come, there is no earthly character more beautiful, more venerable than this. The patient old man, the forgiving old man, the childlike old man, the old man never fretful, never irritable, mellow and tender, grateful for kind offices, sensitive lest he may exact too much; the old man retiring gracefully from the scene, until he shall finally disappear from the places that have known him upon earth; accepting without a murmur the evil days, the darkened windows, the trembling limbs, the loosening of the chord of silver and the breaking of the golden bowl, until the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it—before the hoary head of such an old man the living may well rise up, and his face they may well honor.

Old age is venerable *because it brings together events so widely separated by time.* The old man is a landmark of the past. There is something sacred about an old building. Even though awkward and unsightly according to modern styles, we do not like to see it disturbed. It binds us to the past. It brings the past down to us.

"Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead?
Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,
Nor when their mellowed fruits the orchards cast,
Nor when the yellow woods shake down the ripened mast.

Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,
His glowing course, rejoicing earth and sky,
In the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,
Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie,
And leaves the smile of his departure spread
O'er the warm-colored heaven and ruddy mountain head.

And I am glad that he has lived so long,
And glad that he has gone to his reward.
Nor can I deem that Nature did him wrong
Softly to disengage the vital chord:
For when his hand grew palsied, and his eye
Dark with the mists of age, *it was his time to die.*"

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Will it do for me to say, in reference to anything I can offer, that a little crumb is better than no bread? Perhaps not, and yet I am disposed to salute thee under the belief that the poor can feelingly salute the poor. If the allotment of poverty were a thing only heard of and not experienced, the close sympathy which results from a partaking of the same cup would be wanting. If this be so, may we not receive some of these stripping dispensations, these proving seasons, as designed to enable us to feel with those similarly tried?

The past day has been one wherein nothing has been gathered; hence a fast is my portion, under which I desire that a *patient waiting* for a renewal may not degenerate into a state of indifference. I feel my short-comings, and sometimes when I look abroad and see the usefulness of others, I am ready to query, Why cumber I the ground? and then again I feel that the Father is with me in my littleness, and what more need I ask? He knoweth us as we are, and unless we turn aside His hand He will dispense food convenient, though sometimes it may seem to us to be barely sufficient to sustain life.

A letter just received from our friend —— shows that she too knows something of this proving dispensation. She says: "Weaknesses encompass me on every side. This is no new thing for me, but, in my *past* experience, seas have been divided, and mountains have skipped like rams; *now* seas rise to their full height and swell to their full measure. Am I to believe they will be suffered to overleap their bounds? Nay, the command will again be, "Peace, be still." Thus, my dear friend, we see our Father worketh in the deeps, and will work for our good, guiding our barks safely to the desired haven.

In recalling the animating and strengthening effect produced on my own mind yesterday, by the ministry of our dear friends from a distance, I have been led to regret that any who feel themselves called to go on these errands of love, should from any cause plead excuse. Although it appears to be consistent with the designs of Infinite Wisdom, that the poor instrument should not always know that his dedication to his Master's will has produced any good effect on others, yet of one

truth we are always certain, that Divine Wisdom does nothing in vain. There is another consideration which I have thought, if *felt* as it ought to be, would do much toward purifying the motives of those who often humblingly feel that it is to purchase peace of mind that they are made willing to leave all and go forth, and that is the greatness and the glory of the cause in which they are engaged. What though they feel themselves poor and feeble instruments? Shall they feel too feeble to do *His* bidding who has promised to be strength in their weakness? Oh, my beloved friend, willingly would I animate thee with a sense of the dignity attached to every station in the Church of Christ. And although thou mayest feel *thine* to be comparable but to that of a doorkeeper, yet is it not enough that He has condescended to make use of thee in the advancement of his own good and glorious cause of truth and righteousness? I have desired that we may each bear in mind, that it is only by a faithful occupancy of the talents committed to us, that we can expect to be made rulers over more; and let us not when called to any duty content ourselves with doing as little as may entitle us to the wages, but with zeal and love for the cause endeavor to do the best we can. This state of mind is surely not inconsistent with the deepest self-abasement; a noble and dignified zeal was the prominent characteristic of One, who declared "that in me, that is, in my *flesh*, dwelleth no good thing."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 2, 1869.

Isolated Friends.—We are often made sensible, through the flowings of sympathy, that, scattered over a large extent of country, are many families and individuals, who, while they recognize to their great comfort the immediate presence of Him who sticketh closer than a brother, yet at times long for the companionship of those who unite with them in religious profession, alike acknowledging a belief in the Indwelling Principle or Word of Life,—a truth dear to every true Friend. We are also prepared to recognize the fact that very many, who are not members of our Society, are interested in our fundamental principle, and measurably prepared to acknowledge it, and who in this measure of convincement would gladly know that there are those somewhere within reach with whom they could sit "as with one accord in one place."

We remember these thus isolated with feelings of sympathy and love, and desire to encourage them to meet for public worship on the first day of the week, even though there may be but the one family. Were such an effort made, we believe they would not only know for themselves an increase of strength, but by so doing *they would be known as Friends*, and their "upper chamber" would be a rallying spot, to which others of like faith in the efficacy of the teachings of the Divine Spirit would gather; and when strangers, members of our Society, pass through the neighborhood, the inquiry, now often unavailingly made, "Is there a Friends' meeting anywhere near?" could be answered, and the visit of the stranger would be to the assembled few as a brook by the way in a dry and thirsty land.

Our interest has been afresh enlisted for those thus situated by an interesting account, to which we have just listened, given by a Friend who has recently returned from a visit through an adjacent State, where Friends are very sparsely settled. In one locality which she and her husband visited, they attended a meeting held in a new meeting-house erected by the united efforts of the very few (perhaps twelve) Friends living there, and some of their neighbors, with such assistance as other Friends were disposed to give. The few members of our Society had been meeting in a private parlor, having occasionally the company of two or three neighbors, until their faith becoming stronger, they felt the time had come for them to have a meeting-house. They therefore put shoulder to shoulder, and the effort resulted in the erection of a neat and comfortable building, where they now meet on the first day of the week, to make public acknowledgment of their allegiance to the King of kings, and to receive the blessing promised to the two or the three who are gathered in the name of the Lord.

From the growing interest manifested by those who frequently sit with them, it is probable that ere long more will be added to the number of members.

In another place where there was no Friends' meeting, our Friend, whose feelings seemed constantly to go forth in search of the lonely

ones, found several descendants of Friends, who gladly availed themselves of such opportunities of social and religious communion as were offered through her visit, though her exercise and feelings could not be fully relieved. She was not from home on a professedly "religious visit," and having no minute from her Monthly Meeting, she could not appoint a public meeting; nevertheless way opened for such intercourse as was calculated to strengthen the weak and encourage the halting traveler to press on in accordance with the unfoldings of Truth.

Were Friends on all occasions, whether from home in search of health or releasement for a time from business cares, or when away on professed religious service, sufficiently alive to the wants or spiritual cravings of the people, they would often be instrumental in comforting those who sit in solitary places, and who are almost ready, or peradventure have already let go their little grain of faith. There are many under our name, and others who secretly unite in the same faith, to whom the salution of a fellow believer would be as precious as was the salutation of Mary, when she "went into the hill-country and entered into the house of Zacharias and saluted Elizabeth."

Did we more generally hold ourselves in readiness to receive the touches of Divine Love, we would witness a greater qualification to visit the seed wherever scattered, and perhaps sometimes be instrumental in removing what may have obstructed its growth. Can we not then be stimulated to greater watchfulness—greater faithfulness and more simple dedication to the promptings of the Divine Spirit—that so help may be extended wherever needed, and the waste places be made to blossom as the rose.

MARRIED.

DARLINGTON—PASCHALL.—At West Chester, on Fifth-day, 9th of Ninth month, 1869, with the approbation of Birmingham Monthly Meeting, Wm. P. Darlington, of Thornbury, to Alice Paschall, of West Chester, Pa.

DIED.

WRIGHT.—After a protracted illness, at the residence of her son Elias H. Wright, in Toledo, Ohio, on the 19th of Sixth month, 1869, Mary H., wife of Isaac Wright, in the 72d year of her age; a member of Milford Monthly Meeting, Milton, Indiana.

ANDREWS.—At his residence in Darby, on the 20th ult., James Andrews, in the 74th year of his age.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

10th mo. 3d, Penn's Manor, Pa. (indulged) 10 A.M.
" " Frankford, Pa., 3 P.M.
" " Birmingham, Pa., 3 P.M.
" " Camden, N. J., 3 P.M.
" " Jericho, N.Y., 11 A.M.
" " Oyster Bay, 3½ P.M.
" " Washington, D. C., 11 A.M.
" " Alexandria, Va., 4 P.M.
" " Wheatland, N. Y., 11 A.M.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

An Adjourned Meeting of the Board of Managers will be held at Race St. Meeting-house on Third-day afternoon, Tenth mo. 5th, 1869, at 3 P.M.

CLEMENT M. BIDDLE, *Clerk.*

LIBRARY OF SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

It is proposed to establish a general library of standard works, and Friends possessing copies no longer of use to themselves, of standard works on History, Biography, Travels, General Literature, Natural History, Science, Technology, and any other suitable books, are requested to forward them by express to the undersigned. Original editions of standard Friends' writings and works of special historical interest, if deposited at the College, will be carefully preserved for reference.

EDWARD PARRISH,
3t 800 Arch St., Philada.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.
No. 22.

As the time draws near for the re-opening of the schools under the care of "Friends' Association of Philadelphia for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen," considerable anxiety is necessarily felt not only by the comparatively few Friends on whom now rests the responsibility of providing the requisite funds, but, as will be seen herein, also by the teachers and by the freedmen themselves.

From the Annual Report of 1869, about to be distributed, we propose to make a few extracts. It states that "in entering upon this year's labor, (1868,) it was concluded to devote our efforts exclusively to the *education* of the people.

With an exhausted treasury, early in the fall, in answer to the earnest appeals of the colored people, we opened thirteen schools, in the faith that Friends would contribute to their support.

In the autumn, when the labors of the Association were resumed for the winter, an appeal was prepared and sent to each of the Monthly and Preparative Meetings, pressing upon Friends the necessity of pecuniary aid, and asking if "the six hundred aspirants after knowledge, who earnestly entreat for an opportunity to acquire it, shall be dismissed without the mental food they so earnestly crave." Although this appeal met with less response than we had hoped, yet the continued

liberality of a few has enabled us to continue the good work commenced in faith, and to keep all of the schools open during the season.

Extracts from letters written by the teachers show that their interest continues unabated, and though they are obliged to suffer many privations, and are surrounded by difficulties which would often seem insurmountable to those accustomed to ease and self-indulgence, they still continue earnest and unwearied in their efforts for the elevation and improvement of this ignorant and long-suffering people.

In addition to their regular school duties, several of the teachers have large First-day and night schools, for those who are unable to attend during the day."

The cause of Temperance has also claimed the attention of our teachers. A friend writes from one of the localities:

"I hear favorable accounts of the Temperance Society—nearly all the colored people in this neighborhood belong to it."

It is not intended in the present number to give a full sett of extracts from the letters of *all* our teachers, but merely enough to show the anxiety the freedmen themselves have for the continuance of our schools—their progress in their efforts to help themselves, (one evidence of which is their contributions to the school funds,) and the abiding interest still felt by our teachers in this good work. Most of the letters quoted from were written about the time of closing their respective schools for the summer vacation.

One of our teachers in South Carolina writes: "Last month I had 45 pupils, and have the same number this month. It is very encouraging to me to have so good an attendance. Almost half the scholars were only learning their letters or spelling a little when I commenced this term—while now I have but two in their letters, and the greater part read in the First and two in the Second Reader. I have also a class in arithmetic who have learned addition, subtraction and multiplication," &c., &c.

Another teacher from the same locality states: "We are in the midst of a feeling of interest about the new school-house. Yesterday an officer came over from Charleston and gave the matter a new impetus.

One thousand dollars has been appropriated towards the expense, and the Town Council has furnished a suitable lot of ground for *one dollar*, so I think they have been quite liberal." (These school-houses, springing up here and there, give an earnest of the onward progress of this great work.)

The Association having determined to close their schools for the summer vacation, one month earlier than usual, our teacher at Waterford wrote us:

"I have concluded to keep my school open until the regular time of closing—the number of pupils justifying it, and the colored people wishing me to do so. They will keep it open this month at their own expense."

The same teacher subsequently informed: "The number of pupils enrolled last month was thirty-five. I have the money collected through the winter still on hand. The colored people seem anxious to do all they can towards raising money to help support their school next fall. I think they have done as much as they could, as most of them are poor, and are even obliged to sacrifice some of the necessaries of life in order to do it; but it is done in most cases *cheerfully*. Our First-day school is quite large, We have a colored man for Superintendent, and one of my pupils is Librarian. I have a Bible class of men, most of them my winter scholars."

From "*Gum Springs*" our teacher writes, in reference to closing the school for the summer recess:

"The children expressed, and I think really felt, much sorrow at leaving school; both they and their parents are anxious to have it re-open in the fall. *I have six and a half dollars* that I have collected from the colored people towards it, which I shall forward to the Treasurer. Another friend has five or six dollars for the same purpose."

Maggie Lewis, the colored teacher at Fairfax Court House, who, it should be remembered, received her education at that school, wrote us sometime since:

"I closed school yesterday, for which the children seemed very sorry, but I think our kind friends of Philadelphia have done a good part by us here. I shall never forget them for all they have done for me. My scholars also all appear to be very grateful to you, with kind regards to all the friends north," &c., &c.

Such paragraphs as the following (received just before vacation from our teacher at Woodlawn) often greet us, and bespeak a genuine interest in the cause.

"I have a number of quite small children who have never been to school before. Some of them are very bright and interesting, and learn so rapidly, that it is a real pleasure to teach them and to watch their progress."

The following letter from one of our faithful teachers, embraces so much that is of vital importance to the cause of the freedman, that we publish it entire.

From Jennie Speer, Manassas, Va.

"Yours of the 23d, containing P. O. orders, was duly received, for which I send the receipt.

"I am very sorry that you think of closing the school so soon: it seems to me that we are

just getting nicely started, and ready to go right along. The cold weather being over, and a good prospect of having a comfortable school-house, we can get along so much better. The colored people have fixed up some benches and desks, and have raised money to plaster the house: and besides that, I have the promise of help in the Sabbath school, which is getting along so nicely. I feel that the colored people here need Missionaries as much as any of the 'Sandwich Islanders.' Their religious ideas are composed of prejudice and superstition; and many would not, at first, let their children come to Sabbath school; and one needs patience to 'learn to wait for the seeds to spring up and bear fruit.' In all the time I have been here, I have never felt so encouraged to go on, and do all that is in my power for the colored children.

"Several gentlemen from New York have been stopping here in Manassas within the past few weeks, and our school has been to them an object of much interest. They have visited it several times, and expressed themselves much pleased with the progress of the scholars and the interest they take in their studies; they could see the disadvantage in teaching without 'school-house furniture.' They did much to encourage me, bade the cause 'God-speed,' and left with a promise of my hearing from them again 'substantially.'

"I sincerely hope you may continue the school until July 1st, if possible; after that, when the fall term commences, I am sure they would raise as much or more than was promised last year. I know their ways better now, and can raise it in the same way that we do for the school-house now. I have sacrificed my home and many friends to teach this school, and do not regret it;—but feel that my work is not done yet. I expect to see the school here support its own teacher, and when they *do*, the Trustees say they wish me to remain. God knows that I have tried to do my duty as well as I knew, and I pray each day for strength and guidance. I feel a personal interest in every scholar, and when I speak of going away, many eyes fill with tears. I would like to know as soon as possible whether you are going to continue the school. I wish some of you could visit it, as you could tell better how we are getting along; I only know that I have tried to do all that I could. I know that the children do learn very fast, and now that my school is not so large, they can have a better opportunity. I still have enough, and as some of the larger ones leave, there will be smaller ones coming in; and those who do come will learn more rapidly than in a larger school;—of course I cannot tell now *how* large the school will be.

"I have found that the key to success in teaching is kindness, and there are very few who cannot be reached by it.

"I suppose I have said quite enough, much more than I had intended to; but I know that your sympathies are with us, and that you will do all that you can for us. He that said, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me,' will not forget you 'in that day when He comes to make up His jewels.'

"Kind regards to all our good friends, and hope to hear from you soon."

In reference to the author of the above letter, nineteen of the male inhabitants of that place, white and colored, have addressed a written communication to the Association, begging it to re-open said school, in which they say:

"The colored people, with some assistance from abroad, have erected and completed a good building which is used for both church and school purposes.

The deed for the land is held by the Trustees, most of whom are colored men. The school-house is not well furnished as yet, but we hope to be able to add to the internal arrangements very soon. The school has been very successful, and large numbers of children have been educated therein, some of them coming to school three or four miles."

"The colored people are very anxious the school should be still carried on, and upon canvassing the subject of compensating their teacher, have succeeded in procuring subscriptions enough to warrant them in pledging fifteen dollars per month toward supporting their fall and winter school. We would also recommend that the same teacher who taught last winter be employed again, as she is able and efficient. Besides, we think with *her* we could raise the money we have assessed ourselves with more easily than with a stranger."

Accompanying the above address was a letter from George C. Round, Commonwealth Attorney of Prince William Co., Va., adding his testimony to the worth of our teacher, and to the estimation in which she is held by all; further remarking:

"I am Superintendent of a Sabbath school at the same place with over sixty pupils. Nearly every one has learned to read in your school here. By another year I hope we will have a State Government which will do something for Education, but at present we are relying on ourselves and on our Northern friends. It is, in my opinion, an absolute necessity that this school be kept up, if the people of this section do not relapse into ignorance and semi-barbarism."

In addition to the above school, that taught

at the same place by Benjamin F. Grant, a colored man, is well worthy of a passing notice. He is especially anxious to have *his* reopened, and has during the summer recess been going to school himself. The Association has concluded to continue its assistance to that school the coming season.

Having from the first felt it one of our duties to instil into the minds of these poor people the importance of self-dependence, and having a strong faith that with suitable encouragement they would make the effort, and that these efforts would eventually be crowned with success, the Education Committee, in their proposals for re-opening the schools, conditioned that each school should contain *thirty* or more pupils, and that a certain specified sum only should be guaranteed the teachers—the balance requisite to be contributed by the freedmen and their friends in their own localities.

None have yet demurred, and such responses have been received as—

"I received your letter several days since, stating that the *Friends* would open the school here again, if the terms were accepted. They *are* accepted with many thankful hearts."

Another:

"I saw some of the leading men about the school. They think thirty pupils can easily be raised," &c., &c. And from another:

"I know there will be more than thirty scholars, and think a school *averaging* over thirty can be maintained during five months at least. I am very happy at the prospect of getting back to them. As many as have been spoken to have expressed their entire willingness to help themselves some; and I think they ought to, even if they have to make some sacrifices. It will do them good, and make them less dependent, though some of them are very poor." While another writes:—

"I still have the forty-five dollars contributed by the freedmen in aid of our school awaiting your instruction as to its appropriation."

We now turn our mind once more to the *Annual Report* and quote the following statistics, which will doubtless be read with interest.

"In giving a summary of the work of the Association, from its origin, it is impossible to form a correct estimate of its complete operations, from the fact that numerous valuable contributions of garments, books, seeds, sanitary stores, &c., were forwarded without an accurate inventory being had of them.

With regard to the funds expended for educational purposes we would say, that although we have but *twelve* schools in active operation at the present time, we have had at other periods of our history a greater number, and have assisted others by small donations,—while, through the assistance and influence of our teachers, night and First-day schools have been established in various neighborhoods, the books for which have been supplied by the 'Friends' Bible and Tract Association.'

When we reflect that in the course of a few years the destinies of the nation will be influenced by these children, who are now so earnestly asking us for an education which will enable them wisely to exercise that influence, can we, as Christians or lovers of our common country, prove lukewarm to our profession of 'being peculiarly the friends of these people,' refuse the small share of our means to assist in the accomplishment of a purpose which will fit them to care for themselves.

We would therefore appeal to Friends for the means to continue this threefold work,—looking as it does toward their spiritual, intellectual and temporal welfare,—believing that we shall, by so doing, realize that 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

The accompanying letter from a devoted laborer among the freedmen was received by a member of the Association.

Christiansburg, Montgomery Co., Va., Feb. 17, 1869.

"My Dear Friend,—I write you by way of encouragement in the great work in which you are engaged for the elevation of the freed-people. Truly our Heavenly Father has opened a wide sphere for the kind, disinterested co-operation on the part of the friends of this hitherto despised and oppressed race; and has committed into their hands the fearful responsibility of deciding whether the future shall find the freedmen among the ignorant, superstitious and debased portions of the community, or, through the blessings of education and every good and kindly influence thrown around them, raised to a position of honor, intellectual refinement, and a power for good in the land.

"It is, then, a question among the friends of the cause, not as to how soon the work shall cease, or when it will be proper to withdraw the hitherto liberal support given to it, but how to make it more effective—and the enlistment of even larger numbers, including those who have not done their whole duty, in giving a new impetus to the work, and a greater sacrifice of whatever may be demanded for its successful accomplisment.

"With an experience of more than two years of direct effort in the field, I can assure you that the work seems more than ever important, and weighs upon my heart with greater force and magnitude than I can readily express to you. Indeed, it seems as if we had just begun to gather in the rich fruit of our labor, while on every hand the

eed is taking deep root, germinating and expanding, and bids fair for an abundant harvest. God be praised for this. But while we see these indications of His willingness to bless feeble instrumentality in accomplishing the great and glorious purposes of His providence, shall we then be satisfied? or should it not arouse us to greater diligence, and the consecration of even more of life, talent, property or whatever may be claimed from us, in one united, honest, continued effort for the accomplishment of that which is fraught with the interests of both time and eternity?

"With the freedmen it is a time of oppressive anxiety, in view of the anticipated withdrawal of both Government and benevolent support and encouragement, and their cry is, 'Do not leave us! Do not withdraw from us the necessary help in our time of need!'

"And although it was my own intention, on being discharged from duty as an officer of the Bureau, (the time for its limitation having expired), to return to my home and enjoy quiet and rest, yet duty now seems to demand my return at the earliest practicable moment; and I feel it in my heart, God willing, to give myself up anew to the work. The only trouble is the want of means to successfully prosecute it; but depending upon the never-failing resources of God's treasury, I shall go forth trusting.

"I am glad to inform you that the assistance rendered me during the past year, through your kind co-operation, and that of the other dear friends, has been productive of great good, and your kindness heartily appreciated by the people under my charge. Beside the many comforts for the poor, afflicted and distressed, and the distribution of seeds, from which they were supplied with vegetables during the past summer and winter, there was special and substantial encouragement given in the work of education, and particularly in country places, where our colored friends would have remained in the darkness of ignorance, had you not supplied them with the necessary books and other means of self-education.

"Expecting to spend one or two months in Philadelphia, when I shall have the pleasure of conversing with you more fully in reference to these matters, I remain,

Very truly your friend, C. S. SCHAEFFER."

Amount paid	teachers,	$18,145
" "	for books,	2,028
" "	for seeds,	160
" "	for sanitary stores,	2,990
" "	for material for clothing,	30,760
" "	for expenses, Report, &c.,	917
" "	for donations to Asylums, &c.,	2,300
	Total,	$57,300

No. of schools,	(whole number)	25
"	schools at present,	12
"	boxes and barrels forwarded,	391
"	new garments,	26,375
"	part worn do.,	21,500

Besides a large quantity forwarded of which no account was taken. Neither does this include the clothing made up for the "Penna. Freedmen's Association."

The report closes with the following earnest appeal, which it is hoped will meet with a hearty and *practical* response:

"The question arises, are we willing to abandon this work? Do we think we have done our *whole duty* toward these people? Let all examine seriously the ground of our obligations, and see to it that what is required is to the best of our ability performed. Much has been done; vastly more remains yet to be accomplished. The results so far have been greater than could have been anticipated. Never, perhaps, in the world's history, have events so crowded upon each other. The down-trodden and oppressed are wheeling into the ranks of free and independent citizenship; standing, as should every one in our beloved land, upon intrinsic worth. Much of this is due to the steadfast friendship and unceasing efforts of this and kindred associations, encouraged and strengthened by the labors of the friends of human rights and human progress, who laid the broad foundations of their principles in the unerring dictates of truth.

If we discover that there remains any further work for us in this portion of the Master's vineyard, let us make haste to carry it forward till every vinelet has received its proper culture, and is made to bring forth ripe clusters at the harvest, which shall redound to the praise of the great Husbandman.

These thirsty travellers on the highway of life are calling for the pure fountain of knowledge, crying for but a single drop to quench the burning of that desire to know more which consumes their lives. Let us not turn a deaf ear to these wants, but from the abundance with which we have been blessed spare something to further the cause in which we have been so signally successful — the elevation and education of the Freedmen.

Philada., 9th mo., 1869. J. M. ELLIS.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE INDIANS.

Knowing the anxiety of Friends to learn what is being done in reference to Indian affairs, the writer furnishes the following reliable information, viz: At the first meeting of the Indian Committee appointed by Philada. Yearly Meeting, held in the 5th month last, a Clerk, Treasurer, and Executive Committee consisting of nine Friends were appointed: the duties of the latter being, "to receive all

documents and communications addressed to this body, to have a general supervision of the interests of the concern, and to call Special Meetings of the Committee when occasion may require. Also—to settle all bills approved by this General Committee, by drawing orders on the Treasurer of the Yearly Meeting for expenses thus incurred."

After arranging a time for the next stated meeting, and "a full and free examination of the responsibilities inseparably connected with all its movements," the meeting concluded.

On Seventh month 2d, 1869, a *special* meeting of the Committee was called, "to take into consideration the propriety of selecting one or two of our members to visit the Indians at the Northern Superintendency, for the purpose of ascertaining what may best be done at this time to carry out the purposes of our appointment."

A nominating committee was appointed, and a recess allowed for their conference, resulting in their proposing John H. Dudley and Joseph Powell, who, being approved by the meeting, they were appointed to the service, "with the understanding that the expenses incurred in making said visit are to be paid out of the funds of the Yearly Meeting."

At the Stated Meeting of the Committee held 9th mo. 17, 1869, there were present 38 members. Several Friends not members of the committee were very acceptably in attendance.

The Committee appointed at the previous meeting to visit the Northern Superintendency presented an interesting diary of their labors, which was read. They were requested to furnish the Clerk, for recording in the minutes, a condensed report, accompanied with such suggestions as their visit may have induced. From their diary, it would appear that schools, taught in the *English* language, are much needed amongst the Indians, and the subject being thus introduced, and carefully examined in all its bearings, was referred to a committee of eleven Friends "for such action as in their judgment may seem right and proper."

In response to our invitation from Indiana Yearly Meeting's Committee on Indian Affairs to meet and consult with them at the time of their next meeting, the Clerk was directed to acknowlege its reception, accompanied with the information that as several Friends (who were named) members of this Committee propose to be in attendance at Indiana Yearly Meeting, they were encouraged to meet with its Indian Committee as requested.

The meeting then adjourned until the 12th month next.

It is evident the movements of *Friends* in this matter are closely watched by the community at large and with much interest.

The tone of the public press is evidently changing in many instances, advocating the pursuing of a peaceful policy towards the Indians. The first extract given below is an Editorial from the "Omaha Daily Herald" of 8th month 29th, 1869. The second speaks for itself. It is to be hoped, however, these commendatory notices will not inspire our Friends with too much confidence in their own powers, for it must be conceded they occupy positions of fearful responsibility, and cannot succeed without a firm reliance in a higher power, and a rigid obedience to the convictions of duty.

"A Universal Verdict.—Sufficient time has elapsed since the advent of the Quakers to the Indian country to create the opinion, in the minds of all candid and unprejudiced men, that the policy of honesty, kindness and fair-dealing with the red men, is having a most satisfactory effect. It is true, scattering bands of lawless Indians, outlaws from the tribal authority in the South, have committed some very serious and shocking depredations, and Gen. Carr has punished them for it. But it is equally true that, wherever the Quaker policy has had a chance to demonstrate its power, its wisdom has been proved by its salutary fruits.

"The great bulk of the tribes have gone upon their reservations. Under the Quaker administration of equal and exact justice to, and a faithful performance of all engagements with, the Indians, they will contentedly remain there. We shall have no war. Peace will reign throughout all the frontiers. Our settlements will uninterruptedly progress. No more massacres and murders. Guards will not be required along our great railway. The Indians will gradually acquire the arts of peaceful industry, and perish from among us decently and in good order.

"So far as is known here, the Quaker policy is succeeding with our home Indians beyond expectation. Supt. Janney, by his promptness in the McMurty case, has shown that he has courage and ability equal to any emergency, and it is the universal verdict of the people most nearly concerned in his administration of the Northern Superintendency, that it is able, energetic, and honest.

"The new Indian policy, so long denied the government and people, enforced among the untamed Indians, will give us certain, lasting and enduring peace. We have no more doubt of it than we have of our existence and never had."

A correspondent of the Boston *Commonwealth*, writing from Dakota City, Nebraska August 16th, of a tour among the Indians says:

"A few days ago we met and had a plea

nt chat with the gentlemen composing the ommission sent out by the Yearly Meetings f Friends, and are most glad to renew it. hey, with Superintendent Janney, are over-eeing the issue of annuity goods, and, as all re busy, let us examine the goods and see hat they are. A family is called. 'One an, two women, a girl and a boy,' sings out ne interpreter. 'Five blankets, four cali-oes, eight sheetings, three jeans, three satin-ts, eight socks, two blue cloth, three pots, and tin pail,' cries the agent, and forthwith they re piled upon the floor, and a squaw carries hem away.

"The blanket is valued most of all, and ext is the 'blue cloth,' rarely broadcloth, ut into two-yard strips, for making 'strouds,' r over-skirts, for the women. A large share f the rest, not needed now, will be wasted or old by the Indian in his improvidence, and hen cold weather comes he will want them.

"A few moments serve to satisfy us, and oon, seated on a bale of goods on the far side f the room, we are conversing with the riends in regard to the Indians. They find uch to encourage them, but find the Indian uch wilder than they had hoped. He clings o closely to his blanket, that emblem of his avage state. They hope soon to have him ress like his white brother. He knows not et how to labor; they will try to teach him, nd will recommend the establishment of in-ustrial schools. They will also recommend he sale of unnecessary lands to actual settlers f such a class as shall benefit the Indian by heir companionship, and the division of the est among the tribes, and that the proceeds f the lands sold be used in teaching them griculture and furnishing them the necessary nprovements and implements, thus making hem self-supporting farmers.

"There are sufficient grounds to hope for his, for already there are a great many good aborers among the Winnebagos. A friend who employed seven men during harvest, tells ne he never had better hands. Some of them work very well at home, and all the farm work at the Agency is done by them. There re four hundred acres of corn in one field hat the squaws, assisted by a few men and hildren, have cultivated, and a like number f acres have been broken for them this sum-ner.

"These are a few of the plans communi-ated to me for improving and eventually itizenizing—thanks be to Grant for that word—the Indian. If this Quaker policy is ot disturbed, it will be a success; but there will be great opposition to it at the next ses-ion of Congress. . . . The public sentiment f the East must be aroused, as in the case of he negro, and then there is hope. . .

"Apropos of this, comes a story from one of the many Indian Agencies in our State, concerning the advent of the new Quaker agent. When the day for issue of beef came, he ordered the usual amount, and was surprised to see only three steers killed for the whole tribe. 'Is this the usual amount?' he asked. 'Yes,' responded the contractor. Delaying the issue, he searched the records and then ordered additional steers killed, until, in place of three, nine were upon the scales. He was also around when the issue of flour was made, and that was on his order *doubled.* This is an explanation of how agents on a salary of fifteen hundred dollars per year can live high, and in four years retire upon a fifty or a hundred thousand dollar fortune, and contractors, besides filling their purses to repletion, can give a good bonus to those whom they hired not to bid against them. But now, lo! a change has come over the spirit of their dream.

"But while we have thus been talking, the issue of goods is complete, and each chief is now drawing, to distribute among his band, scythes, axes and hoes. A few remnants of unissued hose, and cloths that wrapped the bales, are thrown into the wagon by the door, and from thence scattered among the crowd, who, rushing pell-mell, with shouts and laughter, form a fitting finale to the day's work.

"After tea there was a pleasant gathering at the house of the farmer, and over delicious ice-cream we chatted away till the oldest of the party thought we should retire, when we reluctantly bade them good-night.

"At 10 A. M., on Sunday, a meeting was held at the Council house, when Friend Hallowell, through an interpreter, addressed the Indians assembled. His remarks were such as must needs come from a heart filled with love to God and all his creatures. 'Dear friends, we have come a long way to see you, and I thank that "Great Spirit" in whom the Indian trusts, and to whom the white man prays, that we can meet, for we are all, *all* his children.' He gave them advice as to their every-day life, telling them to be honest, truthful, etc., thus fitting themselves to live and be useful, concluding by saying, 'When you are fit to live, you are also fit to die.'

"Through with them, he turned to the white people assembled, and for a few moments spoke of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. . . . .

"H. H. Brown."

It is probable either the report or the diary of the committee to visit the Northern Superintendency will be furnished for publication at some future time. J. M. E.

Philada., 9th mo., 1869.

THE WISH OF TO-DAY.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

I ask not now for gold to gild
With mocking shrine a weary frame;
The yearning of the mind is stilled—
I ask not now for Fame.

A rose-cloud, dimly seen above,
Melting in heaven's blue depths away—
O, sweet, fond dream of human Love!
For thee I may not pray.

But, bowed in lowliness of mind,
I make my humble wishes known—
I only ask a will resigned,
O Father, to thine own!

To-day, beneath thy chastening eye
I crave alone for peace and rest,
Submissive in thy hand to lie,
And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the Universe,
A miracle our Life and Death;
A mystery which I cannot pierce,
Around, above, beneath.

In vain I task my aching brain,
In vain the sages thought I scan,
I only feel how weak and vain,
How poor and blind, is man.

And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see,
And, like a weary child, would come,
O Father, unto thee!

Though oft, like letters traced on sand,
My weak resolves have passed away,
In mercy lend thy helping hand
Unto my prayer to day!

ITEMS.

The first Hindoo widow civil marriage has lately taken place in Calcutta. The Hindoo religious services were subsequently gone through. It will be understood that these parties were not Christians, but represented the radical sentiments of "Young India." A large number of educated Hindoos were present to lend the marriage their sanction.—*The Methodist.*

William Penn's old family carriage has come into the possession of the Michigan Central Railroad. The relic is over one hundred and sixty years old. A gentleman of Jackson, Michigan, either purchased it or fell heir to it, but on its arrival he failed to pay express charges, and so the company took possession of it in default. It is one of the most interesting relics in the country. Would it not be well for some of our city or State authorities to endeavor to get possession of it?—*Exchange Paper.*

English Crops.—The London Times has recently published its annual report on the crop prospects of England. It estimates the wheat crop to be four bushels per acre, or about thirteen per cent. below the average, and ten bushels per acre, or about twenty-eight per cent. under last year's crop; but believes that a considerable portion of this deficiency will be met by the additional acreage under wheat. Of all the cereal crops barley is the most variable. Comparing this year's produce with that of last year, there is this year less wheat, but more barley, hay, straw, and altogether a greater yield of every description of stock goods.

—Professor Lyell says that 1,500,000 of cubic feet of water pass over Niagara Falls every minute. Dr. Dwight, former President of Yale College, says 100,200,000 tons pass over the Fall every hour. A distinguished engineer has computed the power of Niagara Falls to be sufficient to perform all the manual labor of the Empire State.

The Dismal Swamp, on the boundary line of Virginia and North Carolina, is every year affected by the drought, so that the surface takes fire and burns until extinguished by the autumn rains. This year, on account of the long continued dry weather the conflagration is of unprecedented magnitude and has already burned for a distance of 16 miles from northwest to southeast. Several fine farms have been burned out, and on fields formerly rich with crops nothing is to be seen but acres of ashes, the pits in some cases being 15 feet deep. The surface of the swamp consists of decomposed vegetable matter, held together by the roots of water plants. Though a slight shower may extinguish the conflagration on the surface, yet in many instances the fire continues to burn underneath, and thus forms extensive hollows. The bed of Drummond Lake, in the centre of the Swamp, is supposed to have been burned out in this way, many hundreds of years ago.—*Philada. Ledger.*

Half Time Schools have recently been established by the school committees of several manufacturing towns in Massachusetts. This plan, it is asserted, advances the pupils more rapidly and thoroughly than the common all-day school. In the mills it has been ascertained that such pupils do better work, and earn more money than they would by being in the factory all day. The children and their parents at first were afraid of the scheme, but as a proof of the popularity of the plan, it is asserted that the average daily attendance in the half time schools is 97 per cent. So high an average being unknown in the common day schools.

Intemperance.—The *Probe*, a newspaper published at the Sanitarium, near Media, Penna., states that one-third of the whole number of patients in the institution acquired a taste for strong drink in attending parties and other social gatherings; that the other two-thirds became drunkards from constitutional tendencies, inducing insanity in some and reckless disregard of moral obligations in others. Of the first class, twenty-two were cured; of the second, only eight. Two-thirds of the whole had the benefits of Christian and temperance training, while only twenty-three had been neglected.

On the eastern coast of Scotland, a fortnight ago, a successful experiment was performed which promises to be of immense value to the shipping interest. This was the illumination of a sea-beacon, placed about three-quarters of a mile from land, by electricity passed through a submarine cable connected with the shore. The flashes from the beacon were extremely vivid, while the beacon can be made to burn from forty to fifty hours consecutively at a cost of nine cents per hour, and can be regulated to send from four to six hundred flashes a minute. The light may be made to flash in any manner which may be desired, and the capacities of the principle are such that a warning may be set up anywhere in the most perilous situation for the safety of seamen. No expensive erections in the shape of light-houses are necessary. The light may be raised to any altitude on the summit of a rod which neither the wind nor the water would be likely to overthrow. The commissioners of the Scotch light-houses, who witnessed the experiments, are about recommending it for adoption by the Government and the Trinity House.

—*The Press.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
Benj. Strattan, *Richmond, Ind.*
Wm. H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
T Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

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The following is extracted from an article in Lippincott's Magazine, entitled,

"STRENGTH, AND HOW TO USE IT."

. . . . . .

The great social or industrial sin of our American people is, that they habitually do too much. They are the hardest-worked community on the face of the earth, and a community most emphatically and seriously *overworked.* The statement is in nowise an *over*statement. One who has not had the opportunity of observing the laboring habits of other peoples can hardly realize at what high pressure our industry goes on. It is not so much that we work more hours, as that we work at so much greater speed. The American artisan, on the average, accomplishes a third more daily than the imported workman of almost whatever nationality. Nor do we cut short the hours of labor. A day's work with us is, at the shortest, ten hours long, and in the winter entrenches upon the night at both ends. Food-taking and other indispensable offices are crowded into the least possible space, and some of them are heinously neglected for sheer "want of time." Multitudes of our laborers get so tired during the day as to be beyond the power of enjoying anything during the evening except a motionless sit down in an easy-chair, and frequently so tired as not to sleep well during the night. Anything like a general habit of amusement is unknown. The holidays, of which we have few beyond the parallel of almost any other people, are not observed, even when they occur, by more than a partial and limited cessation of labor. . . . . .

This is the case in all departments. Our mills and factories run twelve hours a day; our iron-working establishments press on their labor from week's end to week's end with alternating gangs of night and day hands; sewing women are mewed up at their terrible business from seven o'clock in the morning to eight in the evening; clerks of both sexes are confined as long; our "best" public schools break down their choicest pupils with overwhelming tasks; our colleges and theological seminaries graduate their first scholars almost dead; professional men of every grade, if men of ability, are tasked beyond endurance; and instead of working less, everybody is pressing on to work more and work harder than ever before.

The effects of this great excess of labor, as exerted upon the health and physical condition of our people, are just what might be anticipated, and may be seen most clearly upon comparison of our population with those from which we are derived. As compared with any of these, we are gaunt and cadaverous. All our adipose tissues are burned up in the fires of our over-activity. What in them is rounded muscle in us is attenuated cat-gut string. Those forms of unhealth which most directly

and legitimately result from overwork—namely, nervous diseases and ailments—are diffused among us, in acuteness, variety and numbers, beyond equal comparison with any other people. Neuralgias make their abiding-place of torment in millions of our population. Our proportion of insane is above the average already, and is augmenting more rapidly than the general census of the people.

In particular, as the result of the excessive drain of strength to the brain and muscles induced by such stress of labor, the visceral system—the organs chiefly concerned in the vital process of alimentation, among the larger proportion of our people—suffers from a very serious loss of efficiency. Dyspepsia in numerous forms is well-nigh universal; resulting, first, from the hard service put upon the stomach in working up material against the waste of so much labor; and, secondly, from the withdrawal from it of the vital force essential to its effectiveness. Chronic bowel disturbance or inefficiency is common to a large portion of our adult population. Constipation as a constant habit afflicts us in millions. Pills are swallowed by billions annually; whereas what the excretory system needs is the store of vital energy stolen from it for purposes of labor. Consumption kills us off in hundreds of thousands annually, and we ease our consciences by cursing the climate; while thirty-three per cent. of the cases result, proximately or remotely, from excessive toil. Uterine difficulties, with legions of associated maladies, are as characteristic of American women as imperfections of the teeth in both sexes; nearly all traceable, late or soon, to the high-pressure life of care and labor entailed upon them by our civilization.

These various observations do not apply equally to all parts of our population. They have special reference to the Northern and Northeastern communities; but are nevertheless, in their whole extent, applicable to the whole people, more directly and generally than they would be to any other nationality.

That these characteristic national infirmities are referred to their true cause, as above, appears from the leading class of remedies employed by our medical practitioners. These are *tonics*—tonics, animal, vegetable and mineral, solid, liquid and gaseous, in hundreds of different forms, and in constantly succeeding variety. The same appears from that standing recommendation of the faculty to so large a proportion of their patients—namely, to travel; the philosophy and intent of which really are to drive the ailing from their business and their cares; and which, as might be anticipated under the circumstances, proves to be a remedial instrumentality of the highest efficiency.

Now, to a certain extent and for some classes of people, overwork is a thing inevitable. Farming, for example, cannot, in these latitudes at least, and not anywhere in fact, be carried on without at times compelling its workers to do a good deal more than is healthy. The same is true of service at many of the trades, and especially true of housework. Furthermore, multitudes are born into the world with so slender a stock of health that they cannot do anything without suffering from it, and yet are so circumstanced financially that they are obliged to do something, and perhaps a good deal. These, so long as they live, are harassed with ails and aches, and are generally killed off comparatively young at the latest. But the overwork upon which we are commenting as being the great offence of our people is not of this character for the greater part. It is, in fact, a thing avoidable—a thing not necessitated by their situation. We are getting rich, already, faster than any other nation, and we are making haste to get rich a great deal faster. Already we eat better food, occupy more stylish and comfortable houses, wear more costly clothes, than any other people that ever existed; and we are making furious haste to live better still in all these regards. Whatever improvement in our condition can be effected by hard work and lavish expenditure we are pushing on to make, in all directions and in the shortest time.

Just here, then, is where we overleap ourselves. We have a ton's weight to lift, and we burst a blood-vessel trying to lift it all at once. It is absolutely certain that a man, or any number of men, can accomplish the greatest amount in a given time by working not quite up to the limit of their full laboring capacity; provided, of course, the strength thus reserved is not frittered away in trifles or disipations, but is turned by all judicious means into the channel of vital and physical recuperation. It is a matter of common remark that when our Congress sits up all night or trespasses upon the hours required for rest, the progress of legislation is visibly retarded by it. The members get the dyspepsia or headache, grow ill-tempered, lose their mental edge, and rarely are fit for work again until the next Monday morning. A man working within the limit of his strength will actually accomplish more even in a single year than one who overworks and thereby exhausts his vital forces. But the advantage becomes far greater when a long period of years is taken into account. In nearly every department of labor, and in every department in which judgment and skill are required, a workman becomes more valuable as he acquires larger experience, and more re-

sponsible the longer he is at the business, at least up to the time of failing strength and efficiency; so that the maintenance of his strength and efficiency for the greatest possible length of time becomes a matter of great importance. Generally speaking, men do not come to lay vigorous and skilful hold upon the business and labors of life before the twentieth year. If they get worn out at thirty-five, the world realizes from them only fifteen years of efficiency; but if by moderation of labor they carry the burden to sixty, the world is gainer by forty years of their work. Aside from this, it is doubtless in general, though not always, morally wrong to work beyond our strength, as may be legimately inferred from its commonly resulting in suffering to both body and mind.

It nowise contravenes the views above presented as to our overworking that we are not a short-lived people. We have, as the result of several circumstances, higher comforts and more favorable conditions for living than almost any other community; and in virtue of these can carry a heavier burden of labor for a longer time than any other, and when at length broken down for labor, are still able, in virtue of the same comforts, to keep alive a long while. But there are a great number among us who comparatively early in life come to the end of their vigorous working days, and who occupy themselves mainly in recounting what they once could accomplish, and in bewailing the ignorance and folly of their former over-exertion. These are, for practical purposes, worse than killed off. They waste the substance of the world by living, and their living brings the majority of them no happiness.

What now is to be done? By what means is the great evil of intemperate labor to be abated? The great mass of workers are conscious that their burden is too heavy—that it is heavier than it need be. This consciousness manifests itself variously; as, for example, in the general movement for the reduction of the working day from ten hours to eight. Nothing, however, seems to be brought about. Nobody seems to know what a fair day's work is. Nobody seems willing to stop working long enough to ascertain by inquiry or exact experiment how many hours a day men, on the average, can labor without detriment to their health. This fundamental fact may be known of certain sorts, but not of the great majority, of occupations. Accordingly, no scientific basis for general and intelligent action exists. Experiments some years ago conducted went to show that for common men —Englishmen in the experiments referred to —two hundred foot-tons is a good day's work, a foot-ton being the abbreviated expression for the power required to raise one ton one foot. But it is not yet determined, and was not sought for in the investigation, how many hours' work at different sorts of labor are equivalent to two hundred foot-tons, so that practically we are no wiser than before. Obviously, only a most elaborate series of experiments could avail for valuable and comprehensive results.

The assumption of eight hours, or indeed of any definite number, for the working day, will not give satisfaction to all classes of laborers, for there are many occupations at which men can work more than eight hours without serious physical exhaustion, though it may be doubted whether, from intellectual considerations and necessities for moral culture, more than eight hours daily should habitually be employed for labor by any class of hard-workers soever. On the other hand, there are some occupations at which men cannot work eight hours continuously and habitually; as, for example, iron-puddling, heavy sledging in machine-shops, and mowing, week in and week out. Accordingly, some workers want a reduction, others do not: manufacturers and master-workmen of nearly all sorts would have the day as long as now, since any reduction will tend to lessen their profits, by keeping their capital idle for a longer proportion of the time. Meantime, old habits are strong: the public are indifferent about general reform, each man caring only or mainly for himself and his occupation; the matter gets mixed up with politics and serves as a hobby-horse for demagogues; and the right sort of men to make the change, if change is actually needed, let it studiously alone.

The case is substantially the same as regards reform in the working practice of schools, colleges and the professions. Nobody seems to know what ought to be done or whether anything can be done. Now and then, when a Douglas dies, and the physicians all testify that he is killed by overwork, or a Theodore Parker, on an untimely deathbed, cries, "Oh that I had found some one, some man or some book, to teach me the art of life—how to take rest and take exercise!" the newspapers read a homily to the public on the duty of doing less, and that is the end of it. Nothing is done in a general way, on a broad scale, and so as to affect the habits of the people as a whole.

(To be concluded.)

Are you afraid of poverty? Visit the poor. See their wretched condition; no bread to eat, no clothes to wear, scarcely a bed to sleep in. Spend a few hours in visiting such families, and you will be likely to return contented with your lot.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE INDIANS.

In a recent visit to the Indians in what is called the Northern Superintendency, under the care of Samuel M. Janney, we found about 7,500 Indians, occupying lands consisting of nearly 1,000,000 acres, mostly fertile, beautiful rolling prairie. These Indians are to a large extent supported, as per treaty, by annuities of money or provisions and clothing furnished by Government.

There are six reservations, at each of which there is an Agent appointed and paid by Government; there are also at some agencies, appropriations by Government for other appointments that may be made by the Agent, such as teachers, farmers, millers, blacksmiths, physicians, &c.; and where such appropriations have not been made, we think they can be obtained by stating their wants and making application to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Each of these reservations is designated by the name of the tribe occupying it.

The "Pawnee" is situated about the middle of the State of Nebraska, 125 miles from Omaha City, and 25 miles from Columbus, a town on the U. P. Railroad.

The "Nemaha" and "Otoe" Reservations are both situated on the southern line of the State, partly in Kansas, and about 70 miles apart, the "Otoe" being the western one.

The "Omaha" and "Winnebago" are adjoining each other, the former lying on the Missouri River about 75 miles above Omaha City.

The "Santee Sioux" is situated also on the Missouri River about 225 miles above Omaha City.

These very productive lands, as likewise almost everything belonging to the Agencies, have been much neglected; owing, probably, very much to the frequent changes of Agents from political causes; also from great need of help, as we see existing there now.

We witnessed at one agency the distribution of Government annuity goods, and at others the weekly allowance of beef and flour, all of which were pleasant and interesting occasions.

In the councils held with them, they expressed their confidence and satisfaction in the new order of Indian affairs, and they felt that they would now have their rights. They generally appeared to realize their position. Some said, "Our hunting grounds are no more; the whites are settling fast around us, and we find that we must get our living from the soil." Others said: "We see the whites are living well; have good houses and plenty to eat. We have good land, and if Government will furnish oxen and farming implements we can raise grain; we want to live like the white man." They generally live in mud huts which are damp, dark and smoky, frequently several families occupying one large one, which is called a lodge. Some build with logs and roof with earth, while others have frame or bark houses. They mostly dress with blankets, both men and women paint and otherwise ornament their faces, heads and bodies. Many of the children wear no clothing.

A few schools are established, doing a good work, but more are greatly needed. Industrial schools would be most efficient, as it seems necessary to take the children away from these homes of filth and degradation effectually to elevate them.

The newly appointed agents, seeing the desire of the enterprising settlers (who are fast locating around these Reservations) to have possession of the Indians' productive prairies, are about to adopt the distribution of the lands in separate farms, as a preventive against further encroachment; also, as an incentive to individual industry, each head of a family being allowed by Government, as per treaty, one hundred and sixty acres, and each man or woman unmarried, and over the age of eighteen years, forty acres.

Here comes in a difficulty. Polygamy, with its attending evils, exists among them to a great extent, and will have to be broken up in order to establish the family relation contemplated by the treaty.

The object of this cursory account is to place before the Society of Friends some of the difficulties that must be overcome in the attempt to civilize the Indians; also to endeavor to impress upon the members of the committee appointed at our late Yearly Meeting to have charge of the subject of the Indians, the great responsibility that rests on them. We (the committee) may excuse ourselves and the Society we represent, on the grounds that the superintendent and agents are appointed and paid by Government, but we can not escape the responsibility of their conduct and success, as their appointment was obtained by the recommendations of some of our members, and received by President Grant in good faith, and with as much confidence as though it had proceeded from the Yearly Meeting itself.

These appointees are now at their posts, laboring cheerfully and earnestly, and we think prayerfully, for in their various positions they must feel daily the necessity of Divine aid. It is impossible here to describe the many perplexing questions requiring immediate decision that arose for settlement during the few weeks we were among them. There are others of vital importance to their

civilization and Christianization that have assumed a *chronic* form, among which are their superstitious and heathenish burials, the treatment of their women, who are compelled to labor in the field and carry heavy burdens; but most discouraging of all is their low estimate of the marriage relation, in consequence of which they are rapidly decreasing, and the remnant are mostly diseased.

From what we saw of the condition of the Indian women, we are of the opinion that the presence and influence of women at these different agencies would be of great assistance. May those in charge of this important matter seek for best wisdom to direct their steps, for great is their responsibility.

JOSEPH POWELL.

Darby, 9th mo. 27th, 1869.

ATTENTIVENESS.

How much more we might make of our family life, of our friendships, if every secret thought of love blossomed into a deed! We are not now speaking merely of personal caresses. These may or may not be the best language of affection. Many are endowed with a delicacy, a fastidiousness of physical organization, which shrinks away from too much of these, repelled and overpowered. But there are words, and looks, and little observances, thoughtfulnesses, watchful little attentions, which speak of love, which make it manifest, and there is scarce a family that might not be richer in heart-wealth for more of them.

It is a mistake to suppose that relations must, of course, love each other because they are relations. Love must be cultivated, and can be increased by judicious culture, as wild fruits may double their bearing under the hand of a gardener; and love can dwindle and die out by neglect, as choice flower-seeds planted in poor soil dwindle and grow single.

—*Exchange.*

NOBILITY OF EARTH.

Where shall we find the nobility of earth? Not altogether in palaces, nor among the titled and those of royal blood. They are in the humbler walks of life; many of them in the low vale of poverty. There are multitudes who are doing the best they can, in their circumstances. They are putting forth all their energies to meet life's claims. They may meet only their daily wants, and the wants of those under their care. But to do that, and bear up under the pressure of adverse circumstances, is to do well. Indeed, in many cases, it is to act nobly; it is to exhibit a perseverance and a heroism that would do honor to an Alexander. And what gives especial value to their heroism is the fact that, unlike the military chieftain, they toil unheralded to the world, unnoticed, and alone. Life among the lowly affords many a specimen of this kind. There is that poor widow, for instance, in the laundry, or with needle in yonder garret, sustaining the helpless ones dependent on her care. Uncomplainingly and cheerfully she toils on, from morning till evening, and far into the watches of the night, and thus on from month to month, and from year to year. In many a humble dwelling are there those thus heroically waging the battle of life, patiently toiling on until the Master shall say, "It is enough; come up higher."

Yes, many of God's nobility are to-day in the cellars and garrets of earth. These are the world's true heroes. And instead of being worthy of contempt for their poverty, the moral heroism with which they battle with life's ills, deserves rather to be commemorated in song.

CREATION OF THE WORLD.

From "G. Frost's New Exposition of the Leading Facts of Geology." Selected for Friends' Intelligencer by the Author.

According to the theory herein propounded, the materials of which our earth is composed existed primarily in the form of gas, or of minutely divided matter.

These materials, in their primeval condition, were dispersed through that portion of the firmament which was not included within the gravitating influence of our sister planets. The several substances which we call simple elements were not mingled in a chaotic, indiscriminate condition, but existed in fields or sheets, like clouds in the sky, each field or sheet occupying a separate position in the firmament; these several conditions of primeval matter being dependent upon and governed by the chemical and mechanical influences to which it had been subjected.

The infantile condition of our planet was probably that of a fragment, ejected from some other sphere, or perhaps a comparatively small mass of matter, drawn together by the pressure of local gravitation, and composed of the materials which were floating in the firmament, outside of the attractive influence of other planets. In either case, when having been put in its present rotary and orbitual motion by the fiat of the Creator, it became a nucleus, around which the various materials within its attraction were gathered, as it performed its journey in its orbit around the sun. However irregular or abrupt or antispherical may have been the earth's infantile condition, still its rotary motion, through the matter which lay in its path, or within its gravitating influence, would cause it rapidly to assume a globular form.

The simple elements of which our earth is composed were probably called into existence in a condition separate and distinct from each other, but each being endued with an attribute which led it to seek affinity with other portions of matter, with which, by its chemical constitution, it was prepared to enter into combination.

Thus chlorine and sodium formed the compound known as table salt; carbonic acid gas and lime combined forming primitive limestone; oxygen gas sought out the ferruginous particles floating in the firmament, and by their union produced iron ore. The base of silica, compounded with oxygen, constituted the material, of which near one-third of the crust of the earth is now composed; and carbon approaching nearer to purity than most of other simple elements, but mixed in a greater or less degree with earthy matter and a small proportion of hydrogen, formed the basis of coal and oil, now found in nearly all parts of the world.

These several elementary substances, and all others now found in a state of chemical and mechanical combination, could have exercised their affinities only while the particles composing them were a fluid, or in a minutely divided condition; and that condition could have existed only in the vastly extended space to which allusion has been previously made.

Whether our earth was originally a fragmentary body, ejected from some other range of the solar system, or whether by the fiat of the Almighty it was ordained in its present orbit, in either case it would rapidly attract to itself the matter within the sphere of its influence, and whatever increase of dimensions it experienced, its rotary motion would give to it a spherical form.

The deepest explorations show that the crust of the earth is composed of layers of different substances, disposed in many instances with a remarkable uniformity of alternations. Thus layers of coal are found separated by layers of slate, shale, sandstone, and other formations, alternating with a regularity that could have been produced only in accordance with the theory that the earth, moving in its orbit, attracts to itself the materials composing these several layers in succession, and by its rotary motion, wrapped them like a sheet around its circumference: where the matter was dense, the layers would be thick, and less so in proportion as the material in its path became rarer.

After having passed through a field of carbonaceous matter, and wound round itself a sheet or layer of that substance, it would then successively pass through the materials now composing respectively the several sandstone, slate, and other formations, and wind around itself a sheet or band of each of those severa substances.

As far as explorations have descended int the carboniferous regions, this remarkabl alternation of layers is found to exist, thoug not always in the same order, nor confined t the same materials; but showing conclusively that the creation of the world was consummated by a gradual conglomeration of different forms of matter, which it gathered up during its rotary journey in its orbit.

In the infancy of the earth's career, there is reason to believe that the material in its path was dense, and that the orb gathered it up rapidly; but that during every subsequent annual revolution, the matter with which it came into contact diminished in density and quantity, until, within a space of time, much briefer than is assigned to it by geologists, the work of the earth's creation was accomplished.

GIDEON FROST.

FRANKNESS.

Frankness is supposed to be a common virtue. It is most uncommon. It is indeed an extraordinary thing. It requires truth, simplicity, love, and genuine goodness. Many men speak truth very plainly when *angry;* many speak pleasant truth frankly. But few there are whose souls are so balanced in an atmosphere of love that they speak whatever needs to be said, to each and to all, plainly, gently, fully. The dearest friends live together for years without daring to speak things which they know, and which each party knows that the other knows. Parents live with a reserve years long toward their children. Children carry untouched, unsyllabled, thoughts and feelings that take hold of their very being. Friends meet and part day by day—friends so true that they would almost *die* for each other, or what is harder than this, who are willing to *live* for each other—and never speak of things that each knows is passing in the other's mind. It is very strange to see people come up to conversation in topics that, by a tacit freemasonry, are sacred, and without word or look, one glides past on one side and the other upon the other side, and meet beyond, going down the common channel again. Was there ever a thoughtful, sensitive person, that dared to be open, transparent, frank?

But however this may be, there can be no doubt that Christian people are not frank enough for each other's good. If men knew how to speak the truth in love, how rich might one become? A man might stand then in the focus of the wisdom of all his friends. But refusing to let their light shine, men now grope in the partial light of their own wisdom, distempered by self-love.

EARLY CULTURE.

Mothers, take into your own hands the early instruction of your children. Commence with simple stories from the Scriptures, from the varied annals of history, from your own observation of mankind. Let each illustrate some moral or religious truth, adapted to convey instruction, reproof, or encouragement, according to your knowledge of the character and disposition of your beloved students. Care and study may be requisite to select, adapt, simplify; but can any do this so patiently as a mother, who feels that her listening pupil is a part of herself?

Cultivate in your children tenderness of conscience, a deep sense of accountability to God, a conviction that their conduct must be regulated by duty, and not by impulse. Read to them books of instruction, selected with discrimination, or make use of them as texts for your own commentary.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I believe our peace would often be more perfect, did we manifest on all occasions our love for the eternal Father, by a prompt obedience to His still small voice; but blessed be His Name, He condescends to the low estate of His children. Let our gratitude for his many mercies be manifested by greater watchfulness and a more ready obedience. As things are now, we may truly say in the plaintive language of one formerly, "The ways of Zion" mourn because the children of the tribe rebel against their Leader and are not found coming up in obedience to the call that has been extended, but are pleading excuses, each according to his own weakness. May there be a more general submission to the workings of that Hand which fashions the *willing* instrument.

Surely the Most High "layeth His chambers in the deeps," and finite wisdom reacheth not His counsels; but in the plenitude of His mercy, He offers to His creature man the rich gift of faith, to sustain him in the hour of proving and through every dispensation which He sees meet he shall endure.

This gift enables us to believe that He doeth all things well, and knowing us much better than we can know ourselves, He will deal with us in the manner best suited to our condition. Let us trust in His goodness, and believe that His mercies endure forever. Yes, let us trust in that Hand that has so often delivered us when we have been hedged in on every side. Surely He who hath called us to this work will care for us, and if He deny us purse or scrip, or even change of raiment, we will lack nothing, but every want will be fully supplied in the hour of need. This is my faith.

A want of confidence in the sufficiency of the *Indwelling Word of Life* makes us often unable to bear up under the many hindering things that surround us, so that we sometimes hardly know when good cometh, and therefore we do not lay hold on the help that is offered. But He who watches over us even with a Father's love, condescends to our low estate, and again and again His arm is round about and His right hand underneath, until His feeble children, trusting therein, are prepared to acknowledge the sufficiency of His power. Surely the continued extension of Divine aid is a loud call for a greater willingness to surrender our all to Him, who asks for the reins of government, in order that He may guide us safely through this scene of probation.

We esteem it a favor if we are able to see the Father's hand when passing through afflictive dispensations, but let us not forget that blessed is he who not having seen, has believed.

"How shall we hear without a preacher?"

If we have a vital belief in an inward and spiritual communion with the Divine Intelligence, and humbly wait for the teaching of Him who taught as never man taught, the Society of Friends need not be scattered for lack of instrumental means; because, where only two or three are gathered in His name, (that is, His *power* and *influence*,) He has promised to be in the midst.

How art thou faring?—not as to the body, for of that I have lately heard, but as to the spiritual life. Has that been nourished by the *sensible* incomes of Divine Light and Love, or has it been thy lot to pass through the less pleasant though not less profitable dispensation of living by faith? I am under the fresh feeling of our accountability as a highly professing Society, and the feeling particularly embraces those who stand as vessels professedly dedicated to the service of the great Head of the Church. May these be clothed with a meek and quiet spirit, and be kept by its preserving influence from all that will hurt or destroy. We profess to be under the guidance of the grace or good Spirit of God, but I fear that for want of possession keeping pace with profession, there is not borne by us that *practical* testimony to the efficacy of this Guide, which we are called

upon to bear, and which is looked for at our hands, not only by Him who puts forth and would preserve, but by those around us who are viewing the ground upon which we profess to stand. *We know* that if the superstructure fall, the fault is not in the foundation stone; but those who have not tried and proved its stability may reasonably doubt, when they see the high professor so often stumbling and falling.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 9, 1869.

We unite with the remarks of our correspondent T. W., but the subject of long obituaries has very recently been considered in our Editorial column. This will account for the non-appearance of his article.

MARRIED.

WILLETS—PARRY.—On the 8th of Ninth month, 1869, according to the order of the Society of Friends, Robert R. Willets, of New York City, to Tacy N., daughter of Isaac C. and Sarah H. Parry.

DIED.

BONSALL.—At her residence, West Nottingham, Cecil Co., Md., of paralysis, on the 29th of Eighth month, 1869, Naomi P. Bonsall, wife of Thomas L. Bonsall, in the 58th year of her age. Truly one of the faithful in our Zion has been removed, and a sweet and loving Spirit gathered home to the angelic host. As she feelingly exhorted others, so we believe she endeavored to live herself continually on the watch; and although the summons came suddenly, it was not unwelcome or unexpected. The day before her last attack, she remarked to a beloved daughter,

"I hear a voice thou canst not hear;
It says I may not stay.
I see a hand thou canst not see;
It beckons me away."

Deeply will the little meeting to which she belonged, and also her Quarterly Meeting, feel the loss of a constant attendant and faithful testimony bearer; but in submission to His holy will we humbly bow, knowing "that He doeth all things well." In her last illness she was unable to converse, but the sweet smile and resigned expression that pervaded her countenance gave unmistakable evidence that her redeemed soul was about to enter the pearl gates and join the spirits of the just made perfect, "and the general assembly and church of the first-born whose names are written in Heaven." L.

FISHER.—On First-day morning, Eighth month 22d, 1869, Rachel A. Fisher, wife of F. C. Fisher; a member of Cincinnati Monthly Meeting. She bore her long and suffering sickness with true Christian fortitude, and was always more considerate of the welfare of others than of her own comfort. Her prayers were poured out for the preservation of those around her, and in her experience was measurably realized the promise that "the fervent, effectual prayer of the righteous availeth much."

NICHOLS.—Suddenly, on the 6th of Ninth mo., 1869, Emily Nichols, in the 65th year of her age. The deceased was a worthy and beloved Friend, and Elder of Wapsenonoc Monthly Meeting, Iowa. Her husband, Thomas Nichols, also died suddenly, about the time of the close of the war, in Loudon Co., Va.

FRIENDS' LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

The Committee of Management will meet in the Library Room, Race Street, on Fourth-day evening, Tenth month 13th, at 8 o'clock.

JACOB M. ELLIS, Clerk.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

10th mo. 17th, Galen, N. Y., 11 A.M.
" " Bethpage, N.Y., 11 A.M.
" " Jerusalem, N. Y., 3½ P.M.
" " Radnor, Pa., 3 P.M.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Association of Friends for the Promotion of First-day Schools within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will be held at Friends' Meeting-house, Wilmington, Del., on Seventh-day, Tenth mo. 16th, at 10 A.M. All schools within the Yearly Meeting are urged to forward reports and appoint representatives. An invitation is extended to all feeling an interest to attend and participate in the proceedings.

Trains leave Broad and Prime, Philada., at 8.30 and 11 A.M., and from Wilmington at 4.15, 5.37, 7 and 10.20 P.M. The 4.15 train connects at Lamokin with the Baltimore Central.

The Steamer S. M. Felton from Chestnut Street, Philada., at 9.45; from Wilmington, at 1 P. M. Steamer E. Hancox, from Arch St., Philada., at 10 A.M., and from Wilmington at 1 P.M.

The Committee on Business meets the evening preceding at Wilmington, at 8 P.M.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, } *Clerks.*
EMMA WORRELL, }

LIBRARY OF SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

It is proposed to establish a general library of standard works, and Friends possessing copies no longer of use to themselves, of standard works on History, Biography, Travels, General Literature, Natural History, Science, Technology, and any other suitable books, are requested to forward them by express to the undersigned. Original editions of standard Friends' writings and works of special historical interest, if deposited at the College, will be carefully preserved for reference.

EDWARD PARRISH,
3t 800 Arch St., Philada.

E. Comly has received for the Indians $10.00 from E. S. J. Also package of needles from a Friend at Penn's Manor.

TOBACCO.—No man who uses tobacco but must be offensive to delicate tastes. It is a matter of proper pride for one to be conscious that his person is pure, his skin sound, his eye cool and clear. If one is unwilling to wear a filthy coat, how much less should he be willing to carry a filthy person? Now and then a tobacco user may, by great care, hide the effect of it on his person. But in far the greater number of instances, even among well-bred people, one can at once see or smell, or both, the s gns or effects of the noisome weed.—*Beecher.*

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Letter from Dr. Hayes—Livigtut, Latitude 61 deg., 15 min.

STEAMSHIP PANTHER,
LIVIGTUT, South Greenland, July 26.

My dear Sir: A ship, freighted with kryolite, sails for Philadelphia in a few hours, and I avail myself of the unexpected opportunity to send you a friendly greeting.

After leaving Newfoundland we made our first landfall at Cape Desolation, where, the weather being dirty, and there being on this coast neither lighthouse nor pilots, we were forced to get an anchor down and hold on three days before we could steam into the Julianshaab, the best of the Greenland colonies. There we arrived July 15. A few items of our doings since that date may interest you.

First, on the 17th, we went up to the old Norse ruins of Krakortak, the finest on the coast, and in novel fashion. My old friend, the Rev. Mr. Anthon (formerly of Upernavik), kindly acted as a guide, and we crowded into a woman's seal-skin boat; that is to say, an *umiak*, which was thirty-six feet long, and was propelled by six stout native woman. The temperature was 65 deg., grand the scenery, and many the novelties, so we passed a most delightful day—bothered only by mosquitoes, which are more numerous here and more vicious, I verily believe, than in any other part of the known world.

How old the ruins are nobody knows; but certainly not less than eight centuries: and as I wandered through the church-yard, and about the once massive walls of the homes of the hardy Vikings and sons of Vikings, who long ago peopled this coast, the story of their wonderful deeds seemed written in the very stones. The church ruin (or cathedral) stands much as when Graah visited it some forty years ago. One gable is yet eighteen feet high; the three door-ways are perfect; and some of the windows are in the same condition. The walls are almost five feet thick, and in places still very firm. While Bradford was busy with his brush, and Dunmore and Cricherson with their camera, I made a careful plot of all the ruins, which are nine in number. It will please your curious eyes as the photographs will delight you.

From Julianshaab—where, by the way, I must not forget to mention we had some fine fresh Greenland beef and any quantity of milk—we steamed out to a sub-colony called Krakssiment, where, directed by an ancient Dane, Motzfeldt by name—the only white man in the place—we went up a fiord to the front of a great glacier, and there we lay at anchor four days, on the most amicable terms with the monstrous body in-stream, photographing it, sketching it, surveying it, travelling upon it, and, in short, doing nothing that was not agreeable as well as useful.

The photographs from it are really superb, are taken from every possible point of view, and are everything the heart could wish for. The weather was warm as an early autumn day at home, and was enjoyed by all. There was nothing to interfere with us but the aforesaid mosquitoes, which fortunately did not reach the ship, nor yet the summit of the glacier. I believe nothing could possibly be finer than the photographs obtained.

Unhappily for our complete sense of comfort, the glacier was less disposed to be neighborly than we, for he set up a terrible fusilade the moment we got there; and beside some thousands of tons of ice which at intervals broke from the front, seven icebergs, one after another, rolled their unwieldly forms into the sea and set the waves upon us at such a terrible rate that we were glad enough to get a safer place of refuge.

But few persons have ever seen an iceberg break off. We can rejoice in having both seen and felt them. We may rhapsodize about Niagara, its roar, its vastness, but one knows not where to begin with a discharging glacier; so I will not attempt it on so small a bit of paper.

From the glacier here we came to meet a hearty welcome from the controller of the mines, Mr. Saxtorf; the director, Mr. Frits; and the Agent for the American Company, Captain Reynolds. One is quite amazed at the apparently inexhaustible supply of kryolite in the bed which they have opened.

The mine is, in fact, a quarry—the bottom of which is some forty feet below the level of the sea, and is, perhaps, fifty yards across, and as many up from the beach. It lies upon the south side of this deep fiord of Arsuk, which runs back many miles into the interior, and, like most of the Greenland fiords, is terminated by a glacier. A hundred miners get out about 11,000 tons of the mineral per annum. The mineral is immensely rich—ninety-six to ninety-nine per cent. of soda and alum—and although not sufficient in quantity to pay for working, the bed is prolific in other ores. In a half hour's walk about the works I picked up specimens of iron, silver, lead, tin, copper, and arsenic. Strange, it seems, that this mineral, so precious and valuable, should be found here alone.

To-morrow we put to sea, and then northward ho! beneath the midnight sun. Thus far all has been novel to me, but henceforth I shall be among familiar scenes. We get on finely. Everybody is in the best of spirits, and the very best of health. The ship could not be improved upon for either strength or

comfort, and, please God, in a couple of months I will fetch to you, in person, my next budget of news. Meanwhile, believe me, ever faithfully yours, ISAAC I. HAYES.
—*The World.*

THE UNTIMELY SLEEPER.

BY SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D.D.

"The various movements of this nice machine," as Dr. Young remarks, "need frequent periods of repair!" When tired with vain rotations of the day, sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn. "Downy sleep," as Shakspeare well says, "is Nature's soft nurse." Sleep we must, at comparatively short intervals, or speedily die. Brain-workers especially need the restorative influence of sound and healthy sleep. They should, if possible, acquire the art which a writer very significantly calls "the talent for sleeping."

The ordinary *period* for the exercise of this "talent" is the night season. Silence and darkness favor sleep. Nature then makes "a pause," and sleep is her command. This is the time for men to retire and take their rest.

The *quantity* of sleep needful to persons in a state of health is that which will suffice to repair the exhaustion of the previous day. This, though somewhat different in different persons, is, nevertheless, for an average, from six to seven hours in every twenty-four. A greater quantity than is demanded by health and vigor serves no useful purpose. By all the excess time is lost and life is lost.

The general *rule* of health and power in respect to sleep is found in early retirement, not later than ten o'clock; and then a corresponding early rising in the morning to resume the active work of life. Special causes may at times interfere with this arrangement; yet this is a good general rule. It is marked by two advantages: First, it reduces the amount of sleep to the proper standard; secondly, it fixes the time of sleep just at the point to which Nature assigns it, while it brings us into action upon the ensuing day at the period of our greatest physical and mental vigor. Reduced to a habit, and extended through life, it becomes a wise economy in the use of time. It is the true method for making the day most effective; and, if so, then the week, the year, indeed the whole of one's life. The common sense of mankind, by a proverb which no one disputes, though many dishonor it, has long since pronounced in favor of this order: "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." Persons of marked thrift and power generally have correct habits in respect to the question of sleep. When the time comes for retiring, they feel the want; and when the time comes for rising, they equally feel a different want. By the force of habit they educate their bodies to the regular, periodical recurrence of sleep, and that too at the proper time and of the proper length; and thus they gain all the benefits of repose, without any disadvantages. They are, in the philosophical sense, good sleepers.

But what difference does it make whether one retires at nine or ten o'clock in the evening, or at a much later hour, provided he has the same quantity of sleep? Practically it makes a very great difference. In the one case he will be asleep when useful action is ordinarily suspended, and awake when that action begins; and in the other he will be awake when he should be asleep, and asleep when he should be awake. The hours between nine o'clock and midnight are by no means as valuable for useful purposes as those between six and nine o'clock of the next morning. The latter as working hours are worth twice as much as the former; and hence, as a principle of sound economy, we ought to sleep during our cheapest and least productive hours. It is always a mistake so to change the period of sleeping as to turn night into day and day into night. It certainly should never be done except in cases of special necessity, that cannot well be avoided.

The great trouble with those who find it so difficult to quit their couch in the morning at the proper time, consists in the fact that they did not seek it in the evening at the proper time. Why this necessity for late and laggard mornings? Why are these people so reluctant to begin the work of the day when the day begins? Let the history of their evenings answer, and the answer will not always be to their credit. It is a well-known fact that three-quarters of the dissipations and crimes which infest and afflict society occur in the night season; and, of course, these night-revelers and night-criminals must commit a moral theft upon the time and duties of the next day in order to compensate for the physical expenditure and exhaustion of the previous evening. It would have been better for themselves and better for the world if they had been asleep when they were awake.

It is quite true that some avocations in life demand night-work. They cannot be suspended, and hence those who work in the night must take a portion of the day for sleep. This, however, is by no means the general fact in human society; and hence it ought not to be cited as a precedent, and certainly not as an apology for late parties of pleasure, late amusements, and late dissipations, for which there is no such necessity. The latter have no excuse except that which fashion and bad habits supply.

This question is not a theme for mere pleasantry or mirthful sarcasm. It is a prac-

tical question. No one can doubt that the habits of many people in respect to sleep, especially in the city, are justly chargeable with whatever evil attaches to a waste and misuse of precious and valuable time. Suppose one to spend one or two hours every morning in the condition of sleep that ought to be spent in wakeful and useful action, suppose him to conduct life in this way, and then is there any doubt whether such a person will cut down the productive worth of life to an enormous extent? Contrast such a person with another of just the opposite habits, see where the one begins his day and where the other begins his day, note the difference in their accomplishment, and you will soon perceive that the two are not working the problem of life on the same principle or with the same effect. They are, indeed, very different beings in the practical power of life.

We cannot see how one can justify himself, either at the bar of his own conscience or at the bar of God, for wasting in unnecessary sleep that time which ought to be employed in useful effort. It is a species of self-annihilation which he has no right to practice against his own powers. To say that he has nothing to do, and hence may as well be asleep as awake, is to assign a reason which is a disgrace to the man or woman who offers it. The plea of sheer indolence is certainly not valid, and that which springs from the fatigues of nocturnal dissipation is no better. The argument from the fashions and usages of society is worth just nothing in the court of reason. God gives us but one life; and surely we cannot innocently throw away one-quarter, one-eighth, or one-tenth of that life in untimely and unnecessary sleep. While it is a mistake to steal from the hours of sleep what is their due, it is an equal mistake to misplace those hours, or prolong them beyond the actual demands of Nature. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise; which, having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest. How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? When wilt thou rise out of thy sleep?" "Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep." "Love not sleep, lest thou come to poverty; open thine eyes, and thou shalt be satisfied with bread."

—*The Independent.*

What a sphere of action is there for the individual at home! In the ordinary sphere of domestic life, how extended that sphere, how important our actions! It is not so much in a few great things that we do that our lives are made truly important or valuable; but in the constant performance of little duties, which performance gives the soul its true direction, and goes to make up the sum of human happiness.

From the Congregationalist.

THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN.

BY I. N. TARBOX.

As I lay awake in the night,
And heard the pattering rain,
Faintly I caught the rumbling sound
Of the coming midnidht train.

The world was murky and still,
The air was loaded with damp,
And on the folds of the mist it came—
The noise of this iron tramp.

Plunging through darkness and fog;
Screaming its signals before;
Searching the night with its eye of flame,
And filling the earth with its roar.

I knew all the track, and could tell,
By the sinking and swell of the sound,
When it darted through woods, or toiled up a grade,
Or leaped o'er a bridge in a bound.

Now the sound floated free on the air;
Now it died round the curve of a hill;
Now lost to the ear in the deep rocky pass;
But the mad thing was rushing on still—

Plunging through blackness and mist;
Sending wild 'larums before;
Howling like demons of darkness let loose
From Acheron's fiery shore.

And now all the windings are passed,
And out it comes on to the plain,
Shaking the earth as it tears along
Through midnight blackness and rain.

O, that some forest chief,
From his ancient woodland nest,
Might peer through the night and catch the wild sight
Of this monster troubling his rest!

Nearer and nearer it comes—
Louder the crash and the roar,
Bearing its precious load of life,
Two hundred souls and more.

Many their errands be—
Some journey for traffic and gain,
Some go to the gloomy chambers of death,
And some to the bridal train.

Here are eyes heavy with sleep,
Here bright with the light of love,
In joy and in tears, with hopes, with fears,
On through the darkness they move.

And now it goes by at a leap,
Wild the weird flashes it throws!
Out of thick darkness it comes in its flight,
And into thick darkness it goes.

Plunging through blackness and fog,
Sending loud signals before,
Searching the night with its eye of flame,
And filling the earth with its roar.

It is not the value of the thing itself we have obtained, or the pecuniary reward of our labor, that determines the value of life, but the meaning we have derived from it, and the culture and development that have been produced by the service.

GRANDMOTHER.

Just as the sun rose blushing red
Over the hill-tops, somebody said,
In broken accents of mourning woe,
Sobbing aloud, but sobbing low:
"Grandmother is dead!"

When the sorrowful murmur broke,
Out from our beautiful dreams we woke,
Feeling a sense of terrible loss;
"She was gold, refined from its dross"—
So somebody spoke.

Just as she sometimes sat in her chair,
Lifting her heart in silent prayer,
Looked she; only a purple mist
Her drooping lids and thin lips kissed,
And rested there.

Only yesterday, how she planned
Labors of love for her aged hand;
"Whenever my useful days are o'er,
Let me go to the heavenly shore,"
Was her demand.

Dear old grandmother! How her prayer
Quickened the ear of Eternal care!
And, with only a warning pain,
His angel gathered her soul again
To those regions fair.

Blessed is it for her to sleep;
Can it be wrong for us to weep?—
We who loved her so well, and knew
All the worth of her loving, too,
And her wisdom deep.

She was aged, and knew the way
Youthful feet were inclined to stray:
"The young are giddy, and they must learn
Of hard experience ere they turn,"
She would gently say.

Happy grandmother! Would that we
Might share with thee the mystery
Of that Beyond, where a thought of sin
Never, oh! never can enter in
Through eternity.

ANIMALCULES.

If some hay is placed in a glass of pure rain-water, and allowed to soak for a few days in a sunny place, and it be then removed, the water will be found, under a powerful microscope, to contain many very small moving things which are called infusoria, from their being produced after infusing the hay. The eggs which were on the hay bred there myriads of small things, which often have a very beautiful coat of transparent flint or silicia. If the water is kept clean, and is not allowed to decompose or smell, generation after generation of the infusoria live, die, and fall to the bottom of the glass. They form a very delicate film there, and minute portions of it when examined under a high magnifying power show the silicious skeletons or shells very distinctly. Now, many strata in the earth are formed entirely of the remains of infusoria, and a very familiar example is the Tripoli powder, from the polishing slate of Bilin, in Bohemia. A single grain of Tripoli-powder contains no fewer than 187,000,000 of the transparent flinty skeletons of dead animalcules; yet the layers of earth which are made up of them at Bilin extend for miles. In the harbor of Wismar, in the Baltic, they increase and multiply at a great rate, for 17,496 cubit feet of mud are formed every year there, and every grain of it contains 1,000,000,000 of the beautiful silicious remains of the infusoria. In the island of Barbadoes there is a thick mass of the most beautiful flinty sea animalcules, and they are in such numbers that it must be supposed the dead minute things were constantly falling in showers from the sea to the bottom.—*Engineering Magazine.*

HOW PENCILS ARE MADE AT THE FABER FACTORY, NEAR NUREMBURG.

We first enter a large basement-room containing two rows of huge vats placed in a descending series, like steps. One row is devoted to the purification of the graphite, the other to that of the clay, and the process is the same for both substances. The raw material is thrown into the first vat and a quantity of water added; the mixture is then thoroughly stirred, and afterwards allowed to settle, when the valuable ingredients rise to the top, or remain in succeeding strata, while the earth and stones sink to the bottom. A plug is then withdrawn about midway in the vat, and the water containing the graphite falls into the second receptacle, while the mass of mud remains in the first. In this manner the material passes through water five times, when it has become sufficiently pure to be poured into a bag of thick cloth, which is subjected to a heavy press until the water is drained away, and the lead or clay is left in a solid mass, when it is placed in iron pans and dried in a furnace. After the lead and clay have been dried and mixed in suitable proportions, water is added, and the mass is put into a mill consisting of rows of separate stones, occupying the whole length of a large apartment, and connected with a steam-engine by bands running along the upper wall. Under each millstone is a tub to collect the mass which slowly escapes from the tremendous pressure, and falls in thick grey drops from the wooden trough beneath the stone. This process is repeated ten or twelve times, when the mass is again dried in the oven. Afterwards it is laid upon a flat surface and hammered for a considerable time, then shaped into a cake and sent to the second press, from beneath which it falls in spirals of different sizes corresponding to the apertures through which it is pressed. These long spirals are collected and handed to operators, who sit before a table and busy themselves in straightening the still flexible cords by laying them into boards grooved to a corresponding size. The

boards, when filled, are laid upon shelves just below the ceiling where the warm air of the room will have most effect. After a day or two the leads are placed in other hands to be cut to the length required for pencils, and carefully assorted: the perfect specimens are then laid in boxes and sent to another room, where they are enclosed in larger boxes of iron, hermetically sealed, and subjected to the intense heat of a furnace-fire for five hours, when the lead is sufficiently tempered for writing purposes, and passes into the care of the workmen who furnish the wooden enclosure, though it must first bear the scrutiny of the faithful proprietor, who personally makes trial of a specimen of the contents of each box before he allows it to go forth under the stamp of his honest name.

The refuse ends and broken pieces of lead are sent back to the press, where they become incorporated with a fresh mass, so that there is no waste of the precious material.

We may now leave the lead manufactory and enter the long building appropriated to the workmen in cedar, As we ascend the stairs the air is heavy with the spicy perfume, and great blocks and slabs of the pink and white wood, just as they were hewn in their native American forests, are lying in the passage. On opening the door which leads into the first work-room, we find ourselves in a cloud of dust and amidst heaps of soft shavings, the work of the many fine saws which are revolving so rapidly in their frames as to appear stationary, while the hoarse growl of the machinery below is exchanged for a sharp buzz, as though gigantic bees and flies were endeavoring to escape from spider-webs as strong as a ship's cable.

Here we see the whole process of cutting the wood for pencils: one workman holds the block under a saw, which works with frightful force, and prepares the slabs for a more delicate machine, which saws them to the proper thickness; another set of tools, also worked by steam, gives the requisite angle to each half of the form; another makes the groove for the lead. The next room is furnished with tables, around which the workmen sit performing a special task according to a systematized division af labor, and then giving what he has finished to another, until it thus passes from hand to hand through the successive stages of development: one lays the lead into its groove, another glues it over, a third applies the cover of wood and glues the halves together.

In the room devoted to the final processes—the polishing, coloring, gilding, stamping, arranging and packing of the pencils—only women and girls are employed; it is the old story of Vulcan and Venus, though the harmonious union of the Useful and the Beautiful is perhaps better exemplified in the workmanship than in the workers.—*Prof. Evans in Hours at Home for September.*

DEATH OF THE KING OF THE CHIFFONIERS.

The London *News* of July 26th says:

"A great man has just died in Paris—Père l'Epingle. In Paris, far more than in London, there are private persons who by force of character become in a manner public. They are known to everybody; anecdotes about them are current; and there are constant references to them in the public prints. Père l'Epingle was one of these—the king of the rag-pickers, who has just died, in orthodox phrase, much regretted. The rag-pickers are a band of individuals peculiar to the French metropolis, who appear at dusk with baskets on their backs, hook, stick and lantern in hand, to see what paper, rags, bones and unconsidered trifles may be picked up in the streets. They are a large body, strictly under the supervision of the police, for even in this humble trade a license is necessary. On the breast of each rag-picker may be observed a brass number, by which the police recognize that the wearer has been duly authorized. The rag and bone trade has always been known as profitable, and some rag-pickers rise to considerable wealth. When their king expired, therefore, this important section of Parisian society were able to make an adequate demonstration of honor to his memory. No less than twelve hundred of them turned out to follow the hearse of Père l'Epingle.

"Whence the monarch came, however, and who he was, no one seems to know. Perhaps Marshal Canrobert, to whom he was secretary many years ago in Africa, may be able to tell. At least Père l'Epingle, when hard pressed, has been heard to give this clew to his antecedents. Under his bed was found a packet of papers with this inscription: 'To be burned after my death.' Often when any of the inhabitants of this quarter, called the Isle of Monkeys, was in trouble, Père l'Epingle would disappear for several hours, sometimes days, but he never came back without money wherewith to relieve the afflicted. This much for Père l'Epingle's private life. His political life was exemplary. He was really king over his territory, and his subjects adored their monarch. He signed their treaties, settled their quarrels and judged their delinquencies. He congregated his people around him, and, lodging in the same neighborhood, they afforded each other mutual protection. All thieves were immediately forced to leave—banished for life from the vicinity. Woe to them if they attempted to

return. But the kingdon of Père l'Epingle was far too honest for the frequent incursion of thieves.

"Besides being monarch, Père l'Epingle was also doctor. He manufactured his own medicines, which he gave to his people gratis. He also undertook the duties of Minister of Instruction. He kept a library, lent out books, taught children to read and write, all gratuitously. Finally, like a wise ruler, Père l'Epingle, dying, chose a successor, whose name is Philippe le Rebouteur—Philip the Bonesetter."—*Evening Post.*

KEEPING ENGAGEMENTS.

Some people have no scruples in violating engagements for their own personal convenience. It is a bad habit—*wicked* we should say—for every one ought to hold his word sacred. The following incident is instructive:

Sir William Napier was one day taking a long walk near Freshford, when he met a little girl about five years old, sobbing over a broken bowl. She had dropped and broken it in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner in it, and she said she would be beaten on her return for having broken it; then, with a sudden gleam of hope, innocently looked into his face and said:

"But ye can mend it, can't ye?"

Sir William explained that he could not mend the bowl; but the trouble he could mend, by the gift of sixpence to buy another. However, on opening his purse, it was empty of silver, and he had to make amends by promising to meet his little friend in the same spot at the same hour next day, and to bring the sixpence with him, bidding her, meanwhile, tell her mother she had seen a gentleman who would bring her the money for the bowl next day. The child, entirely trusting him, went on her way comforted. On his return home he found an invitation awaiting him to dine in Bath the following evening, to meet some one whom he especially wished to see. He hesitated for some little time, trying to calculate the possibility of giving the meeting to his little friend of the broken bowl, and of still being in time for the dinner party in Bath; but, finding that this could not be, he wrote to decline accepting the invitation, on the plea of a "pre-engagement," saying to one of his family, as he did so, "I cannot disappoint her, she trusted me implicitly."—*The Moravian.*

"This little fellow," said Martin Luther of a bird going to roost, "has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep without a care for to-morrow's lodging; calmly holding by his little twig, and leaving God alone to think of him."

From "The Spectator" through "The Living Age."

THE AUGUST METEORS.

A very ancient tradition prevails in the mountain districts which surround Mount Pelion, that during the night of the Feast of the Transfiguration (August 6) the heavens open, and lights, such as those which surround the altar during the solemn festivals of the Greek Church, appear in the midst of the opening. It has been thought by Quetelet, and Humboldt considered the opinion probable, that this tradition had its origin in the successive apparition of several well-marked displays of the August meteors. If this be so, the date of the shower has slowly shifted, —as that of the November shower is known to have done,—until now another holiday is associated with it, and the simple peasants of Southern Europe recognize in the falling stars of August the "fiery tears of good St. Lawrence the Martyr."

It is wonderful to contemplate the change which in a few short years has come over all our views respecting these meteors. Ten years ago it was considered sufficiently daring to regard the August system as part of a zone of cosmical bodies travelling in an orbit as large perhaps as that of our own earth. Now, the distance even of Neptune seems small in comparison with that from which those bodies have come to us, which flash athwart our skies in momentary splendor, and then vanish for ever, dissipated into thinnest dust by the seemingly feeble resistance of our atmosphere. Accustomed to associate only such giant orbs as Saturn and Jupiter, Uranus and Neptune, with orbits which must be measured by hundreds of millions of miles, the astronomer sees with wonder these tiny and fragile bodies traversing paths yet vaster than those of the outer planets. And even more remarkable, perhaps, is the immensity of the period which the August shooting star has occupied in circling around the central orb of our system. Each one of the bodies which will be seen next Tuesday has been in the neighborhood of the earth's orbit many times before; yet the last visit made by them took place years before the birth of any person now living, since the period of meteoric revolution has been proved to be upwards of 118 years.

Another strange feature of the August meteor-system is the enormous volume of the space through which, even in our neighborhood, the meteor-stratum extends. The famous November system is puny by comparison. Striking that system at a sharp angle, the earth traverses it in a few hours, so that if the earth went squarely through it the pas-

sage would occupy, it has been estimated, less than a hundred minutes. Thus the depth of the November meteor-bed has been calculated to be but a hundred thousand miles or so. But the earth takes nearly three days in passing through the August meteor-system, although the passage is much more direct. For the August meteors come pouring down upon our earth almost from above, insomuch that the radiant point on the heavens whence the shower seems to proceed is not very far from the North Pole; whereas the November meteors meet the earth almost full front, as a rain-storm blown by a head-wind drifts in the face of the traveller. Thus the depth of the August system has been estimated at three millions of miles; and this depth seems tolerably uniform, so that along the whole of that enormous range (to be counted, as we have said, by hundreds of millions of miles), through which the August ring extends, the system has a depth exceeding some four hundred times the diameter of the earth on which we live.

Yet it is probable that the whole weight of the August system, vast as are its dimensions, is infinitely less than that of many a hill upon the earth's surface. For the weight of the separate falling stars of the system has been determined (by one of the wondrously subtle applications of modern scientific processes) to be but a few ounces at the outside; and even during the most splended exhibition of falling stars the bodies which seem to crowd our skies are many miles apart, while under ordinary circumstances thousands of miles separate the successively appearing meteors. Indeed, it was well remarked by an eminent member of the Greenwich corps of astronomers, that the planets tell us by the steadiness of their motions that they are swayed by no such attractions as heavily loaded meteor-systems would exert. "The weight of meteor-systems must be estimated by pounds and ounces, not by tons," he remarked.

The spectroscope has taught us something of the constitution of those bodies, though they never reach the earth's surface. Professor Herschel, third in that line of astronomers which has done so much for science, has employed an August night or two in trying to find out what the August meteors are made of. With a spectroscope of ingenious device constructed by Mr. Browning, F.R.A.S., for the special purpose of seizing the light of these swiftly moving bodies, Professor Herschel was successful in analyzing seventeen meteors. The most interesting of his results is his discovery that the yellow light of the August meteors is due to the presence of the metal sodium in combustion. This metal has a very striking and characteristic spectrum, consisting of two bright orange-yellow lines very close together; and this double line was unmistakably recognized in the spectrum of the August meteors. To use the words of the observer, "their condition" (when rendered visible to us by their combustion) "is exactly that of a flame of gas in a Bunsen's burner, freely charged with the vapor of burning sodium; or of the flame of a spirit lamp newly trimmed, and largely dosed with a supply of moistened salt."

It is strange to consider what becomes of all the sodium thus dispersed throughout the upper regions of air. There can be no doubt that in some form or other—mixed or in combination—it reaches the earth. The very air we breathe must at all times contain, in however minute a proportion, the cosmical dust thus brought to us from out the interplanetary spaces. Nay, for aught we know, purposes of the utmost importance in the economy of our earth, and largely affecting the welfare of the creatures which subsist upon its surface, may be subserved by this continual down-pour of meteoric-matter. We know already that the different meteor-systems are differently constituted. For instance, the white November stars are much less rich in sodium than the yellow August ones. Each system, doubtless, has its special constitution, and thus the air we breathe is continually being dosed with different forms of metalic dust.—now one metal, now another, being added, with results in which, did we but know it, we are doubtless largely interested. Nor is it certain that deleterious results do not occasionally flow from an overdose of some of the elements contained in meteors. It might be plausibly maintained, on evidences drawn from known facts and dates, that occasionally a meteoric system has brought plague and pestilence with it. The "sweating sickness" even has been associated (though we admit, not very satisfactorily) with the 33-year returns of great displays of November shooting stars. Without insisting on such hypotheses as these, which scarcely rest on stronger evidence than the notion that Sodom and Gomorrah was brought about by an unusually heavy downfall of sodium-laden (that is, salt-laden) meteors, we may content ourselves by pointing out that the labors of eminent chemists have shown that the air is actually loaded at times with precisely such forms of metallic dust as the theories of astronomers respecting meteors would lead us to look for.

A person has often been startled from a pleasant dream of self-deception by the words of an angry acquaintance. The angry man may wish his words unsaid the next hour, but

they are past recall. The wisest course is to take home this lesson with meekness.

ITEMS.

A dispatch from Florence, 9th mo. 27th, says Mount Etna is in a state of violent eruption. Streams of lava are pouring from the crater in Valdue.

The King of Portugal has contradicted the rumor of his candidacy for the throne of Spain, and says he was born a native of Portugal, and will die a native of that country.

A Suez despatch announces that the barrier against the passage of waters of the Bitter Lake has been removed, and that M. Lesseps has passed through the canal in a steamer from Port Said to Suez in fifteen hours.

The disappearance of the star Tau Coronæ has excited considerable discussion on the point whether this heavenly body has been consumed by fire, or by increasing its distance from the earth has only vanished from the sight of terrestrial observers. On the latter point, it is stated that recent calculations show the Sun and the star Sirius are receding from each other at the rate of 29.4 miles per second, and it is asserted that this famous star will gradually become dimmer and dimmer, and will eventually entirely vanish from human sight, unless the power in the lenses o telescopes in time will have been so greatly increased that astronomers will be able to investigate more minutely into the now distant and invisible stellar systems.

Sir John Franklin.—The Arctic explorer, Dr. Chas. F. Hall, with his Esquimaux companions, Ebierning and Tookooleto and their daughters, arrived at New Bedford, Mass., Sept. 26th, having sailed on the ship Ansel Gibbs, from Repulse Bay on August 23d. Three men, members of the expedition, arrived on the same day at New London, Conn., on board the whaling schooner Cornelia. Dr. Hall, who is a citizen of Cincinnati, has been engaged in Arctic research during the last five years, and has conducted several expeditions by boat and dog-sledge journeys from the remotest points accessible to whalers. He has been accompanied by the Esquimaux family mentioned above, who act as interpreters to communicate with the natives, and in this way has heretofore obtained valuable information and many relics of Sir John Franklin.

Dr. Hall now brings other articles belonging to the Franklin expedition, including spoons and a chronometer box, which were found on King William's land. The skeletons of several of the members of the expedition and the remains of the boats were also discovered. These relics were in all probability found near the spot where the Erebus and Terror were deserted and which were mentioned in the papers discovered by Captain McClintock in the Cairn. Dr. Hall reports that he met with a native who gave an account of the desertion of the ships, which were stove in. The crews took to the boats and went ashore, where their provisions becoming exhausted they perished from starvation. This information is interesting only as coming from an eye-witness, as the above facts are given in the McClintock documents. From these authentic papers it is known that 105 men, under command of Captain F. R. M. Crozier and Captain James Fitz James, on May 26th, 1848, started to reach Back's Fish river. Dr. Hall reports that he met with an Esquimaux, who asserts that no member of the Crozier party ever reached Montreal island, but that all perished from starvation. The schooner Cornelia brings an anchor found at the extreme north, marked E. S. 1776, and supposed to have belonged to early explorers. A full report of the last expedition to Henry Grinnell, of New York, who furnished a large share of the funds, will be published.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Niagara Falls, it is well known to geologists and other accurate observers, are slowly wearing away. In fact, the channel of the Niagara river has been cut out of the rocks back from Lake Ontario, and there is no reason to doubt that the process is still going on, in some years more perceptibly than in others. The changed appearance of the Falls is now the subject of general remark. The Horse Shoe, it is stated, has evidently given way some thirty feet to that part of the cone where the "green water" is seen, so that the horse-shoe appearance is metamorphosed to that of a triangular shape. It is estimated that about one hundred and fifty tons of rock must have fallen in on the Horse Shoe alone, and old frequenters of Niagara are placing landmarks to notice the recession that may take place before another year. The American Falls, it is asserted, has evidently given way at points to a considerable extent. The present recession, it is believed, is probably the greatest ever witnessed by any one generation. The heavy ice fields which pass over in the spring, the strong currents, and the ceaseless wear and tear of the cataract, it is very certain, must inevitably wear heavily away the rocky crest of the Falls.—*Exchange Paper.*

Father Secchi has added a discovery to the many he has already made in the ever-widening world of stars. He has turned that most wonderful and simple of all instruments, the spectroscope, to the variable Star R in Gemini, and he has found it all ablaze! We well remember the thrilling sensation which was caused by the sudden outburst of a star in Corona in 1866, which shone with the lustre of a star of the fourth magnitude, and gradually disappeared in the formless void, though still remaining as an object of telescopic research. The variable star in Gemini to which we now refer attained its maximum brightness in February last, and has been subjected to a careful spectroscopic examination by Father Secchi, one of the unwearied investigators of celestial phenomena. He found its spectrum closely analogous to that of the star in Corona. It shows a brilliant hydrogen ray, and as near as terrestrial observation can determine presents the awe-inspiring spectacle of a world on fire! It has taken many years for the light of that burning star to reach our mortal vision; perhaps even now yonder sparkling sun flaming up among the stars has passed into a new form of material existence, and its dependent worlds have been dissolved in vapor. Many years must pass before even on the swift wings of light the tidings will be borne to us; for many years still shining among its peers will the star be seen by mortal eyes even when the fiat of Almighty Power has blotted it out forever. R in Gemini is not the only fire whose mighty blaze we have to watch. The physicists have been busy with the two comets of 1868, called Brorson's and Winnecke's, and found them to be masses of burning carbon of extreme tenuity. Winnecke's comet still faintly burns in the northwestern evening sky. Now, too, we can account for the great star of 1572, which suddenly shone forth in Cassiopeta with a brightness which made it visible at noonday; now we comprehend the lesser light of Corona, and watch with intensified interest the fire which every night is revealed to our observation—*Providence Journal.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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STRENGTH, AND HOW TO USE IT.

(Concluded from page 499.)

It is obvious, therefore, that whatever reform is made in this concern, as matters stand, must be made by the individual worker for himself, for his own preservation, and without waiting for his guild or profession to move together and with him. If the farmer finds that he is working beyond his strength, that he is losing flesh and appetite in consequence, and getting rheumatic and stiff, he must plan his work so as to do less. He must not "dung out" so much corn-land that he must work at "covering" an hour after sunset: he must not cut down so much grass in the forenoon that he cannot get it all cocked up before eight o'clock in the evening. "But the work must be done!" he exclaims. Well, perhaps it must, but he must not do it. He must not do it—first, because if he does, he will lose more than he gains, not for this year alone, but for all the rest of his life; and, secondly, because his doing it will take from him, or tend to take from him, with his health, that susceptibility of enjoyment which alone makes life desirable. If he cannot do it without such excessive exertion, we repeat, he must not do it at all. He has no right to make others do it—do it to the same excess: no right to make those do it, even if they are willing to do it—young hired men or his boys—who do not know what an evil doing too much is. Be it observed, we do not bid the farmer do less than he really will if he goes forward and overworks as specified: we ask him rather so to manage as to do more and be richer in the long run. This excessive overwork can, in the larger part, be obviated by careful adjustments of labor, prudent foresight, and a determination not to do at all hazards more than the strength will allow. It is of course a bitter thing, when labor presses and the fruits of the year's toil seem hanging upon the work in advance, not to go forward and do it at whatever certainty of exhaustion and risk of serious bodily damage. But even in such extreme cases it is believed that the ultimate advantage will be with him who stays his hand and saves his health.

These views apply to workers in all departments of labor—to masons, carpenters, blacksmiths, ship-builders; to school-teachers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, students and professional men of all grades. Laborers in these departments, in so far as they are independent, may, as just suggested, by the exercise of determination and resolute purpose and forecast, regulate their duties to their capacities. They can refuse to undertake to do more than their health will allow—a measure which they can all learn to judge pretty accurately of by a little observation. In so far as they are in a state of subordination or dependency, they can still reach the same end by express stipulation at the outset for days of respite, or the remission of an hour each day, or exemption

from the hardest parts of the work with correspondent reduction in pay. The lawyer can say to his client, "I cannot undertake your case: I have as much as I can safely attempt to carry. I regret it, but it cannot be otherwise."

The school-teacher who finds his labor too arduous, if engaged in ordinary country district service, may arrange with the agent or the committee to drop one day of duty from the week, the deficiency being made good by an extra week or more at the end of the regular school term. If in the service of city schools, he may still be able to secure remission by suitable representations at headquarters, by having the daily session close an hour earlier than usual, or by engaging an assistant himself for a fraction of the day—a thing that can easily be done in cities. The student who, by reason of a "poor fit" or necessary absence from the school or college, finds he cannot keep up with all his classes without straining his eyes or impairing his digestion with overstudy, should by all means drop one study, or more if necessary, or fall back a year, rather than work on. The professional writer, also, having once learned how long he can hold the pen daily without detriment, should bind himself never to overrun this time, however urgent be the press of thought at its expiration, and however fresh and vigorous he may feel, as he should feel to the last, in the heat and excitement of composition. Every minute he works beyond this time tires him more than every hour before, and makes cuts and gashes in his constitution that days of rest will hardly make whole.

The housewife has equal need with any of the forementioned to learn the great lesson how much she can do, and to cultivate the resolution to do no more. When she has done all she safely can without running the risk of over-exhaustion, then, however dusty the parlor carpet may be, however soiled the paint of the dining-room, however tumbled up the wardrobe, however big a mess of fat is waiting to be tryed out, however much her dresses need fixing and her oldfashioned bonnet revamping, let her have the courage to let these all have the go-by until she can rally strength or can hire help to do them without the risk of getting sick. This is indeed a bitter prescription, but it is wholesome. Sickness in a family is worse than dust or stain or disorder, and considerable deprivation of comfort even, for it involves all these, and a good deal more that is disagreeable and painful.

It is quite unnecessary to go on with further detail as to the modes in which respite from overwork may be secured, or the parties who should make effort to secure it. In each department of labor those will see clearest and know best how this thing can be done who do business in that department. We seek only to impress the necessity and duty as deeply as possible on the mind of every worker of his carrying a constant thought and sleepless vigilance against this encroaching and destructive habit, that is laying low so many of our best laborers in all the fields of industry. The temptation to over-do is exceeding strong on various accounts. Work has its own peculiar exhilaration and excitement, which tend to carry whoever engages in it beyond his actual available strength, feeding on brain and muscle and nerve to sustain the flame. The worker cannot stop, or feels that he cannot. When his physicians expostulated with Sir Walter Scott for working on thus to sure destruction, he replied, "You talk as if Molly were to put the kettle on the fire and should say, 'There, don't boil.'" He had kindled such a fever of irritability and morbid excitement in his brain by overtaxing it that rest became impossible—impossible with the moral force brought to bear to secure it. Then, again, the worker in any department has a pride not to fall behind: he is ashamed to confess himself unequal to his fellows, and in many cases lays down his life a sacrifice to his pride. Further, the consequences of overexertion are not generally immediate, at least not immediate in their worst forms; and accordingly there is almost always a hope secretly cherished of eluding them, of stopping in time to rescue the constitution from wreck and health from complete foundering—a hope in too many instances delusive and bitterly disappointed.

Worst of all, from miscalculations, from attempting to carry the burden of a family with its multifarious expenses and toils, when neither financial nor hygienic considerations would allow, multitudes put themselves in a position where respite seems, and probably is, out of the question. They must work on or see their families beggars, and they will work to death rather than submit to live and see that. This is doubtless the productive spring of the far greater proportion of the overwork pushed to the extremes that kill. There is no remedy or preventive for such cases other than the creation of a public sentiment and public habit intolerant of invalid and substantially pauper marriages. So long as men will marry with only a slender stock of health, and with no property laid up against a possible day of want, so long will there be some, and many, compelled to work when they are not able to work, and killed at length for lack of the rest they are not able to take.

Casting out of the account examples of the last-mentioned class, with perhaps some others

of measurably correspondent urgency, there remains the large majority of cases of overwork which can be prevented by resolution or obviated by discretion and forethought. As implied in a preceeding paragraph, there must be some settled principles of procedure upon which to base corrective action. And in the first place, it will not answer to trust to *sensations* alone. . . . When it has been demonstrated that three hours of steady, rapid writing produces a greater destruction of nerve tissues than ten hours of hard mechanical labor, and this fact has been proclaimed by the public press and even in the common-school physiologies, there is no adequate excuse for a man who will go on and commit suicide by writing sermons or magazine articles, or working up a law-case, at the rate of ten hours a day. Very few men indeed, who work with rapidity, can be justified in laboring more than five hours a day at any arduous intellectual avocation.

Men who are tempted to overdo must work *by the clock*. They must resolve beforehaud, in cool blood, and when not wrought upon by temptation to set the bound too far, that they will work only so long, and then, whether they have got half through, whether they have got half so much done as they expected, they will stop. Furthermore, they must resolve and determine, and make it a matter of most serious duty, not to work too fast. It is possible for a man to cut short his hours of labor, and then make the matter worse by working with greater intensity than before. A horse may be driven forty-five miles a day for a month together, but sixteen miles in one hour might ruin him for a season, if not for life. Euler, the great geometer, in his young manhood, once drove through to completion in three days a mathematical calculation for the performance of which his brother academicians demanded four months, and brought on by it a partial paralysis of the optic nerve, which made him two-thirds blind all the rest of his life. Horace Mann attempted to carry on his own shoulders a bankrupt college that was started too soon, located in the wrong place and paralyzed by the opposition or indifference of a surrounding hostile population; and so, after doing the work of half a dozen men, lay down just after a college commencement, and died of sheer exhaustion.

It is doubtless true that some things can be done only by tremendous bursts of labor. The brain-work of some men, especially those who belong to the class of geniuses, would seem to be done somewhat after the manner of that powerful engine of the laboratory, the *calorimotor*. The various materials are slowly aggregated and put away in their respective receptacles, the process going on half unconsciously on the part of the operator; when, on a sudden, preparation being complete, by some slightest touch, the contacts are closed, the moment of combustion comes, and straightway gold, silver, iron, stone, and all refractory materials are fused, mingled, recast, and put forth for all the world to wonder at in their new-created forms; which done, the chemical engine sinks into rust and inaction for months. Workers of this style must be suffered to do things in their own way. But average people can regulate the time, manner and degree of their work, and still do their work well; and it is for these and for ourselves that our prescriptions are intended.

It is hardly necessary to say that our suggestions are not offered as of any value to those individuals who are not liable to suffer from overdoing, of whom there are many in the world. There are some men so heavily organized, who think so slow and move so slow, that the day at its greatest length, anywhere below the sixtieth parallel of latitude, is hardly long enough for them to get tired in. Others there are of such muscular force and such exhaustless fund of vital energy that no amount of labor exhausts them: they "don't know what it is to feel tired:" they can work when they please, and as long as they please, and poke as much fun as they please at "rules" for judicious working, and point to their own impunity for justification in so doing.

Mr. Webster never was done with his praises of the two or three hours before breakfast as the best time for work, when the stomach is empty and the head clear. Just as if ordinary mortals could stand it to write State papers and work up law-suits on an empty stomach! Mr. Beecher confesses that when he has any important labor on his hands, his appetite all leaves him; whereupon he sets into the work and finishes it, and attends to eating afterwards. *He* can do this without sensible harm, because he carries such a prodigious fund of reserved physical power to draw upon, but not over one man in a million could find such a course anything else than speedy suicide. It is much to be regretted that these immense men do not understand their own case and the case of ordinary mortals better than to make public statement and reccomendation of their working habits as suitable for imitation by the million. Still others there are, and a greater number, who are born lazy. They are natural shirks. Not only overdoing, but doing at all, is a violence to their feelings, if not their very organization. These persons are certainly not happily constituted, but the good associated with their evil is, that they do not wear out fast: they accomplish only a little in a year,

but they generally live a good many years, and repeat that little many times.

But there are, as compared with all these, a very great number of persons of limited strength, of inherited feebleness of constitution, of nervous irritability, of quick sensibilities, who get interested or totally absorbed in whatever they do, to whom, with multitudes more that need not be specified, it becomes a matter of the very first importance to ascertain, by careful observation of themselves and exact estimate of their work from day to day, precisely how much they can do, and to establish certain fixed bounds beyond which they will not pass under the pressure of however great temptation. There are multitudes whose very life depends upon the formation of such habits; and larger multitudes the continuation of whose usefulness and happiness is directly contingent thereupon. To the far larger proportion of all workers it is a matter of consequence that the impression and conviction be firmly set upon and fixed in their minds that to get tired is, so far as it goes, to get sick. Exhaustion is sickness—a sickness all over—and is to be deprecated and avoided as zealously as any other sickness.

As of workers, so of overworkers, there are two general classes—those of the hand and those of the head; both of which grand divisions pass into each other by quite insensible gradations, but which may, without great impropriety, be regarded as substantially defined one from the other. The definition is practically important, since both the precautions and the remedies adapted to each are substantially different. The handworker who has exerted himself too much has comparatively little else to do than to rest, unless he has brought on positive sickness, in which case he passes into the hands of the doctor, and therefore out of ours. The exhaustion of mere physical toil takes on recuperation with comparative readiness, unless it is so profound as to effect some of the great vital functions, as digestion, etc. The healthy teamster, or wood-chopper, or stevedore, or stone-cutter, or carpenter, can hardly get so tired that a day's rest, with the night's sleep on both sides of it, will not make him "feel as good as new." He should remember two things, however: first, that after a day of prodigious and excessive labor he never will be as good as new. The crack such a day's work makes in the constitution can no more be mended than a crack in a glass globe can be patched up good as new. Every time such a day's toil is repeated the seam opens a longer cleft. He does not know it—he cannot realize it: he has no nice habit of analyzing sensations and marking the toning-down of his vital processes. But he will find that Nature will keep the tally, and make a deeper and deeper scratch each time into the crystal and brittle receptacles of his life. Sit down by a parcel of decrepit, used-up workers and listen. This drayman brought on the rheumatism that has warped him up like a cedar shingle by "carting a double day's work of flour from the ship Ceres." That blacksmith never had a well day "after he stayed up all night and tired a pair of cart wheels that were to go to Boston next day." This farmer "melted himself mowing, the third day running, in the sun." This housewife never has "digested a mouthful of victuals in any comfort since she wove her great parlor carpet in nine days." That one brought on bleeding at the lungs "making forty-two cheese in the hottest summer ever known." No, they don't get over it. They never will. This is a truth that every worker is profoundly interested to know and realize to the full, and shape his practice and form his settled habits by.

Secondly, the worker who has greatly overdone at any sort of labor should remember that at precisely that sort of labor he will be for a long time least in condition to engage. The man who has brought on an attack of sciatic rheumatism by walking forty-seven miles in a day, and has "got over it," will be more likely to bring it on, worse than before, by twenty-five miles a day than by the equivalent of that amount of work at threshing grain or planing boards or hewing logs. The ship-carpenter who has wrenched his back laying the keel of a vessel will find for a great while that he cannot lay so strong a hold as before upon the heavy bulks of timber—that he can do "as much again" at walking or heavy hammering, or almost anything else than the old work. This law holds almost universally, and is of obvious practical importance to be borne in mind.

Of all the beautiful things in this world, one of the most beautiful is the undying affection of parent and child, of brother and sister; of friends who have been friends from childhood to manhood; of those who through long years of prosperity and disaster still work together, go on together, pursue the same aim, live the same life. This unselfish love is a germ of the love of God, and leads upward to the good and the true. It is comfort, it is joy, it is heaven.

When parents learn that God intended intelligent beings for something beside frivolities—when they realize that the "chief good here below" is the study of that God in his works, and the application of such knowledge to the benefit of their fellow-beings—

and when, becoming convinced of the truth of these things, they so educate their children that they will become useful members of society, then will frivolity have an end. How long must we wait?

For Friends' Intelligencer.

OHIO YEARLY MEETING.

Believing that the late Yearly Meeting of Friends, held at Salem, was a very favored season, I thought a few sketches concerning it might be interesting, and perhaps profitable, to the readers of the Intelligencer.

Select meeting opened on Seventh-day, and the day following (First-day) there were two meetings for public worship, which were interesting opportunities.

On Second-day, the 30th of Eighth month, the meeting for business opened, and continued by adjournments until the 2d of Ninth month, inclusive. Epistles were received from all other meetings with which it is in correspondence, which were read, much to the encouragement of the hearers. Though the answers as brought up from subordinate meetings gave evidence of much weakness, yet I remarked one encouraging feature, that there was unity throughout our entire borders.

The Indian concern came up at different times, upon which there was interest of feeling expressed, and a joint committee of men and women was appointed, to have oversight of the subject, during the recess of the Yearly Meeting, the coming year. In connection with this I may add that Franklin Haines and Joseph Powell, being on their return from a visit to the Indians, a meeting was appointed one afternoon for them to talk upon the subject, and much interest was manifested in the information elicited concerning the agencies and the Indians under their charge.

There was a large attendance of Ministers from other Yearly Meetings,—viz.: Ann Packer, from Indiana; Edmund Willets, from Long Island; and Ann Singley, Susan Williams, Henry Ridgway and Amos Jones, of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, who bore ample testimony to the universality of the grace of God, and its power to overcome all evil if proper obedience is yielded to its teachings. Their labors of Gospel love will not soon be forgotten. There were also many others in attendance from a distance, some with certificates and some without, whose presence and company were truly acceptable and encouraging.

In addition to the foregoing, there were several appointed evening meetings during the week. Being too far away, I was deprived of attending any of them, but doubt not they were refreshing seasons, as the Master is at all times ready to own the labors of his devoted children.

10*th mo.* 1, 1869. ENOS HEACOCK.

THE CHRISTIAN IDEA OF A PERFECT MANHOOD.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A perfect manhood will require the harmonious development of all the parts of the human mind and body, as God has already made them. And so a perfect character is predetermined, in some sense. Nothing is superfluous in man; no part too much; nothing too little; no appetite is fixed in our constitution but is useful; no passion that is superfluous; no force, faculty, or function that is not indispensable; the body itself is sacred; whatever a man may have, it is to be cherished and to be honored. The great ground instincts of our nature, and from which have sprung such an affinity of mischiefs in their misrule, are, nevertheless, indispensable conditions of power, and of power in the high range, too. The social affections, the whole intellectual department, artistic and æsthetic, the faculties, the moral and spiritual sentiments, all these, and each in its rank and degree, are component elements of true Christian manhood. Christianity is not designed to eliminate faculty or power, but to give them inspection and power and training—to make more of them, not less. For self-denial itself, which is commanded, is but an interior discipline, by which the higher faculties keep under the lower. Our business is not to lessen, but to regulate; not to destroy, but to educate and control everything that it pleased God to give us. There is to be no such æsthetic notion as shall attempt to throw out of use any part of man's nature, as if he would be better without it than with it. There may be a necessity to oblige some part of our nature to express itself less generously, less freely. A man may be enforced to limit his pride, but no man should destroy his pride. It may be necessary for a man to break down somewhat the mountain of his firmness, or obstinacy rather, but no man is good for anything who has not some obstinacy in him to use upon occasion. It may be necessary for a man to restrict vanity, but a man who does not love praise is not a full man. Every part is indispensable. Every part must come, however, under education, must be co-ordinate, must be kept under, regulated, modified, in order that manhood may have infinity, variety, sweetness, power, endurance, beauty. This, then, is the Christian ideal of manhood—the development of man's whole nature, and the training of every part into subordination and harmony, the identifying of every part, and of the whole, with whatever is sweet, genial and beautiful. A true man after

Christ will be the most noble, beautiful thing upon earth; the freest and most joyous; the most fruitful in all goodness. There is no picture that was ever painted, no work of art ever conceived, one-half so beautiful as is the life of a man thoroughly developed upon the pattern of Christ Jesus. As to live well for the life to come is the surest way of living well for this world, so, to live rightly for this world is the surest way of living well for the life to come. We are placed in circumstances in this world such that things next to us must receive attention, must excite thought. He that goes away from this material life mistakes entirely this divine, Providential arrangement. Some men try to be Christians by a morality which has in it simple justice between man and man; and are wont to say, "If a man will do about right here, God will see to the great hereafter"—which has in it a speck of truth, and but a speck. And others take the other part and say, "He that would live wisely and forsake the world, he should set his affections on things above," and pervert the apostolic meaning of that beautiful command, as if it were our business to think entirely and exclusively, and live as anchorites, separate from the vital life that now is. These must be kept together. Shall men dispute which is the most important, the forward sight upon a gun, or the hind sight? In its place each is the most important. If you take true aim, you must draw the foresight through the hind one. And shall men dispute which is the most important, this world or the other? One is the foresight, the other is the hindsight; put them both in range, and work with them both. This is the only world that we can live in at present. Human life, human society, civil government, is God's means of grace. It is your drill-ground; and these are to be used as men use machines. The potter does not expect that the piece of clay will leave its nature and its destiny, and become a part of the wheel on which he has put it that he may fashion it. Nor when it is shaped and put into the furnace does he believe that it is to be changed into flame and go away as gas into the air. It is to be refined by machinery, through the furnace, to its final form and beauty, amid grinding and heat. And we are in this world to be fashioned by grinding. The ten thousand industries of life, all the aspirations, and interstrifes of social excitement—these are but so many influences that are chiseling, or are rasping us, shaping us. It was meant to be so. Life and business in life, all occupations, are means of grace. The place for true virtue is where virtue is tempted; the place for courage is where there is danger; the place for manhood is where there is a stress in the other direction. And it is where men mingle with men that they are tempted to selfishness, and to rise in pride, but hold it in subjection; it is where men are tempted to be cruel and bitter, and grievous and exacting, and, in the midst of these temptations, strengthening the other tendency—that is where man is formed. No man is formed in a cave as a bat; no man is formed as an anchorite, an æsthetic; but in overcoming evil and temptation, and that, too, in the place where God has called you up. The world is grandly constituted to develop manhood in those who know how to use it. And how base and ignoble are they who squander their manhood in this world, who pass through a most wonderfully organized system of education, namely, the national, the civil and the social world, and parcel out noble nature, as it were, for sale.

How does the machine pass through the various shapes in its construction? In goes a lump of pig-iron; it is molded and rudely shaped at first; it passes out from one set of hands into the second set. Something more is given to it—not fineness, not polish, but shape; the next shape into which it passes takes, it may be, something from it—takes away the clumsiness, reducing the bulk, and at last it comes out, having gained something of every single man who has touched it; and it is a perfect machine when it issues from the other side. This is God's workshop, my young friend; you are put into it to gain experience, and education, and symmetry, and shapeliness, quality, temper, and, at last, to issue from the other side a perfect man. I call you, secondly, to a Christian life, not simply because it is the way of duty, but I call you to a Christian life because it is the only way in which you can find your own salvation. No man can become a man until he becomes a Christian. Not that he must be a member of the church; not that a sectarian is necessarily a Christian; but I call men to Christ because manhood in Christ Jesus is the true ideal of manhood. There is an impression that religion is a life of restriction, that it is a pent up, imprisoned way, full of inconveniences and loss, and that men are to be paid for this hereafter—what they lack here, and lose, they are to reclaim in the heavenly land, or to commute for. Men hold that outside of a Christian life there is a certain liberty and gayety, and joyousness, and that the natural state is more manly. Men must have seen a poor specimen of a Christian to think that the natural state is a happier state of manhood than the Christian state. For the true Christian is the largest built of any living man, and, by far, he is one who has the greatest liberty. No man is free until he has learned to live in his higher nature. Only

learning to be a Christian is life burdenme and restricted. And it is so in everyiing else. When a language is commanded becomes a source of larger scope and enyment. While men are learning the gramiar of the language it is tedious. When ien have gained knowledge, certainly they re larger, in their stature, intellectually. I ould not urge religion upon you, having you ll the time thinking I am to be a Methodst, I am to be a Baptist, I am to be a Congregationalist, I am to be an Episcopalian, I High Churchman, and I a Low Churchnan. I urge none of these things. It is not hat, at all. Do you suppose a vine, growng at the garden side, falls down with clusers only on the garden side? It goes over the wall, and clear down on the other side blossom and fall its purple clusters, that the child, or the man, smitten with the noon-day heat, may take something from it.—*Christian Register.*

THE DAILY CROSS.

The difficulty in religion is the taking up of the cross daily, rather than the taking it up on some set occasions, and under extraordinary circumstances. The serving God in little things: the carrying of religious principles into all the minutiæ of life, the discipline of our tempers, the regulation of our speech, the domestic Christianity, the momentary sacrifices, the secret and unobserved self-denials; who that knows anything of the difficulties of piety does not know that there is greater danger of his failing in these, than in trials of far greater cost and sterner endurance? It is not, comparatively, hard to put the armor on, when there is an alarm of battle. And the warfare with our spiritual enemies is not warfare in a series of pitched battles, with intervals for resting and recruiting; it is rather daily, hourly, momentary fighting; this is the driving out "by little and little," to which the Almighty promises "the reward of the inheritance."—*Journal.*

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

1861.

I suppose ere this your dear friends have returned. The little band left behind them in our borders a sweet savor. How good it is when those who go forth in the Master's service so move among their friends and the people as to adorn their calling.

When our little home meeting assembled for the first time after our yearly feast was over, we were favored with a sweet feeling around and among us, something like a skirt of the good-will of Him who dwelt in the bush. Such seasons are an encouragement to greater faithfulness. Individual obedience to the unfoldings of the divine law not only has the promise of eternal life, but it surely greatly increases our happiness here in the present life; in comparison with which happiness, what are all the crosses or privations that this obedience may cause? Surely they are lighter than vanity.

Though many may be the trials and the conflicts of our day, some of us have known the voice of the Most High to be mightier than the noise of many waters—yea, mightier than the mighty waves of the sea. He who has promised to be the Helper of His people has been our arm every morning, and our salvation in the day of trouble; therefore let us not cast away our shield. If our confidence remains steadfast, He will cover us with His feathers and in His wing we will trust.

The preceding presented as my pen moved along. It has filled my heart with the overflowings of the Father's love, so that even under the near prospect of leaving home to visit the South land, I can rejoice and give thanks.

I received thy note, my dear friend, as one among the many instances of the kind regard of a gracious Caretaker to one very unworthy of the least of His mercies. When I seriously resolved, after a struggle between duty and inclination never to be forgotten, to turn my back upon many things in which I had delighted, and to be willing to be thought of the number of those who are seeking a better country, I often felt as though I stood alone without a human being who could fully sympathize in my feelings, and that my trials and sufferings were known only to Him who knoweth all hearts; yet blessed be His name,—and I trust I may say so without presumption,—He has raised me up friends, even where I least expected them. I have long felt affectionately united to thee, and in the silence of our meetings have often felt a wish for thy strength and encouragement.

This may seem strange language from one whose experience in best things is so very small, but I do not believe that thou wilt so consider it, but that the love and sympathy of the least child in the family will be acceptable. Often when my many frailties and infirmities are remembered, my only consolation is that I love those who love the Truth.

One of my greatest trials has been the conflict of feeling when called to decide between the duty to a Heavenly and an earthly parent; but I have ever found, that if I sought for strength to do what was right, and was care

ful to go no farther than was clearly pointed out, my mind was clothed with that measure of love and gentleness which has enabled me to endure all things and to perform my varied duties to those around me. In looking at the circumstances by which I am surrounded, I can see that Wisdom which from seeming evil still educes good, for the virtues of patience and forbearance, in which I am naturally deficient, have been exercised and strengthened.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 16, 1869.

Difficulties of Editorship.—Week after week as the preparation of the *Intelligencer* claims our attention, we lament the scarcity of matter, affecting the interests of our Society.

We doubt not that within the limits of the circulation of our paper there are those who could furnish what would greatly enrich its columns, were they disposed to send us such contributions. And the query often arises, Why do they not? Is there not among our members sufficient zeal and interest to induce a more extended effort to increase the usefulness of our periodical by rendering it a greater means for the diffusion of the principles professed by Friends, and for the conveyance of information calculated to unite and strengthen us as a religious body?

We believe that some of our subscribers feel with us the lack of such reading matter in our paper; others say, "Why publish so freely from the writings of Friends of former days? Though good in itself, it may be compared to the manna of yesterday; give us what is now transpiring among us." Gladly would we do this, when such articles are at our command. We have frequently presented the difficulties under which we labor in this respect, in the hope of inciting the thinking minds and capable writers among us to come to our help; and we would again direct attention to a practical consideration of this subject, believing that a loss is sustained for want of laborers in the work.

While our motto is "to glean from every vintage," and we are glad to be able to present much of interest and profit from those not of our fold, we greatly regret that it is in our power to gather comparatively little from within our own enclosure. The fie are white unto the harvest, but we need re ers and threshers that the grain may s serve the general good.

Indiana Yearly Meeting.—From a c respondent in attendance, we learn that I diana Yearly Meeting of Friends, held Richmond, convened 9th mo. 27th, and clos on Sixth-day, 10th month 1st. The a tendance was unusually large, and man Friends were there from other Yearly Mee ings, both with and without minutes. Th company of all these Friends was acknow edged to be acceptable, and the ministration of such as were called to address the people edifying and strengthening. During the sev eral sittings there was a manifest increase of in terest and religious concern, especially among the younger portion of the Society. The new and commodious meeting-house was opened for public worship on First-day morning and afternoon, and on Fourth-day morning and evening, the latter for the young people at the request of a young Friend, with the approval of the Yearly Meeting. These several meetings were largely attended, and it was believed, with profit to those present. The consideration of the state of Society brought an exercise over the meeting, and Friends were encouraged to greater faithfulness to the promptings of Truth, and that we should not insist too much on a traditionary adherence to the forms and fashions of the past. In regard to dress, we were reminded that were any women to enter the meeting-house now, attired in the ancient fashion, with green aprons and bonnets with black capes, they would be regarded as out of order. It was nevertheless hoped that the young, if deviating from what is styled the plain garb, should have for their motive simplicity and convenience.

The appointment of Elders in the Church was spoken of as being a wise arrangement, and they were counseled to be as nursing fathers and mothers to those young in the ministry, and the simile was presented of the candle which might occasionally need snuffing, but in using the snuffers, care should be taken that the light be not extinguished. The young were advised while following the

manifestations of duty, not to forget to have charity for those who may not see with them. The subject of education, introduced by the Report of the Yearly Meeting's committee, claimed attention, and the desire was expressed that Friends should consider what they have to do in this important matter, not only in reference to local schools, but that they might exercise a care with regard to such as necessarily have to be sent to boarding schools. It was also thought that though provision had been recently made by the State for the education of colored children, yet Friends had a duty to perform in endeavoring to break down the prejudice which would prevent their attendance at schools for white children in neighborhoods where but few of them reside. The Indian concern, which had been under the care of the Meeting for Sufferings, claimed consideration, and resulted in the appointment of a special committee of men and women to have charge thereof. Two conferences of this Committee were held, one of which was open to the members of the Yearly Meeting. The house was well filled with an interested audience, and letters were read from Superintendent Janney and others, in which some of the wants of the Indians were noted. About $400 was subscribed by those present to supply their immediate necessities, which was placed at the disposal of the Committee, who were also authorized to draw upon the treasurer of the Yearly Meeting for whatever sum they might deem necessary to fulfil the object of their appointment.

Members of Indian Committees from other Yearly Meetings were present, and it was concluded to meet in general conference at the time of Baltimore Yearly Meeting on the 15th of the present month.

Ann Packer visited the men's meeting under religious concern, and William Dorsey and James Haines that of the women's. At the close of the Yearly Meeting, the shutters were opened at the request of Elihu Durfree, of Genesee, and after a solemn religious opportunity the meeting closed. There appeared to be but one sentiment, that the Yearly Meeting had been a season of spiritual refreshment, but we were reminded that although we had been at a great feast, that the manna of yesterday will not suffice for to-day, and that we must daily have recourse to the Divine Fountain.

Evening Meetings have for some time been held in Richmond at private residences by some of the younger members, for mutual sympathy and spiritual strength.

These were held as usual on First and Fifth-day evenings, and were large and satisfactory gatherings. There was a very impressive solemnity attending them, and some, both of the old and young, gave utterance to their feelings in short exhortations and prayer.

In connection with these may be mentioned an incident showing the importance of individual faithfulness. At one of the earlier meetings, a young Friend felt it required of him to read a chapter in the Bible, but refrained from doing so, lest it might be disapproved by some elderly Friends who were present for the first time. The meeting proved an unsatisfactory one, owing probably to this want of faithfulness.

The next day having some business with a ministering Friend, she remarked (not knowing his feelings) that it had felt to her that some one present at that time should have fulfilled a duty by reading a portion of Scripture. Soon after he met another Friend, who remarked, "I did not attend to my duty at the meeting, or I should have desired thee to read a portion of Scripture." A similar remark was made by a third person, thus confirming his impression of duty.

The Seventh, Second and Third-day evening meetings in reference to First-day Schools were largely attended. The number of schools reported was not as many as last year, but the interest did not appear to have decreased. In one instance, the school was suspended for want of a room and the unwillingness of the teachers to hold it in the meeting-house, and thereby burden the mind of an aged friend who had not felt easy therewith. Communications from the Baltimore and Philadelphia Associations were read, and an epistle of love and encouragement from Sarah Hunt, all of which were acceptable. An executive committee was appointed to labor, as way opens, to bring the subject of

First-day Schools to the notice of Friends in different localities. Epistles addressed to the Associations of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Genesse Yearly Meetings were adopted and directed to be forwarded.

THE YEARLY MEETING OF WOMEN FRIENDS was also largely attended and great unity and harmony prevailed.

The revised discipline of Indiana Yearly Meeting (which has lately been published) provides for a joint committee of men and women to represent the Yearly Meeting in its recess. A committee was accordingly appointed, and hereafter women Friends will participate in the important duties devolving upon the Meeting for Sufferings.

MARRIED.

ELLIS—COLE.—On the 7th inst., at the residence of J. Frank Wilson, under the care of Green Street Monthly Meeting, J. Pemberton Ellis to Carrie M., daughter of the late Edward Cole, all of this city.

DIED.

BORTON.—"Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." On the 27th ult., at Woodstown, N. J., in the 57th year of his age, Wm. Borton, a highly esteemed elder of Pilesgrove Monthly Meeting. His physical sufferings for a lengthened period were great, but he was strengthened to endure them with patience and resignation. We feel sensibly that a loss has been sustained not easily repaired; but He who made him what he was, through grace, can qualify others if they are concerned to apply unto Him the Fountain of all Good. His close was calm and peaceful, affording to surrounding friends the consoling belief that his redeemed spirit had risen out of the trials of time into the riches of eternity. W. F.

MILLER.—On the 26th of Second month, 1869, Edith, wife of Eli Miller, in the 67th year of her age; a member of Dunning's Creek Monthly Meeting, Bedford Co., Pa.

MILLER.—On the 26th of Fifth mo., 1869, Hannah Miller, daughter of Eli and Edith Miller, in the 36th year of her age; a member of Dunning's Creek Monthly Meeting, Bedford Co., Pa. This devoted daughter mourned not long the loss of her mother. Both had suffered much, for the decline of each was protracted and rather painful; but the sweet Christian spirit with which each bore her affliction was a comfort and support to the other, and as the physical system declined, the spiritual perceptions seemed to brighten.

KIRK.—On Second-day evening, the 4th inst., at the residence of her brother Edward Townsend, Elizabeth T., wife of Mahlon Kirk, and daughter of the late Charles and Priscilla Townsend of this city.

WALTON.—On the morning of the 7th inst., of diptheria, in Highland Township, Chester Co., Pa., Florence, only daughter of Dr. N. P. and Elma M. Walton, in her 9th year; a member of Pennsgrove Monthly Meeting Pa.

WHITSON.—On First-day morning, Tenth mont 10th, 1869, of paralysis, at the residence of her so in-law Edmund Willets, Manhasset, L. I., An widow of Thomas Whitson, in the 91st year of h age; a member of Flushing Monthly Meeting.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM

Convened in the Library room at Race St. Meetin house on Third-day evening, the 5th inst. Th following officers are appointed for the season:

HOWARD GOURLEY, *Secretary.*
SAMUEL H. GARTLEY, *Treasurer.*
ANNA M. HUNT, *Corresponding Secretary.*
Executive Committee,

Alfred Moore,	J. M. Truman, Jr.,
Wm. B. Webb,	Wm. Eyre,
C. A. Dixon,	Jane P. Grahame,
J. M. Ellis,	Rebecca Webb,
Geo. Taber,	Ella Hunt,

F. Lizzie Pierce.

The Lyceum adjourned to meet on the 19th ins

HOWARD GOURLEY, *Secretary.*

10*th mo.* 6, 1869.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

Parents and others who have entered students fo the first term are informed that for their accommo dation a train will leave the Depot at Thirty-firs and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, on Fifth-day, th 21st inst., at 9 o'clock A.M. No public inaugura tion will be held on that day.

EDWARD PARRISH, *Clerk.*

10*th mo.* 12, 1869.

FREEDMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation o the Freedmen will meet on Fourth-day evening, 20t inst., at 7½ o'clock, in the Monthly Meeting Room Race St.

JACOB M. ELLIS, } *Clerks.*
ANNE COOPER, }

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

The Executive Committee of the First-day Schoo General Conference will meet at Friends' Meeting house, Lombard St., Baltimore, on Seventh-da evening, before the Yearly Meeting, Tenth mo. 23d at 7½ o'clock.

EDWIN CRAFT, *Clerk.*

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The Executive Committee will meet on Sixth-da Tenth month 15th, at 3 o'clock, P.M.

W. M. LEVICK, Clerk.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

10th mo. 17th, Galen, N. Y., 11 A.M.
" " Bethpage, L. I., 11 A.M.
" " Jerusalem, L. I., 3½ P.M.
" " Radnor, Pa., 3 P.M.
" " Woodbury, N. J., 2½ P.M.
" 24th, Mullica Hill, " "
" " West Chester, N. Y., 11 A.M.
" 31st, Woodstown, N. J., 2½ P.M.
11th mo. 7th, Salem, N. J., 2½ P.M.
" 14th, Vineland, N. J., 2½ P.M.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

The Committee on Circular Meetings of Philadel phia Quarterly Meeting will meet Sixth-day, Tentl month 15th, at 4 o'clock P.M, at Race Street.

GEO. TRUMAN, *Clerk.*

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

An Address delivered by PROFESSOR AGASSIZ *before the Boston Society of Natural History at the celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of* ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

I am invited to an unwonted task. Thus far I have appeared before the public only as a teacher of natural history. To-day, for the first time in my life, I leave a field in which I am at home, to take upon myself the duties of a biographer. If I succeed at all, it will be because I so loved and honored the man whose memory brings us together.

Alexander von Humboldt was born in Berlin in 1769,—one hundred years ago this day,—in that fertile year which gave birth to Napoleon, Wellington, Canning, Cuvier, Walter Scott, Chateaubriand, and so many other remarkable men. All America was then the property of European Monarchs. The first throb of the American Revolution had not yet disturbed the relations of the mother country and her colonies. Spain held Florida, Mexico, and the greater part of South America; France owned Louisiana: and all Brazil was tributary to Portugal. What stupendous changes have taken place since that time in the political world! Divine right of possession was then the recognized law on which governments were based. A mighty republic has since been born, the fundamental principle of which is self-government. Progress in the intellectual world, the world of thought, has kept pace with the advance of civil liberty; reference to authority has been superseded by free inquiry; and Humboldt was one of the great leaders in this onward movement. He has bravely fought the battle of independence of thought against the tyranny of authority. No man impressed his century intellectually more powerfully, perhaps no man so powerfully as he. Therefore he is so dear to the Germans, with whom many nations unite to do him honor to-day. Nor is it alone because of what he has done for science, or for any one department of research, that we feel grateful to him, but rather because of that breadth and comprehensiveness of knowledge which lifts whole communities to higher levels of culture, and impresses itself upon the unlearned as well as upon students and scholars.

To what degree we Americans are indebted to him, no one knows who is not familiar with the history of learning and education in the last century. All the fundamental facts of popular education in physical science, beyond the merest elementary instruction, we owe to him. We are reaping daily in every school throughout the broad land, where education is the heritage even of the poorest child, the intellectual harvest sown by him. See this map of the United States;—all its important features are based upon his investigations; for he first recognized the great relations of the earth's physical features, the laws of climate on which the whole system of isothermal lines is based, the relative height of mountain chains and table-lands, the distribution of vegetation on the whole earth. There is not a text-book of geography or a school-atlas in the hands of our children today, which does not bear, however blurred and defaced, the impress of his great mind. But for him our geographies would be mere enumerations of localities and statistics. He first suggested the graphic methods of representing natural phenomena which are now universally adopted. The first geological sections, the first sections across an entire continent, the first averages of climate illustrated by lines, were his. Every schoolboy is familiar with his methods now, but he does not know that Humboldt is his teacher. The fertilizing power of a great mind is wonderful; but as we travel farther from the sources, it is hidden from us by the very abundance and productiveness it has caused. How few of us remember that the tidal lines, the present mode of registering magnetic phenomena and oceanic currents, are but the application of Humboldt's researches, and of his graphic mode of recording them!

THE YOUTH OF HUMBOLDT.

This great man was a feeble child, and had less facility in his studies than most children. For this reason his early education was intrusted to private teachers, his parents being wealthy, and of a class whose means and position command the advantages denied to so many. It is worthy of note that when he was a little fellow not more than seven years old, his teacher was Campe, author of the German Robinson Crusoe. We can fancy how he amused the boy with the ever fresh story of Crusoe on his desert island, and inspired him, even at that early age, with the passionate love of travel and adventure which was to bear such fruit in later years. Neither should we omit, in recalling memories of his childhood, his tender relation to his elder brother William. These two brothers, so renowned in their different departments of learning,—the elder as a statesman and philologist, the youngest as a student of nature,—were united from their earliest years by an intimate sympathy which grew with their growth and strengthened with their strength. They went together to the University of Frankfort, the younger being then seventeen, William nineteen. After two years at Frankfort, they went to the University of Göttingen, where they passed the two following years. In these four pregnant years of student-life, Alexander already sketched the

plans which occupied his active mind for more than threescore years and ten.

* * * * * * *

Leaving the University at the age of twenty-one, he began to make serious preparations for the great journey toward which all his hopes tended. Nothing has impressed me more in reviewing Humboldt's life, than the harmony between the aspirations of his youth and the fulfilment of his riper age. A letter to Pfaff, written in his twenty-fourth year, contains the first outline of the Cosmos; its last sheets were forwarded to the publisher in his ninetieth year, two months before his death. He had thus been an original investigator for nearly seventy years.

His first journey after leaving the university was important rather for the circumstance under which it was made than for any local interest. He went to the Rhine with George Forster, who had accompanied Cook in his second journey round the world. He could hardly have been thrown with any one more likely to stimulate his desire to travel than this man, who had visited the South Seas, had seen the savages of the Pacific Islands, and had made valuable contributions to geographical science. Nor was this their only point of sympathy. George Forster was a warm republican; he had espoused the ideas of the French Revolution, and when Mayence became united to the French Republic, he was sent as deputy to the National Assembly in Paris. Humboldt was too ardent and too independent to be a laggard in the great public questions of the day. He also believed, like Forster, in the Republic of France, and in the dawn of civil liberty for Europe. Thus, both in political and scientific preferences, although so different in age, he and Forster were sympathetic travelling companions. This excursion was by no means a pleasure trip. Young as he was, Humboldt had knowledge enough to justify him in approaching the most difficult scientific questions of the day. At that time the great war was waging between the Neptunists and Plutonists, that is, between the two great schools in geology, one attributing the rocks to fire as the great constructive agent, the other asserting that all rocks were the results of water deposits. The young student brought to these questions the truthfulness and patience which marked all his later investigations. Carried away neither by theories nor by leaders, he left in abeyance the problem which seemed to him not yet solved. His interest in the subject carried him to Freiberg, where he studied geology with Werner, and where he made acquaintance with Leopold von Buch, who became the greatest geologist of the age, and was through life his trusted friend. He also applied himself to anatomy and physiology, and made physica investigations on the irritability of the mus cular fibre, which he afterwards extended t the electric fishes during his American jou ney.

All the while he brooded over his scheme of travel, gathering materials in every direc tion, in order that his mind might be pre pared to understand nature in all her aspects His desires turned especially toward India He wished to visit the East, and reachin India by way of Egypt, Syria and Persia, t cross the Pacific and return to Europe throug America. In this he was foiled; but to hi latest day he felt the same longing for a sigh of that antique ground of civilization. A this moment all Europe was in a blaze; be tween contending armies there was little roon for peaceful travel and investigation. W find him, therefore, floating between variou plans. He went to Paris with the hope o joining Baudin's contemplated expedition t Australia. In this he was again baffled, fo the breaking out of the war between Franc and Austria postponed the undertaking indefi nitely. His next hope was Spain; he migh obtain permission to visit her trans-atlantic possessions, and study tropical nature unde the equator. Here he was successful. The scientific discoverer of America, as the Ger mans like to call him, was destined to start from the same shore as Christopher Colum bus. He not only received permission to visit the colonies, but special facilities for his in vestigation were offered him. This liberality was unexampled on the part of the Spanish government, for in those days Spain guarded her colonies with jealous exclusiveness. His enthusiasm disarmed suspicion, however, and the king cordially sustained his undertaking.

Nearly ten years had passed in maturing his plans, preparing himself for their execution, and obtaining the means for carrying them out. He was about thirty years of age when he sailed from the harbor of Corunna, running out in a dark and stormy night, and so evading the English cruisers which then blockaded the Spanish coast.

HIS AMERICAN JOURNEY.

There is, perhaps, no part of Humboldt's life better known to the public, especially in this country, than his American journey. His fascinating "Personal Narrative" is known to all, and I need not, therefore, describe his course, or dwell upon the details of his personal experience. No period of his life, however, has had a more powerful influence upon knowledge and education than these five years of travel, and therefore I will speak at some length of their scientific results. In the very glory of his youth, and yet with an intellectual maturity which belongs to later

manhood, his physical activity and endurance kept pace with the fertility and comprehensiveness of his mind. Never was the old proverbial wish, "Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait," so near fulfilment; never were the strength of youth and the knowledge of age so closely combined.

At the first step of the journey, namely, his pause at the Canary Islands and ascension of the Peak of Teneriffe, he has left us a graphic picture of the place, of its volcanic phenomena, its geological character, and the distribution of its vegetation, in which are foreshadowed all his later generalizations. Landing in Cumana, he made his first long station here. His explorations of the mountains, valleys and sea-shore in that neighborhood, his geological researches, his astronomical observations by which the exact position of various localities were determined, his meteorological investigations, and his collections of every kind, were of vast scientific importance. He had already begun his studies upon averages of climate, the result of which, known as the "isothermal lines," was one of his most original contributions to science. With the intuition of genius, he saw that the distribution of temperature obeyed certain laws. He collected, both from his own observation and from report, all that could be learned of the average temperatures in various localities; and combining all these facts, he first taught geographers how to trace upon their maps those curves which give in one undulating line the varying laws of temperature across a whole hemisphere. His physical experiments upon animals and plants, and his collections, were also of great value. At Paris he had made the acquaintance of a young botanist, equally determined with himself to see distant lands. Bonpland accompanied him in his journey to South America; and when Humboldt was engaged so exclusively in physical experiments as to prevent him from joining the botanical researches, they were nevertheless not interrupted, for Bonpland was unremitting in the study of plants and in making collections.

After months thus spent in the neighborhood of the coast, Humboldt crossed the Llanos, the great plains which divide the basin of the Orinoco from the sea-shore. Here, again, every step of his journey is marked by original research. He has turned those desert plains into enchanted land by the power of his thought, and left us descriptions as fascinating from their beauty as they are valuable for their novelty and precision. In his long and painful journey through the valley of the Orinoco, he traced the singular network of rivers by which this great stream connects through the Cassiquiare and the Rio Negro with the Amazons,—a fresh-water route which is, no doubt, yet to become one of the highways of the world. Had it not been for the illiberality of the Portuguese government, he would probably have gone down the Rio Negro to the Amazons, and would, perhaps, have changed completely the course which he ultimately took. He was, however, turned back from the mighty river by a prohibition which made it dangerous to proceed farther, on pain of imprisonment and the possible renunciation of all his cherished plans. When, in my late exploration of the Amazonian Valley, I read his narrative again, on the spot, I could not but contrast the cordial liberality which smoothed every difficulty in my path with the dangers, obstacles and suffering which beset his. I approached, however, so near the scenes of his labors that I was constantly able to compare my results with his, and to recognize the extent of his knowledge and the comprehensiveness of his views, even where the progress of science led to a different interpretation of the facts. I omit all notice of his visit to Cuba, and his journey through Mexico, interesting as they were, remarking only that to him we owe the first accurate maps of those regions. So imperfect were those published before him, that even towards the close of the last century the position of Mexico differed by about three hundred miles in the maps published by different geographers. Humboldt's is the first general map of Mexico and Cuba, based upon astronomical observations.

The next great stage of the American journey is along the ridge of the Andes. There is a picturesque charm about this part of the undertaking which is irresistible. At that time travelling in those mountains was infinitely more difficult than it is now. We follow him with his train of mules, bearing the most delicate instruments, the most precious scientific apparatus, through the passes of the great chain. Measuring the mountains,—sounding the valleys as he went,—tracing the distribution of vegetation on slopes 20,000 feet high,—examining extinct and active volcanoes,—collecting and drawing animals and plants,—he brought away an incredible amount of information which has since filtered into all our scientific records, remodelled popular education, and become the common property of the civilized world. Many of these ascensions were attended with infinite danger and difficulty. He climbed the Chimborazo to a height of 18,000 feet, at a time when no other man had ever ascended so far above the level of the sea, and was only prevented from reaching the summit by an impassable chasm, in which he nearly lost his life. When, a few years later, Gay-Lussac

made his famous ascent in a balloon, for the sake of studying atmospheric phenomena, he rose only 1200 feet higher. Returning from the Andes, Humboldt skirted the Pacific from Truxillo to Acapulco, and paused in Mexico again. There he ascended all the great mountains in that neighborhood, continuing and completing the same investigations which he had pursued with such persistency through this whole laborious journey. He studied volcanic action, mines, the production of precious metals, their influence upon civilization and commerce, latitudes and longitudes, averages of climate, relative heights of mountains, distribution of vegetation, astronomical and meteorological phenomena. From Mexico he went to Havana, and from Havana sailed for Philadelphia. His stay in this country was short. He was cordially received by Jefferson on his visit to Washington, and warmly welcomed by scientific men in Philadelphia. But he made no important researches in the United States, and sailed for Europe soon after his arrival.

HIS RETURN TO EUROPE—SUBSEQUENT ACHIEVEMENTS.

He returned to Paris in 1804, having been five years absent from Europe. It was a brilliant period in science, letters and politics in the great capital. The republic was still in existence; the throes of the revolution were over, and the reaction toward monarchical ideas had hardly begun. La-Place, Gay-Lussac, Cuvier, Desfontaines, Delambre, Oltmanns, Fourcroy, Berthollet, Biot, Delomieu, Lamarck and Lacepède were leaders then in the learned world. The young traveller, bringing intellectual and material treasures even to men who had grown old in research, was welcomed by all, and in this great centre of social and intellectual life he made his home, for the most part, from 1805 to 1827: from the brightest days of the republic, through the rise and fall of the empire, to the restoration of the Bourbons. He devoted himself to the publication of his results, and secured as his collaborators in this work the ablest men of the day. Cuvier, Latreille, and Valenciennes worked up the zoölogical collections, Bonpland and Kunth directed the publication of the botanical treasures, Oltmanns undertook the reductions of the astronomical and barometrical observations, while he himself, jointly with Gay-Lussac and Provencal, made investigations upon the respiration of fishes and upon the chemical constitution of the atmosphere and the composition of water, which have left their mark in the annals of chemistry. While, of course, superintending more or less all the publications, Humboldt himself was engaged especially with those upon physical geography, meteorology, and zoölogy. The mere enumeration of the volumes resulting from this great expe tion is impressive. It embraces three folio v umes of geographical, physical and botanic maps, including scenery, antiquities, and t aboriginal races: twelve quarto volumes letter-press, three of which contain the per nal narrative, two are devoted to New Spai two to Cuba, two to zoology and comparati anatomy, two to astronomy and one to physical description of the tropics. The b tanical results of the journey occupy not le than thirteen folio volumes, ornamented wi magnificent colored plates. As all the works are in our Public Library, in Bosto I would invite my hearers to a real intelle tual treat and a gratification of their æsthet tastes, in urging them to devote some leisu hour to turning over the leaves of these ma nificent volumes. A walk through the ho houses of the largest botanical garden—ar unfortunately we have no such on this con nent—could hardly be more impressive tha an examination of these beautiful plates. Ad to these a special work on the position rocks in the two hemispheres, one on the is thermal lines, his innumerable smaller paper and lastly, five volumes on the history geography and the progress of nautical a tronomy during the fifteenth and sixteent centuries, more or less directly connected wit Humboldt's own journey, though publishe in later years. His investigations into th history of the discovery of America have special interest for us. We learn from hi that the name of our continent was first intr duced into the learned world by Waltzeemü ler, a German professor, settled at St. Didi in Lorraine,—Hylacomylus, as he called hin self, at a time when scholars were wont t translate their names into the dead language and thought it more dignified to appear unde a Greek or Latin garb. This cosmographe published the first map of the New Worl with an account of the journeys of Americu Vespucci, whose name he affixed to the land recently discovered. Humboldt shows us als that Columbus's discovery was no acciden but grew naturally out of the speculations the time, themselves the echo of a far-o dream, which he follows back into the dimnes of Grecian antiquity. We recognize agai here the characteristic features of Humboldt mind, in his constant endeavor to trace di coveries through all the stages of their pr gress.

Although he made his headquarters in Pari it became necessary for Humboldt, durin the preparation of so many extensive work to undertake journeys in various parts of Eu rope; to examine and re-examine Vesuviu and compare its mode of action, its geologic constitution, and the phenomena of its eru

ions, with what he had seen of the volcanoes f South America. On one of these occaions he ascended Vesuvius in company with Gay-Lussac and Leopold von Buch. That ingle excursion, undertaken by such men, vas fruitful in valuable additions to knowldge. At other times he went to consult rare ooks in the great libraries of Germany and England, or to discuss with his brother in Berlin, or with trusted friends in other parts f Europe, the work in which he was engaged, omparing notes, assisting at new experiments, suggesting further inquiries, ever active, ever inventive, ever suggestive, ever ferile in resource,—neither disturbed by the reat political commotions which he witnessed, or tempted from his engrossing labors by he most brilliant offers of public service or xalted position. It was during one of his irst visits to Berlin, where he went to consult bout the organization of the University with is brother William, then minister of state n Prussia, that he published those fascinating Views of Nature," in which he has given ictures of the tropics as vivid and as excitng to the imagination as if they lived on the anvass of some great artist.

The question naturally arises, Who provided for the expenses of these extensive iterary undertakings? Humboldt himself. No one knows exactly what he has spent in he publication of his works. Some approach o an estimate may, however, be made, by omputing the cost of printing, paper, and ngraving, which cannot have amounted to ess than $250,000. No doubt the sale indemnified him in some degree, but all know hat such publications do not pay. The price f a single copy of the complete work of America is $2000,—double that of the great ational work published by France upon Egypt, for the publication of which the govrnment spent about $800,000. Of course very few copies can be sold of a work of this magnitude. But from his youth upward, Humboldt spent his private means liberally, ot only for the carrying out and subsequent ublication of his own scientific undertakings, but to forward the work of younger and poorer men. In his old age he lived upon a small pension granted to him by the King of Prussia. His many-sidedness is remarkable. He touched life at all points. He was the friend of artists, no less than of scientific and literary men. His desire to make his illustrations worthy of the great objects they were o represent brought him into constant and ntimate relation with the draughtsmen and painters of his day. Even David did not think it below his dignity to draw an allegoric title-page for the great work. He valued equally the society of intelligent and cultivated women, such as Madame de Stael, Madame Récamier, Rahel, Bettina, and many others less known to fame. He was intimate with statesmen, politicians, and men of the world. The familiarity of Humboldt with the natural resources of the countries he had visited,—with their mineral products and precious metals,—made his opinion valuable, not only in matters of commerce, but important to the governments of Europe; and after the colonies of South America had achieved their independence, the allied powers of Europe invited him to make a report upon the political condition of the new republics. In 1822 he attended the Congress of Verona, and visited the south of Italy with the King of Prussia. Thus his life was associated with the political growth and independence of the New World, as it was intimately allied with the literary, scientific and artistic interests of the Old. He never, however, took an active part in politics at home, and yet all Germany looked upon him as identified with the aspirations of the liberal party, of which his brother William was the most prominent representative.

(To be continued.)

WAITING.

Oh, the weary days of waiting,
For the fruits of labor done,
For the laurels of the battle,
We have nobly fought and won.

For the blossoms of our dawning,
To perfect the promised fruit,
For our golden grain to ripen
We must wait, still anxious wait.

But the eyes grow dim and heavy,
Watching through the drift of years,
For the precious, blessed fruitage
Which shall follow grief and tears.

But we know reward is coming,
For our God hath always shown,
In the length of changing seasons,
That *we reap*, as *we have sown*.

—*Cottage Home.*

BROKEN THREADS.

I.

As the shuttle swiftly flies
Back and forth before our eyes,
Blending with its fingers light
Warp and woof till they unite
In a fabric good and strong,
Let us hear the weaver's song.

II.

Weaving ever, day by day,
As the shuttles briskly play,
Broken threads how oft annoy
And our precious time employ;
Warning us, by sharp reproof,
We must watch the warp and woof.

III.

Weaving in life's busy loom—
Mingling sunshine with the gloom—

Warp and woof of deeds we blend
Till life's fabric has an end:
Broken threads how oft we find
Burdening the noble mind!

IV.

Broken threads in life abound,
In each station they are found:
May Faith's kind and friendly hand
Help us to adjust the strand,
That, when life's last tide shall ebb,
There shall be a perfect web.

—*Boston Transcript.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

[Circumstances beyond the control of the compiler preventing an earlier preparation, the review for both Eighth and Ninth months will be furnished during the present.]

EIGHTH MONTH.

	1868.	1869.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	12 days.	10 days.
Rain all or nearly all day	0 "	0 "
Cloudy, without storms	9 "	6 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	10 "	15 "
	31 "	31 "

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1868.	1869.
Mean temperature of 8th mo., per Penna. Hospital,	78.42 deg.	76.30 deg.
Highest point attained during month	89.50 "	95.50 "
Lowest do. do. do.	64.00 "	58.00 "
RAIN during the month, do.	2.65 in.	1.28 in.
DEATHS during the month, being for 5 current weeks for 1868 and 4 for 1869.	1975	1386

Average of the mean temperature of 8th month for the past *eighty* years	73.09 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1863	79.50 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1816	66.00 "

TEMPERATURES.

Mean temperature of the three summer months of 1868	77.12 "
Mean do do do do 1869	75.49 "
Average of the summer temperature for the past *eighty* years	73.49 "
Highest summer mean occurring during that entire period, 1828–1838	77.66 "
Lowest do do 1816	66.00 "

It will be seen from the foregoing that the present month, (Eighth,) though more than two degrees below the temperature of 1868, was yet more than three degrees *above the average* of the past eighty years. The same characteristics, with a little different result as to *figures*, may be noticed in the entire *summer* temperatures. In reference to the deaths for the month, deduct one fifth from the number received for 1868 for the extra week, and we have the gratifying result of only 1316 for 1869 against 1580 for the preceding year.

Quite a severe drought has prevailed during the month, the quantity of rain that has fell being only about one inch and a quarter. During the three summer months, however, the quantity has not varied much from the last year,—viz., 1868, 10.5; inches; 1869, 9.74 inches. J. M. ELLIS.

ITEMS.

THE storm of the 3d inst. seems to have extended over the whole country, and has occasioned much damage. In Washington bridges were washed away and houses flooded. The same was the case all along the Potomac. In Philadelphia all the buildings on 23d Street, from Market to Callowhill were flooded. Many of the occupants were taken out in boats. The Lehigh rose nineteen feet, doing much damage. The Schuylkill was also very high. In Baltimore there has been much loss to the railroads and other property. Along the line of the Erie and New York Central railroads the storm was very severe, and property was much damaged. In New York city nearly five inches of rain fell. Communication between Philadelphia and Baltimore was entirely suspended, as was the case on many other railroads. At Brattleboro, Vt., several lives were lost, some shops being floated from their foundations.

THE Great Eastern will leave Medway, 11th mo. 10th, with the Indian cable on board, for laying down between Aden and Bombay.

THE CULTIVATION OF COTTON in the East Indies, it is asserted, has become more popular among the natives, who have discovered that it is more profitable to grow cotton at twenty cents a pound than to raise the millet grain for consumption at home. The cotton exported from India in 1867 amounted in value to $27,500,000; but the crop for 1869, it is estimated, will bring $100,749,125. The East Indian cotton is short staple and decidedly inferior to that grown in the United States; but greater care in cultivation has been exercised, and more attention paid to packing the bales without the admixture of dirt.

THE colored coopers of Baltimore have formed a Association, and gone to work in shops with white men, at same rate of wages.

THE first English missionaries to Tahiti passed round the Cape of Good Hope to the east, and the American missionaries to Hawaii passed round Cape Horn to the west. As a necessary consequence there was a difference of one day and night, in the reckoning of time; and hence for more than fifty five years there has existed, and still exists, in the Pacific Ocean, this singular fact: two groups of islands lying on nearly the same degree of longitude and not further apart than New York and London whose inhabitants, although Christianized, continue to observe the Christian Sabbath on different days of the week. This singular fact is thus explained. The succession of day and night is caused by the revolution of the earth on its axis from west to east. Now, if a person should travel round the earth in the direction of its motion, he would gain an apparent revolution of the sun, or exactly one day and night; but if he should go in the opposite direction, he would apparently lose one day and night. Therefore, if two persons should start from the same point and travel round the earth in opposite directions, and meet again at the point from which they started, they would differ exactly two days in their reckoning of time—the one being one day ahead, and the other one day behind those who remained stationary.—*The Methodist.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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ON IDLENESS.

BY H. BLAIR —1798.

Why stand ye here all the day idle? MATT. XX. 6.

It is an observation which naturally occurs, and has been often made, that all the representations of the Christian life in scripture are taken from active scenes; from carrying on a warfare, running a race, striving to enter in at a strait gate, and, as in this context, laboring in a vineyard. Hence the conclusion plainly follows, that various active duties are required of the Christian; and that sloth and indolence are inconsistent with his hope of heaven.

But it has been sometimes supposed, that industry, as far as it is matter of duty, regards our spiritual concerns and employments only; and that one might be very busy as a christian, who was very idle as a man. Hence among some denominations of Christians, an opinion has prevailed, that the perfection of religion was to be found in those monastic retreats, where every active function of civil life was totally excluded, and the whole time of men filled up with exercises of devotion. They who hold such opinions proceed on the supposition that religion has little or no connexion with the ordinary affairs of the world; that its duties stand apart by themselves; and mingle not in the intercourse which men have with one another. The perfect Christian was imagined to live a sort of angelic life, sequestered from the business or pleasures of this contemptible state. The gospel, on the contrary, represents the religion of Christ as intended for the benefit of human society. It assumes men as engaged in the business of active life; and directs its exhortations, accordingly, to all ranks and stations; to the magistrate and the subject, to the master and the servant, to the rich and the poor, to them that buy and them that sell, them *that use* and them *that abuse* the world. Some duties, indeed, require privacy and retreat. But the most important must be performed in the midst of the world, where we are commanded to *shine as lights*, and *by our good works to glorify our Father which is in heaven.* This world, as the context represents it, is God's vineyard, where each of us has a task assigned him to perform. In every station and at every period of life, labor is required. At the third, the sixth, or the eleventh hour, we are commanded to work, if we would not incur, from the great Lord of the vineyard, this reproof, *Why stand ye here all the day idle?* We may, I confess, be busy, about many things, and yet be found negligent of the *One thing needful.* We may be very active, and, withal, very ill employed. But though a person may be industrious without being religious, I must at the same time admonish you, that no man can be idle without being sinful. This I shall endeavor to show in the sequel of the discourse; wherein I purpose to reprove a vice which is too common among

men. Superiors admonish their inferiors, and parents tell their children, that idleness is the mother of every sin; while, in their own practice, they often set the example of what they reprobate severely in others. I shall study to show that the idle man is, in every view, both foolish and criminal; that he neither lives to God; nor lives to the world; nor lives to himself.

I. He lives not to God. The great and wise Creator certainly does nothing in vain. A small measure of reflection might convince every one, that for some useful purpose he was sent into the world. The nature of man bears no mark of insignificancy, or neglect. He is placed at the head of all things here below. He is furnished with a great preparation of faculties and powers. . . By motion and exertion, the system of being is preserved in vigor. By its different parts always acting in subordination one to another, the perfection of the whole is carried on. The heavenly bodies perpetually revolve. Day and night incessantly repeat their appointed course. Continual operations are going on in the earth, and in the waters. Nothing stands still. All is alive and stirring, throughout the universe. In the midst of this animated and busy scene, is man alone to remain idle in this place? Belongs it to him, to be the sole inactive and slothful being in the creation, when he has so much allotted him to do; when in so many various ways he might improve his own nature; might advance the glory of the God who made him; and contribute his part to the general good?

Hardly is there any feeling of the human heart more natural, or more universal, than that of our being accountable to God. It is what the most profligate can never totally erase. Almost all nations have agreed in the belief, that there is to come some period, when the Almighty will act as the judge of his creatures. Presentiments of this work in every breast. Conscience has already erected a tribunal, on which it anticipates the sentence which at that period shall be passed. Before this tribunal let us sometimes place ourselves in serious thought, and consider what account we are prepared to give of our conduct to Him who made us. "I placed you," the great Judge may then be supposed to say, "in a station where you had many occasions for action, and many opportunities of improvement. You were taught, and you knew your duty. Throughout a course of years I continued your life. I surrounded you with friends, to whom you might be useful. I gave you health, ease, leisure, and various advantages of situation. Where are the fruits of those talents which you possessed? What good have you done with them to yourselves? what good to others? How have you filled up your place, or answered your destination in the world? Produce some evidence of your not having existed altogether in vain. Let such as are now mere blanks in the world, and a burden to the earth, think what answer they will give to those awful questions.

II. The idle live not to the world, and their fellow creatures around them, any more than they do to God. Had any man a title to stand alone, and to be independent of his fellows, he might then consider himself as at liberty to indulge in solitary ease and sloth without being responsible to others for the manner in which he chose to live. But, on the face of the earth, there is no such person from the king on his throne, to the beggar in his cottage. We are all connected with one another, by various relations; which create a chain of mutual dependence, reaching from the highest to the lowest station in society. The order and happiness of the world cannot be maintained, without a perpetual circulation of active duties and offices, which all are called upon to perform in their turn. Superiors are no more independent of their inferiors, than these inferiors are of them. Each have demands and claims upon the other; and he, who in any situation of life, refuses to act his part, and to contribute his share to the general stock of felicity, deserves to be proscribed from society, as an unworthy member. *If any man will not work*, says the Apostle Paul, *neither should he eat.* (Thess. iii. 10.) If he will do nothing to advance the purposes of society, he has no title to enjoy the advantages of it.

It is sometimes supposed that industry and diligence are duties required of the poor alone, and that riches confer the privilege of being idle. This is so far from being justified by reason, how often soever it may obtain in fact, that the higher one is raised in the world his obligation to be useful is proportionably increased. The claims upon him, from various quarters, multiply. The sphere of his active duties widens on every hand. Even supposing him exempted from exerting himself in behalf of his inferiors, supposing the relation between superiors and inferiors abolished, the relation among equals must still subsist. If there be no man, however high in rank, who stands not frequently in need of the good offices of his friends, does he think that he owes nothing to them in return? Can he fold his arms in selfish indolence, and expect to be served by others, if he will not exert himself in doing service to any? Were there no other call to industry, but the relation in which every one stands to his own family, the remembrance of this alone should make the man of idleness blush. Pretence

he to love those with whom he is connected by the dearest ties, and yet will he not bestir himself for their guidance, their support, or their advancement in the world? How immoral and cruel is the part he acts, who slumbers in sensual ease, while the wants and demands of a helpless family cry aloud, but cry in vain, for his vigorous exertions? Is this a husband, is this a father, that deserves to be honored with those sacred names? How many voices will be lifted up against him at the last day? Let such persons remember the words of Scripture, and tremble. It is written in the First Epistle to Timothy, the fifth chapter and eighth verse, *If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.*

III. The idle man lives not to himself, with any more advantage than he lives to the world. It is indeed on a supposition entirely opposite, that persons of this character proceed. They imagine that, how deficient soever they may be in point of duty, they at least consult their own satisfaction. They leave to others the drudgery of life; and betake themselves, as they think, to the quarter of enjoyment and ease. Now, in contradiction to this, I assert, and hope to prove, that the idle man, first, shuts the door against all improvement; next, that he opens it wide to every destructive folly; and, lastly, that he excludes himself from the true enjoyment of pleasure.

First, He shuts the door against improvement of every kind, whether of mind, body, or fortune. The law of our nature, the condition under which we are placed from our birth, is, that nothing good or great is to be acquired, without toil and industry. A price is appointed by Providence to be paid for everything; and the price of improvement is labor. Industry may, indeed, be sometimes disappointed. *The race* may not be always *to the swift*, nor *the battle to the strong*. But, at the same time, it is certain that, in the ordinary course of things, without strength, the battle cannot be gained; without swiftness, the race cannot be run with success. *In all labor*, says the wise man, *there is profit; but the soul of the sluggard desireth, and hath nothing.* (Prov. xiv. 23; xiii. 4.) If we consult either the improvement of the mind, or the wealth of the body, it is well known that exercise is the great instrument of promoting both. Sloth enfeebles equally the bodily and the mental powers. As in the animal system it engenders disease, so on the faculties of the soul it brings a fatal rust, which corrodes and wastes them; which, in a short time, reduces the brightest genius to the same level with the meanest understanding. The great differences which take place among men, are not owing to a distinction that nature has made in their original powers, so much as to the superior diligence with which some have improved these powers beyond others. To no purpose do we possess the seeds of many great abilities, if they are suffered to lie dormant within us. It is not the latent possession, but the active exertion of them, which gives them merit. Thousands whom indolence has sunk into contemptible obscurity, might have come forward to the highest distinction, if idleness had not frustrated the effect of all their powers. . . . . .

Every man who recollects his conduct, may be satisfied, that his hours of idleness have always proved the hours most dangerous to virtue. It was then that criminal desires arose; guilty pursuits were suggested; and designs were formed, which, in their issue, have disquieted and embittered his whole life. If seasons of idleness be dangerous, what must a continued habit of it prove? Habitual indolence, by a silent and secret progress, undermines every virtue in the soul. More violent passions run their course, and terminate. They are like rapid torrents, which foam and swell, and bear down everything before them. But after having overflowed their banks, their impetuosity subsides. They return by degrees into their natural channel; and the damage which they have done can be repaired. Sloth is like the slowly-flowing, putrid stream, which stagnates in the marsh, breeds venomous animals and poisonous plants; and infects with pestilential vapors the whole country round it. Having once tainted the soul, it leaves no part of it sound; and, at the same time, gives not those alarms to conscience, which the eruptions of bolder and fiercer emotions often occasion. The disease which it brings on, is creeping and insidious, and is on that account more certainly mortal. . . . . .

In the third and last place, how dangerous soever idleness may be to virtue, are there not pleasures, it may be said, which attend it? Is there not ground to plead, that it brings a release from the oppressive cares of the world; and soothes the mind with a gentle satisfaction, which is not to be found amidst the toils of a busy and active life? This is an advantage which, least of all others, we admit it to possess. In behalf of incessant labor, no man contends. Occasional release from toil, and indulgence of ease, is what nature demands, and virtue allows. But what we assert is, that nothing is so great an enemy to the lively and spirited enjoyment of life as a relaxed and indolent habit of mind. He who knows not what it is to labor, knows not what it is to enjoy. The felicity of human life depends

on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose or object, which keeps awake and enlivens all our powers. Our happiness consists in the pursuit, much more than in the attainment, of any temporal good. Rest is agreeable; but it is only from preceding labors that rest acquires its true relish. When the mind is suffered to remain in continued inaction, all its powers decay. It soon languishes and sickens; and the pleasures which it proposed to obtain from rest, end in tediousness and insipidity. To this, let that miserable set of men bear witness, who, after spending great part of their life in active industry, have retired to what they fancied was to be a pleasing enjoyment of themselves, in wealthy inactivity, and profound repose. Where they expected to find an elysium, they have found nothing but a dreary and comfortless waste. Their days have dragged on, in uniform languor; with the melancholy remembrance often returning, of the cheerful hours they passed, when they were engaged in the honest business and labors of the world.

We appeal to every one who has the least knowledge or observation of life, whether the busy or the idle have the most agreeable enjoyment of themselves? Compare them in their families. Compare them in the societies with which they mingle; and remark, which of them discover most cheerfulness and gaiety; which possess the most regular flow of spirits; whose temper is most equal; whose good humor most uncloudeed. While the active and diligent both enliven and enjoy society, the idle are not only a burden to themselves, but a burden to those with whom they are connected; a nuisance to all whom they oppress with their company. On whom does time hang so heavy, as on the slothful and lazy? To whom are the hours so lingering? Who are so often devoured with spleen, and obliged to fly to every expedient which can help them to get rid of themselves? Instead of producing tranquillity, indolence produces a fretful restlessness of mind; gives rise to cravings which are never satisfied; nourishes a sickly effeminate delicacy, which sours and corrupts every pleasure.

Enough has now been said to convince every thinking person of the folly, the guilt, and the misery of an idle state. Let these admonitions stir us up, to exert ourselves in our different occupations, with that virtuous activity which becomes men and Christians. Let us arise from the bed of sloth; distribute our time with attention and care; and improve to advantage the opportunities which Providence has bestowed. . . . .

At the same time, let the course of our employments be ordered in such a manner, that in carrying them on, we may be also promoting our eternal interest. By religious duties, and virtuous actions, let us study to prepare ourselves for a better world. In the midst of our labors for this life, it is never to be forgotten, that we must *first seek the kingdom of God, and his righteousness;* and *give diligence to make our calling and election sure.* Otherwise, how active soever we may seem to be, our whole activity will prove only a laborious idleness. We shall appear, in the end, to have been busy to no purpose, or to a purpose worse than none. Then only we fulfil the proper character of Christians, when we join that pious zeal which becomes us as the servants of God, with that industry which is required of us, as good members of society; when, according to the exhortation of the Apostle, we are found *not slothful in business,* and, at the same time, *fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.* (Rom. xii. 11.)

It is with our thoughts as with our flowers—those that are simple in expression carry their seed with them; those that are double charm the mind, but produce nothing.

THE LOVE OF TRUTH.

The most obvious and commonly received idea of truth is simply the foe of falsehood, and yet there are some other aspects in which we may view it, as important to the character as this primary meaning. As the enemy of whatever is false, all would agree in prizing it, at least in name, though even here few are conscious of how much would be involved in its strict observance. To keep an oath, or pledge, or simple promise, or to assert only what we know to be true, is not all that is conveyed even in the most simple idea of truth; it also forbids all secret attempts to deceive by word, or look, or gesture, all flattery and finesse, and would render our speech transparent and sincere. Talleyrand once said that language was the instrument of concealing our thoughts, and facts themselves may be so perverted as to become the greatest of all lies. But the love of truth is not alone a negative sentiment; it has not fulfilled its work when it has avoided all that is hollow and false; but it also includes every effort to become acquainted with positive truths of which we are ignorant. One little truth followed out may lead to immense results. Small particles of gold dust, washed by a mill-stream in a bed of sand, led to the discovery of all the wealth of California. A slight irregularity in the motions of the planet Uranus when traced to its cause, revealed the existence of a sister planet hundreds of times larger than our world. The little grain of truth declared by a few men not a hundred years ago, that taxation without representation was

tyranny, has resulted in the creation of a republic of thirty-eight millions of prosperous people, proving to the world man's capacity for self-government.

Every sincere lover of truth will not only put forth all his energies to perceive new principles, but, when convinced of them, will carry them into his practical life. Some love truth speculatively and intellectually and theoretically, but do not act up to it. Nothing is so dangerous to the character as to perceive a principle to be true, and persist in acting in opposition to it. We can never become perfectly certain of a truth except by experience in action. If Le Verrier and his brother astronomers had not caused a telescope to be directed to the proper quarter of the heavens, the facts Le Verrier asserted would not have been proved. If the revolutionary fathers had simply reasoned about taxation and representation, the Revolution would not have been accomplished. Every truth acted upon is a stepping-stone to a higher. As in climbing the Pyramids, we can only reach the summit by treading on each single step, though so small as to look like a notch, so in the pyramid of truth we must set our foot on many small and perhaps disagreeable truths ere we can reach the heights to which we aspire. Every insignificant fraction of the distance must be trodden.

The earnest pursuit of truth will shed light on a thousand practical difficulties. He who lives up to it and makes it his guide becomes gifted with a superior wisdom, an instinctive apprehension of the proper course on doubtful occasions. But without investigation, effort, patience, self-denial, it is not to be attained. Few are willing to purchase it at such a cost. A life spent in its service will produce a delightful confidence. The untruthful always suffer doubt, darkness and sorrow. Those who only seek to uphold their party, and strain arguments to prove what they desire, who have not the inward love and positive reverence for truth for its own sake, may seem to be confident, but are never satisfied nor happy. They are secretly in doubt and darkness. But the sincere love of truth will give confidence and serenity that nothing else can. It will raise us above all doubts, for our belief will be fixed on a rock that can never be moved. It will correct our judgments, enlarge our liberality, deepen our convictions, and, above all, infuse into our lives an earnest purpose and a strength of moral resolution that alone can carry us safely through the storms and calms of life.—*Philada. Ledger.*

An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.

"I AM WITH THEE."

"I am with thee," as Isaiah writes it, and "I am with you always," as Jesus expressed it, ought not to be limited to special seasons and occasions, but felt to be true of every moment of our existence. The blessed assurance is given especially for this life. It is as true while we are wandering in the dark paths of coldness, doubt, and forgetfulness, as when the joy of the Lord is our portion and our strength. True, like Jacob, we may often have occasion to exclaim in surprise—"The Lord is in this place and I knew it not!" Often, in such cases, he himself reminds us, by his Spirit, His providence, and sometimes by His chastening hand that He is with us.

The truth under discussion is beautifully recognized and distinctly expressed in the twenty-third Psalm—"The Lord is my Shepherd: I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters:"—all of which expresses the idea of perpetual presence, supervision and care. And then again—"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for *thou art with me.*" This clause has a two-fold meaning, one literal, the other figurative. The Valley of the Shadow of Death was a name by which a desolate and gloomy ravine, running down from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea, and which was infested by robbers and ravenous beasts, was known. Even in such a place as that, David would fear no evil, because God was with him. But in a more remote and poetic sense, it may refer to the dark valley which ends in the grave. David, however, in every condition, to use his own language, set the Lord before him.

"I am with thee" is always true, no matter what may be the Christian's condition. It was true in the case of Job, at the very moment when he cried out in the anguish of his spirit—"Oh! that I knew where I might find him!" Yet, while still in that gloom and distress, he was able to say—"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." It is a great attainment to be able to trust God in the dark. Affliction of every kind, either directly from the hand of God, or coming indirectly, through human agency in any of its forms, whether of oppression, injustice, malice, or ill conduct, ought always to bring to mind the blessed words—"I am with thee;" for, be assured, O Christian, the trial, be it what it may,

"Is the voice of thy God—
'I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod.'"

If, whilst in affliction or adversity, you can only hear that still small voice whispering in your heart, "I am with thee," you will rise

higher in faith, and higher in true joy, higher in every grace, and nearer to God, than you could ever have been lifted by prosperity. It is thus that the fruit-bearing branches of the True Vine are purged, that they may bring forth more fruit; and from such experience as this they are enabled to praise God in spirit and in truth, and to sing,

"Thus sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day."

—*Presbyterian Banner.* C.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY ONE OF OUR INDIAN AGENTS.

I have lately been obliged to travel much on Government account, and have become familiar with the general features of southern Nebraska. To a person accustomed to living on the vast prairies, nothing can be more romantic and inviting than a journey through the highlands of Kansas and the bluffs that border the Great Missouri River. Oh! it is a glorious land; more beautiful by far than pen of mine can describe. If you would behold Nature in her most inviting forms, you must mount an Indian pony and follow an Indian trail into solitude where wheels can never come; you must scale towering bluffs and penetrate the dark recesses of wild ravines.

These old forest nooks are covered with a rich carpet of thickly-matted flowers and wild grasses; and even the old oaks and cotton-woods appear to have been planted by the hands of man, so regularly are they dispersed, so artistically grouped. At one time my companion and I followed a trail that led along the narrow summit of a bluff, that appeared to lift its grassy head high above all the surrounding world. On one side of us a precipice of fearful steepness showed the glimmering, fretful waters of the Great Nemaha below us, and on the other a succession of deep and gloomy ravines seemed to warn us that we must turn neither to the right nor to the left. At one point, high above the waters of the Great Missouri, we discovered two newly-made Indian graves! What a resting-place for mortal clay! so far from the disturbing ploughshare of the pale face, so near to that happy hunting-ground where eternal summer awaits the dying warrior. Here we dismounted, and seating ourselves on a cushion of thick grass, we drank in the deep inspiration of such a scene. Hundreds of feet below us the muddy waters of the Missouri sparkled in the sunlight, and for scores of miles its great valley was spread out before us. To the north a vast succession of bluffs, islands and groves gradually melted into the deep blue of the horizon, and to the south the winding of the great river could be seen, now partially obscured by forests, now widening to embrace an island, and now bathing the edge of a forest town. A. G.

SPIRITUAL VICTORIES WON BY DISCOURAGEMENT AND FAILURE.

Blessed are the souls in whom not the strength of nature only, but that of grace, has been so brought low, even to the very dust, that they have learned to call nothing that they have their own. Often must the believer, like Antæus, grow stronger for having touched the ground; often must he experience the sentence of death in himself; must feel himself a being without heart or hope, incapable, and even insensible, so that he may learn to trust not in himself, nor in any other but in Him who raises the spiritually dead. The Christian must hold on to God through conflicts and agonies: he must fight while his blood runs down, and glues his hand to his sword. So he must hold on when that hand is benumbed and stiff with cold; when strength and consciousness seem gone together, and only an *Instinct* remains through which the soul is able to fling itself, like a dead weight, upon Christ.

Yet, even here, is an "overthrow worth many victories." Though being chilled and mortified in the smallest, mostly inwardly humiliating things, though being beaten away from the broken cistern and of all creatures, we learn, as we could never, without this were done, to look to Christ as our well of life, and so to find all our fresh springs in Him, as to be able to say with a simple and sincere heart, "Lord, give me, evermore, of this water, that I thirst not." I know not how to speak of that grand era in the Christian's soul, when through the strength of a patient following, or through the sweetness of a loving recognition, it finds Him whom it has long loved, and passes, in that finding, from the straightened life within itself, into Christ; when it ceases to confer with flesh and blood, to watch over its own changes and fluctuations, for the sake of attaching itself implicitly to Him who is the whole of what we have in part; when it lives no longer by *faith* but by *Christ*, holding Him too surely to think of that it holds by; when it has done with self-questioning, with self analysis, and believes in the love by which it lives, and can appeal for all answer to the fact of its own life.—*Patience of Hope.*

Goodness of heart is man's best treasure, his brightest honor and wisest acquisition. It is a ray of divinity that dignifies humanity, attracts admiration and assimilates him to his Creator; but, like pure gold, is liable to be counterfeited.

LOVE OF GOD.

We must either conclude that the piety of the present day is a different thing from what it was intended by Christ to be, or that he spoke the language of exaggeration. That he did *not* thus speak we know by the momentary elevations which we experience, when we rise into some nearness to the place where it is our right to stand, and can return with rapture the smile of our Father's love. These are seasons when our souls exhale, and sit singing like birds in the very tree of life.

Oh! when I look upon the sun and see what it has power to do—when I see that on the barren soil it flings a warm and radiant scarf of light, and that beneath that scarf springs up life! life! life! and gorgeous beauty,—I know that the Sun of Righteousness has a greater power than this, if men's stiff and faithless hearts will but open themselves to his rays.

The love of God! who can fathom it? We soon cloy with honey; 'tis not very hard to satisfy ourselves with sugar; even of bread we may tire; but who ever tired of air? All day we breathe it; at morning, at noon, at night—all night,—all our lives,—and we are not weary. Love is the *vital air* of the soul.

Every earthly pleasure wearies, but of spiritual pleasures we never tire. The more we are filled with them, the more hungry and thirsty after them we grow; and we are more sure, the more we taste the love of God, that it can fill us, and be always about us, and be always peace and everlasting joy. Why do we not bud and bloom more gloriously beneath the shining of this sun of love? It is because we have portioned him, we have limited him, we have not consecrated to him the whole of our lives. We give him our Sabbaths, our morning and our evening hours of prayer, our feelings of solemnity and self-condemnation, our hours of depression and tears; we go to him in trouble and gloom and fear; we call upon him early when all is dark about us; but from our business, from our pleasure, from our social and common life, we put him away.—*H. W. Beecher.*

MODERN ECONOMY OF TIME.

One man can spin more cotton yarn now than four hundred men could have done in the same time in 1769, when Arkwright, the best cotton-spinner, took out his first patent. One man can make as much flour in a day now as a hundred and fifty could a century ago. One woman can now make as much lace in a day as a hundred women could a hundred years ago. It now requires only as many days to refine sugar as it did months thirty years ago. It once required six months to put quicksilver on a glass; now it requires only forty minutes. The engine of a first-rate iron-clad frigate will perform as much work in a day as forty-two thousand horses.—*Scientific American.*

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Wilt thou, dear ——, accept a word of encouragement, offered under a renewed sense (mercifully vouchsafed) of the Omnipresence of our Holy Head and High Helper, even Christ the anointing. There goes forth unto thee this morning the language, "He is in his temple, let all the earth keep silence before him." And, my precious friend, as all pertaining to the creature—all selfish cogitations or reasonings—are hushed before Him, the manifestation of His Will will be clear; and not only so, but in this subjection of self thy strength will be renewed, and ability furnished to walk in the way of His commandments.

The past day has been a time of unusual depression. Why, I know not; perhaps to send me to the stronghold for help and safety. Such allotment may be better for me than the buoyancy of spirit which sometimes for a little season is allowed me. I wish I could send thee a "cheering note;" but, dear friend, thus much I can say, "My Father holds the helm." Need we then fear, even though clouds may gather darkly and the storms beat vehemently. Oh! it is good to trust in the superintendency of Divine Love, and to believe that the everlasting Arm is underneath in all times of conflict, even though unseen.

Yesterday we visited an aged couple of 81 and 77 years, who have raised eleven children to manhood and womanhood, ten of whom are now living. They have lived on the place they now occupy since 1803, a quiet, laborious life, with little change except what Goldsmith calls the change from the blue bed to the brown. W. is a cabinet maker, and is now engaged on two bureaus for his children. They are diligent attenders of meeting, riding nearly five miles, and we computed that during their married life they had travelled in the performance of this duty a distance of more than twice round the globe.

Thou hast been very near me in feeling, so that in asking for my own preservation thou hast been included in the aspiration. Surely He who hath called us with a high and holy calling is all powerful to help. His redeeming love is unchangably the same now as ever.

May this assurance be to us as an anchor sure and steadfast, preserving in all times of storm and tempest. My acknowledgment is we have been mercifully dealt with, and I desire we may cling closely to that Arm of power which hath helped us hitherto, and which will still preserve and guide us.

The testimony which we bear as a people to the life of God in the soul of man as an all-powerful principle that is able to guide and to preserve, is to me increasingly precious. Some one has said, "I sing the wonders of redeeming love." I can say, in Quaker parlance, I bear testimony to the wonder-working power of this creative Word, which spake all things into existence; and my secret aspiration is that we may become more entirely its willing subjects, so that instead of being vessels marred upon the wheel, we may be without flaw or blemish. This calls for a full submission on our part—a full surrender to the Divine Government. "Here am I, do with me as seemeth Thee good." A blessed result ever attends such submission.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 23, 1869.

MARRIED.

DIXON—BENTEEN.—On the 12th of 10th month, 1869, by Friends' ceremony, Isaac F. Dixon, Jr., to M. Kate Benteen, all of Baltimore, Md.

DIED.

ECK.—At her residence in Berwick, Pa., on the 2d of Ninth month, 1869, Susanna N. Eck, aged 58 years.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

Owing to some of the contractors being prevented from fulfilling their contracts by the recent freshet, and other causes, the Committee have been compelled to postpone the opening of Swarthmore College till about the 1st of Eleventh month. Due notice will be given of the precise time by circular. In the meantime, everything in the building will be fully completed for the accommodation of its inmates.

EDWARD PARRISH, *President.*

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Tenth mo. 24th, West Chester, N. Y., 4 P.M.
" " Mullica Hill, N. J., 2½ P.M.
" 31st, Woodstown, " "

The Executive Committee of Friends' First-day School Association of New York Yearly Meeting will meet on Fourth-day morning, Eleventh month 3d, at 9 o'clock, at Chappaqua Meeting-house. A general attendance is desired. Purchase Quarterly Meeting occurs at the same place on Fourth and Fifth-days at 11 o'clock.

For the accommodation of Friends, the Express train which leaves 26th Street at 7 o'clock, A. M., will stop at Chappaqua on both days.

JACOB CAPRON,
LYDIA A. LOCKWOOD, } *Clerks.*

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

BY PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.

(Continued from page 527.)

Results of the American Journey.

Before closing this period of Humboldt's life I would add a few words more in detail upon the works published by him after his return from South America. One of the first fruits in the rich harvest reaped from this expedition was the successful attempt, to which I have already alluded, at representing graphically the physical features of that continent. Thus far such representations had mainly consisted in maps and the delineation of the characteristic plants and animals. Humboldt devised a new method, equally impressive to the eye and comprehensive in its outlines. Impressed by the fact that vegetation changes its character as it ascends upon the side of high mountains,—thus presenting successive terraces upon their slopes, —he conceived the idea, already suggested by his examination of the Peak of Teneriffe, of drawing upon the outline of a conical mountain the different aspects of its surface, from the level of the sea to its highest peak. Thus he could exhibit at a glance all those successive zones of vegetation, represented upon the diagram before you, and drawn by him at Guayaquil in 1803. It is copied from his work on the physical aspect of the tropics and the geographical distribution of plants. Explanations from the diagram. Afterwards he extended these comparisons to the temperate and arctic zones, and ascertained that, as we proceed farther north, the gradation of the vegetation, at the level of the ocean, corresponds to its succession upon mountain slopes, —until towards the Arctics it assumes a remarkable resemblance to the plants found near the line of perpetual snows under the Tropics. But this is not all. The intervening expanse from North to South, as far as the equator, and then in reverse order to the Antarctic regions, also exhibits, in proportion to the elevation of the land, a vegetation characterized by intermediate forms.

In the same way he reproduced the general appearance of the inequalities of the earth's surface by drawing ideal sections across the regions described. In the first place, through Spain, afterwards from La Guayra to Caraccas across the Cumbre, and from Carthagena to Santa Fè de Bogota, through the whole Continent of America, from Acapulco to Vera Cruz, as represented in another diagram before you. And this is not by mere approximations, but founding his profiles upon his own barometic and astronomical observations, which he multiplied to such an extent that his works are to this day the chief source of information concern-

ing the physical geography of the regions visited by him.

Not satisfied with this, he undertook to represent, in like manner, the internal structure of the earth, by drawing similar charts upon which the relative position of the rocks, with signs to indicate their mineralogical character, is faithfully portrayed. The first chart of this kind was drawn by him in Mexico in 1804, and presented to the School of Mines of that city. It was afterwards published in the Atlas of the American Journey. We are thus indebted to him for the whole of that graphic method which has made it possible to delineate, in invisible outlines, the true characteristics of physical phenomena; for afterwards this method was applied to the representation of the oceanic currents, the direction of the prevalent winds, the tidal waves, the rise and fall of our lakes and rivers, the amount of rain falling upon different parts of the earth's surface, the magnetic phenomena, the lines of equal average temperature, the relative height of our plains, table-lands and mountain chains, their internal structure, and the distribution of plants and animals. Even the characteristic features of the History of Mankind are now tabulated in the same way upon our ethnographical maps, in which the distribution of the races, the highways of navigation and commerce, the difference among men as to language, culture, creeds, nay, even the records of our census, the estimates of the wealth of nations down to the statistics of agriculture and the averages of virtue and vice, are represented. In short, every branch of mental activity has been vivified by this process and undergone an entire transformation under its influence.

His paper upon the isothermal lines was published in the Mémoires de la Société d'Arcueil, a scientific club to which in the beginning of this century the most eminent men of the age belonged. Though a mere sketch, the first delineation of the curves uniting those different points of the earth's surface, which, though under different latitudes, possess the same average annual temperature, exhibits already the characteristic features in the irregular distribution of the temperature of our globe, which myriads of observations of a later date have only confirmed. No other series of investigations shows more plainly than this, to what accurate results an observer may arrive who understands how to weigh critically the meaning of his facts, however few they may be. This other diagram before you represents the isothermal line as contrasted with the degrees of latitude.

The barometical and astronomical observations upon which his numerous maps are based were computed and reduced to their final form by his friend Oltmanns. They fill two large quarto volumes, and amount to the accurate determination of nearly one thousand localities. They are not taken at random, but embrace points of the highest importance, with reference to the geographical distribution of plants and animals and the range of agricultural products. Humboldt has himself added an introduction to this work, in which he gives an account of the instruments used in his observations and the methods pursued by him in his experiments, and discusses the astronomical refractions in the torrid zone.

Thus the philosophical geography of our days is based upon Humboldt's investigations. He is, indeed, the founder of comparative geography, that all embracing science of our globe, unfolded with a master hand by Karl Ritter, and which has now its ablest representative in our own Guyot, the author of the maps before you. His correspondence with Berghaus testifies his intense interest in the progress of geographical knowledge. To Humboldt this world of ours is indeed not only the abode of man, it is a growth in the history of the universe, shaped according to laws, by a long process of successive changes, which have resulted in its present configuration with its mutually dependent features. The work upon the Position of Rocks in the two hemispheres tells the history of that growth as it could be told in 1823, and is of course full of gross anachronisms; but at the same time it exhibits the wonderful power of generalization and combination which Humboldt possessed,—as for instance where he says, in a few beautiful words, fertile in consequences, not yet fully appreciated by the naturalists of our days:—"When we examine the solid mass of our planet, we perceive that the simple minerals are found in associations which are everywhere the same, and that the rocks do not vary as organized beings do, according to the differences of latitude or the isothermal lines under which they occur;" thus contrasting in one single phrase the whole organic world with the inorganic in their essential character. In practical geology we owe to him the first recognition of the Jurassic formation. It was he also who introduced into our science those happy expressions, "geological horizon," and "independence of geological formations." He also paved the way for Elle de Beaumont's determination of the relative age of mountain chains, by his discussion upon the direction of stratified rocks and the parallels he drew between the age of pintonic and sedimentary formations: nor had it escaped him that distant floræ and faunæ, though of the same age, may be entirely differ-

ent. The collection of zoölogical and anatomical papers in two quarto volumes, with numerous colored plates, is full of valuable contributions to the Natural History of Animals from his own pen, as well as that of his collaborators. The most remarkable are his description of the Condor, which must have delighted the French Zoölogists, who could not fail to compare it with the glowing pages of their own Buffon; his synopsis of South American Monkeys, rivalling the works of Audebert and Geoffroy St. Hilaire; his account of the electric Eel and the Catfish thrown out by the burning volcanoes of the Andes, contrasted with the Great Natural History of Fishes, by Lacépede: his paper on the Respiration of Crocodiles and the Larynx of Birds and Crocodiles, daring upon his own ground the greatest anatomist of the age, the immortal Cuvier. Indeed, it must have created a profound sensation in the learned world when a naturalist, all whose previous publications related to physical subjects, suddenly came forward as a master among masters, in the treatment of zoölogical and anatomical questions.

The botanical works have appeared under several titles. We have first the "Plantes Equinoxiales," in two folio volumes, with 140 plates, by Bonpland; the Monograph of the Mélastomées and that of the Rhéxiées, in two folio volumes, with 120 plates, also by Bonpland; then the Mimoseés by Kunth, in one folio volume with 60 plates; the revision of the Graminées in one folio volume with 220 plates, by Kunth, and finally the Nova Genera and Species Plantarum by Kunth in seven folio volumes with 700 plates. Altogether thirteen folio volumes with 1240 plates, most of which are beautifully colored and remain unsurpassed for fidelity of description and fullness of illustration. But though the descriptive part of these splendid volumes is from the pen of his fellow-traveller Bonpland, and his young friend Kunth, it would be a mistake to suppose that Humboldt had no share in their preparation. Not only did he assiduously collect specimens during the journey, but it was he who made, on the spot, from the living plant, drawings and analyses of the most remarkable and characteristic trees, the general aspect of which could not be preserved in the specimens gathered for the herbarium. Beside this, there are entire chapters concerning the geographical distribution of the most remarkable families of plants, their properties, their uses, &c., entirely written by Humboldt himself. It was he also who for the first time divided the areas of the regions he had explored into botanical provinces, according to their natural physical features: thus distinguishing the flora of New Andalusia and Venezuela, from that of the Orinoco basin, that of New Grenada, that of Quito, that of the Peruvian Andes, and that of Mexico and Cuba. It was he also who first showed that the whole vegetable kingdom contains, after all, but a few distinct types, which characterize the vegetable carpet of the earth's surface, in different parts of the world, under different latitudes, and at different heights. He closes one of these expositions with a few words, which I cannot pass by without quoting them. "Such investigations," he says, "afford an intellectual enjoyment, and foster a moral strength which fortify us against misfortunes and which no human power can overcome."

His Later Years and Achievements.

The last period of his life was spent in Berlin, and while there, to the end of his long and laborious career, he was engaged with the publication of his Cosmos, and also in editing the great work on the Kavi language, left by his brother William, who died in 1835. Besides these important undertakings, he was unceasingly engaged in fostering magnetic observations and the establishment of magnetic observatories, He likewise felt a lively interest in the proposed inter-oceanic canal between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, the lines for which he had carefully considered in earlier years. Surrounded by loving and admiring friends, covered with honors and distinctions, these days were rich in peaceful enjoyments.

One of the most prominent features of Humboldt's mind as a philosopher and student of nature, consists in the keenness with which he perceives the most remote relations of the phenomena under consideration, and the felicity with which he combines his facts so as to draw the most comprehensive pictures. The faculty is more particularly exhibited in the Cosmos, the crowning effort of his mature life. With a grasp transcending the most profound generalizations of the philosophers of all ages, he draws at first in broad outlines a sketch of the whole Universe. With an eye sharpened by the most improved instruments of the Observatory, and exalted by the experience of all his predecessors, he penetrates into the remotest recesses of space, to seek for the faintest ray of light that may furnish any information concerning the expanse of the heavenly vault and the age of the celestial bodies. He thus makes the rapidity with which light is propagated a measure of the distance which separates the visible parts of the whole system from one another, as well as a means of approximately estimating the duration of their existence. He next considers the various appearances of the celestial bodies

the different kinds of nebulæ, their forms and relations to one another and to the so called fixed stars; describes in graphic and fascinating language the landscape-like loveliness of their combinations in the Milky Way and the various constellations; discusses the nature of the double stars, and gradually approaching our own system by a comparison of our sun to other suns, rises, by a sublime effort of the imagination, to a conception of the form of their united systems in space. In the description of our solar system, one might have expected an exposition similar to the methods adopted by astronomers; but the object of our great physicist is not to write a synopsis of Astronomy. He plunges without hesitation into the earliest history of the formation of our earth, the better to illustrate the relations to one another of the sun and the planets, with their satellites, the comets, and the host of meteors of all kinds which come flashing, like luminous showers, through the atmosphere. Our globe is reviewed in its turn. First, its structure, the density of its mass, in the estimation of which the oscillations of the pendulum become a plummet-line with which to fathom the inapproachable deep; and the volcanoes are made to reveal the everlasting conflict between the interior caldron of melted materials and the consolidation of the ruffled surface; the distribution of heat and light, the climates, as depending upon the inequalities of form and relief, the currents of the ocean, as modifying the temperature, the magnetic phenomena, the aurora borealis. The changes which our globe has undergone in course of ages are next described. How the lands gradually rose above the level of the sea, how they first formed disconnected archipelagoes, how mountains grew up in succession, their relative age, the form and extent of successively larger continental islands, their plants and animals,—nothing escaped his attention. Everything is represented in its true place and relation to the whole. Especially attractive are his delineations of the distribution of the plants and animals upon the present surface of the earth, of which an account has already been given.

This mode of treating his subjects, emphatically his own, has led many specialists to underrate Humboldt's familiarity with different branches of science: as if knowledge could only be recorded in pedantic forms and a set phraseology

But Humboldt is not only an observer, not only a physicist, a geographer, a geologist of matchless power and erudition; he knows that nature has its attraction for the soul of man: that, however uncultivated, man is impressed by the great phenomena amid which he lives; that he is dependent for his comforts and the progress of civilization upon the world that surrounds him. This leads to an appreciative analysis of the enjoyment derived from the contemplation of nature, and to considerations of the highest order respecting the influence which natural highways have had upon the races of men, in their distribution upon the whole surface of the globe.

Personal Recollections.

In 1827, at the urgent solicitation of his brother, Humboldt transferred his residence from Paris to Berlin. With this step there opens a new phase in his life. Thus far he had been absolutely independent of public or official position. Conducting his researches as a private individual, if he appeared before the public at all, it was only in reading his papers to learned academies. Now he began to lecture in the University. In his first course, consisting of sixty-one lectures, he sketched the physical history of the world in its broadest outline,—it was, in truth, the programme of the Cosmos. Since I shall give an analysis of the Cosmos in its fitting place, I will say nothing of these lectures here, except that, as a teacher, he combined immense knowledge with simplicity of expression, avoiding all technicalities not absolutely essential to the subject.

In the midst of his lectures there came to him an invitation from the Russian government to visit the Russian provinces of Asia. Nothing could be more gratifying to a scientific man than the terms in which this proposition was made. It was expressly stipulated by the Emperor, that he wished the material advantages which might accrue from the expedition to be a secondary consideration. Humboldt was to make the scientific research and the advancement of knowledge, his first aim, and he might turn his steps in whatever direction he chose. Never before had any government organized an expedition with so little regard to purely utilitarian considerations.

This second great journey of Humboldt is connected with a hope and disappointment of my own. I was then a student in Munich. That University had opened under the most brilliant auspices. Almost every name on the list of professors was also prominent in some department of science or literature. They were not men who taught from text-books, or even read lectures made from extracts of original works. They were themselves original investigators, daily contributing to the sum of human knowledge. Martius Oken, Döllinger, Schelling, Fr. von Baader, Wagler, Zuccarini, Fuchs, Vogel, Von Kobell, were our teachers. And they were not only our teachers but our friends. The

best spirit prevailed among the professors and students. We were often the companions of their walks, often present at their discussions, and when we met for conversation or to give lectures among ourselves, as we constantly did, our professors were often among our listeners, cheering and stimulating us in all our efforts after independent research.

My room was our meeting-place — bedroom, study, museum, library, lecture-room, fencing-room, all in one. Students and professors used to call it the little academy. Here Schimper and Braun for the first time discussed the laws of phyllotaxis, that marvellous rhythmical arrangement of the leaves in plants which our great mathematician in Cambridge has found to agree with the periods of the rotation of our planets. Among their listeners were Professors Martius and Zuccarini; and even Robert Brown, while in Munich during a journey through Germany, sought the acquaintance of these young botanists. Here for the first time did Michahelles lay before us the results of his exploration of the Adriatic and adjoining regions. Here Born exhibited his wonderful preparations of the anatomy of the Lamper-eel. Here Rudolppi made us acquainted with his exploration of the Bavarian Alps and the shores of the Baltic. These my fellow-students in Munich were a bright, promising set—boys then in age, many of whom did not live to make their names famous in the annals of science. It was in our little academy that Döllinger, the great master in physiology and embryology, showed to us, his students, before he had even given them to the scientific world, his wonderful preparations exhibiting the vessels of the villosities of the alimentary canal; and here he taught us the use of the microscope in embryological investigation. And here also the great German anatomist, Meckel, came to see my collection of fish skeletons, of which he had heard from Döllinger. Such associations, of course, made us acquainted with everything of importance which was going on in the scientific world. The preparation of Humboldt for his Asiatic journey excited our deepest interest, and I was filled with a passionate desire to accompany the expedition as an assistant.

General La Harpe, then residing at Lausanne, who had been the preceptor of both the Emperors Alexander and Nicholas of Russia, and who knew Humboldt personally, was a friend of my family, and he wrote to Humboldt in my behalf, asking that I might join the expedition as an assistant. But it was not to be. The preparations for the journey were already made, and Ehrenberg and Gustav Rose, then professors at the Berlin University, were his travelling companions. I should not mention the incident here, but that, slight as it was, it marks the beginning of my personal relation with Humboldt.

(To be continued.)

EXTRACT FROM "ON THE MOUNTAIN."

BY MARY E. ATKINSON.

She spoke, with glowing cheek and sparkling eye,
Of all that she had hoped to be and do,
Her pure ambition and her purpose high,
Her earnest strivings too.

And then, with trembling lip and gathering tears,
She told how she had failed in much she tried,
And how the cherished plans of earlier years
Had all been set aside.

Not by the slackening of a feeble will,
Not by dull languor had the plan been marred;
But, where her eager feet were pressing, still
She found the pathway barred.

Barred by the iron gates of circumstance,
Hedged in by duty, till she felt that God
Himself had closed the door, forbade advance
In paths she would have trod.

"Until," she said, "of all I hoped to be,
All I was sure I should be, when the chains
Which bound my early youth should leave me free,
Only the dream remains.

"Though then I knew my will could have no scope
For action 'neath another's stern control,
Yet Christ, I thought, in time will surely ope
The prison of my soul.

"But still I find my purposes are crossed,
My plans are thwarted, and the good I sought
To do on earth remains, like ripe seed lost,
Only a barren thought."

"And so, alas! I have but spent my strength
For naught, in vain, in spite of hope and prayer;
Have toiled in life's hard field, to reap at length
Only such failure there!"

There was no lack of tender sympathy
In those calm eyes of his, whose steadfast gaze
Dwelt on the mountains, as he made reply.
Grand in their purple haze,

The mountains, which beyond the river stood,
With noble curves of outline, tender lights
And shades, where knoll. or dell, or wood,
Varied their misty heights.

"And is it not enough," he said, "for thee
To recognize, in circumstance, that Hand?
Christ's ways with us are deep; hereafter we
Shall know and understand."

"Yet Christ," she said, "who gave my higher powers,
Would have me dare and do, enjoy, achieve;
But petty cares fill up life's fleeting hours,
What leisure do they leave

"For aspiration, work for God and man,
For scaling heights of knowledge, thence to see
Still more of God? I fail in all life's plan
For want of liberty."

He answered slow, as one whom Christ had taught
Slow lessons by the years that came and went;
Up from his heart's deep well he drew the thought
For her encouragement.

"Christ's richest gifts are two-fold, first relief,
Then blessing. From our hearts He takes the thorn
And makes the rose of it. Out of our grief
Our purest joy is born.

"From out the ashes of our pleasures lost
Spring up the fragrant, snow-white flowers of peace.
When hopes of human rescue all are crossed,
He brings his own release.

"In His beloved hands dread death became
The gate of blessed life; and thou shalt see
Thy bondage, touched by his transforming flame,
Become thy liberty."

THE ASS IN HISTORY.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

The ass is intimately associated with the East and patriarchial life, their most ancient legends, domestic economy, and the experiences of modern Oriental travel; his origin has been ascribed to inland Africa, Nubia and Abyssinia. In the schedule of Abraham's possessions, when he went down into Egypt, the asses are noted; among the possessions of our neighbor the Decalogue forbids us to covet, is his ass; the princes and rulers of Judah rode thereon, and Moses is said to have proscribed the use of horses, because of their unsuitableness to the country; Deborah apostrophizes the great, "Ye who ride on white asses;" and in the story of Isaac's sacrifice, the patriarch is described as rising early in the morning and "saddling his ass;" from Balaam's ass who saw the angel of the Lord, and stood still until her master's eyes were opened to the celestial vision, long apparent to the beast he so cruelly smote, to the ass's foal whereon our Saviour rode into Jerusalem in triumph, the animal most despised by modern civilization figures benignly. It was with the jawbone of an ass that Samson crushed his foes: and the evidence of prosperity of the thirty sons of Jair of Gilead, cited by the sacred historian, is not only that they ruled that number of cities, but rode on as many asses. Doubtless one reason for their decadence in popular estimation is the inferiority of the breed in Europe; about the Tagus and Euphrates, where they yet exist in a wild state, all the old testimony to their fleetness and beauty is confirmed. Both the Church and classical llterature illustrate the traditional worth of the ass. The Feast of Asses was founded in honor of Balaam's, and, in the middle ages, both Christian legends and pagan ceremonies, wherein originated the drama, rehearsed, in quaint pantomime, the memorable episode in the history of the ass; Balaam rode on a wooden ass, the clergy walked in procession in costumes intended to represent Moses, David, the prophets, and other renowned Hebrews and Assyrians.

Homer compares Ajax to an ass, in no degrading sense, as whoever has seen the wild breed of the Syrian mountains can well understand. The Persians regarded it as a brave feat to run one of them down with greyhounds. Bassorah is famed for its excellent breed; one of the best now is at Smyrna, of Asiatic origin, and in Spain, where the race is cultivated! but naturalists maintain that the superior kind of ass comes from stocks which were not the progenitors of those known commonly as the donkey of Europe. Asses, it would seem, have, like more noble animals, their aristocratic exceptions; but though prized in countries where the breeding of mules is profitable, so great is the want of appreciation of the ass, that experiments to improve the race, though full of promise, based on the original qualities of the animal in a state of nature, meet with little or no encouragement.

How have the mighty fallen, even in the asinine realm! Once worshipped as a sacred creature, cared for with exquisite nurture, the favorite of monarchs, the free and fleet denizen of mountain and desert, a gift for princes, a grace of courts and pride of households—the ass is now the drudge of mendicants, the butt of *gamins*, the vagabond of animals, the contemned, belabored, overburdened victim, and the synonym for imbecility and obstinacy in the human species. Only in the Orient do some of his ancient honors linger, and now and then, in Southern Europe, we catch glimpses of the original glory of the tribe, or learn, on dizzy summit or dreary wild, to appreciate the patient, frngal, sure-footed creature, who bears us so safely where no other quadruped could pick his way without a stumble, or keep his pace without drooping.—*Putnam's Magazine.*

MORAL COURAGE IN A HOUSEKEEPER.

The following is extracted from a very sensible letter of a lady who adopts the signature of "Prudentia." "All food should be of excellent quality, but not too complicated, or too many varieties at a single meal. We should conscientiously avoid habituating children to concentrated or highly seasoned dishes, as it creates an artificial appetite, which, in its turn, craves stimulating drink. I think we should have the moral courage to set before our guests healthful food, that our example and influence may be felt in the right direction. There are so many choice fruits, canned, and otherwise preserved, that a satisfactory and at the same time unobjectionable meal may be prepared at any season of the year. There are a few choice friends in this vicinity who make it a point, when they visit each other, not to overdo culinary matters, that the woman of the house may enjoy a social time with the rest. Most of us do our own work, and must give our time to preparing meals."—*American Agriculturist.*

RECREATION FOR FARMERS.

"Humph!" I hear some farmer say, "what does he mean by recreation for farmers?" I will try to tell you what I mean. At the present day it is found that all classes and conditions of men are greatly advantaged by an occasional relaxation from their daily round of duty, whatever its name or nature. None seem to be exempt from this law of our being. None can ignore it without serious loss to person and purse.

The loss to a person grows out of the fact that we cannot continue one set of muscles in work, to the neglect of others, without sooner or later overworking the one and impairing or enervating the other. Persisting in this course tends to deteriorate the whole system. This is in all probability less true of farmers than of people in most other occupations. Their necessary labor brings about all their muscular system into use. The extent of the use in their case is just where the evil comes in. Unceasing toil tells upon them to such an extent as to bring on premature old age. We see them bowed over in what should be the prime of life. They lose the bouyancy and elasticity of mind; they become taciturn in their homes. A sombre sadness seems to prevade all around.

The wife is too often overworked and partakes of the same spirit. The children growing up in such an atmosphere lose interest in home—if they ever had any interest in it—and look forward with longing eyes to the time when they can escape to the city, the West, or the sea.

Too much of the emigration from our New England farms has its cause just here. I know of individual cases in which this is true. The homes are not pleasant to them by reason of unceasing work and the want of cheerfulness in the family.

The remedy, I think, in a measure, is to be found in farmers finding out that they can accomplish more, year by year, if they devote a portion of their time to recuperate their powers by relaxation. After a season of relaxation we bring new energy into all we have to do. Work is done with a will. More of cheerfulness accompanies it. Disappointments fail to depress as formerly. Old things have passed away. The future wears a new aspect. "We have renewed our youth as the eagle."

I am aware that most farmers will say, "This is all very well; but we cannot possibly bring it round." Just here is where the trouble lies, I and ready to admit. At the same time I would urge you to seek for some way to accomplish it. Take your wife into your counsel, and also the children. You will find that they will enter into a solution of the difficulties with a will. Your combined wisdom will be sure to triumph in the end, because your interest is involved in it.

When once the matter has been put to the test, no fear of it ever being dropped. Much of seeming discontent and hardship will disappear. Try it.—*New England Farmer.*

For the Children.

A LITTLE HERO.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

In the city of Hartford, Connecticut, lives the hero of the true history I am about to relate,—but no longer "little," as the perilous adventure, which made him for a time famous in his native town, happened several years ago.

Our hero was then a bright active boy of fourteen,—the son of a mechanic. In the severe winter of 18—, the father worked in a factory, about a mile and a half from his home, and every day the boy carried him his dinner, across a wide piece of meadow land.

One keen, frosty day, he found the snow on this meadow nearly two feet deep, and no traces of the little footpath remaining. Yet he ran on as fast as possible, plunging through drifts,—keeping himself warm by vigorous exercises and brave, cheerful thoughts.

When in the midst of the meadow, fully half a mile from any house, he suddenly felt himself going down, down, down! He had fallen into a well!

He sank down into the dark ice water, but rose immediately to the surface. There he grasped hold of a plank, which had fallen into the well as he went down. One end of this rested on the bottom of the well, the other rose about four feet above the surface of the water.

The poor lad shouted for help until he was hoarse, and almost speechless, but all in vain, as it was impossible for him to make himself heard from such a depth, and at such a distance from any house. So at last he concluded that if he was to be saved at all, he must save himself, and begin at once, as he was getting extremely cold in the water. So he went to work.

First, he drew himself up the plank, and braced himself against the top of it and the wall of the well, which was of brick, and quite smooth. Then he pulled off his coat, and taking out his pocket-knife, cut off his boots, that he might work to greater advantage. Then with his feet against one side of the wall, and his shoulder against the other, he worked his way up, by the most fearful exertion, about half the distance to the top. Here he was obliged to pause, take breath, and gather up his energies for the work yet before him. Far harder was it than all he had yet gone through, for the side of the well being from that point

completely covered with ice, he must cut with his knife, grasping places for his fingers, slowly and carefully all the way up.

It was almost a hopeless attempt, but it was all that he could do. And here the little hero lifted up his heart to God, and prayed fervently for help, fearing he could never get out alone.

Doubtless the Lord heard his voice, calling from the deeps, and pitied him. He wrought no miracle to save him, but breathed into his heart a yet larger measure of calmness and courage, strengthening him to work out his own deliverance. It is in this way that God oftenest answers our prayers, when we call upon him in time of trouble.

After this, the little hero cut his way upward, inch by inch. His wet stockings froze to the ice and kept his feet from slipping, but his shirt was quite worn from his shoulders ere he reached the top.

He did reach it at last—crawled out into the snow, and lay down for a moment to rest, panting out his breath in little white clouds on the clear frosty air.

He had been two hours and a half in the well!

His clothes soon froze to his body, but he no longer suffered with the cold, as full of joy and thankfulness, he ran to the factory, where his good father was waiting and wondering.—*Amer. Presb.*

CRANBERRIES.

We know no more profitable investment than has been made by the prudent purchase of the waste swamp-lands, which until within a few years were regarded as not worth the taxes. The returns realized by preparing them for the cultivation of cranberries are almost fabulous, and there are now no lands in Jersey which are worth more in the market, acre for acre, than the rejected swamp-lands, which the proprietor twenty years ago was ready to abandon as a nuisance. The high price of the berries has not only been maintained, but many years must pass before there can be a supply equal to the demand; and we doubt if there can be such a thing as a glut in the cranberry market. In fact, the price is growing every year. The more berries are furnished the more are needed. As an article of export, there must be increasing demand. The man who has ten acres in cranberries, well ditched and watered and in good order, has a fortune which would require a very round sum to represent as his capital for his annual income; under ordinary circumstances it would require the capital of a small bank in order to yield such an amount of interest. There are still such lands to be had. The expense of preparing them will be more than met by the first year's crop; and after that the yield is usually more than 100 per cent. on the investment.—*Journal of the Farm.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

[Circumstances beyond the control of the compiler preventing an earlier preparation, the review for both Eighth and Ninth months will be furnished during the present.]

EIGHTH MONTH.

	1868.	1869.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	12 days.	11 days.
Rain all or nearly all day	2 "	1 "
Cloudy, without storms	5 "	3 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	11 "	15 "
	30 "	30 "

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1868.	1869.
Mean temperature of 9th mo., per Penna. Hospital,	69.20 deg.	67.83 deg.
Highest point attained during month	83.02 "	87.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	57.60 "	47.00 "
RAIN during the month, do.	8.90 in.	3.25 in.
DEATHS during the month, being for 4 current weeks for 1868 and 4 for 1869.	1087	1037

Average of the mean temperature of 9th month for the past *eighty* years	66.21 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1865	72.68 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1840	60.00 "

Totals for the first six months of each year	26.31 inch.	26.27 inch.
Seventh month	3.51 "	2.88 "
Eighth month	2.65 "	7.28 "
Ninth month	8.90 "	3.25 "
Totals	41.37 "	33.68 "

The first day of the month was decidedly cool. "*A slight fall of snow*" was reported in New York. The drought spoken of last month continued with unabated rigor (except a few showers which merely moistened the surface, reaching neither springs nor streams) until the 26th, when a heavy storm prevailed, during which 2.20 inches of rain fell. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the water passed over the dam at Fairmount—said to be for the first time in about five weeks. A large number of canal boats which had been lying below the dam were immediately "locked through," to the great joy of their captains. The inhabitants of Philadelphia have seldom, if ever, been placed on so short an allowance of water, and well will it be if the "*City Fathers*" learn a wholesome lesson from what we have suffered, and *immediately* set about adopting measures to avoid a like contingency. A number of expedients were resorted to for supplying the basins—amongst them a floating engine was anchored below the dam and in front of the wheel-houses. A large volume was pumped, variously estimated at from 4000 to 8000 gallons per minute. Our steam

fire engines were also resorted to, with the following result: Forced to basin in 24 hours, 1,628,000 galls.

It is said that no drought equal to this has visited this vicinity for a period of about *thirty seven years*. Our own notes go back farther than that, but the oldest dates have been mislaid, and cannot at the moment be referred to.

On the evening of the 27th of Ninth month, there was a fine display of the aurora borealis. It stretched across nearly the entire extent of the northern horizon, and formed a sort of arch of pure white light, from which there shot up about half way to the zenith innumerable streaks of light, fringed with red, green and other colors. The display was at its height about nine o'clock, and lasted until a short time before midnight.

Philada., Tenth mo. 5, 1869. J. M. Ellis.

A Curious Story.—A very pretty and curious incident, illustrative of the reasoning powers possessed by inferior animals, recently occurred in the case of a canary bird. The door of the bird's cage was occasionally left open, that he might enjoy the freedom of the room. One day he happened to light upon the mantle-shelf whereon was a mirror. Here was a new discovery of the most profound interest. He gazed long and curiously at himself, and came to the conclusion that he had found a mate. Going back to his cage, he selected a seed from its box, and brought it in its bill as an offering to the stranger. In vain the canary exerted himself to make his new-found friend partake, and becoming weary of that, tried another tack. Stepping back a few inches from the glass, he poured forth his sweetest notes, pausing now and then for a reply. None came, and moody and disgusted he flew back to his perch, hanging his head in shame and silence for the rest of the day, and although the door was repeatedly left open, he refused to come out again.

ITEMS.

The California wheat crop is said to be enormous. The receipts of wheat and other grain from the interior continues to be large, and it is said that not less than twenty thousand tons are awaiting shipment along the line of the Western Pacific Railroad, in addition to the vast quantities already sent over the line.

The cities of Minneapolis and St. Anthony, in Minnesota, are threatened with a serious and most amazing calamity—nothing less than the disappearande of the Falls of St. Anthony from the Mississippi river. It appears that in excavating a tunnel for a mill-race on Hennepin Island, a vast cavern, extending under and below the falls, was penetrated. The stream has broken into the cavern, and the whole body of the river, threatens, for the future, to run *under*, instead of over, the rocks which create the falls. Such a performance by the eccentric "father of rivers" would utterly ruin the two cities whose prosperity depends upon the extensive water-power which the Falls of St. Anthony have heretofore furnished. A thousand men are at work night and day trying to stop up the entrance to the subterranean sluice-way, but the amazing force of the water is said to defy all their efforts.

—*The Press.*

The Egyptian Powder, lately introduced into this market, is a preparation of Carbolic acid, the best disinfectant known. It has been thoroughly tested, and its efficacy has been proved, both as a disinfectant or destroyer of contagion and infection, and a deodorizer or remover of unpleasant and sickening odors given out during organic decay. Efficient purification has also followed the use of this powder in stables and out-houses, cellars and sinks; vermin of various kinds, both those destroying vegetation and those which are kitchen and chamber annoyances, are exterminated or driven away by this powder. When sprinkled in rat holes, it makes the intruders keep their distance, and if they die in some unapproachable spot, the fact is soon forgotten by the use of the powder. Roaches, and other pests of the kind, are driven away by it. At this season of the year every house should have a supply of the Egyptian Powder.

The Chinese Coolies.—The particulars of the plan for the introduction of Coolie laborers into Louisiana have recently been made public. The employers must pay the laborers monthly wages, amounting to $8 gold or $10 currency. They must also advance $150 for the payment of the passage money and two months' wages of each Coolie. The question has been raised whether the planters will be able to raise $3000 for every twenty hands, at the same time running the risk of the Coolies not working. It is, however, believed that the funds will be forthcoming, and that a large number of Coolies will soon be at work.—*Philada. Ledger.*

We have now a lady doctor in Berlin. Mrs. Hirschfeldt, who was born in Holstein and left Germany in 1867 to study in America, has lately returned with a diploma from the Dentist College in Philadelphia, and has obtained permission to practice as a dentist in the Prussian capital.—*Paris Paper.*

The prominent competitors for the supply of grain to Great Britian are the United States and Russia. The distance from Odessa, on the Russian shores of the Black Sea, to England, is 4,200 miles, and the transportation, entirely by means of water, is long and slow. From the Mississippi to England the distance is less, but in order to reach the Atlantic ports 200 miles of railroad must be passed over, and the remainder may be by water or rail. The important question for the United States, therefore, is, the reduction of the cost of the freight charges for placing the grain on shipboard. The channels of communication with the Mississippi must be enlarged, and the freight and the cost of handling must be reduced in order to complete successfully with Russia.

A wonderful discovery is announced in Upper Alloways township, Salem Co, N. J., in the form of a skeleton, evidently that of a huge mastadon, or some ante-diluvian animal. The bones of this monster were uncovered by some workmen who were engaged in digging marl in the pits on the farm of Joseph Hackett, a short time ago. It is said that it required the united efforts of twelve men to lift the head from its place. The ribs and backbone have been found complete, and it is thought that the skeleton will be entire. The discovery has created considerable excitement, and some scientific men have been examining it.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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ON THE SENSE OF DIVINE PRESENCE.

BY HUGH BLAIR.

I am continually with thee.—PSALM lxxiii. 23.

We live in a world which is full of the divine presence and power. We behold everywhere around us the traces of that supreme goodness, which enlivens and supports the universe. *Day uttereth speech of it to-day; and night showeth knowledge of it to-night.* Yet, surrounded as we are with the perfections of God, meeting him wherever we go, and called upon by a thousand objects to confess his presence, it is both the misfortune and the crime of a great part of mankind, that they are strangers to Him in whose world they dwell. Occupied with nothing but their pursuits of interest and pleasure, they pass through this world, as though God were not there. The virtuous and reflecting, are particularly distinguished from the giddy and dissolute, by that habitual sense of the divine presence which characterises the former. To them, nothing appears void of God. They contemplate his perfections in the works of nature; and they trace his Providence in the incidents of life. When retired from the world, he often employs their meditation. When engaged in action, he always influences their conduct. Wherever a pious man is, or whatever he does, in the style of the text, he is *continually with God.*

The happy effect of this sentiment on the heart, is fully displayed in the context. We see it allaying all the disquiet which the Psalmist, in the preceding verses, describes himself to have suffered on account of the prosperity of the wicked. The first reflection which restored tranquillity to his mind, was the remembrance of the presence of God. *Nevertheless, I am continually with thee; thou hast holden me by my right hand.* He became sensible, that whatever distresses the righteous might suffer for a time, they could not fail of being compensated in the end by that Almighty Protector, whose propitious presence ever continued to surround them. Whereupon follow those memorable expressions of his trust and joy in God. *Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel; and afterwards receive me to glory. Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth I desire besides thee.*

There are principally two effects, which the sense of the divine presence is fitted to produce upon men. One is, to restrain them from vice; the other, to encourage their virtue. Its operation, as a check upon the sinner, is obvious. The perpetual presence of so powerful and venerable a witness, is one of the most awful considerations which can be addressed to the dissolute. It removes all the security which secrecy can be supposed to give to crimes. It aggravates the guilt of them, from being committed in face of the Almighty; and has power to strike terror into the heart of the greatest criminal, in the midst of his misdeeds. While this principle

of religion thus checks and terrifies the sinner, it produces also another effect, that of strengthening and comforting the good man, in the practice of his duty. It is the influence of the divine presence on good men, which, in consequence of the Psalmist's sentiment, I purpose to consider. To their character, it belongs to *be continually with God.* I shall endeavor to show the high benefit and comfort which they derive from such a habit of mind; and shall, for this end, first consider their internal moral state; and next, view them as they are affected by several of the external accidents and situations of life.

Let us begin with considering them in their internal state. The belief of the divine presence acts upon them here, first, as an incitement to virtue. The presence of one whom we highly esteem and revere, of a sovereign, for instance, a father, or a friend, whose approbation we are solicitous to gain, is always found to exalt the powers of men, to refine, and improve their behaviour. Hence, it has been given as a rule by ancient moralists, that, in order to excel in virtue, we should propound to ourselves some person of eminent and distinguished worth; and should accustom ourselves to act, as if he were standing by, and beholding us. To the esteem and approbation of their fellow-creatures, none are insensible. There are few who, in the conspicuous parts of their life, when they know the eyes of the public to be fixed on them, act not their part with propriety and decorum. But what is the observation of the public, what is the presence of the greatest or wisest man on earth, to that presence of the Divinity which constantly surrounds us? The man who realizes to his mind this august presence, feels a constant incentive for acquitting himself with dignity. He views himself as placed on an illustrious theatre. To have the Almighty for the spectator and witness of his conduct, is more to him than if the whole world were assembled to observe him. Men judge often falsely, always imperfectly, of what passes before them, They are imposed on by specious appearances; and the artful carry away the praise which is due to the deserving. Even supposing them to judge fairly, we may want the opportunity of doing justice to our character, by any proper display of it in the sight of the world. Our situation may bury in obscurity those talents and virtues which were entitled to command the highest esteem. But he, in whose presence the good man acts, is both an impartial and an unerring judge of worth. No fallacious appearances impose on him. No secret virtue is hidden from him. He is attentive equally to the meanest and the greatest; and his approbation confers eternal rewards. The man, therefore, who *sets the Lord always before him,* is prompted to excel in virtue by motives which are peculiar to himself, and which engage, on the side of duty, both honor and interest. *I have kept thy precepts, and thy testimonies; for all my ways are before thee.* Psalm cxix. 168. . . . . .

In the state to which we are often reduced by the weakness of human nature, the belief of God's continual presence brings relief to the heart. It acted before as an animating principle. It now acts as a principle of comfort. In the midst of many imperfections, a virtuous man appeals to his divine witness for the sincerity of his intentions. He can appeal to him who *knows his frame,* that in the general train of his conduct, it is his study to keep the law of God.

Mere law among men is rigid and inflexible. As no human lawgiver can look into the hearts of his subjects, he cannot, even though he were ever present with them, estimate their character exactly. He can make no allowance for particular situations. He must prescribe the same terms to all whom he rules; and treat all alike according to their outward actions. But every minute diversity of character, temper, and situation is known to God. It is not only from what his servants do, but from what they seek to do, that he forms his judgment of them. He attends to all those circumstances which render the trial of their virtue, at any time, peculiarly hard. He hears the whisper of devotion as it rises in the soul. He beholds the tear of contrition which falls in secret. He sees the good intention struggling in its birth; and pursues it in its progress through those various obstacles which may prevent it from ripening into action. Good men, therefore, in their most humbled and dejected state, draw some consolation from his knowledge of their heart. Though they may sometimes have erred from the right path, they can look up to him who is ever with them, and say, as an apostle who had grievously offended once said to his great Master: *Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee.* John xxi. 17.

Appealing thus to their omniscient witness they are naturally soothed and encouraged by the hope of his clemency. At the same time, it is the peculiar advantage of this sentiment of the divine presence, that it prevents such hope from flattering them too much, or rising into undue presumption. For while it encourages, it tends also to humble, a pious man. If it encourages him by the reflections on all his good dispositions being known and attended to by God, it humbles him by the remembrance that *his secret sins* also *are even in the light of the divine countenance.* So that by dwelling under the sense of God being

continually with us, we keep alive the proper temper of a Christian in the soul? humility, without dejection; fear mingled with hope. . . . Such are the blessed effects which this principle of religion produces upon the inward moral state of a good man. Let us now,

In the second place, consider his external circumstances; and examine the influence which the same principle has upon his happiness in several different situations of life.

Let us first view him in what the world calls prosperity; when his circumstances are easy, or affluent, and his life flows in a smooth, untroubled stream. Here, it might be thought, that a sense of the divine presence could operate upon him only, or chiefly, for promoting temperance and restraining the disorders incident to a prosperous state. Valuable effects, indeed, these are; and most conducive to the true enjoyment of all that is agreeable in life. But though it doubtless does exert this salutary influence, yet it stops not there. It not only preserves the virtue of a good man amidst the temptations of pleasure, but it gives to his prosperity a security and a peculiar relish, which to others is unknown. He who is without a sense of God upon his mind, beholds in human affairs nothing but a perpetual fluctuation and vicissitude of events. . . . But he who, in the day of prosperity, dwells with God, is delivered from those disquieting alarms. He dwells as with a friend and protector, from whom he conceives his blessings to proceed. He can appeal to him for the thankfulness with which he receives them, and for his endeavors to employ them well. He trusts that the God whom he serves will not forsake him; that the goodness which he has already experienced, will continue to bless him; and though he believes himself not exempted from the changes of the world, yet, in the midst of these, he has ground to hope that sources of comfort and happiness shall always be left open to him.

Moreover, the pleasures of life while they last, are unspeakably heightened by the presence of that Benefactor who bestows them. The pleasing emotion of gratitude to the giver, mingles with the enjoyment of the gift. While to the mere worldly man, the whole frame of nature is only a vast irregular fabric; and the course of human affairs no more than a confused succession of fortuitous events; all nature is beautified, and every agreeable incident is enlivened, to him who beholds God in all things. Hence arise a variety of pleasing sensations to fill up those solitary hours, in which external prosperity supplies him with no entertainment. In the smiling scenes of nature, he contemplates the benignity of its author. In its sublime objects, he admires his majesty. In its awful and terrible ones, he adores his power. He dwells in this world as in a magnificent temple, which is full of the glory of its founder; and everywhere views nature, offering up its incense to him, from a thousand altars. Such ideas exalt and ennoble the human mind, and reflect an additional lustre on the brightness of prosperity.

From the prosperous, let us next turn to the afflicted condition of a good man. For, as prosperity may, affliction certainly will, at one time or other, be his lot. It enters into the appointed trial of his virtue; and, in one degree or other, is the doom of all. Here we shall find various situations occur, in which no relief is equal to what a virtuous and holy man derives from a sense of the perpetual presence of God.

Is he, for instance, thrown into an obscure condition in the world, without friends to assist him, or any to regard and consider his state? He enjoys the satisfaction of thinking, that though he may be neglected by men, he is not forgotten by God. Inconsiderable as he is in himself, he knows that he will not be overlooked by the Almighty, amidst the infinite variety of being, or lost in the immensity of his works. The poor man can, with as much encouragement as the rich or great, lift up his eyes to heaven, and say: *Nevertheless, O Lord, I am continually with thee: Thou holdest me by my right hand.* The gracious presence of that Supreme Being is affected by no diversity of rank or fortune. It imparts itself alike to all the virtuous and upright; like its glorious image, the sun in the firmament, which sheds its rays equally upon the humble cottage and upon the palace of Kings. In the presence of the great Lord of heaven and earth, all the distinctions which vanity has contrived to make among men, totally disappear. All ranks are on one level. *The rich and the poor* here indeed *meet together;* without any other distinction than what arises from the heart and the soul.

. . . . . .

Though raised above obscurity or poverty, yet, in any situation of fortune, calumny and reproach may be the lot of the servant of God. His good intentions may be misconstructed; his character unjustly traduced; and, to the open reviling of enemies, the more bitter unkindness of friends may sometimes be joined. In this situation, when wounded in spirit, and, perhaps, unable to make his innocence appear, to whom shall he have recourse for defence, to whom make his last appeal, but to that God who is ever present with him, and who knoweth his heart? How frequently, amidst the injustice and oppression of the world, has distressed innocence

had no other relief but this? "God is my witness. God is my avenger. He hath seen it; and he will repay." A good conscience, it is true, is, of itself, a powerful support. But God is Lord of the conscience: and it is only when connected with a sense of divine presence and approbation, that a good conscience becomes a steady principle of fortitude in the mind, under all discouragements. Hence, a virtuous man possesses a high degree of independence, both on the praise and on the censure of the world. It is enough to him, if, when undergoing the same reproaches which Job suffered from his mistaken friends, he can say with him, *Behold my witness is in heaven, and my record is on high.* Job xvi. 19. He affects not to divulge his good deeds to the world. He is without concern whether the world be acquainted with them or not. He knoweth that his *Father which is in heaven seeth in secret;* and that *his prayers and his alms come up* in grateful *memorial before him. With me, it is a small thing to be judged of you, or of man's judgment; he that judgeth me is the Lord.* 1 Cor. iv. 3, 4. *He shall bring forth my righteousness,* at last, *as the light, and my judgment as the noon day.* In this consciousness of integrity, he looks down with indifference, as from a superior station, upon the harsh censures of a giddy and ignorant world. The sense of being continually with God diffuses over his soul a holy calm, which unjust reproach cannot disturb. In the presence of that august and venerable witness, all the noise and clamors of men, like the murmurings of a distant storm, die away.

Lastly, supposing the character of a good man to be untainted by reproach, supposing also his external situation to be opulent or distinguished, many, notwithstanding, and severe are the distresses to which he may be exposed. Secret griefs may be preying upon him; and his heart left to feed in silence on its own bitterness. He may labor under sore disease, and discern his earthly frame gradually mouldering into dust. He may be deprived of those friends and relatives who had been the chief comforts of his state; or may be obliged to prepare himself for taking farewell of them forever. In the midst of these various afflicting scenes of human life, no consolation can be more powerful than what arises from the presence of a divine protector and guardian, to whom our case, with all its sorrows, is perfectly known. *To him,* says the Psalmist, *I poured out my complaint. I showed before him my trouble. I looked on my right hand and viewed; but behold there was no man who cared for my soul. I said unto thee, O Lord, thou art my refuge. When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path.*

We all know, that to communicate our grief to a faithful friend, often gives ease and relief to the burdened heart. Such communication we are encouraged to make, and such relief we may expect to find, in pouring out our heart before that God *in whom compassions flow.* We may have no earthly friend to whom we can with full confidence disclose all our sorrows; or we may want words in which to express them. But God is the searcher of all hearts; and the hearer of all prayers. To the secret anguish of the soul, he is no inattentive witness. Every groan which is heaved from the laboring bosom, though heard by no human being, reaches his throne. As he *knows our frame,* so he *remembers we are dust;* and thence *light arises to the upright out of darkness.* For the hope naturally springs, that this beneficent being will pity them, *as a father pitieth his children;* and in the midst of those distresses which the present circumstances of man render unavoidable, will *send them help from his sanctuary.* Surrounded with this compassionate presence of the Almighty, good men never view themselves as left in this vale of tears, to bear solitary and alone, the whole weight of human woe. In their dark, as well as in their brighter hours, God is with them. Even in that valley of the shadow of death, where no friend, no comforter, can go along to aid them, he is with them still. In the last extremity of nature, *the rod and staff of the Shepherd of Israel support them.*

Thus I have shown, though in an imperfect manner, what benefits holy men derive from an habitual sense of the divine presence. It animates and strengthens their virtue. It enlivens and brightens their prosperity. Under various forms of adversity, it affords them consolation and relief. Such considerations, undoubtedly, form a strong argument in favor of a devout spirit and a virtuous life. But they are considerations which may probably be regarded by some as ideal and visionary; requiring aid from a heated or an enthusiastic fancy, in order to give them force. I readily admit that, amidst the hurry and turbulence of the world, it may be difficult to bring these religious sentiments as fully into view, as is necessary for their making a just impression on the soul. This requires the effort of an intelligent and feeling mind; and therefore cannot be expected to be commonly found. To the unreflecting crowd, nothing appears real, but what is exposed to sense. What is invisible, is the same to them as if it had no existence. But by the grossness of their own conceptions, they have no title to measure those of others. While they affect to treat all considerations taken from the sense of the divine presence, as visionary and enthusiastic, it can, on the contrary, be clearly shown, that

they are founded on the most certain and unquestionable principles of reason. They essentially belong not to revealed only, but to natural religion. Their reality can be denied by none, but those who deny that God exists, or that he governs the world. For, if he exist, he must undoubtedly pervade and inspect the world which he governs. He must know what is going on throughout his own universe; and especially must know what passes within the hearts which he has made, and of which he is to judge. To be everywhere present, is the attribute of his nature, which, of all others, is the most necessary to his administration of the universe. This, accordingly, is an attribute which all religions have ascribed to him. All nations have believed in it. This attribute being once admitted to belong to the Deity, the consequences which I have deduced from it, plainly and naturally follow: And every good man has ground to say, *O Lord, I am continually with thee.*

Ah! when will God's order be established in the world? When each, instead of struggling upwards in selfish ambition and pressing others down in mean pride—looking up to envy and looking down to scorn—shall look up to honor, and look down to help,—when all shall by love serve one another.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE NATURE OF THE FUTURE LIFE, HEAVEN, ETC.

Where is Heaven? What is the nature of the future life? Can Spirits live without material bodies? The propounding of the above inquiries, and the thoughts in answer thereto, given by a correspondent, in some of the late numbers of the Intelligencer, have given rise to some reflections on the subjects, which I am willing to offer for the columns of our excellent periodical.

First, Where is Heaven? Heaven is not a *place*, but a *state*. We cannot *locate* it, for the idea of *locality* would set limits to that which is illimitable, boundless, eternal. God is Love,—Heaven is happiness, peace, joy in the Holy Spirit. It is joy unspeakable and full of glory. It is the *crown* at the end of the race, a foretaste of which *may* be known in this life. It is the reward of a pure, righteous and holy life. The blessed and immaculate Son of God has said, "In Heaven there angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven." And the prophet in prophetic vision hath declared, speaking of and personating the Most High, "Thus saith the Lord, The Heaven *is* my throne, and the Earth *is* my footstool: where is the house that ye build unto me? and where is the place of my rest?" It is not within the ken or limit of the human mind to fix bounds to Heaven. There is nothing in the recorded word or scriptures of Divine Truth that would bear out such an idea. It is a state or condition of rest, joy, peace: and He who fills all space, and limits all other power,—whose centre is everywhere, and whose circumference is nowhere,—dwells therein, and fills the Heaven of Heavens with His presence, power and glory. The spirits of the just made perfect—Angels—dwell there, and partake of the heavenly attributes and character. And "He that sitteth on the Throne shall dwell among them; they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, nor shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, but the *Lamb* that is in the *midst* of the *Throne* shall *feed them*, and lead them unto *living* fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

As to the second interrogatory, "What is the nature of the future life?" it may be observed "that life once begun never ending," that part of the immortal or spiritual which partakes of the nature of Deity, and has breathed into it the breath of Divine life, which "laps over into the beyond—not another existence so much as it must needs be an existence continued"—that part of life the Divine, the Godlike,—is *incomparably* the most important part, as the *body* is only its agent. The spiritual faculties of man are endowed by the Creator with organs to hear the still small voice of Truth, and it is to these alone that *power* is given to comply with the *terms* of the Divine law. And it is the hearing of the Divine voice, and the obeying of the Divine law, that constitute a *clear* and *indisputable title* to Heaven and happiness, in accordance with the promise, "*Hear* and *obey* and thy *soul shall live*." A life of *obedience* and *conformity* to God's will and purpose is the *one only* and *alone essential* condition and qualification of the Christian character. It makes one Christ-like. It fills the soul with all the holy and divine attributes of the Redeemer, and fits and qualifies it for Heaven. This it is that makes a Christian, and gives a little *insight* into the *nature* of the *future life*. The soul is God's temple, and He dwells in it when it is kept pure and clean. But He will not dwell in a defiled temple. "If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy." "But ye are the temple of God, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you." And "if any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his." If he have the *Spirit* of *Christ*, then he is a Christian, and this it is that constitutes him such. And when the Christian can *feel* that God is in his holy temple, that he is the life of the soul, that he communes with it and is strengthened by such communion, he can *unite with the prayer*, "O God who *art* the *truth*, make me *one* with thee in

everlasting *Love*. Thou art the *sum* of my *desire*. Let every creature be silent. Let all the world be dumb before thee. *And do Thou only speak to my soul.*" When the mind is thus brought in holy nearness to its Creator and its God, and can feel Him giving *life* and *breath* and *strength* to its holy and divine aspirations, it can get a little *glimmer* of the *nature* of the *future life*,—of Angels and of ministering Spirits. For Angels are ministering Spirits sent forth to minister to them that shall be heirs of salvation. But there is another and opposite condition of things; the sinful, the lost, the fallen angels must contemplate the future life from a different standpoint, and must necessarily have very different conceptions of its *nature*. Heaven is too pure for any thing to enter therein that is unhallowed, impure. The vessels of the Lord's house are holy. "For surely there shall in no wise enter therein any thing that is impure, or unholy, or worketh abomination, or maketh a lie;" but they, and they *only* "that are written in the Lamb's book of life."

As to the third question, "Can Spirits live without material bodies?" it may be observed that God is a Spirit, and the Supreme intelligence, Self-existing and Eternal: and we do not attach bodily form to Him. But the Son, who was and is one with the Father in Spirit, essence and power, for he emphatically declared, "I and my Father are one,"—who came out from the Father who sent him, and who had glory with the Father before the world was,—he put on bodily form, and was tempted in all points as we are, yet without sin. I have ever believed there was wisdom in this,—great wisdom, and that mankind are better for it; that Christians are firmer in their faith in the great essentials of Christianity, in view of the spotless example he set them, and of the gracious and glorious words that proceeded from his mouth, having learned thus to love, respect and honor him in *bodily form*, and *through him* the *Father*. It was and is a part of the Divine economy. Now it is not only lawful but profitable and proper to meditate on Heaven, the God of Heaven, and the inhabitants of Heaven, but not to indulge in speculation on that which must ever remain, in the councils of the Divine Will, but *speculation only*. The finite can never come to a full understanding of the Infinite. But we must all bow in love and humility at the footstool of the *Eternal Jehovah*. Revelation has established in the past, and does establish in the present, and corroborates the past, the evidence of a Supreme Being, and the existence of Heaven and its inhabitants, and the Christian religion in its purity points out the way to this bright and blessed existence.

THOMAS FOULKE.

SOUNDS DURING THE NIGHT.

The great audibility of sounds during the night is a phenomenon of considerable interest, and one which had been observed even by the ancients. In crowded cities, or in their vicinity, the effect was generally ascribed to the rest of animated beings, while in localities where such an explanation was inapplicable, it was supposed to arise from a favorable direction of the prevailing wind. Baron Humboldt was particularly struck with this phenomenon when he first heard the rushing of the great cataracts of the Orinoco in the plain which surrounds the mission of the Apures. These sounds he regarded as three times louder during the night than during the day.

Some authors ascribed this fact to the cessation of the humming of insects, the singing of birds, and the action of the wind on the leaves of the trees; but Baron Humboldt justly maintains that this cannot be the cause of it in the Orinoco, where the buzz of insects is much louder in the night than in the day, and where the breeze never rises till after sunset. Hence he was led to ascribe the phenomenon to the perfect transparency and uniform density of the air, which can exist only at night after the heat of the ground has been uniformly diffused through the atmosphere. When the rays of the sun have been beating on the ground during the day, currents of hot air of different temperatures, and consequently of different densities, are constantly ascending from the ground and mixing with the cold air above. The air thus ceases to be a uniform medium, and objects seen through it which are very indistinctly visible have a tremulous motion, as if they were "dancing in the air." The very same effect is perceived when we look at objects through spirits and water that are not perfectly mixed, or when we view distant objects over a red-hot poker or over a flame. In all these cases the light suffers refraction in passing from a medium of one density into a medium of a different density, and the refracted rays are constantly changing their direction, as the different currents rise in succession. Analogous effects are produced when sound passes through a mixed medium.—*Sir David Brewster.*—*Christian Register.*

Let us pray; but let us pray according to the will of God, and in his spirit. To reveal our wishes, to hope and to trust, is holy, pious, filial; but to reckon on the fulfilment of those wishes, and to expect it as if that fulfilment were our due, is quite another thing. It is to pass from the love which believeth all things, and hopeth all things, to an irreverent and exacting mood, in which we show no proper

sense of divine things. To expect is to demand God's coming; it is to give him our time, instead of accepting his. Adorable, even in his merciful tardiness, his goodness defers what it seems to refuse.

God has written on the flower that sweetens the air—on the breeze that rocks the flower upon the stem—upon the rain-drop that refreshes the sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert—upon every pencilled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of creatures which live in its light—upon all his works he has written: "None liveth to himself."

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Wrong things would often be easily righted, and difficulties be put out of the way, if, when we think a mistake has been made, we would go to our friend and, have a plain and kind talk about the matter. Very likely on doing so we would find the difficulty had been greatly magnified, or perhaps that it was altogether imaginary, and our friend was guiltless of the charge, be it greater or less, that had been preferred against him.

On the other hand, if we secretly ponder over the supposed cause of dissatisfaction, or listen to what this one says about it, or receive a little whisper from another and another, misunderstandings ensue, jealousies follow, succeeded by a train of evils, which finally uproot all kindly feelings and destroy friendships, which might have been productive of enjoyment and benefit.

Let us avert these sad consequences by frankly going to those who by word or action have given cause for uneasiness. We will be but doing as we would be done by.

Thy precious letter I have just received. It was truly a salutation which caused the feelings of my heart to leap for joy. Yes, my dear brother, in times of bodily affliction and pain, which it hath pleased the Father in heaven to visit me with, for a season, it is doubly consoling to hear from those we love, even those who compose the "Brotherhood of Christ." When suffering under bodily affliction, it is an unspeakable solace if the soul can make its appeal in a language similar to Peter, when the question was put to him even trebly, "Yea, Lord! thou knowest that I love thee;" and, dear brother, when tried in the furnace of affliction, are these not as tests or trials of our allegiance? Job, in his affliction, proved his confidence in God, when he could say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Oh! holy faith and confidence.

I have always regretted the unceasing disposition in our Society to be making changes in the outward law. Truth, which gathered Friends, led them to great uniformity of action, and so long as they lived under its influence, they moved in sweet simplicity and love, one toward another, and were united in the "One Lord, one faith, and one baptism;" and it is my unshaken faith that when Friends come to unite in *this threefold cord* of unity, and walk under its blessed influence, that simple rule, which proved sufficient for our Fathers, will be still amply sufficient for the followers of the Lamb. I know thou wilt unite with me in this view, but at the same time we have no desire to bound the Spirit, which alone is able to dictate, when any change is needed for the simplifying of the condition of Church government, as exhibited in the pattern on the Mount, in its perfection, and which all the changes that the restless, ever-busy spirit of man, with all its ingenuity, can devise, can never change for the better. The Lord alone remains to be the strength of Israel; "He is our rock;" His work is perfect, for all his ways are judgment;—a God of truth, without iniquity, just and right is He.

I feel not that I can add to my dear cousin's happiness, and yet there seems an irresistible impulse to hold converse in this way. It appears that it is a low time with thee. Why is it so,—do we serve a hard Master? Ah! no. Then let one of the very least in the family (if I may claim a membership therein) say, "Fear not, it is thy Father's good pleasure to give thee the kingdom." Let not thy heart be troubled; neither let it be afraid; for He who hath called is *able* and *willing* to go before all his dedicated children; and I have no doubt thou wilt find Him a present help in every needful time. Therefore endeavor to repose all confidence in *Him* and Him alone, and not look to man, nor too much to thy own *littleness*, for according to thy day will thy strength be. Thou undoubtedly believes that this service is required of thee; then in that *pure love* which casteth out fear, go forth, leaving all judgment as respects thy fitness for the work. It is not for the vessel to say to the Potter, why formed thou me thus and so? We are to be passive, and then we shall be formed according to His will and to His honor, though ever so small and unattractive. I think I may venture to say that my desire has been sincere this afternoon, as often before, that in this particular visit thy eye may be exclusively turned to the

gentle intimations of duty, in remembrance of Him who laid it upon thee. Do not reason too long with flesh and blood, but give up all in pure love; then I think there is no doubt but that thou wilt return in peace.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 30, 1869.

RELIGIOUS TEACHING.—Attention has been much called in the present day to religious teaching, and more especially to the subject of awakening and training the religious sentiment of the young. That the best mode of doing this has not been discovered to the satisfaction of all, is evident from its continuing to be a matter of inquiry, resulting now and then in efforts to remedy the deficiency felt, by the establishment of First-day Schools, Bible classes, &c., &c.

We do not profess to have made any new discovery on this subject, but venture to give expression to a few thoughts, in the hope of stimulating other minds to the same inquiry. Without implying that there is any clearly marked line of division, we may, for the sake of clearness, divide parents into three classes. There are those who dwell almost entirely on the outside of things; who regard conduct rather than motive; whose standard is public opinion, and who are seeking for their children the honors and emoluments this world has to bestow. It cannot be expected that these can give any effective religious teaching to their children; and even when this is deputed to others, as is sometimes the case, there is little in the home influence to make it effective. The vanity, insincerity and worldly mindedness, unconsciously infused, no mere verbal instruction in religious truth can eradicate. Many, it is true, are the instances in which the powerful convictions of God's Spirit have redeemed the individual from the evil habits thus imbibed in early life, but it has been through an amount of suffering, some of which might have been avoided had the parents fulfilled the mission evidently intended in the Divine economy,—that of preparing the way of the Lord and making his paths straight.

Another class of parents are those whose spirits are measurably under the influence of religious principle; who see the right path and at times endeavor to walk in it. But they have allowed themselves to become absorbed in business or household cares, to the neglect of those seasons of quiet reflection, in which their highest duties to their children and households would have been shown, and that recollected watchful state attained in which they would be enabled to perform them. These are often sincerely concerned for the highest welfare of their children, but know not how best to promote it. They not only feel a lack of that strength which would enable them to direct the devotional feelings of their young charge, but they even suffer the little incidents of daily life, which afford such opportunities for instilling moral principles, to pass by unimproved while they are "busied hither and thither." To these the First-day School offers itself as an aid to supply the deficiency, and to some extent it does supply it, and it has also been the means in some instances of arousing parents to a sense of their responsibility. These are also calling attention to the wants of the young. The stimulus furnished by companionship with numbers engaged in the same pursuit, is a powerful aid to the acquisition of all kinds of knowledge, and the affectionate interest that grows up between teachers and pupils must be productive of good. But can it be in the ordering of Divine wisdom that a parent, especially a mother, should place upon others the religious training of her children? Should not the fact that she feels incompetent for it herself, lead her to look with alarm into the cause? If want of time is pleaded, are there no household arrangements that might be simplified, no hours taken from unnecessary needlework, in which she might become acquainted with and minister to the spiritual wants of her precious charge? Surely He who in the ordering of his providence has secured the physical well-being of the tender child, by placing it in the care of loving parents, must have designed that its earliest spiritual development should also receive from them nourishment and care.

It is not sufficient that a parent *desires* to train the child rightly,—wisdom, a choice of the best *means* of doing it, is also necessary. But this wisdom is not withheld from the

earnest, sincere seeker. "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth none."

Another class of parents are those who from the time these precious gifts were committed to their care, have made all lower considerations subordinate to the highest welfare of their children. They have neither desired nor sought for them worldly riches nor honors; have watched by day and by night, that no evil habit should gain possession and obstruct the "way of the Lord;" and their prayers have ascended, that He would put his Holy Spirit upon them. Yet even these are not without their trials and discouragements. They have sown the good seed, but the early and the latter rain, the dew and the sunshine, they cannot command, and they must wait, even though the time seems long. Influences outside of home are at certain periods of life powerful enough to carry the young away from its preserving influence, and faith, patience and wisdom are then especially needed by parents that they draw not the restraining line too tight lest it break in their hands. "Suffer it to be so now," must sometimes be the self-sacrificing utterance of the concerned parent. In seasons of discouragement, such are apt to look back and discover that they have committed errors of judgment in the early training of their children, which, seen in the light of present knowledge and experience, seem of serious importance. The regret they feel is increased, too, by the reflection that it is too late to remedy the error. These should remember that the knowledge of *how* to train a child rightly is progressive, while we have reason to believe that the sincere and earnest effort to do so, even though by very imperfect means, has not been without the Divine blessing. "Let her alone, she has done what she could," has ever been the consoling language to the pious parent. Some mistake may be made, some errors unconsciously inculcated, but the deep-loving solicitude for "the one thing needful," if it really exist in the mind of the parent, will be felt, and sooner or later produce its fruits.

It would be interesting to examine the numerous biographies of individuals eminent for piety in our Society, to discover in how many instances, perhaps a majority, their testimony in regard to one or both of their parents is, that they were pious members of such or such a denomination and were concerned to train their children accordingly. No doubt a part of this training, viewed in the light of the present day, would appear defective or erroneous; yet the seeds of piety and virtue were sown which bore fruit, while some of the early imbibed errors were abandoned. These considerations, while they reconcile us to the imperfect systems of the past, should not make us negligent in regard to an advance in the knowledge of the best *means* of imparting religious truth and of training the young in virtuous habits.

DIED.

BROWN.—Of dropsy, at her residence in Pickering, Ontario Co., Canada, on the 11th of Sixth mo., 1869, Pamelia Brown, wife of Sylvanus Brown, in the 65th year of her age. She bore her long and tedious illness with Christian fortitude, sweetness and resignation, saying, though her sufferings were severe, she felt no disposition to murmur, but expressed a great desire that she might be favored with patience to the end, in which she was remarkably preserved. She said she felt nothing in her way—no partition wall—though she believed it necessary to keep up the watch as long as life remained. As she endeavored to live the life of the righteous, we fully believe she has received the *reward* of the righteous. Though her family and friends feel deeply the loss sustained, they are not alone; society will feel that a valuable member has been taken from our midst. She was a diligent attender of all our meetings, and when there, her appearance in silent waiting, as well as in short communications, fully evinced her communion in spirit with her Heavenly Father. May the great Shepherd raise up faithful laborers to fill the places of those whom he has been pleased to take to Himself.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Tenth mo. 31st, Woodstown, N. J., 2½ P.M.
Eleventh mo. 7th, Pennsbury, Pa., 10 A.M.
" " Boston, N. Y., 11 A.M.
" " Haddonfield, N. J., 3 P.M.
" " Chichester, Pa., 3 P.M.
" " Salem, N. J., 2½ P.M.

THE WEATHER.—ERRATA.

In last week's Intelligencer an unfortunate typographical error occurred in giving the "Review of the Weather" the caption of "*Eighth*" when it should have been "*Ninth*" month. Friends preserving the Intelligencer for binding or future reference will please correct.

The Meeting of the Executive Committee of the First-day School Association of New York Yearly Meeting, which was notified to be held at Chappaqua at 9 o'clock on Fourth-day morning, Eleventh mo. 3d, in consequence of a change in the railroad time is deferred until 5 P.M. of the same day. Cars leave

26th Street Depot, Harlem Railroad, at 8.30 A.M., and those wishing to return to New York the same day can leave Chappaqua at 7.40 P. M.

Purchase Quarterly Meeting will be held at Chappaqua on Fourth and Fifth days.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

(Concluded from page 540.)

Life in Paris in 1830.

In 1830, after his return to Berlin, he was chosen as the fitting messenger from one great nation to another. The restoration which followed the downfall of Napoleon had been overturned by the July revolution, and he who had lived through the glory of the Republic and the most brilliant days of the Empire, was appointed by the King of Prussia to carry an official greeting to Louis Philippe and the new dynasty. He had, indeed, the most friendly relations with the Orleans family, and was, from private as well as public considerations, a suitable ambassador on this occasion.

Paris had greatly changed since his return from his first great journey. Many of those who had made the glory of the Academy of Sciences, in the beginning of the century, had passed away, and a new generation had come up. Elie de Beaumont, Dufrénoy, the younger Brongniart, Adrien de Jussieu, Isidore Geoffroy, Milne Edwards, Audouin, Flouiens, Guillemain, Pouillet, Duperrey, Babinet, Decaisne, and others had risen to distinction, while the older Ampère, the older Brongniart, Valenciennes, de Blainville, Arago, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, had come forward as leaders in science. Cuvier, just the age of Humboldt himself, was still active and ardent in research. His salon, frequented by statesmen, scholars, and artists, was, at the same time, the gathering place of all the most original thinkers in Paris; and the pleasure of these delightful meetings was unclouded, for none dreamed how soon they were to end forever,—how soon that bright and vivid mind was to pass away from among us.

In those days a fierce discussion was carried on before the Academy, as well as in public lectures. Goethe had declared the unity of structure in the bony frame of all the vertebrates, and had laid the foundation of the morphology of plants. These new views had awakened the interests and passions of the whole world of science to a degree hitherto unknown in her peaceful halls. Cuvier, strange to say, had taken ground in opposition to Goethe's views upon the vertebrate type, while Geoffroy St. Hiliaire, a devoted adherent of Goethe's ideas, had expressed his convictions in words not always courteous towards Cuvier. The latter had retorted with an overwhelming display of special knowledge, under which the brilliant generalizations of St. Hilaire seemed to be crushed. Cuvier was then giving a course of lectures in the College de France, on the history of science, into which he wove with passionate animation his objections to the new doctrine. Humboldt attended these lectures regularly, and I had frequently the pleasure of sitting by his side and being the recipient of his passing criticism. While he was impressed by the objections of the master-anatomist, he could not conceal his sympathy for the conception of the great poet, his countryman. Seeing more clearly than Cuvier himself the logic of his investigations, in whispered comments during the lectures, he constantly declared that whatever deficiences the doctrine of unity might still contain, it must be essentially true, and Cuvier ought to be its expounder instead of its opponent. The great French naturalist did not live to complete these lectures, but the view expressed by his friend was prophetic. Cuvier's own researches, especially those bearing upon the characteristics of the four different plans of structure of the animal kingdom, have helped to prove in his own despite, though in a modified form, the truth of the doctrine he so bitterly opposed.

The life which Humboldt now led was less exclusively that of a student than it had been during his former Paris life. He was the ambassador of a foreign court. His official position and his rank in society, as well as his great celebrity, made him everywhere a cherished guest, and Humboldt had the gift of making himself ubiquitous. He was as familiar with the gossips of the fashionable and dramatic world as with the higher walks of life and the abstuse researches of science. He had at this time two residences in Paris; his lodgings at the Hotel des Princes, where he saw the great world, and his working-room in the Rue de la Harpe, where he received with less formality his scientific friends. It is with the latter place I associate him; for there it was my privilege to visit him frequently. There he gave me leave to come to talk with him about my work, and consult him in my difficulties. I am unwilling to speak of myself on this occasion, and yet I do not know how else I can do justice to one of the most beautiful sides of Humboldt's character. His sympathy for all young students of nature was one of the noblest traits of his long life. It may truly be said that towards the close of his career there was hardly one prominent or aspiring scientific man in the world who was not under some obligation to him. His sympathy touched not only the work of those in whom he was interested, but extended also to their material wants and embarrassments. At this period I was twenty-

four; he was sixty-two. I had recently taken my degree as Doctor of Medicine, and was struggling not only for a scientific position, but for the means of existence also. I have said that he gave me permission to come as often as I pleased to his room, opening to me freely the inestimable advantages which intercourse with such a man gave to a young investigator like myself. But he did far more than this. Occupied and surrounded as he was, he sought me out in my own lodging. The first visit he paid me at my narrow quarters in the Quartier Latin, where I occupied a small room in the Hotel du Jardin des Plantes, was characteristic of the man. After a cordial greeting, he walked straight to what was then my library,—a small bookshelf containing a few classics, the meanest editions bought for a trifle along the quays, some works on philosophy and history, chemistry and physics, his own Views of Nature, Aristotle's Zoölogy, Linnæus's Systema Naturæ, in several editions, Cuvier's Régne Animal, and quite a number of manuscript quarto copies which, with the assistance of my brother, I had made of works I was too poor to buy, though they cost but a few francs a volume. Most conspicuous of all were twelve volumes of the new German Cyclopedia presented to me by the publisher. I shall never forget, after his look of mingled interest and surprise at my little collection, his half-sarcastic question as he pounced upon the great Encyclopedia, "*Was machen Sie denn mit dieser Eselsbrücke,*" What are you doing with this *ass's bridge?*—the somewhat contemptuous name given in Germany to similar compilations. "I have not had time," I said, "to study the original sources of learning, and I need a prompt and easy answer to a thousand questions I have as yet no other means of solving,"

It was no doubt apparent to him that I was not over familiar with the good things of this world, for I shortly afterward received an invitation to meet him at six o'clock in the "Gallerie Vitrée" of the Palais Royal, whence he led me into one of those restaurants, the tempting windows of which I had occasionally passed by. When we were seated, he half laughingly, half inquiringly, asked me whether I would order the dinner. I declined the invitation, saying that we would fare better if he would take the trouble. And for three hours, which passed like a dream, I had him all to myself, How he examined me, and how much I learned in that short time! How to work, what to do, and what to avoid; how to live; how to distribute my time; what methods of study to pursue—these were the things of which he talked to me on that delightful evening,—I do not mention this trivial incident without feeling that it may seem too familiar for the occasion; nor should I give it all, except that it shows the sweetness and kindliness of Humboldt's nature. It was not enough for him to cheer and stimulate the student; he cared also to give a rare indulgence to a young man who could allow himself few luxuries.

The Asiatic Journey.

The incidents of Humboldt's Asiatic journey are less known to the public at large than those of his longer American ramblings. Short as it was, however,—for he was absent only nine months,—he brought to the undertaking such an amount of collateral knowledge that its scientific results are of the utmost importance, and may be considered as the culmination of his mature research and comprehensiveness of views. His success was insured also by the ample preparations of the Russian government, orders having been given along the whole road to grant him every facility. Descending the Volga to Kasan, and thence crossing to Ikaterinenburg over the Ural Mountains, he passed through Tobolsk, on the Jrtish to Barnaul, on the Obi, and reached the Altai Mountains, on the borders of China, thus penetrating into the heart of Asia. His researches into the physical constitution of what was considered the high table-land of Asia revealed the true features of that vast range of mountains. Touched by his cultivated genius, the most insignificant facts became fruitful, and gave him at once a clew to the real character of the land. The presence of fruit-trees and other plants, belonging to families not known to occur in elevated reigons, led him to distrust the existence of an unbroken, high, cold table-land, extending over the whole of Central Asia,—and by a diligent comparison of all existing documents on the subject, combined with his own observations, he showed that four great parallel mountain-ridges, separated by gradually higher and higher level grounds, extend in an east-westerly direction. First the Altai, bordering on the plains of Siberia, from the northern slope of which descends all the great rivers flowing into the Arctic Ocean, the Irtisch with the Obi, the Jennisei and the Lena,—then the Thian-Shan, south of the plateau of Soongaria;—next the Kuenlun, south of the plateau of Tartary;—next the Himalaya range, separating the plateau of Thibet from the plains of the Ganges. He showed the connection of the Himalaya Mountains through the Hindoo-koo and the Demavend with the far-off range of the Caucasus. These east-westerly ranges, giving form and character to the continent of Asia, are then contrasted with the north-southerly

direction of the Ghauts, the Soliman and Bolor range and the Ural Mountains, dividing Europe from Asia. Approaching the great highways, over which the caravans of the East from Delhi and Lahore reached the northern marts of Samarcand, Bokhara and Orenburg, he opens to us the most striking vistas of the early communication between the Arian civilization and the western lands lying then in the darkness of savage life. He inquired also into the course of the old Oxus and the former channels between Lake Aral and the Caspian Sea. The level of that great inland salt lake, between two and three hundred feet below the level of the sea, suggested to him its former communication with the Arctic Ocean, when the steppes of the Kirghis formed an open gulf and the northern waters poured over those extensive plains. After examining the German settlements about the Caspian Sea, he returned to St. Petersburg by way of Orenburg and Moscow. The scientific results of this journey are recorded in two separate works, the first of which, under the title of Asiatic Fragments of Climatology and Geology, is chiefly devoted to an account of the inland volcanoes which he had had an opportunity of studying during this journey. He had now examined the volcanic phenomena upon three continents, and had gained an insight more penetrating and more comprehensive than was possessed by any other geologist into their deep connection with all the changes our globe has undergone. Volcanoes are no longer to him mere local manifestations of a limited focus of eruption; he perceived their relation to earthquakes and to all the phenomena coincident with the formation of the inequalities of the earth's surface. The contrast between the Siberian winter and the great fertility of the neighborhood of Astracan, where he found the finest vineyards he had ever seen, led him to consider anew the causes of the irregularities of temperature under corresponding latitudes, and then to enlarge his knowledge of the isothermal lines, which he had first sketched in his younger years, and the rationale of which he now clearly set forth. In one comprehensive view he showed the connection between the rotation of the earth, the radiation of its surface, the currents of the ocean, and especially among the latter the Gulf Stream, in their combined influence upon conditions of temperature, producing under identical latitudes such contrasts of climate as exists between Boston, Madrid, Naples, Constantinople, Tiflis on the Caucasus, Hakodadi, and that part of our own coast in California, where stands the city which bears his own venerated name.

The second work relating to the Asiatic journey appeared under the title of "Central Asia," being an account of his researches into the mountain systems and the climate of that continent. The broadest generalizations relating to the physics of the globe, showing Humboldt's wonderful familiarity with all its external features, are here introduced in a short paper upon the average elevation of the continents above the level of the sea, as compared with the average depths of the ocean. LaPlace, the great geometer, had already considered the subject; but Humboldt brought to the discussion an amount of facts which showed conclusively that the purely mathematical consideration of the inquiry, as handled by LaPlace, had been premature. Taking separately into consideration the space occupied on the earth's surface by mountain ridges with that occupied by high table-lands, and the far more extensive tracts of low plains, Humboldt showed that the average elevation of the earth, estimated by LaPlace at more than 1000 mètres, could in fact be scarcely one-third that amount,—a great deal less indeed than the average depth of the sea.

His Private Life and Character.

In speaking of his later dâys, I cannot omit some allusion to a painful fact connected with his residence in Berlin. The publication of a private correspondence between Varuhagen von Ense and Humboldt has led to many unfriendly criticisms upon the latter. He has been blamed for holding his place at court, while in private he criticized and even satirized severely everything connected with it. It is not easy to place oneself in the right point of view, with reference to these confidential letters. It must be remembered that Humboldt was a republican at heart. His most intimate friends, from Forster, in his early youth, to Arago, in his mature years, were ardent republicans. He shared their enthusiasm for the establishment of self-government among men. An anecdote preserved to us by Lieber shows that he did not conceal his sympathies, even before the king who honored him so highly. Lieber, who was present at the conversation, gives the following account of it:—"The King of Prussia, Humboldt and Niebuhr were talking of the affairs of the day, and the latter spoke in no flattering terms of the political views and antecedents of Arago, who, it is well known, was a very advanced republican of the Gallican school, an uncompromising French democrat. Frederic William the Third simply abominated republicanism; yet when Niebuhr had finished, Humboldt said, with a sweetness which I vividly remember, 'Still, this monster is the dearest friend I have in France.'"

Can we, therefore, be surprised that in his confidential letters to a sympathizing friend, he should not refrain from expressing his dislike of the petty intrigues and low sentiments which he met among courtiers. I received, myself, a letter from Humboldt, written in the days when the reactionary movements were at their height in Prussia, in which, in a strain of deep sadness and despondence, he expressed his regret at the turn political affairs had taken in Europe, and his disappointment at the failure of those aspirations for freedom with which he had felt the deepest sympathy in his youth. We may wish that this great man had been wholly consistent—that no shadow had rested upon the loyalty of his character—that he had not accepted the friendship and affection of a King whose court he did not respect and whose weaknesses he keenly felt. But let us remember that his official station there gave him the means of influencing culture and education in his native country in a way which he could not otherwise have done, and that in this respect he made the noblest use of his position. His sympathy with the oppressed in every land was profound. We see it in his feeling for the aborigines in South America—in his abhorrence of slavery. I believe that he would have experienced one of the purest and deepest joys of his life had he lived to hear of the abolition of slavery in the United States. His dislike of all subserviency and flattery, whether toward himself or others, was always openly expressed, and was unquestionably genuine.

The philosophical views of Humboldt, his position with reference to the gravest and most important questions concerning man's destiny and the origin of all things, have been often discussed, and the most opposite opinions have been expressed respecting them, by men who seem equally competent to appreciate the meaning of his writings. The modern school of Atheists claims him as their leader; as such we find him represented by Burmeister in his scientific letters. Others bring forward his sympathy with Christian culture as evidence of his adherence to Christianity in its broadest sense. It is difficult to find in Humboldt's own writings any clew to the exact nature of his convictions. He had too great regard for truth, and he knew too well the Arian origin of the traditions collected by the Jews, to give his countenance to any creed based upon them. Indeed, it was one of his aims to free our civilization from the pressure of Jewish tradition: but it is impossible to become familiar with his writings without feeling that if Humboldt was not a believer, he was no scoffer. A reverential spirit for everything great and good breathes through all his pages. Like a true philosopher, he knew that the time had not yet come for a scientific investigation into the origin of all things. Before he attempted to discuss the direct action of a Creator in bringing about the present condition of the universe, he knew that the physical laws which govern the material world must be first understood; that it would be a mistake to ascribe to the agency of a Supreme Power occurrences and phenomena which could be deduced from the continued agency of natural causes. Until some limit to the action of these causes has been found, there is no place in a scientific discussion, as such, for the consideration of the intervention of a Creator. But the time is fast approaching, and indeed some daring thinkers have actually entered upon the question,—Where is the line between the inevitable action of law and the intervention of a higher power? where is the limit? And here we find the most opposite views propounded. There are those who affirm that inasmuch as force and matter are found to bea sufficient ground for so many physical phenomena, we are justified in assuming that the whole universe, including organic life, has no further origin. To these, I venture to say, Humboldt did not belong. He had too logical a mind to assume that a harmoniously combined whole could be the result of accidental occurrences. In the few instances where, in his works, he uses the name of God, it appears plainly that he believes in a Creator as the law-giver and primary originator of all things. There are two passages in his writings especially significant in this respect. In the 2d volume of the Cosmos, when speaking of the impression man receives from the contemplation of the physical world, he called nature "God's majestic realm." *Gottes erhabenes Reich.* In his allusion to the fearful catastrophe of Caraccas, destroyed by an earthquake in 1812, the critical inquirer may even infer that Humboldt believed in a special Providence. For he says with much feeling:—"Our friends are no more; the house we lived in is a pile of ruins; the city I have described no longer exists. The day had been very hot, the air was calm, the sky without a cloud. It was Holy Thursday; the people were mostly assembled in the churches. Nothing seemed to foreshadow the threatening misfortune. Suddenly at four o'clock in the afternoon, the bells which were struck mute that day began to toll. It was the hand of God, and not the hand of man, which rang that funeral dirge." In his own words: *Es war Gottes, nicht Menschenhand die hier zum Grabgelaute zwang.*

Conclusion.

One word more before I close. I have ap-

peared before you as the representative of the Boston Natural History Society. It was their proposition to celebrate this memorable anniversary. I feel grateful for their invitation, for the honor they have done me. I feel still more grateful for the generous impulse which has prompted them to connect a Humboldt scholarship as a memorial of this occasion with the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge. I trust this token of good-will may only be another expression of that emulation for progress which I earnestly hope may forever be the only rivalry between these kindred institutions and their younger sister in Salem. We have all a great task to perform. It should be our effort, as far as it lies in our power, to raise the standard of culture of our people, as Humboldt has elevated that of the world. May the community at large feel with equal keenness the importance of each step now taken for the expansion in every direction of all the means of the highest culture. The physical suffering of humanity, the wants of the poor, the craving of the hungry and naked, appeal to the sympathy of every one who has a human heart. But there are necessities which only the destitute student knows; there is a hunger and thirst which only the highest charity can understand and relieve; and on this solemn occasion let me say that every dollar given for higher education, in whatever special department of knowledge, is likely to have a greater influence upon the future character of our nation than even the thousands and hundreds of thousands and millions which have already been spent and are daily spending to raise the many to material ease and comfort.

In the hope of this coming golden age, let us rejoice together that Humboldt's name will be permanently connected with education and learning in this country, with the prospects and institutions of which he felt so deep and so affectionate a sympathy.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

LET EVERY ONE SWEEP BEFORE HIS OWN DOOR.

(*A Paraphrase.*)

Do we heed the homely adage, handed down from days of yore,
"Ere you sweep your neighbor's dwelling, clear the rubbish from your door;
Let no filth, no rust there gather,—leave no traces of decay,—
Pluck up every weed unsightly, brush the fallen leaves away!"
If we faithfully have labored thus to sweep without, within—
Plucked up envy, evil-speaking, malice, each besetting sin—
Weeds, that by the sacred portals of the inner temple grow—
Poisonous weeds the heart defiling, bearing bitterness and woe;
Then, perchance, we may have leisure o'er our neighbor watch to keep—
All the work assigned *us* finished, we before his door may sweep;
Show him where the mosses clinging—tokens ever of decay,—
Where the thistles, thickly springing, daily must be cleared away.
But, alas! *our* work *neglecting*, oft we mount the judgment seat,
With his failings, his omissions, we our weary brother greet;
In some hidden nook forgotten, searching with a careful eye,
We the springing weeds discover—some slight blemish there descry.
For his slothfulness, his blindness, we our brother harshly chide,
Glorying in our strength and wisdom, we condemn him in our pride;
Ask not *why* he has neglected thus before his door to sweep,
Why grown careless, he has slumbered, failed his garden-plot to keep.
On the judgment-seat still sitting, we no helping hand extend
To assist our weaker brother his short comings to amend;
For his weariness, his faltering, we no sweet compassion show—
From our store no cordial bring him, no encouragement bestow.
But, while busied with our neighbor, urging him to ceaseless care—
Calling to the thoughtless idlers, to their labor to repair—
Lo! unseen the dust has gathered, weeds are growing where of yore
Flowrets rare and sweet were blooming when we swept before our door.
Ah! how easy o'er our brother faithful ward and watch to keep,
But, alas! before *our* dwelling hard indeed to daily sweep;
Harder, than to share the conflict, "by the stuff" at home to stay—
Easier far to sit in judgment than to humbly watch and pray.

A. R. P.

OCTOBER.

BY F. BOTTOME.

Month of fruitage bright and golden,
Gathered into barn and store;
Month of leafage ripe and olden,
Strewing all our pathway o'er.

Month of Nature's inspirations—
Dale and forest, lake and sky,
Lit with endless variegations,
Write thy name in every dye.

Thine the glory of the seasons,
Thine the hope of all the year,
Thine the fruit of toil and labor,
Thine the meed of anxious care.

Well for thee that robe of rainbow
Spreads thy couch of glorious hue;
Thou hast won thine honors bravely—
Robes of light become the true.

Rest thee on thy couch of beauty,
Rest thee while thy children sing;
Glad they pay thee love and duty,
Grateful votive offerings bring.

Full of blessings, blessings crown thee;
Blessings fall where blessings rise;
Souls that scatter wide their bounty
Gather multiplied supplies.

Old October! may our evening,
Rich with mellow tints as thine,
Rich with fruit of grand fulfilment,
Radiant fall on life's decline.

THE VISIT OF DR. HAYES AND MR. BRADFORD TO THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

This novel and enterprising summer excursion to Greenland and Labrador has been a great success. The party reached Boston last Friday evening, much elated at finding themselves once more in a civilized land. Dr. Hayes has made extensive explorations of hitherto unvisited places, and has made arrangements for another season. Mr. Bradford has four hundred photographic negatives and innumerable sketches, and their companions had plenty of adventure and an abundance of shooting. The party went out in a chartered steamer from St. John's, Newfoundland, leaving there July 3d, and returning to the same place September 28th. Meanwhile they steamed four thousand miles going and coming, and visited both coasts of Baffin Bay. They reached as far north as the middle of Melville Bay, latitude 75 deg., and encountered some rough handling in the "Middle Pack."

The season has been very unfavorable for ice navigation in the upper waters of Baffin Bay, and several whale ships are reported as unsuccessful in finding a passage in the quarter where our party had their hardest encounters with the "thick-ribbed ice." One vessel, the Alexander, was lost, but her crew was saved. In Melville Bay many polar bears were seen, and they were lucky enough to shoot six. The bears were literally run down by their powerful steamer, ploughing through and tearing up the ice, driving the game from ice-field to ice-field, until they were finally brought to bay. A curious incident of this novel chase was that while pursuing the bears the photographers (Messrs. Dunmore and Critcherson), stationed on the top-gallant-forecastle, took the portraits of the bears while they ran a feat in the photographic art probably quite new, and not likely to be soon repeated. In this vicinity, at a place called Devil's Thumb, as well as at Aukpadlartok, near Upernavik, at Jacobsboon in Disko Bay, and at Kraksimeut, South Greenland, the party visited, surveyed and photographed immense glaciers; and in one instance made a considerable journey upon the great ice-sea or *mer de glace* which covers the interior of Greenland.

From one of the glaciers they had a narrow escape. Anchoring near its front, which rose more than two hundred feet high in a perpendicular wall, they were in the act of surveying and photographing it, when they were startled by loud and deafening reports, which were followed by the discharge of several enormous icebergs. This disruption sent the waters rolling in gigantic waves down the fiord, and it seems almost a miracle that in the fearful crash and disturbance which followed they were not dashed to pieces. The photographing party was on the shore, and barely escaped by climbing the rocks, while all their implements were crushed to atoms by the force of the waves, one of which is represented to have been thirty feet high. Those Greenland glaciers are the source of all the icebergs which come down into the North Atlantic, to the great peril of ships and for the wonder of voyagers.

They visited numerous places of interest on the Greenland coast, beginning at Julianashaab in the south and thence working north. They have been entirely successful in every object of their voyage and have been singularly favored with good weather and good fortune.

Not least among the objects of interest visited by the party was the old Norse ruin in Krakatok or Gardar in South Greenland, at which place there once flourished an extensive colony founded in the year 986, a son of the founder named Thorwald being, 1001, the first discoverer of Newfoundland. Among the ruins of this ancient colony (which by all account was a very prosperous one) the party discovered the walls of an old cathedral in a tolerable state of preservation. They produce many evidences that the climate of Greenland, since the Norse occupation, has grown much colder.

They paid a visit to the famous kryolite mine at Ivigtut, the only place in the world where that valuable mineral (which is almost pure soda) has been discovered. The annual production of the mine is about 12,000 tons, the half of which is shipped to the United States.

Besides polar bears, our voyagers found abundance of game, in the shape of birds, many of which were shot, especially eider ducks. The Greenland coast, like that of Labrador, abounds in bird life during the summer, many varieties of water-fowl migrating there to breed.

Among the most interesting places visited was Upernavik, in latitude 72 deg. 50 min., the most northern part of Christian occupation on the globe. At an outpost of that place they fell in with Dr. Hayes's old interpreter and dog manager, Peter Jensen, who was the only white man in the settlement, and

has now for many years lived, hunted and prospered within a thousand miles of the pole.

The party met with no serious accidents. At the Duck Islands there vessel ran upon a sunken rock, but escaped without any very serious injury, and at Cape Desolation, during a gale of wind, they were in some peril from thick weather and bad anchorage. The stocks of both their anchors were carried away in the vain endeavor to hold on in a most dreary and forbidding place, where nobody has probably ever been before, or ever will be, or perhaps wish to be again. Of course they had had their adventures with icebergs and icefloes, which was quite legitimate and to be expected. They were once badly "beset," and their vessel was sadly "nipped," while the young ice (in August?) was forming at an uncomfortably rapid rate, and everything betokened a winter in the drifting "pack." But from this they were mercifully spared by a change of wind.

The party was most hospitably received everywhere by the Danish officials and people in Greenland. That country, it is known, is owned by Denmark, and trading stations, much after the manner of the Hudson's Bay Company, are numerous along the coast.

It is one of the most singular features of this summer voyage, that much of it was performed in constant daylight. For ten successive days they saw the sun at midnight, and during two months they never once lighted their lamps.

The temperature was at no time very cold, though fires were generally necessary in the cabin. On one occasion the temperature rose to seventy degrees. This was in Southern Greenland, where they found many pleasant people, and, as a set-off to it, an immense quantity of mosquitoes and tormenting flies, by which Dr. Hayes was once driven from the shore to the ship while in the act of surveying a glacier, and Mr. Bradford had the same fate while sketching it.

Altogether, the success of the journey has been remarkable, and the amount of artistic and scientific materials collected during the short voyage has well repaid the cost.—*Boston Transcript.*

ITEMS.

At half past five o'clock on the morning of the 22d inst. the shock of an earthquake was felt in Boston, Springfield, Concord, Portland, Augusta and other places in the New England States. And at New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, at fifteen minutes before six o'clock on the morning of the 23d inst. In some localities chimneys were thrown down and the walls of houses were cracked.

The Spanish Government regards the republican insurrection at an end, although precautions to guard against any new outbreaks are continued. A conspiracy, having for its object the surrender of the barracks at San Mateo to the insurgents, has been discovered and thwarted by the Government authorities. The indications now are that the Duke of Montpensier will be the successful candidate for the throne of Spain. The country generally is tranquil. Señor Orense, a celebrated republican leader in the Cortes, has been arrested.

An immense demonstration in favor of amnesty to the Fenians has recently been made in London. A large procession formed in various parts of the city, and, headed by bands of music. and bearing flags and banners inscribed with significant mottoes, marched to Hyde Park. During the afternoon a monster mass meeting was held, at which it was estimated fifty thousand persons were present. The American flag was hoisted and was loudly cheered. Bradlaugh and others addressed the people. The remarks of some of the speakers was of a highly inflammatory character. Resolutions demanding amnesty for the Fenians were adopted by acclamation, after which the meeting ended, and the people quietly retired from the Park.

The Terrors of War.—It is said that the total number of graves of soldiers who died in the defence of the American Union now recorded in the printed forms published by the Quartermaster's Department amounts to about 193,000. There yet remain to be printed the records of about 120,000 graves, making an aggregate of 300,000, of which the names of 100,000 occupants will probably never be known.

A new and most important improvement in the manufacture of horse collars has just been devised by a Philadelphia mechanic. The collar, being stuffed with elastic cork, is light in weight, and adapts itself to the shape of the animal as readily as if it was moulded. It is highly elastic, does not chafe or gall the neck, and, the cork being a non-conductor, injury from the heat is prevented.

'Sunday' has hitherto not been generally observed in France by a complete cessation from labor. Recently, however, a decided movement has been made in that country by mechanics, working men, and attendants in stores, to obtain a holiday on the first day of the week, and extensive strikes are now threatened to secure this object. The first practical attempt to obtain a holiday on First day has just been made by the newspaper compositors of Havre, who have signed an agreement not to work on the first day of the week after the end of 10th mo. A general measure of this kind, it is asserted, will be adopted by the compositors of Paris and the other cities of France.

A New Pyrometer, devised by Mons. Lamy, it is asserted, will show within two or three degrees centigrade the temperature of a furnace heated up to redness. The scale indicating the degrees of heat is placed at some distance from the furnace, so that the manager of a glass works can sit in his office and read the various temperatures of all the furnaces in the establishment. The instrument consists of an iron retort filled with marble, and the neck by means of a narrow tube communicating with a needle moving over a dial-plate. As the marble is decomposed by the increasing heat, carbonic acid gas is generated. A special contrivance measures the tension or elastic force of the gas which has a direct relation to the temperature, so that the measure of one can be taken as an index to the other. It is believed that this instrument can be relied on within certain limits.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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ON CHARACTERS OF IMPERFECT GOODNESS.

BY HUGH BLAIR.

Then Jesus, beholding him, loved him.—MARK x. 21.

The characters of men which the world presents to us are infinitely diversified. In some, either the good or the bad qualities are so predominant, as strongly to mark the character; to discriminate one person as a virtuous, another as a vicious man. In others, these qualities are so mixed together, as to leave the character doubtful. The light and the shade are so much blended, the colors of virtue and vice run in such a manner into one another, that we can hardly distinguish where the one ends, and the other begins; and we remain in suspense, whether to blame or to praise. While we admire those who are thoroughly good, and detest the grossly wicked, it is proper also to bestow attention on those imperfect characters, where there may be much to praise, and somewhat to blame; and where regard to the commendable part, shall not hinder us from remarking what is defective or faulty. Such attentions will be found the more useful, as characters of this mixed sort are, more frequently than any other, exhibited to us in the commerce of society.

It was one of this sort, which gave occasion to the incident recorded in the text. The incident seems to have been considered as remarkable, since it is recounted by three of the evangelical writers; and by them all, with nearly the same circumstances. The person to whom the history relates, was *a ruler;* one of higher rank and station than those who usually resorted to Jesus. He was *a rich man*: He was *a young man.* His whole behaviour was prepossessing and engaging. He appears to have conceived a high opinion of our Lord. He addressed Him with the utmost respect; and the question which he put to him was proper and important. *He kneeled to him; and said, Good Master, What shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?* His conduct in the world had been regular and decent. He could protest, that he had hitherto kept himself free from any gross vice; and in his dealings with others, had observed the precepts of God. Our Lord, *beholding him,* is said to have *loved him;* whence we have reason to conclude, that he was not hypocritical in his professions; and that his countenance carried the expression of good dispositions, as his speech, and his manners, were altogether complacent and gentle. Yet this person, amiable as he was, when his virtue was put to the test, disappointed the hopes which he had given reason to form. Attached, in all probability, to the indulgence of ease and pleasure, he wanted fortitude of mind to part with the advantages of the world, for the sake of religion. When our Lord required him to fulfil his good intentions, by relinquishing his fortune, becoming one of his followers, and preparing himself to encounter

sufferings, the sacrifice appeared to him too great. Impressions of virtue, however, still remained on his mind. He was sensible of what he ought to have done; and regretted his want of courage to do it. *He was sorrowful:* He *was grieved:* Yet *he went away.*

Persons of a character somewhat resembling this, all of us may have met with; especially, among the young; among those who have been liberally educated, and polished by good society. They abhor open vice, and crimes that disturb the world. They have a respect for religion. They are willing to receive instruction for their conduct. They are modest and unassuming; respectful to their superiors in age or station; gentle in their address; inoffensive and courteous in their whole behaviour. They are fond of obliging every one; unwilling to hurt or displease any.—Such persons we cannot but love. We gladly promise well of them; and are disposed to forward and assist them. Yet such is the weakness of our nature, that at the bottom of this character there may lie, as we see exemplified in the instance before us, some secret and material defects. That vigor of mind, that firmness of principle, may be wanting, which is requisite for enabling them to act with propriety, when their virtue is put to a decisive trial, The softness of their nature is unfavorable to a steady perseverance in the course of integrity. They possess the amiable qualities; but there is ground to suspect, that in the estimable ones they are deficient. While, therefore, we by no means class them among the bad, we dare not give them the full praise of virtue. When they set out in the world, we cannot pronounce with confidence, what confirmed features their character will assume; nor how far they can be depended upon, in future life.

Persons of this description are not qualified for discharging aright many duties, to which their situation in life may call them. In certain circumstances, they behave with abundance of propriety. When all is calm and smooth around them; when nothing occurs to agitate the mind, or to disturb the tenor of placid life, none of their defects come forward. They are beloved; and they are useful. They promote the comfort of human society; and, by gentleness and courtesy of manners, serve to cement men together in agreeable union. But to sail on the tranquil surface of an unruffled lake, and to steer a safe course through a troubled and stormy ocean, require different talents: and alas! human life oftener resembles the stormy ocean, than the unruffled lake. We shall not have been long embarked, without finding the resemblance to hold too closely.

Amidst the bustle of the world, amidst the open contentions, and secret enmities, which prevail in every society, mildness and gentleness alone, are not sufficient to carry us, with honor, through the duties of our different stations; as heads of families, citizens, subjects, magistrates, or as engaged in the pursuits of our several callings. Disturbances and trials arise, which demand vigorous exertions of all the moral powers; of patience vigilance, and self-denial; of constancy and fortitude, to support us under danger and reproach; of temperance, to restrain us from being carried away by pleasure; of firm and determined principle, to make us despise the bribes of sin. These manly dispositions of mind are indispensably necessary to prepare one for surmounting the discouragements of virtue; and for struggling honorably through the hardships of life. Unless he be thus armed and fortified, whatever good intentions have been in his heart, they are likely to be frustrated in action. Nothing that is great can be undertaken. Nothing that is difficult or hazardous, can be accomplished. Nor are we to imagine that it is only in times of persecution, or war, or civil commotions, that there is occasion for those stronger efforts, those masculine virtues of the soul, to be displayed. The private, and seemingly quiet, stations of life, often call men forth, in the days of peace, to severe trials of firmness and constancy. The life of very few proceeds in so uniform a train, as not to oblige them to discover, in some situation or other, what portion they possess of the estimable qualities of man. Hence it sometimes happens, that persons, whose manners were much less promising and engaging than those of others, have, nevertheless, when brought to act a part in critical circumstances, performed that part with more unsullied honor, and firmer integrity, than they.

Persons of the character I have described are ill fitted, not only for discharging the higher duties of life, but also for resisting the common temptations to vice. With good dispositions in their mind, with a desire, like the young ruler in the text, to know what they shall do, in order to *inherit eternal life;* yet, when the terms required of them interfere with any favorite enjoyment, like him, they are *sorrowful, and go away.* The particular trial to which he was put, may appear to be a hard one, and to exceed the ordinary rate of virtue. Our Lord, who discerned his heart, saw it to be necessary, in his case, for bringing his character to the test. But in cases, where trials of much less difficulty present themselves, they who partake of a character similar to his, are often found to give way. The good qualities which they possess, border on certain weaknesses of the mind; and

these weaknesses are apt to betray them insensibly into vices, with which they are connected.

Good nature, for instance, is in danger of running into that unlimited complaisance, which assimilates men to the loose manner of those whom they find around them. Pliant, and yielding in their temper, they have not force to stand by the decisions of their own minds, with regard to right and wrong. Like the animal which is said to assume the color of every object to which it is applied, they lose all proper character of their own; and are formed by the characters of those with whom they chance to associate. The mild are apt to sink into habits of indolence and sloth. The cheerful and gay, when warmed by pleasure and mirth, lose that sobriety and self-denial, which is essential to the support of virtue. Even modesty and submission, qualities so valuable in themselves, and so highly ornamental to youth, sometimes degenerate into a vicious timidity; a timidity which restrains men from doing their duty with firmness; which cannot stand the frown of the great, the reproach of the multitude, or even the ridicule and sneer of the scorner.

Nothing can be more amiable than a constant desire to please; and an unwillingness to offend or hurt. Yet in characters where this is a predominant feature, defects are often found. Fond always to oblige, and afraid to utter any disagreeable truth, such persons are sometimes led to dissemble. Their love of truth is sacrificed to their love of pleasing. Their speech, and their manners, assume a studied courtesy. You cannot always depend on their smile; nor, when they promise, be sure of the performance. They mean and intend well. But the good intention is temporary. Like wax, they yield easily to every impression; and the transient friendship contracted with one person, is effaced by the next. Undistinguishing desire to oblige, often proves, in the present state of human things, a dangerous habit. They who cannot, on many occasions, give a firm and steady denial, or who cannot break off a connection, which has been hastily and improperly formed, stand on the brink of many mischiefs. They will be seduced by the corrupting, ensnared by the artful, betrayed by those in whom they have placed their trust. Unsuspicious, themselves, they were flattered with the belief of having many friends around them. Elated with sanguine hopes, and cheerful spirits, they reckoned that *tomorrow would be as this day, and more abundant.* Injudicious liberality, and thoughtless profusion, are the consequence; until, in the end, the straits to which they are reduced, bring them into mean or dishonorable courses. Through innocent, but unguarded weakness, and from want of the severer virtues, they are, in process of time, betrayed into downright crimes. Such may be the conclusion of those, who, like the young ruler before us, with many amiable and promising dispositions, had begun their career in life.

Such persons are not prepared for sustaining, with propriety and dignity, the distresses to which our state is liable. They are equipped for the season of sunshine and serenity; but when the sky is overcast, and the days of darkness come, their feeble minds are destitute of shelter, and ill provided for defence. Then is the time, when more hardy qualities are required; when courage must face danger, constancy support pain, patience possess itself in the midst of discouragements, magnanimity display its contempt of threatening. If those high virtues be altogether strangers to the mind, the mild and gentle will certainly sink under the torrent of disasters. The ruler in the text could plead, that his behaviour to others, in the course of social life, had been unexceptionable. So far the reflection on his conduct would afford him comfort amidst adversity. But no man is without failings. In the dejecting season of trouble, it will occur to every one, that he has been guilty of frequent transgression; that much of what ought to have been done, was neglected; and that much of what has been done, had better have been omitted. In such situations, when a thousand apprehensions arise to alarm conscience, nothing is able to quiet its uneasiness, except a well-grounded trust in the mercy and acceptance of Heaven. It is firm religious principle, acting upon a manly and enlightened mind, that gives dignity to the character, and composure to the heart, under all the troubles of the world. This enables the brave and virtuous man, with success to buffet the storm. While he, who had once sparkled in society with all the charms of gay vivacity, and had been the delight of every circle in which he was engaged, remains dispirited, overwhelmed, and annihilated, in the evil day.

Such are the failings incident to persons of mixed and imperfect goodness: such the defects of a character formed merely of the amiable, without the estimable qualities of man.

It appears from this, that we must not place too much trust in the fair appearances, which a character may at first exhibit. In judging of others, let us always think the best, and employ the spirit of charity and candor. But in judging of ourselves, we ought to be more severe. Let us remember him whom our Lord beheld, and *loved*; and who yet fell short

of the kingdom of heaven. Let us not forget, that something more than gentleness and modesty, than complacency of temper and affability of manners, is requsite to form a worthy man, or a true Christian. To a high place in our esteem, these qualities are justly entitled. They enter essentially into every good man's character. They form some of its most favorable distinctions. But they constitute a part of it; not the whole. Let us not, therefore, rest on them entirely, when we conceive an idea of what manner of persons we ought to be.

Let piety form the basis of firm and established virtue. If this be wanting, the character cannot be sound and entire. Moral virtue will always be endangered, often be overthrown, when it is separated from its surest support. Confidence in God, strengthened by faith in the great Redeemer of mankind, not only amidst the severer trials of virtue gives constancy to the mind, but, by nourishing the hope of immortality, adds warmth and elevation to the affections. They whose conduct is not animated by religious principle, are deprived of the most powerful incentive to worthy and honorable deeds.

Let such discipline, next, be studied, as may form us to the active and manly virtues. To natural good affections, we can never entirely trust our conduct. These, as has been shown, may sometimes be warped into what is wrong; and often will prove insufficient for carrying us rightly through all the duties of life. Good affections are highly valuable; but they must be supported by fixed principles, cultivated in the understanding, and rooted in the heart. Habits must be acquired of temperance and self-denial, that we may be able to resist pleasure, and endure pain, when either of them interfere with our duty; that we may be prepared to make a sacrifice of any worldly interest, when the voice of God and conscience demand it. Let us always remember, that without fortitude of mind, there is no manhood; there can be no perseverance in virtue. Let a sacred and inviolable regard for truth reign in our whole behaviour. Let us be distinguished for fidelity to every promise we have made, and for constancy in every worthy friendship we have formed. Let no weak complaisance, no undue regard to the opinions of men, ever make us betray the rights of conscience, What we have once, upon due consideration, adopted as rules of conduct, to these let us adhere unshaken. However the world may change around us, let it find us the same in prosperity and adversity; faithful to God and virtue; faithful to the convictions of our own heart. What our lot in the world may be, is not ours to foresee or determine. But it is ours to resolve, that whatever it shall be, it shall find us persevering in one line of uprightness and honor.

By such discipline, such attentions as these, we are to guard against those failings which are sometimes found to stain the most engaging characters. Joining in proper union the amiable and the estimable qualities, by the one we shall attract the good; and by the other, command respect from the bad. We shall both secure our own integrity, and shall exhibit to others a proper view of what virtue is, in its native grace and majesty. In one part of our character, we shall resemble the flower that smiles in spring; in another, the firmly-rooted tree that braves the winter storm. For, remember we must, that there is a season of winter, as well as of spring and summer, in human life; and it concerns us to be equally prepared for both.

A higher and more perfect example of such a character as I now recommend, cannot be found, than what is presented to us in the life of Jesus Christ. In him we behold all that is gentle, united with all that is respectable. It is a remarkable expression, which the apostle Paul employs concerning him; *I beseech you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ.* 2 Cor. x. i. Well might these qualities be singled out, as those for which he was known and distinguished. We see him in his whole behavior affable, courteous, and easy of access. He conversed familiarly with all who presented themselves; and despised not the meanest. With all the infirmities of his disciples he calmly bore; and his rebukes were mild, when their provocations were great. He wept over the calamities of his country, which persecuted him, and apologized and prayed for them who put him to death. Yet the same Jesus we behold, awful in the strictness of his virtue; inflexible in the cause of truth; uncomplying with prevailing manners, when he found them corrupt; setting his face boldly against the hypocritical leaders of the people; overawed by none of their threatenings; in the most indignant terms, reproving their vices, and stigmatizing their characters. We behold him gentle, without being tame; firm without being stern; courageous, without being violent. *Let this mind be in us which was also in Jesus Christ;* and we shall attain to honor, both with God and with man.

We aspire through prayer; we respire through resignation. Let us pray with all the intensity of which we are capable, with no fear that our trust will be belied. God regulates, directs and purifies our ardor, but never checks, in order to perfect it. Only let us be watchful of our most urgent en-

treaties and eager desires, lest they interfere with our submission.

From the North American and U. S. Gazette.

SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT THE FRIENDS.

This Christian Society now stands discriminated before the public for a great work of humanity, for the faithful discharge of which they must feel deeply responsible. They and their history have now become an object of interest to the public greater than at any previous time. I would here advert to the past but to give faith and confidence for the future. I incline not to praise, for praise is dangerous even to the best of our human nature; but I would tell the truth, that Friends may be duly encouraged and the public believe in their integrity and efficiency in the great work now devolved upon them.

I would speak irrespective of the divisions that took place among them forty years since, from which we have been in the habit of dating their decline and loss of influence and usefulness, and of even forecasting the end of their mission. I weekly read all their periodicals issued in Philadelphia, and one from Glasgow, in Scotland, and am thereby kept well posted as to their doings. I have conceived fresh hopes of their future usefulness and preservation, and would impart my conviction in the hope that I may afford some encouragement to a conservation on which much of the world's welfare depends.

Those not familiar with the history of Friends have little conception of the power they have exercised as a leaven in the world's reforms. They are counted but by thousands, but have done more than millions of the average of mankind; and have done this, keeping clear of politics, by moral influences. The most active Friends, influenced and instructed by Benezet, Woolman and Dillwyn (Americans,) concentrated effort by a standing committee of twelve, of whom nine were Friends, another Clarkson, and persevered for more than the third of a century from the beginning of their labors in London, until the slave trade was abolished by Parliament; and there followed in due time, as a consequence, the abolition of slavery in all the British dependencies. The Friends of England are numbered at about thirteen thousand souls.

The Friends in America had taken steps long before to bear a testimony against holding slaves, and that testimony and its good work never receded until slavery was abolished in all our northern States. Their testimony sunk deeply and spread widely into the minds of the people of the north, until the cause was taken up by more aggressive champions, and it culminated in a sacred resentment, amounting, sometimes, almost to a phrenzy.

It was represented by Abraham Lincoln, in the Presidential chair. The slaveholder in that election heard the knell of the downfall of slavery, and had the madness to precipitate the event. True Friends could take no part in the war of the rebellion, for they could not violate their profession of peace and testimony against war. But very many of their young men volunteered to uphold the Government, hoping thereby the destruction of slavery, and all Friends rejoiced when they beheld that Providence had so overruled events as to bring an incalculable good out of seeming pervasive evil.

Friends, as religious bodies, both north and south, maintained their peace principles; but how different their treatment. In the severest exigencies of the war no Friend at the north suffered in person or property. For this they and the nation owe a debt of gratitude, that should never be forgotten, to Lincoln and Stanton. At the south the Friends suffered severely, both for their loyalty and their fidelity to their principles. The highest confederate officers had owed to a Friend the best part of their education, and had not the excuse of ignorance; yet in the south Friends were stripped of their property, and personally cruelly maltreated when conscripted for military service. There, as in their early history, they endured their great wrongs in the spirit and patience of the Christian martyrs.

When the slaves were freed by the progress and successful termination of the war, the concern of Friends was awakened to new and yet more active duties. The freedmen were to be cared for in homes, clothing, provision and education, and these objects have found many devoted Friends and other Christians to give to them their time and means, at risk of health and life. The friends of Friends looked upon this demonstration with great interest, as affording the evidence that there was yet the ancient life of the Society existing in all who profess the name, yet to work and devote themselves in the great field of human right and humanity, against wrong and oppression. We looked upon it as the evidence of a yet living power in these Christian bodies, giving hope and promise for their future vitality, even with greater interest than was felt for the immediate objects of relief, though that was regarded as a great and good work of humanity.

But none of us looked further in the future for them than that they would continue to do good in a quiet way and limited spheres, as they had been wont to do; to set good examples at home, and do kindly service among

their neighbors; to fill some local offices as guardians of the poor, prison inspectors, or of school directors, with integrity, and without any compensation to tempt the politician; to authorize their preachers to travel in the ministry, giving freely that which they freely receive, mostly among Friends, but sometimes among other peoples in more of a missionary spirit, as we have seen them recently quietly going to Norway and Sweden, the Shetland and Orkney islands, to Palestine and India.

It was not until the inaugural address of President Grant appeared that a new, most important and extensive field of useful service was opened to them, and presented in such manner as to take hold of their sense of duty in such force that they dared not to reject the proffer without a trial, in an humble faith that they might avert great wrongs and sufferings. After enduring two centuries of wrong and oppression from their own government in Great Britain; after a strife with the Parliament of England of a third of a century, to arrest the horrors of the slave trade, and after more than a century of retirement from office, and abstinence from political party and controversy in America, it was indeed unexpected and surprising that the new President, and highest military chief of the nation, should call upon the peaceful Friends to come to the help of the Government, as the fittest instrument to achieve what all the military power of the nation could not accomplish without vast expenditure of money; without large cost of human life; without an opprobrium in history to be transmitted to the latest posterity. The conception was wonderful; the resolve to execute it sublime! Friends surely would say it came from God; and so, I believe, it was so out of the common course of human civil government.

Good and true Friends have been appointed, and have set themselves to the work of taking a peaceful care of the western Indians. They are the official superintendents and agents of the Government; they are also the missionaries of peace, friendship, civilization and religion of the Friends. The Government has not thereby enlisted the faithful services of their appointees only, but those of all the Friends, who regard the same individuals as their representatives in the great work of humanity and civilization. In this the nation has an immense guaranty for good conduct, perfect honesty and success. The Indians, though pushed back, (they and their ranging game and food,) almost to the Rocky Mountains, have not lost the traditions of the treaty with Penn, and the friendly intercourse of their ancestors with the settlers of the colony of Pennsylvania, and are ready to confide in and conform to the wishes of Friends as they would not in others, except it be a few missionary Christians of tried friendship. The Indians, too, have the guaranty which they most need and desire in the appointees of the Government, since if any could so far forget his principles and character as to fall into temptation and moral dereliction, his Christian brethren would be the first to interpose and have him replaced by a better man Than for any one of these to prove delinquent with the eyes of the world upon him, death were better for him.

And here, again, the friends of the Friends are looking on with an interest doubly intense, first, in the hope that they may be successful in a great work of humanity, and save the reputation of the nation from a lasting historical opprobrium and stain; secondly, that Friends may prove their good mission in the world not ended, and that all human wrong and oppressions may, through the centuries to come, find them the quiet, sure and indomitable champions of human rights, which they have been through the more than two centuries of their past existence.

The public I would warn not to expect too much within a few years. To but preserve the border peace and to avert the expenses and bloodshed of war will be great achievements. We must remember that the subjects to be dealt with are not citizens who have been surrounded with Christian and civilized influences, but the wild Indians of the prairies; inherently wild in their nature by centuries of tradition, practice and habit, of living only by the chase, and the occupation of almost ceaseless war and cruelty. It will be hard to settle the hunter and warrior upon the reservations and to transform them into the farmer and artizan.

But this is what Friends will do in due time, if their subjects are capable of the transformation, so far as within the reach of human power; for the Friends who have undertaken the work are eminently practical and patient; and they have the highest incentives to succeed that men and women can feel, namely, that they may have the approbation of their brothers and sisters in religious and social association, many thousands in number looking on and desiring to approve and encourage; that they may have the approval of the President, Congress, the Indian Commissioner and the nation, and the approbation of their own consciences and of their heavenly Father.

The ordeal the Friends are going through is most serious and momentous, and deserves the profoundest care and anxious consideration of all who are represented in the missionary work now but begun; for how great may be the consequences, under the Divine guid-

ance, for good, none living can foresee; how great the evil of failure and the discouragement and darkness to ensue, none can imagine. The great question that transcends all others is, shall Friends continue through indefinite time to be a power on earth for good, to relieve human suffering, and to bear their testimony against all injustice, and to combat by peaceful means all wrongs and oppression? Great must ever be the power of such bodies, ever living in the undoubted conviction that they are acting in the authority and moved to execute the Divine will. E. K. P.

October 22d 1869.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE SHELL STORM.

At the last meeting of the Conchological Section of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, the subject of the recent shower of shells at Chester, Pennsylvania, claimed attention. The storm occurred on the afternoon of Sixth month 6th, 1869.

Specimens were exhibited, and proved to be a new species of the genus *Astarte*, (a marine bivalve shell.) These specimens were apparently adult, though very minute; measuring one-eighth of an inch in length, by three-sixteenths of an inch in breadth. Several gentlemen who had witnessed the storm, on the occasion referred to, had been consulted, and the answers of each of them had so corroborated those of the others as to leave no doubt as to their having fallen in immense numbers. Though most of the specimens were broken, large numbers of perfect ones were collected in various places sheltered from the heavy rain which followed their descent. The editor of the *Delaware County Republican*, published at Chester, remarked to a member of the Section, that "it appeared like a storm within a storm; a very fine rain falling rapidly, veiled by the shells, which fell more slowly and with a whirling motion. Judging from the remains of animal matter attached to some of the specimens, together with the fresh appearance of the epidermis, it is highly probable that many of the shells were living at the moment of transition.

The species has been named the "*Astarte nubigena*," or the cloud-born *Astarte*,—the generic name establishing its marine origin; while the beautiful conceit embodied in the specific appellation cannot fail to recall the peculiar character of its advent from obscurity to a niche in the galleries of Science.

S. R. R.

Gentleness is a sort of mild atmosphere, and it enters into a child's soul like the sunbeam into a rose-bud—slowly but surely—expanding it into beauty and vigor.

DIVERGING PATHS.

Every one who has travelled through unfrequented parts of the country knows how frequently the road that has hitherto seemed unmistakable, parts into distinct paths, each of which diverges from the other. It is well for the traveller who can at such points learn where they lead, and which will conduct him to his desired haven. In the journey of life, which each one is treading, many such partings of the road occur. Hitherto the path may have been clearly marked, and followed without anxiety, perhaps without thought, when suddenly we are brought to a halt by its divergence into two roads, and are compelled to bring such powers as we possess to bear upon the decision between them. The youth who has hitherto walked in the quiet and plain paths of home life, sheltered by parents care, and knowing no need of responsible decisions, comes at length to the spot where his path divides. He must choose perhaps between many various ways, the ends of all of which are hidden from view. Each has its attractions and allurements; each is rich in the fairest promises. On his decision, perhaps, may hang more of the future weal or woe of himself and of others than is in his power to estimate, yet it must be made and speedily.

Not only in this great crisis of life, but at many other seasons, do we find our path diverging, and the necessity laid upon us to choose one way and refuse all others. Sometimes by outward circumstances, sometimes by inward experiences; now by great and sudden changes, and again by the smaller and less noticeable crisis of life, are we constantly compelled to select and to refuse. Although innumerable circumstances may influence these decisions, and some may suffer themselves to drift along with the current of events; yet all who seriously bring their energies and faculties to bear upon these choices will find that they ultimately become narrowed down to two chief considerations—*success* and *character*. That both of these are essential none will deny, but which is to be paramount, is the grand question, which each must answer for himself. They are not opposite in their nature; indeed the fuller and richer our experience of life, the more plainly we see that ultimately they coincide; yet, while he who follows success *at all hazards*, and as his first object, is not sure of gaining it, though certain of losing character, he who upholds character at all risks and as a primary need will be most sure of securing both. For we have no sure and unerring guide to success. Wealth, distinction or enjoyment may flee from their most zealous pleasures; but the resolute endeavor to preserve an unblemished

character is never unsuccessful; the earnest strife to rise to higher points of excellence is never disappointed.

It may appear, at first sight, that many of these decisions of life contain nothing of a moral nature in them. It may often seem equally right to pursue either of two paths that diverge. Yet, the *best* must ever be the most truly *right*, and, of all courses, but one can be the best for us. To discover this, in the many instances that call for immediate choice, may well tax our powers. It will be the most surely revealed to those who, while bringing every energy to bear upon the success of their rightful undertakings, yet hold even this in subservience to character. When success and character appear antagonistic, as they often will; when the possession of any advantage involves the violation of principle; when, to secure our own self-respect, we must forfeit some coveted desire, then he who places right above gratification approaches a step nearer to that wisdom which alone can guide aright all his decisions.

Especially, in every temptation to wrong, are we placed where two paths diverge. And here the separation is rapid and wide. At first it is easy to pass from one to the other, yet the road once followed, how far apart will they soon become! Both the power and the disposition to take the other course is lessened at every step. Resistance to wrong strengthens the power to resist, while yielding weakens the ability of choice. We cannot halt. All life is urging us on, and one or the other must be our chosen paths. The anxious traveller may have no guide-book to direct him, and he may be lost through no fault of his. But this cannot be the case in the journey of life. We have an unerring guide. Our conscience, or as some one has beautifully expressed it, "the voice of God in the soul of man," is ever gently directing our course. If we listen to its teachings and follow its councils, we shall learn the wisdom by which to choose the path that leads to the highest character and the best success.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I greet thee this bright morning with affectionate interest. One of my first waking thoughts was of thee. I wanted to write to thee, but I hesitated. One consideration was a selfish one: my stock of living substance was small, and I feared if I shared it, I might not have enough for myself. Some other cogitations passed through my mind rather damping to the writing prospect, but these were all scattered by the simple conclusion to take my pen and tell thee I loved thee. Yes, dear, truly can I speak thus. I love thee with a love that desires thy advancement and growth to a stature far beyond the experience of thy friend. I know, the more entirely we come under the forming operations of the Heavenly Hand, the greater will be the amount of our true enjoyment, and then, too, the greater our fitness for usefulness.

I sometimes see a little spot for me profitably to occupy, and a more extended sphere upon or within which some of my younger friends are designed to labor. I desire equally for myself and you, a willingness to be simply faithful, each in her own field, and whatever be our individual duty or field of action. And I believe if our trust for qualification be rightly placed we shall receive all that is needful.

Even day by day—no need of waiting for great occasions—an influence goes forth from a well-regulated mind that is helpful to those around: it forms a healthful atmosphere.

Art thou very poor this evening, or art thou partaking of Heavenly bread? Under either allotment, if the mind be gathered into a state of humble confidence, in which the feeling is, "Thou, O God, seeth me," there can be realized the glorious promise, he will be kept in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on God, because he trusteth in Him. There is not much to encourage if we look without, but if we look within and observe the dealings of the Lord with us—mark the manifestations of His love, and the extending of His mercies—surely then we may lift up our heads in hope, and believe, that as He hath helped hitherto and guided us thus far, He will not now be regardless. He will not now leave us a prey to our infirmities. Nay, verily, He will not forsake us, if we do not forsake Him.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 6, 1869.

SPIRITUAL EXERCISE.—What is it? This phrase may be considered a "Society Idiom." Some of us understand its meaning, to others it is an unknown tongue; but we believe an analysis of it will show that the language fitly expresses our present concern.

"Spiritual" pertains to things not seen. "Exercise" is effort—labor. Thus, we may define "spiritual exercise" to be, in connec-

tion with the inner life, what labor is to the outward. It is an inward secret travail—a closet prayer for our own good or the good of another—a wrestling of spirit, even as Jacob formerly wrestled with the angel.

Is this exercise availing, and what does it accomplish? We believe it is effectual, even as was the wrestling of Jacob, when he said, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me. And he blessed him there."

The nature of our profession especially calls for this spiritual labor, and had we a more lively faith in its efficacy, our public meetings would, we believe, be more often blessed with the descendings of heavenly dew, and the tender plants would not be found drooping for want of nourishment.

Spiritual exercise is closely connected with the testimony borne by Friends to the importance of silent waiting, and a public silent meeting, wherein is known a wrestling of spirit for the descending of heavenly good, is often eminently blessed. We consider such a meeting to be a living, powerful testimony to the reality of the blessed truth that the Lord is the teacher of His people.

It was in a meeting held under this influence, and wherein was witnessed this spiritual labor, that Robert Barclay was convinced of the Truth as professed by Friends. He says, "When I came into the silent assemblies of God's people, I felt a secret power among them, which touched my heart, and as I gave way unto it, I found the evil weakening in me, and the good raised up, and so I became thus knit and united unto them, hungering more and more after the increase of this power and life whereby I might feel myself perfectly redeemed."

If we abide under the influence of the quickening spirit, we will more and more fully realize "spiritual exercise" to be a drawing near to the great, eternal Father, to ask of Him instruction and strength and preservation. This is an engagement especially suited to the quiet of our religious meetings, but by no means to be confined thereto. It may be as profitably and as fully known when we walk by the way along the crowded thoroughfares of our large cities, or when engaged in the numerous avocations of our everyday life. Under all circumstances, we may know the blessedness of that secret exercise or travail through which we are brought into immediate communion with the great Source of light and life, and enabled to realize our impotence and our Father's greatness.

Let our efforts, then, be in this direction, that by honest spiritual industry, laboring as with our own hands, we may attain heavenly riches; for the promise is, "He that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life eternal."

Divisions in the Society of Friends. By Thomas H. Speakman. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.—The occasion which called forth this treatise was an editorial in "Friends' Review," in which allusion is made to the separation of 1827, in connection with the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of (Orthodox) Friends towards those who, in the language of the editor, "*separated from our Religious Socieiy in* 1827, *as well as their descendants who have not been disowned.*" The writer of the treatise, after reviewing the action of the Yearly Meeting in relation to what they call "unclaimed membership," enters into a consideration of the causes which in his judgment led to the separation of 1827; and inquires which body of Friends most nearly represents the original one. A chapter is also devoted to the subsequent division among Orthodox Friends into what are known as the Gurney and Wilbur branches. The last chapter of the work discusses the question of reconciliation and reunion.

The writer of this pamphlet appears to have been actuated by no feeling of enmity, but, as stated in his preface, has written it "with a design and earnest desire to do good, and a belief that such will be its tendency." He has avoided the discussion of subjects connected with "speculative theology," and confined his strictures to the official acts of the divisions into which the Society is divided; and we would commend his essay to the serious consideration of all who bear the name of Friends, and to those who feel an interest in the spread of their principles.

The volume is creditably printed and can be had at this office, as will be seen by the advertisement.

SCHOOLS.—We are always rejoiced to hear of the establishment of schools in which the youth of our Society may receive a guarded education. A correspondent informs that Friends within the limits of Purchase Quarterly Meeting, New York, have opened a subscription and collected funds for the erection of a Boarding-school (for both sexes) which will accomodate 100 pupils, where the youth may recieve a thorough practical education to fit them for the duties of life. The building will be under roof before winter.

MARRIED.

GAUSE.—RICHARDSON.—With the approbation of Green Plain Monthly Meeting, on the 22d of Ninth mo., 1869, Clarkson Gause, of Waynesville, to Ruth Richardson, of Green Plain, Ohio.

WHITE—ELLIS.—On the 28th ult., by Friends' ceremony, at the residence of Ann I. Ellis, Penn's Manor, Pa., Howard White, of Winnebago, Nebraska, and Anna P., daughter of the late Charles Ellis.

DIED.

CLEAVER.—At her residence in Gwynedd, Pa., on the 18th of Tenth month, 1869, Phebe Cleaver, daughter of the late Solomon and Lydia Cleaver.

CONRAD.—In Philadelphia, on the 19th of 7th month, 1869, of dropsy of the heart, Ann S. Conrad, widow of Job Conrad, in her 61st year. Her remains were interred the following First day at Upper Dublin. She was an exemplary member of the Society of Friends.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Eleventh mo. 7th, Penn's Manor, Pa., 10 A.M.
" " Boston, N. Y., 11 A.M.
" " Haddonfield, N. J., 3 P.M.
" " Chichester, Pa., 3 P.M.
" " Salem, N. J., 7 P.M.
" mo. 14th, Flushing, L. I., 11 A.M.
" " South Farmington, N.Y., 11 A.M.
" " Vineland, N. J., 2½ P.M.

FRIENDS' LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

The Committee of Management will meet in the Library Room, Race Street, on Fourth-day evening, Eleventh month 10th, at 8 o'clock.

JACOB M. ELLIS, Clerk.

WANTED,

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 7, 8, 10, 17, 18, 21, 22, 23, 24, 28, 32, 33, Vol. 26 Friends' Intelligencer, for which, if left at my office, in good order, 6 cts. each will be given.

EMMOR COMLY, 144 N. 7th St., Philada.

POWER OF GOODNESS.

A solitary blessing few can find;
Our joys with those we love are intertwined;
And he whose wakeful tenderness removes
The obstructing thorn which wounds the friend he loves,
Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
But scatters roses to adorn his own.
Who blesses others in his daily deeds,
Shall find the healing that his spirit needs.
For every flower in others' pathway strown,
Confers its fragrant beauty on our own.

A Friend in attendance at Baltimore Yearly Meeting has forwarded the following account of the proceedings. When the printed Extracts reach us, it is probable some additions may be made.

Baltimore Yearly Meeting convened Tenth month 25th, and closed on Fifth-day, 28th. The attendance was unusually large, especially among the young people, and it was noticed that the plainness and simplicity of the company were more marked than usual. The ministers in attendance with minutes were Sarah Hunt from Chester Monthly Meeting, N. J.; Perry and Rebecca John from Roaring Creek, Pa.; Lydia L. Garrett from Goshen Monthly Meeting, Pa.; Henry W. Ridgway from Chesterfield, N. J.; and Ann A. Townsend from Green Street, Philada. Mark and Rachel M. Palmer, elders from Falls Monthly Meeting, Pa., companions of Sarah Hunt; John and Margery Buck, elders of West Monthly Meeting, Ohio. There were also present a considerable number of Friends from other Yearly Meetings, without minutes, some of whom were delegates to attend the meetings of the Indian Committee.

The several sittings of the Yearly Meeting were attended with much solemnity and unity of feeling. Epistles were received from all the other Yearly Meetings, and an essay prepared, embracing the exercises, which was directed to be sent to each in return.

Appended to three of the reports, interesting information was given in reference to the labors of committees who had at the recommendation of a former Yearly Meeting visited meetings and families within their respective Quarterly Meetings. That from Prairie Grove informed of the organization of a meeting for worship at Highland; also a Monthly Meeting and meeting for worship at Marietta, Iowa. Also, as an evidence of increased religious life, that two First-day schools are held within their Quartely Meeting, and that a greater concern for Scriptural reading is manifest. From Fairfax, information was given of the establishment of circular meetings within their limits. The Yearly Meeting directed subordinate meetings to raise $2,000 towards rebuilding the meeting-house at Winchester, Va., which was destroyed during the war.

A proposition came up from Prairie Grove so to alter the discipline as to place women's meetings on the same footing as men's. Way did not open to take any action thereon.

The consideration of the first query occupied the morning session of Third-day. The reports showed the usual deficiencies in regard to the attendance of meetings. It was

urged that if we were less absorbed with the things of this world, and our minds were turned toward our Heavenly Father, we would be more diligent in the fulfilment of our duties to Him, and these deficiencies would not be so apparent. It was feared that too many were more anxious in regard to the price of butter or of grain, or the quotation of bank or other stocks, than to the duty of worshiping the Father aright; and regret was expressed that any who stand prominent amongst us should allow themselves to converse about such matters up to the meeting hour. The remaining queries occupied Third-day afternoon.

Our testimony against intoxicating drinks was much dwelt upon, and Friends were advised to give up also the use of tobacco as being a habit hardly becoming those who wish to be regarded as gentlemen. A Friend who had relinquished this habit gave as his reason for so doing that whilst he continued therein he could not with propriety object to the use of intoxicating liquors.

In reference to plainness of dress and address it was urged that whilst these could not give us religion, yet like the husk to the grain they often indicate the character of the man.

Instances were cited of the confidence reposed in those making the appearance of Friends, and the responsibility which such are under to be very cautious not to abuse it, but to be just in their dealings towards all.

The subject of education claimed attention, and Quarterly Meetings were instructed to forward next year the number of schools amongst Friends and the number of Friends' children attending them. Also to have a census taken about the 1st of Fifth month next of the adults and children in membership.

The minutes of the Meeting for Sufferings informed of their continued action in connection with the Indian Committee for the relief of that aggrieved race. The report of the latter committee was that referring to pamphlets published by them last spring and now in press.

On Fourth-day evening a public meeting was held at which Benjamin Hallowell gave a very interesting account of his recent visit with Friends, representing the committees of the three Eastern Yearly Meetings, to the Indians in the Northern Superintendency.

The Executive Committee of the general First-day School Conference had an interesting meeting on Seventh-day evening. On 2d and 3d day evenings the Baltimore Yearly Meeting association met. Reports were received from the various schools and remarks made by Friends in attendance. These meetings were largely attended and gave general satisfaction.

Rebecca John and Lydia L. Garrett visited men's meeting, and Henry W. Ridgway that of the women. On Fourth-day, the former, in company with Perry John, visited the prison, and on Fifth-day, H. W. Ridgway had an appointed meeting in a Methodist meeting-house. The feeling with those who were in attendance was that the whole week was a favored season.

Correspondence of the Evening Post.

THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

Opening of the Second Year—The New Students and the new Professors—The System of Instruction by Lectures—Valuable Collections and Models.

ITHACA, October 17th, 1869.

The new University has settled down to its second year's work. The number of students in actual attendance is six hundred and twelve—more, if we leave out the professional schools (law, medicine and divinity,) which are not yet established here, than have ever before been gathered within the walls of an American university.

The entering class of over 300 is of admirable material, the admission examinations having been much more thorough and systematic than it was possible to make them last year; nearly forty were rejected. Almost every state in the Union has sent young men here, while Germany, England, Canada, Hayti and Bermuda, each have more than one representative. Two of the students are colored young men, and both are said to stand well in their classes.

The additional members of the faculty elected this year are Bayard Taylor, who, as non-resident Professor of German Literature, will deliver a series of lectures in March next; Charles A. Schaeffer, who recently returned from a practice of three years in the laboratories of Germany and France, and who fills the chair of Analytical Chemistry, being the third chemical professorship; William M. Howland and George F. Behringer, attached to the College of Languages, Henry T. Eddy and William E. Arnold, attached to the College of Mathematics; and Lieutenant William J. Hamilton, a graduate of West Point, attached to the College of Military Science. The vacant professorship of General Agriculture, in the College of Agriculture, has been offered to the eminent Dr. John Wilson, of the University of Edinburgh, but his acceptance, it is believed, has not yet arrived. Dr. Wilson's agricultural works are widely known, and his lectures in Scotland during the past few years have done what scientific instruction in this country has failed to do—

produced a sensible effect upon the practical agriculture of the kingdom.

One of the innovations of Cornell, at its outset, was the system of instruction by lectures, which is the only method of teaching at the European universities, but which had never been introduced upon so extended a scale into American institutions. It proves to work well, the student's time in the lecture room being wisely occupied in careful note taking, and the results ascertained by the rigid examination held at the close of each term, or trimester, as the university division of time is here styled. At the present mo ment lectures are delivered upon general chemistry, human physiology, comparative anatomy, vegetable physiology, geology, mechanical tools and processes, physics, higher mathematics, the history of philosophy, English literature, modern history and English history by the various resident professors of those subjects.

The old method of recitation is chiefly confined to the departments of pure mathematics and the languages. The lectures of Professor Goldwin Smith embrace, this trimester, the period of the long struggle between the Spanish and the English people, and are attended, through the permission of the university authorities, by a score or so of ladies, who are as diligent in the matter of taking notes as any student of the opposite sex. The lectures of Professor Agassiz will begin in January. In February Professor John Stanton Gould begins an extended course on general agriculture.

One of the most successful features of the manual labor department is the *University Press*—a printing office recently established by the trustees. It gives employment, and, consequently, the means of earning an education, for fifteen compositors, all of whom, as well as the foreman and pressmen, are matriculated students of the university. The *University Press* has just received and set up a very large steam cylinder printing machine, the generous gift of Messrs. R. Hoe & Co. Its mechanical finish is remarkable, brass being substituted for the usual iron or steel in many of its parts. A very complete assortment of type for book and job work was presented by the Bruce type foundry of New York. The whole establishment, with the exception of the fittings of the rooms and one or two small presses, thus owes its existence to the liberality of New York manufacturers.

Some noteworthy additions have been made since the close of the preceding year to the University museums. These include the collection of British cereals and grasses presented by the English government; it fills an entire room, and is beautifully mounted, each small sheaf, embracing the root, straw and grain, being carefully garnered into circlets of brass wire. A cabinet of Polynesian woods, which has just been acquired, represents quite fully the dendrology of the Pacific islands. The College of Natural Science has also received a cabinet of cones, including specimens from the interesting coniferons of the Pacific slope. The Horace Mann Herbarium, collected by the late distinguished scholar whose name it bears, with the assistance of Professor Gray, of Harvard College, has arrived, and is now undergoing arrangement.

But perhaps the most notable recent acquisition is a collection of anatomical models, purchased in Paris. In this collection are to be found exact models, many times enlarged, of the silk worm and the silk moth, bees of several species, snails, leeches and cockroaches. They are made of papier maché, glass and various textile fabrics, and, except in their inordinate size, are close imitations of nature. They may be taken to pieces, so that the whole silk-producing apparatus of the silk worm, for instance, can be separately examined.

DREARINESS.

BY SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

White snow and dismal storm; gray, dripping sky,
Whereon ill-omened crows come driving by:
What wonder, then,
That I should think of men
Whose skies are overcast
By such a wintry blast?

I have no heart for other, happier days;
I sing no song, I write no cheerful lays;
For sleet and storm
My better thoughts deform,
And so I can but sit,
Lacking both words and wit.

But is this well? Why grieve as though I were
Fit to accuse or be interpreter?
I cannot make
That which I would forsake;
Nor can I ever stay
A single bitter day.

All come and go. Unerring counsels guide
That sun, whom clouds avoid or tempests hide;
And over all
Its benedictions fall
To each a Father's gift,
From which our joys we sift.

Gladness and gloom throw chequers on our path
Of light and shade; love is alloyed with wrath,
Pleasure with pain;
Loss follows after gain;
Our lives, in every truth,
Have age succeeding youth.

O problems of a plan misunderstood!
O proofs of manhood and of womanhood!
For he bears best
The long-appointed test
Who, beneath storm or sun,
Has left no task undone!

INDIAN SUMMER.

Just after the death of the flowers,
And before they are buried in snow,
There comes a festival season,
When nature is all aglow—
Aglow with a mystical splendor
That rivals the brightness of Spring—
Aglow with a beauty more tender
Than aught which fair Summer could bring.

Some spirit akin to the rainbow,
Then borrows its magical dyes,
And mantles the far spreading landscape
In hues that bewilder the eyes.
The Sun from his cloud-pillowed chamber
Smiles soft on a vision so gay,
And dreams that his favorite children,
The Flowers, have not passed away.

There's a luminous mist on the mountains,
A light, azure haze in the air,
As if angels, while heavenward soaring,
Had left their bright robes floating there;
The breeze is so soft, so caressing,
It seems a mute token of love,
And floats to the heart like a blessing
From some happy spirit above.

These days, so serene and so charming,
Awaken a dreamy delight—
A tremulous, tearful enjoyment,
Like soft strains of music at night;
We know they are fading and fleeting,
That quickly, too quickly they'll end,
And we watch them with yearning affection,
As at parting we watch a dear friend.

Oh! beautiful Indian Summer!
Thou favorite child of the year,
Thou darling, whom Nature enriches
With gifts and adornments so dear!
How fain would we woo thee to linger
On mountain and meadow awhile,
For our hearts, like the sweet haunts of Nature,
Rejoice and grow young in thy smile.

Not alone to the sad fields of Autumn
Dost thou a lost brightness restore,
But thou bringest a world-weary spirit
Sweet dreams of its childhood once more;
Thy loveliness fills us with memories
Of all that was brightest and best—
Thy peace and serenity offer
A foretaste of heavenly rest.

—*Boston Transcript.*

SOCIAL READING IN THE HOME CIRCLE.

This is a reading age. It is an age of *steam*" in book-making as well as in other rts. There is no one who can read, but can nd something cheap or weak enough, costly nough or strong enough, to suit the purse or ne taste.

How shall we guard our children and house-old circles from too much *story reading*, and nduce them, cheerfully and voluntarily, to elect for their *principal* reading the *substantial nd profitable* in our literature—that which ill give them mental and moral sinew, mus-e and bone?

We can *require* them to read certain books, nd *forbid* them the perusal of others, but this is not the whole of the desired end to be sought. It were better far if our dear home circles could have such direction given their tastes, as to lead them to *seek* and *love* substantial aliment for their hungering minds.

It requires tact and wisdom, when the influences set so strongly upon young minds towards a diluted and purely entertaining kind of reading, to bring them to desire, or cordially to pursue, an opposite course. For from that which the mind loves and is attracted towards, it experiences a stronger influence, and while it enjoys more, also profits more in its pursuit.

One method among others which might be named, for interesting a family in vigorous and profitable reading, is that of a pleasant *family reading circle*, where new books, and all important reading, shall be mutually enjoyed, criticized and canvassed—different members taking part in reading aloud. Many an otherwise prosy work, which in solitary reading would soon be laid aside with a yawn of weariness and disgust, becomes eloquent with thought and brimming with interest by a perusal under such circumstances.

A book, or a course of reading with which the social life of a household circle has been blended, will live in the reminiscences of after-years, glowing with home, intellect, and affection, as well as with the direct instruction of the printed pages. Its truths shall have the sanction of the dear parents who listened, explained to, and presided over the social group, and silent whispers shall remind the soul of their interest or delight, their admonitions or encouragements in these reading hours, long after the books have become old and time-worn, and those parents have gone from the scenes of earth.

One word here respecting that much to be coveted accomplishment—*good reading*. Would that it commanded far more consideration in family and school culture. Have we not all experienced the power of the effective and accomplished reader, in listening to the reading of the Scriptures, when a formerly obscure passage suddenly becomes clear to us, and luminous with the truth it expresses by the emphasis and inflection of some beautiful reader?

We can hardly expect our children to become perfect in this branch of culture, but we can secure for them very much more cultivation in the home circle, and do far more to compensate for the deprivation of extensive advantages than we are apt to suppose.

Sound reading in the family, with free, kind criticisms from its different members, with a hearty sympathy in the spirit of the matter read, will do much towards forming accomplished readers. Attentive listening to good

public elocutionists will prove a help to the self-cultivated reader. It is wonderful with what an interest any such art will inspire a family when they mutually pursue it.

Trying to catch and give the delicate shades of meaning of various authors, endeavoring to modulate and cultivate the voice to varied and expressive tones, and to read so as to command attention and give pleasure, will afford an inspiring and laudable emulation to any domestic group.

Try it, young friends, and thus become eye and voice to those whose own are failing them, and while you augment your attractiveness by your own home firesides, you will learn to love the reading that you may, perhaps, accept at first to please your parents, and you with them and all the household become together gleaners in the fields of truth and knowledge, and through this instrumentality be enabled to gather into the soul's garner a multitude of precious things.—*Advocate and Journal.*

It betokens as great a soul to be capable of curing a fault, as to be incapable of committing it.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT WATER.

The extent to which water mingles with bodies, apparently the most solid, is very wonderful. The glittering opal, which beauty wears as an ornament, is only flint and water. Of every 1200 tons of earth which a landlord has on his estate, 400 are water. The snow-capped summits of Snowden and Ben Nevis have many million tons of water in a solidified form. In every plaster-of-paris statue, which an Italian carries through our streets for sale, there is one pound of water to four pounds of chalk. The air we breathe contains five grains of water to each cubic foot of its bulk. The potatoes and turnips which are boiled for our dinner have, in their raw state, the one seventy-five per cent. and the other ninety per cent. of water. If a man weighing ten stone were squeezed in a hydraulic-press, seven and a half stone of water would run out, and only two and a half of dry residue remain. A man is, chemically speaking, forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pailfuls of water. In plants we find water thus mingling no less wonderfully. A sunflower evaporates one and a quarter pints of water a day, and a cabbage about the same quantity. A wheat plant exhales, in 175 days, about 100,000 grains of water. An acre of growing wheat, on this calculation, draws and passes out ten tons of water per day. The sap of the plant is the medium through which the mass of fluid is conveyed. It forms a delicate pump, up which it flows with the rapidity of a swift stream. By the action of the sap various properties may be assimilated to the growing plant. Timber in France is, for instance, dyed by various colors being mixed with water, and sprinkled over the roots of the trees. Dalias are also colored by a similar process.—*The Methodist.*

Cheerfulness dwells side by side with self-command, and self-command is essential to simplicity.

CHEAP PLEASURES.

Did you ever study the cheapness of some pleasures? asks some writer. Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a penny, a word, or a smile do the work. There are two or three boys passing along—give them each a chestnut, and how smiling they look! they will not be cross for some time. A poor widow lives in the neighborhood, who is the mother of half a dozen children. Send them a half-peck of sweet apples, and they will all be happy. A child has lost his arrow—the world to him—and he mourns sadly; help him to find it, or make him another, and how quickly will the sunshine play over the sober face! A boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood; assist him a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, and he forgets his toil, and works away without minding it. Your apprentice has broken a mug, or cut the vest too large, or slightly injured a piece of work. Say "You scoundrel," and he feels miserable; but remark, "I am sorry," and he will try to do better. You employ a man, pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your house with a contented heart, to light up his own hearth with smiles and gladness. As you pass along the street, you meet a familiar face; say "good morning," as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbor. Pleasure is cheap. Who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine, and flowers all about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist, and lock them up in our hearts. No; rather let us take them and scatter them about us, in the cot of the widow, among the group of children in the crowded mart, where men of business congregate, in our families, and everywhere. We can make the wretched happy, the discontented cheerful, the afflicted resigned, at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it?—*Western Christain Advocate.*

"Is not life useful when it is happy?" asks the egotist. "Is it not sufficiently happy when it is useful?" asks the good man.

THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN.

In 1853 Lieutenant Brooke obtained mud from the bottom of the North Atlantic, between Newfoundland and the Azores, at a depth of more than ten thousand feet, or two miles, by the help of his sounding apparatus. The specimens were sent for examination to Ehrenberg, of Berlin, and to Bailey, of West Point, and those able microscopists found that this deep sea mud was entirely composed of the skeletons of living organisms, the greater proportions of those being just like the Globigerine, already known to occur in the chalk.

Thus far the work had been carried on simply in the interest of science, but Lieutenant Brooke's method of sounding acquired a high commercial value when the enterprise of laying down the telegraphic cable between Great Britain and the United States was undertaken: for it became a matter of great importance to know not only the depth of the sea over the whole line along which the cable was to be laid, but the exact nature of the bottom, so as to guard against chances of cutting or fraying the strands of that costly rope. The Admiralty consequently ordered Captain Dayman, an old friend and shipmate of mine, to ascertain the depth of the whole line of the cable, and to bring back specimens of the bottom. In former days such a command as this might have sounded very much like one of the impossible things which the young prince in the fairy tales is ordered to do before he can obtain the hand of the princess. However, in the months of June and July, 1867, my friend performed the task assigned him with great precision, without, so far as I know, having met with any reward of that kind. The specimens of Atlantic mud which he secured were sent to me to be examined and reported upon.

The result of these operations is that we know the contour and nature of the surface-soil covered by the North Atlantic for a distance of 1700 miles from east to west, as well as we all know any part of the dry land.

It is a prodigious plain—one of the widest and most even plains in the world. If the sea were drained off, you might drive a wagon all the way from Valentia, on the west coast of Ireland, to Trinity Bay, in Newfoundland. And, except upon one sharp incline, about two hundred miles from Valentia, I am not quite sure that it would be even necessary to put the skid on, so gentle are the ascents and descents on that long route. From Valentia the road would lie down-hill for about 300 miles to the point at which the bottom is now covered by 1700 fathoms of the sea-water. Then would come the central plain, more than 1000 miles wide, the inequalities of the surface of which would be hardly perceptible, though the depth of the water upon it varies from 10,000 to 15,000 feet; and there are places in which Mount Blanc might be sunk without showing its peak above water. Beyond this, the ascent on the American side commences, and gradually leads for about 300 miles to the Newfoundland shore.

Almost the whole bottom of this central plain (which extends for many hundred miles in a north and south direction) is covered by a fine mud, which, when brought to the surface, dries into a grayish white friable substance. You can write with this on a blackboard, if you are so inclined; and to the eye it is quite like very soft grayish chalk. Examined chemically, it proved to be composed almost wholly of carbonate of lime; and if you make a section of it in the same way as that of a piece of chalk was made, and view it with a microscope, it presents innumerable *Globigerinæ* imbedded in the granular matrix. Thus the deep-sea mud is substantially chalk. —*Prof. Huxley.*

EARTHQUAKE-PROOF BUILDINGS.

The recurrence of earthquake shocks in California has led to a discussion of the methods of building houses in such a manner as to be virtually earthquake-proof. A San Francisco architect, Mr. Saeitzer, has read a paper on this subject before the California Institute of Architecture, in which he contends that flexible materials only should be used in building. His theory is as follows:

"By distributing the whole weight of the building on piers of stone, brick or iron, or on wooden piles—in fact, isolating the foundation in such a manner that these piers or piles form part of the foundation—and by connecting them with iron beams screw-bolted together, the building is then well anchored at the proper place; in fact, this style of foundation will form a girding all around the building longitudinally and transversely.

"This mode of construction will insure, first of all, the least contact with earth; secondly, concentration of the whole mass of the building on single points only with strong anchorage; thirdly, more elasticity of the foundation, and consequently more elasticity in the whole mass of the building; fourthly, a combination of heterogeneous materials in one mass—an amalgamation—one of the most important points to be gained; fifthly, this style of building is the cheapest of all, and in most cases applies to our wants and climate, and to the desired architectural arrangements, and is applicable to any material."

* * * "The advantage of the concentration of the whole mass on piers will at once be visible. A pier has more elasticity than a solid wall, and if placed isolated, in the pro-

portion of about eight times the height to its base, this pier would, by a slight movement of the earth, lose its point of gravity; but by connecting a number of piers horizontally, transversely and longitudinally, and by resting the weight of the whole building upon them, they become restrained in their natural action till the whole mass of the building begins to move.

"That piers will facilitate the rapidity or velocity of the movement of the whole mass, nobody will deny; inasmuch as they stand isolated, are comparatively weaker than a solid mass, and have solely to depend on themselves, in their own strength and nature, without any assistance from a connecting wall. It is hardly necessary to mention that the piers should, of course, be in proportion to the weight they have to support, and should be placed at proper distances for security."

. . . "To many it may seem strange that the towers of San Francisco stood so well during the late earthquakes, with hardly any apparent damage, and that also in European cities the towers have also been less injured; a fact which proves, in a most striking manner, that the flexibility or elasticity of a mass is a necessity for safety. A tower is a pier of high proportion, and forms a high pendulum, and naturally swings with more rapidity than a longer mass, and hence there is less danger. The tower of the Doin of Erfurt, at present a fortified city in Prussia, contains the largest bell in the world except the celebrated bell in Moscow. This bell requires twenty-four men to set it in motion, and when in motion has always caused an oscillation of the tower varying from four to five feet from the perpendicular line. For centuries this bell has been used, and the tower remains as perfect as ever. The tower is built of cut stone, with the finest details of Gothic architecture. I merely give this example to show the flexibility even of stone, provided the proportions are right.

"All our hotels stood well, also a large number of stores; in fact all buildings supported on piers or columns. All the bodies of churches also stood well, especially where buttresses were introduced. Each buttress forms a pier, and has consequently more elasticity, and always will stand well, provided the proportions are artistically carried out. Very low churches, built more in the proportions of a stable, are unsafe; in fact, all buildings one-story high and of considerable extent are liable to danger, more so than two or three story buildings, no matter of what materials soever."—*Evening Bulletin.*

ITEMS.

Prime Minister Gladstone says in a letter to the president of the Limerick Amnesty Associa ion, that the members of the British government have carefully considered all memorials for the release of the Fenian prisoners which have been from time to time presented, and have unanimously decided that such relea-e would be contrary to their duty as guardians of public security and peace.

The Nickel Coins of Jamaica, just struck, represented Queen Victoria as of her actual age, and not as on the English, as a very young girl.

A mint is about being established by the Japanese government, and a general system of education, under foreign teachers, is being established in the different provinces of the empire. There is great suffering among the poor of Yeddo, who are out of employment, and the necessaries of life are very high in price.

A decree of the Spanish Cortes, establishing unrestricted liberty of religion in Cuba and Porto Rico, has been promulgated in these islands, and was generally well received. One clause provides that no person shall be prevented from holding office under the government by reason of his religious belief.

The English Channel.—A proposition, it is reported, is now under the consideration of the French Government which will shorten the passage across the English Channel and render the construction of the tunnel at the Starits of Dover unnecessary. The plan is to build a breakwater, so as to create a new harbor, between Cape Gris Nez and the village of Andreselles, which shall be accessible at all times of the tide. It is asserted that neither Calais nor Boulogne can be made capable of affording the required accommodation, and that if this new plan be carried out, the passage will not occupy over one hour and ten minutes.

Light would travel around the earth seven times in a second; but it requires 14 years to reach us from the bright star Sirius.

During the last fiscal year, 760 millions of letters passed through the United States mails, 40 millions more than during any previous year, and an average of 20 for every man, woman and child in the land.

The coal mined in our State amounts to 6,000,000 tons per annum, and the capital employed in mining to about $40,000,000.

The Argentine Republic has issued a circular to the merchants and manufacturers of the United States, calling attention to a Grand Exposition to be held at the city of Cordova, on April 17th, 1870. On the same day will be celebrated the completion of the Central Argentine railway between Rosario and Cordova, whereby the two cities hertofore separated by five days of fatiguing stage riding, will be placed at the distance of a few hours' travel, and by means of the telegraph in instantaneous communication. Cordova is situated 450 miles northwest of Buenos Ayres, the capital of the Republic, and can be reached by steamer to Rosario, 225 miles distant, and from the latter point, on the completion of the road, by rail. The exhibitors will have an opportunity of introducing their goods and machinery to the four great markets in Brazil, the Argentine Republic, Uruguay and Paraguay.

Dry Earth has recently been introduced as a deodorizer, and the result of the new process is reported to be perfectly effective. Among other illustrations, it is stated that at the meat-preserving establishment, near Melbourne, Australia, where thirty thousand sheep are frequently slaughtered in one day, there is not the slightest smell, in consequence of the use of dry earth as a deodorizing agent

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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Report of the Joint Delegation appointed by the Committees on the Indian Concern, of the Yearly Meetings of Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, respectively, to visit the Indians under the care of Friends, in the Northern Superintendency, State of Nebraska, Seventh and Eighth months, 1869.

To the Committee on the Indian Concern, of Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York Yearly Meetings, respectively:

DEAR FRIENDS.—Your delegation, consisting of Benjamin Hallowell, of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, Franklin Haines, of New York Yearly Meeting, John H. Dudley and Joseph Powell, of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, met in Omaha by previous arrangement, on the 16th of Seventh month, to enter upon the important duties which you entrusted to our care, and we are now about to endeavor to report our proceedings, the condition of the Indians at the Reservation under the care of our Friends, the needs of the Indians and their agents, and the incidents of Indian character and life which we witnessed, so as to place the subject before you as nearly as you would have seen it had you been present, as lies in our power.

The distance from Washington city to Omaha is about fifteen hundred miles, and nearly the same from Philadelphia and New York. After travelling to Western Indiana the country is all open prairie, many times not a tree to be seen in the whole landscape around, which would include a distance of from six to ten miles—the timber existing only along water courses.

The prairies are very fertile, producing large crops when cultivated, and where unbroken, yielding prairie grass in abundance, and wild flowers in the greatest profusion and variety, and of the most beautiful and delicate colors—frequently reminding us on witnessing these bright, delicate structures expanding their petals to the warm sunshine on a lonely prairie, where not a single human habitation was to be seen, of Gray's beautiful and applicable lines:

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

On arriving safely at Omaha at the time fixed upon before leaving home, and receiving a cordial welcome from Samuel M. Janney, the superintendent, our hearts were tendered in thankfulness to our Heavenly Father, for our preservation during this long and arduous journey, rendered particularly dangerous at this time by the unusual amount of rain which had recently fallen, causing many accidents and detentions on the railroads in that vicinity.

An exposition of the reasons for the President having selected members of the Society of Friends for Indian Superintendents and Agents, which had been published in the Baltimore *American*, it was thought best to

have published in the Omaha daily papers, which was done.

A meeting for public worship was held on the afternoon of First-day, the 18th, for the citizens of Omaha, which was solemn and impressive, giving evidence of being favored with the presence of the Great Head of the Church.

On the 19th we went out to Columbus, Nebraska, on the Union Pacific Railroad, ninety-two miles, where Jacob M. Troth, agent of the Pawnees, met us to take us to the Pawnee Agency, twenty-three miles further, by private conveyance. We were gratified to find at this agency a brick building one hundred and twelve feet long by forty-six wide, for an industrial school, with basement, in which are located the kitchen, dining room, store room, laundry, etc., etc., quite reminding us of West-town. Jacob M. Troth and family, and also Samuel B. Walton and family, were residing at the institution, temporarily, to give attention to the concern while the teachers take their vacation, there being some sixty Indian children in the establishment at present, learning to work.

The building is considerably out of order, but with the necessary repairs being made, as no doubt they soon will be, it will prove, in our judgment, a most efficient aid in the civilization and enlightenment of these people; and the delegation were united in judgment, which their subsequent experience on the different Reservations fully confirmed, that this is the proper kind of school for the Indians, where, besides being taught the useful branches of school learning, they will be instructed in the different operations of farming, carpenter work, black-smithing, attending a saw mill, and grain mill, etc., etc.; and the girls, the various duties in household economy—including the use of the sewing machine—all under the care of suitable, judicious instructors, with hearts alive to the interests and elevation of the greatly depressed Red Race—and that a sufficient number of such schools should be established on every reservation, to accommodate all the children of sufficient age to attend them.

Many Indians came to see us, and they expressed themselves "much gratified to see so many grandfathers with us." They were all hungry, and made us understand directly that they wanted something to eat. One Indian made us understand that he wanted a shirt and *clean* blanket, which was evidently the case. Poor things! we did pity them with our whole hearts, and felt determined to *try* to remedy this condition of things. They have a most fertile reservation, thirty miles long and fifteen wide, containing two hundred and eighty-eight thousand acres, to a population of two thousand eight hundred and thirty-one to which they have now dwindled or over one hundred acres for every man, woman and child; and it can and must be made to afford them plenty to eat and wear, and provide them with comfortable homes. They are a noble looking people, but they cannot continue to exist in their present condition. They are fast dwindling away! In 1830, when Oliver Ellsworth made a treaty with the Pawnees, there were twelve thousand; in 1847, six thousand! Now, in 1869, there are only two thousand eight hundred and thirty-one!! The present location of the Pawnees includes the land formerly occupied and considerably improved by the Mormons, previous to their going to Salt Lake, whither they went from this place. The Indians would not use the Mormon buildings, but gladly continued the cultivation of the land they had broken up with their strong teams. The squaws have a field of seventeen hundred acres of corn, in contiguous patches, cultivated by them entirely, with hoes, their hands, and a kind of scoop-tool made out of buffalo horn. It is of a kind called squaw corn or Pawnee corn, with a dark bluish grain. The corn was perfectly clean, scarcely a weed or spear of grass to be seen anywhere, with eight to ten stalks in a hill, which is really what its name implies, being a pile of earth some six to ten inches high around the stalks, and eighteen inches in diameter. The growth of the corn was most vigorous, the ground being very rich. It is said they raise eighty to one hundred bushels to the acre.

From the corn field we went to the top of the north bluff border of the valley, and had a fine and extended view of the prairie, the beautiful valley some ten miles wide below us, with the winding "Loup," like a silver ribbon, extending east and west as far as the eye could reach, and the South Platte visible, lying in the sunshine in the remotest distance; the shadows of clouds floating over the wide valley, the fields of wheat and corn dotted over the landscape, giving different shades like Mosaic work; hundreds of Indian ponies grazing on the slopes, and after a while some dozen Indians mounting an equal number of ponies, gave us the finest specimen of a horse race (not so regarded by them, but as only a *ride*) we had ever witnessed. It was as if they said, "best fellow beats," and started off to test it. It was very inspiriting, and we were pleased to see them have so much apparent enjoyment. The Indians select the most elevated ranges for their rides, and, as seen moving along the horizon in relief on the evening sky, an Indian at full speed on his little pony, with its head and nose

stretched out, the Indian leaning forward till his head is nearly over that of the pony, both seeming to be striving to get on faster by these means, the Indian's blanket streaming in the air far behind, and the pony's long tail streaming after it, leaves an impression on the beholder not soon to be erased. But, poor things, hungry and destitute as they are, we did sincerely wish they could be employed in a way which would produce a supply to their needs. After tea we rode over to the two Indian villages, in which all the members of the four bands of the Pawnees reside, except about two hundred warriors, who are now out in the army on duty under the general Government. The villages are about a mile and a half from the school and agency, and about a mile apart, on a high, dry piece of land. We never saw, nor could have imagined, such a sight as these villages presented. The Indians all flocked out of their lodges to see us, some dressed in blankets, bright, blue and red, some in buffalo skins, and the children, who are very numerous, in "nature's broad cloth," all the males under twelve years old having nothing whatever on. As we were going, we met the head chief, "Big Eagle," of the Loup band, who occupy one village, and his "Queen," with his bright tomahawk, fine blanket, and other accoutrements indicative of his dignity, and they got in our wagon and rode back to the village with us. He took us to their "lodge" and introduced us to his four wives, all sisters, his queen being the eldest.

We will endeavor to describe an Indian "mud lodge." A lodge is to contain from five to ten families, or from twenty-five to fifty persons, sometimes we were told even a greater number. It is, in general appearance, like a magnified "heap of buried potatoes," and is made by placing poles some twenty-five feet long, with the lower ends in a circle, some fifty feet in diameter, and the tops coming near together, say leaving an opening three or four feet in diameter at the vertex, and all kept in place by *wattling* with small branches of trees; this wattling extending down to near the ground. Upon these poles is thrown some prairie grass, and then a thick coating of earth. The "door-way" consists of an avenue or hall, some six feet high, and the same width, and the one we measured extended twenty-four feet from the great area within. A fire is kept constantly burning in the centre of the lodge, where a depression of about one foot in depth and four feet in diameter is made in the earth floor, and the smoke rises through the opening at the top, except what gets flared out into the apartment, which sometimes seemed a goodly proportion. All around the circular inside area, adjacent to the poles, are sleeping places, like the berths in the side of a vessel, wide enough to hold two to four or five persons side by side, and from ten to twenty such berths in a lodge. In front of each berth is a kind of bench, used as a "stow away" place for blankets, skins and extra clothing of the family occupying the berth, and under this bench the remainder of the family's goods seemed to be put away. The inside of one of these lodges was an object of no ordinary interest and curiosity. The long inclined poles, constituting the original frame work, affording places for suspending and securing tomahawks, pipes, bears claws, elks horns, wolfs ears, and every imaginable acquisition of Indian value, and we much wished we could bring a photograph of it for our friends at home.

The centre area around the fire is thus left entirely clear. No light or air is admitted into the lodge, except from the distant doorway, and the opening at the top of the lodge through which the smoke passes. Blankets and skins are sometimes laid on the earth floor around the fire, to sit or recline on. One of these lodges, as before remarked, accommodates from twenty-five to fifty people—from five to ten familes—often, perhaps generally, those of relatives—as a grand-father, his children and grand-children. A vessel remains continually suspended over the fire in which are cooked provisions for the family, as beef, pork, potatoes, beans, hominy, etc. The bread is made up in wooden trays manufactured by the Indians, and placed in a thinish cake on a smooth board. A *hot* stone, several of which are continually in and around the fire, is then pulled out a convenient distance, and the board containing the bread is leaned against it, and the bread thus exposed to the fire to bake.

The Indians regard it unnatural that a *whole family should be hungry at once;* they cannot understand it, and they never set a table, as is customary with the whites, but each one when hungry helps himself or herself from "the pot and board."

All the lodges at the Pawnee Reservation, are constructed upon the same general plan, and they are externally in no way different in appearance. They are quite close together—indeed crowded. Then these Indians have about one thousand ponies, which graze on the prairie in the day time when not in use, but at night, for fear the Sioux will steal them, they are all put in corrals, built of upright sticks twelve to fifteen feet high, wattled together, one corral belonging to each lodge, and close to it as part of the establishment, and the manure piled up, or thrown out anywhere. This, with the black mud,

green water pools, and general filth, without a particle of grass, or *anything* upon which the eye could rest with pleasure, presented such a picture as caused our hearts to ache for our poor red brethren and sisters! The condition of things was rendered worse than usual at the time of our visit, from the almost unprecedented amount of rain which had fallen this season. And they still remain in this condition, after the thousands and thousands of dollars expended by Government for their improvement, and with the two hundred and eighty-eight thousand acres of rich land, of the very best quality which they own!! There can and must be an improvement in their condition. They are capable and desirous of receiving it, the Government is willing to make it, and those will certainly be found who are ready to enter upon the interesting engagement of endeavoring to elevate and improve them.

Besides the lodges above described, are their "skin lodges," used when on a hunt or the war-path, adapted for several families together; the "Tepee," which is a lodge for a single family, and their "summer tent" of canvas, much like that used by soldiers in camp.

On some of the reservations they substitute bark of the elm or cotton wood tree, for the poles and earth roof, but the internal arrangement of the lodge is entirely similar to that of the mud lodges. We found more neatness and comfort, too, on all the other reservations than on that of the Pawnees, and many of the Indians living in frame or log houses, scattered over their reservations.

In front, or sometimes inside of their village lodge, is a "cache," or an opening dug into the ground, jug shaped, large enough at its mouth for a man to enter, and then a large excavation made below, with a cover of sod prepared to fit nicely, so that no one would be able to see where it is. In this place they stow away any extra food, blankets, buffalo skins, etc., etc., they may have, to be used when needed.

The evening was beautiful, and hundreds of Indians, with their bright red blankets, could be seen wandering or riding over the broad prairie in all directions, giving a life and picturesqueness to the scene, and awakening much thought, which *would* be tinctured with sadness! What is to be the result? *How can we get hold of them*, so as to give beneficial direction to their wanderings, and present some attractive and elevated object before them to aspire after?

PAWNEES.

When we visited the lodge of "Big Peter," the principal chief of the four bands of the Pawnees, he walked up to us with great dignity, and shook hands, which we were told was a signal that he desired to speak to us, which he proceeded to do. The purport of his remarks was, that "his people wanted to go on their hunt. The buffalo are now only about fifty miles from here on the plains. If we go now, the corn, beans and peas will all be ripe when we come back. If we remain here, they will never ripen; all will be eaten up while little, before they ripen. We want to go on the hunt, so as to get some buffalo meat, and have the corn, etc., ripe when we return."

We explained to him the reason of the order of Gen. Augur prohibiting them from going—it was for the security of their people, there being such an unsettlement among the Indians on the plains at this time, that the United States troops could not know the *friendly* from the *hostile* Indians there, and the order to the troops is, to kill all the Indians they meet with, it being presumed that the *friendly* Indians are all on the reservations. We told him, also, that the Government had sent orders to Superintendent Janney to supply the Indians with cattle for two months. He looked more placid after this assurance.

We held a council by appointment the next morning, with the chiefs and braves. It was a most interesting occasion. Some of the fiercest countenances we ever beheld were there, with guns, tomahawks and pipes. The expression of dissatisfaction with General Augur's order was renewed, and Peter became passionately eloquent upon the subject, so that we feared the peaceful object of our council would be frustrated. We endeavored to pacify them, as before, on the ground that Gen. Augur's order was given for their protection; that cattle would be furnished them by Government instead of buffalo, and the council terminated with the best of feeling. We were impressed, however, with the belief that Gen. Augur's order was a mistake, and we resolved, on our return to Omaha, to endeavor to induce him to rescind it.

The farm at the Pawnee agency is doing well. There are six or eight fine horses, a good reaper, and supply of farming implements. They have forty acres each, of corn, oats and wheat, which look remarkably well.

Word came about nine o'clock in the evening that a drove of cattle, in crossing a river twenty-three miles north of the reservation, had thirty-two of their number drowned and that the Indians could have them. The agent sent immediate word to the Indians, and it being moonlight, they started at once, and such a clattering of ponies' feet as there was by our lodgings, which they had to pass, it was animating to hear. About eight o'clock

the next morning they returned with the meat on their ponies, quite bright and cheerful, though having been at work and traveling all night, and much gratified with their success, it being a great "wind-fall" to them just at this time.

In the afternoon we held a religious meeting, at which were all the Indian school children, near sixty in number—boys and girls—the families of the agent and employees, etc. of the agency, and a number of neighbors. The meeting was very orderly and solemn, and seemed to be satisfactory to all.

In the evening word came that General Augur had rescinded his order, and that the Indians might now go on their hunt, which was a great relief to us, and joy to the Indians. They were summoned to council the next morning, which they promptly obeyed. The agent asked them how soon they would wish to set out, and what they desired him to furnish to them. After consulting among themselves they said the waters were now so high they would "take four sleeps before they went," and they "wanted two hundred and forty sacks of flour;" a sack containing one hundred pounds. The agent told them the quantity of flour they asked for should be furnished them within the four days—that by direction of Gen. Augur they must take with them an interpreter, and the chief of each band must take a United States flag, and exhibit it whenever they see any soldiers, for their security, and that they must conduct themselves well, and bring no trouble on him or themselves. Big Eagle assured the agent that his people should make no trouble. Three chiefs then addressed us, expressing much gratification at the permission granted them to go hunting, thanking us for our visit, expressing gratitude to the Great Spirit for putting it into our hearts to come so great a distance to see them, and a desire that we might be protected to reach our homes in safety.

This belief and trust in the "Great Spirit," and His protecting care, we found to be a fundamental element in the mental constitution of all the tribes we had intercourse with, which we regard as an interesting fact.

Then, after shaking hands with each one present, some forty in number, to bid farewell, we separated, all in fine good humor, which was a pleasant termination of our visit to the Pawnees, and an occasion of interest to be long remembered.

We gave Jacob M. Troth such advice upon the different points to which he invited our attention as we thought suitable, and did all in our power to encourage and assist him. The Indians evidently have the greatest confidence in their agent, and we were all much pleased with the manner in which he conducted the business with *them* and at the agency throughout. He appears to be the right man in the right place, if only his health will be strong enough to bear him up in his very heavy and responsible duties.

After finishing all that seemed required at the Pawnee Agency, we returned to Omaha, and on Seventh-day the twenty-fourth, Superintendent Janney accompanying us, we set out for the great Nemaha Agency. It must be remembered that Nebraska is entirely beyond the great system of railroads, which renders it so easy to get from place to place in the eastern section of the country, there being no railroad in the State, except the Union Pacific, on which we went part way to the Pawnees, to aid us in getting to any of the reservations. We crossed the Missouri river to Council Bluffs, which we had passed in going to Omaha. It was here the great council was held with the Otoes, Missourias and other Indians, by Lewis and Clark, on the 3d of Eighth month, 1804, who gave it in commemoration of that event, the name of Council Bluff. It contains about twelve thousand inhabitants, while its younger sister, Omaha, on the opposite side of the Missouri river, has from eighteen to twenty thousand. From Council Bluffs we went south on the St. Joseph Railroad, one hundred and three miles to Forest City, Missouri, within twenty-nine miles of St. Joseph. At Forest City we procured a conveyance to take us to White Cloud, in Kansas, crossing the Missouri river again in a steamboat, and thence to the Great Nemaha Agency, where we were kindly received by the agents, Thomas and Mary B. Lightfoot and their daughter Sarah.

"Good manners are the blossom of a plant
Of which the roots are truth, love, purity,
And last, not least, an even-balanced wisdom.
Let the roots flourish, and the flower will bloom
In its own shape and color; not the same
In every plant, but always beautiful;
The very soul breathed outward to the sense,—
But manners thrust upon us from without
Are like the tinsel flowers they make in France,
All of one hue and pattern, lifeless, scentless,
Bearing no seed within their painted cups,
And ending with themselves."

"We want in you," says Bishop Huntington, "Christianity that is Christian across counters, over dinner tables, behind the neighbor's back as to his face. We want in you a Christianity that we can find in the temperance of the meal, in moderation of dress, in respect for authority, in amiability at home, in veracity and simplicity in mixed society. Rowland Hill used to say he would give very

little for the religion of a man whose very dog and cat were not the better for his religion.

LETTER FROM SAMUEL FOTHERGILL.

1*st mo.* 21, 1754.

I received about twelve days ago an anonymous letter, requesting my return thereto, agreeable to the superscription I intend to fix upon this.

The author is personally a stranger to me; but I am not a stranger to the situation described, and I have deeply waited for instruction and ability to direct, agreeable to the mind of Truth, and the sympathy I feel on my mind with the distressed. Expect not from me an elaborate disquisition into speculative points; for this I know, from experience, that part must die which longs to comprehend more truths, while the former discoveries are yet disobeyed. The first principles of religion, as I have found, are the knowledge of our own weakness and Almighty sufficiency to supply all defects. Whoever builds on another foundation will be finally disappointed.

Thy letter manifests a sense of want; and as thou attends to that sense, that which gives it will in due time supply it; for the Lord our God hears his own. The state of leprous Naaman has been strongly before me on thy account. He was disquieted under his malady, and sought relief; but he had liked to have missed it, by contemning the means; his pride was piqued that the Prophet came not out to work an immediate cure with some visible demonstration of power; so that stooping to the simple means of bathing in Jordan was very mortifying to him. He remembered Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, and was willing to believe they were of equal virtue. But, know this assuredly, there is no river capable of cleansing the soul but that which proceeds from under the throne of God; no stream flowing from speculation, or any natural powers, can wash out the stain and bring peace to the soul. Deeply and submissively abide with that sacred Minister of the new covenant; if thou art weak, He is strong; and sure I am the God of all strength and truth will not leave thee destitute. Be content to be a child, or thou wilt be a monster; let his day come upon that which is lofty, and the cross be taken up to hurtful things, and in His light thou wilt see more light; and, until thou hast been fed from on high with milk fit for a babe, stronger meat or higher discoveries would not be good nourishment, but create disorders for want of digestion.

My soul fervently desires thy help; but remember, with holy trembling, the way to Heaven lies through the gates of Death. The Lord of all mercy and strength renew effectually His visitation to thy soul, and build thee upon the sure foundation that can never be shaken. I am thy true friend and well-wisher,

S. F.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS AND THE INDIANS.

The necessi y of early Congressional appropriations to pay to the Indians the annuities and other dues promised to them by the Government.

The sentiment has been frequently expressed that Friends who have assumed the position of Indian Agents are occupying very responsible stations, and the desire is often indicated that they may so perform the duties of their office, that the Society of which they are members will not suffer in reputation for want of their ability or fidelity.

It is, however, worthy of inquiry, whether some of us who remain at home, making little or no personal sacrifice, have not also important duties to perform? Many appear to have the idea that if the superintendent and agents perform their respective duties with ability and fidelity, that every desirable result will be necessarily accomplished. Those, however, who entertain this—may I not say—superficial view, I invite to a consideration of the expositions contained in this article.

Those who have investigated the origin and progress of Indian difficulties in the far West, need not be informed that the incompetency of superintendents and agents has not been the sole cause of complaint on the part of the Indians, nor of the hostile complications existing between them and the whites, including the General Government. The complaints of malfeasance of contractors and agents have mostly ceased during a year past; still suffering, and consequently dissatisfaction, exists among some tribes, arising from the refusal or omission of Government to pay them their stipulated annuities.

Not many mont' s ago an Indian delegation visited Washington, and, as narrated in the report, complained that a large part of their tribe were so destitute of clothing as to be at times in a condition of intense suffering, especially during the winter season. These Indians were probably among the class who, by the mediation of Government, had relinquished the chase, or partially so, and had ceded their land, and, for compensation, had accepted promised annuities. This is hard, but it is doubtless paralleled by many other instances.

Vincent Collyer, a member of the U. S. Indian Peace Commission, New York, writing from Fort Leavenworth about the 1st of 3d month last, says "the Osage Indians, 3500 in number, were starving to death on their reservation, last winter, when Gen. Sheridan issued

rations to them. The first six beeves that were slaughtered they ate raw, entrails and all, in about an hour."

At a reported interview between our friend Samuel M. Janney and the chiefs of a tribe under his superintendency, a similar complaint was made against the Government of non-compliance with its treaty stipulations in regard to promised annuities. All our friend could say in response was that he would do what was in his power towards having their grievances redressed.

This brings me to that part of the subject to which I desire particular attention. It is not unlikely that other tribes in the same superintendency are in a similar condition. The question therefore presents, is it reasonably to be expected that our Friends will be able satisfactorily to perform their official duties, and preserve harmonious relations between the Indians and the whites, while these Indians may be suffering in a greater or less degree from the faithlessness of the Government?

Although *we* may view our Friends as laboring in a benevolent cause, and in part from a religious concern, rather than merely by the appointment of Government, still, if the Indians are dissatisfied from the cause alluded to, it would be difficult for them to regard the agents in any other capacity than as the recognized officers of the Government which appointed them, and therefore either directly or indirectly implicated in the perpetration of the wrong under which they may be suffering.

This view invests the subject with a grave aspect, and revives the query previously made, whether we who remain at home, making but little or no personal sacrifice, have not duties to perform, in the line of influencing Congress to make, at an early period, appropriations to fulfil our treaty stipulations, and pay to such dissatisfied Indians, if such there are, the annuities which our Government has solemnly guaranteed to them.

The history of the benevolent concerns of Friends, both in their individual and Society capacities, reveal that, however valuable memorials may be in influencing the general sentiment of legislative bodies, still, in order to arouse that favorable sentiment into legislative action, personal interviews with members and Government officials are indispensably necessary.

Probably five hundred or a thousand bills are annually presented to Congress for enactment, and in the passage of most of these, many persons are pecuniarily and deeply interested, who not only spend much time at the seat of government, but, in addition to their own personal importunities, endeavor to obtain the active aid of some member whose especial interest it is to see that the bill is not neglected nor thrust aside by opposing interests, nor unnecessarily postponed. But alas for the poor Indians, if on their behalf none are present to intercede.!

I am aware that the presence of Friends at the seat of government, for the purpose indicated, implies the expenditure of time and labor, and the sacrifice of much personal ease; but for the encouragement of any whose feelings may be drawn in that direction, I may remark that the benevolent enterprises in which Friends have been concerned during nearly a century, which have culminated in legislative action, have been promoted and effectuated mainly through the personal agency of Friends at the seats of government.

This was manifestly the case when the Legislature of Maryland, through the personal interposition of Elisha Tyson, of Baltimore, and after years of labor bestowed by him, repealed the law which prohibited emancipation by will. Also in the instance of the New York Legislature, which, through the instrumentality of John Barrow, and a few other Friends, some of whom spent six weeks at the seat of government, enacted the law for the gradual abolition of slavery in that State; and as was evidenced also when J. Pemberton and some other Philadelphia Friends labored (though unavailingly) with the members of the National Convention, then in session in New York, to have excluded from the Federal Constitution the pro-slavery article, the retention of which has been the cause of unmeasured woes to this country.

The intention of this article is to show the necessity, not only in point of equity, but also of expediency, that Congress early make appropriations to fulfil its promises to the Indians; and in order to hasten these appropriations, some concerned and competent "Friends" should bestow personal and persevering attention at the seat of government.

It is not unlikely that upon timely application to the President, he would call the attention of Congress to the subject in his Annual Message. The rendering of such assistance, on his part, would greatly strengthen the influence of "Friends" in their interviews with members of Congress and Government officials.

GIDEON FROST.

Greenvale, L. I., 11th mo., 1869.

THE true Christian is like the living spring which is not impoverished by sending forth its grateful waters. He is not afraid to freely bestow of that which he has freely received, and the more he gives, the more abundantly does God supply him; but there are too many

like stagnant pools, withholding that which tends to poverty. Like the servant with the one talent, they are afraid to use their possessions for God's glory.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

In the different degrees of advancement, very different have been the requisitions and the trials of those whom the Lord has anointed and appointed for standard-bearers in the family of man, and I think it has been mostly the case that the drawings of the Father's love have directly opposed that will which has never been subjected, either in ourselves or others, and hence many unthought of difficulties present and form an obstruction. These, together with our own weakness, seem to render the commands of pure love impossible; and it is in reality so, as it regards our capacity, independent of the aid of Him who calleth us. But our resignation to perform what may be required of us, comprehends the righteousness of God, and will complete our sanctification. Our Heavenly Father is infinite in wisdom and in power, and opens a path for his children, operates hiddenly, silently and powerfully on human minds, and, by means within His control, accomplishes wonders for us and His own cause. Did the walls of Jericho fall down by any human force? Did the manna come down from heaven by any contrivance of the Israelites? Was Joseph's deliverance wrought by human invention? Was it not by the Divine power and energy exerted on his behalf? He was a poor, patient sufferer, having a gift within him, but he silently resigned it, as Abraham did the Son of Promise. It is the Divine Mind that Isaac must be resigned. I have had to resign many concerns,—many true and living concerns. As no way seemed to be made, I have been released and my peace secured. Now this thing has come close home to my best feelings, but I believe that nothing of all my Heavenly Father's drawings will be lost either to myself or others to whom my feelings of love have at different times extended. It is needful that all we have received should be returned to the Giver with hearts purified by the sanctifying virtue of that which before filled them, that the Lord may flow back again and fill and overflow, anoint us afresh and qualify us for His service. Thus in the exercise of the little gifts dispensed, new authority raises life in those to whom labor is extended; for if Christ be not risen, then all preaching is vain. Thou hast resigned thy heart in the morning of thy life to thy Heavenly Father, and the sacrifice has been precious in His sight; and although thy way may be much closed up, and difficulties rise to hinder thee in the exercise of the gift dispensed, yet thy passive submission will be a sacrifice acceptable to Him who hath called thee, and by secret influences and operations will He make a way for thee.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 13, 1869.

BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING.—We have received a copy of Extracts from the Minutes of the late Baltimore Yearly Meeting. It is not necessary to give the usual routine business, but we extract a few portions not included in the account of our correspondent last week:

The standing committee on the Indian Concern produced the following report, which was read, and was satisfactory, viz:

"*To Baltimore Yearly Meetng:*

"The Standing Committee on the Indian Concern report:

"That we have continued diligent through the past year, in attending to the important interests entrusted to our charge in relation to our greatly wronged Red brethren and sisters. The field of our labors since our last report has been greatly enlarged, and the duties much increased in complexity and responsibility; but, in conjunction with the Friends of the other Yearly Meetings with which we are in correspondence, we have endeavored faithfully to meet all the requirements, trusting for direction and strength in their accomplishment to the Dispenser of every blessing.

"A statement of the joint labors of the six Yearly Meetings, entitled 'Memoranda,' was printed last Fourth month, and extensively circulated among Friends, and a report is now being published of the recent visit of a Delegation of Friends from New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore Yearly Meetings, to the six Indian Agencies, constituting the Northern Superintendency, in the State of Nebraska, all of which are under the charge of our Friends, with Samuel M. Janney as Superintendent.

"These publications render it unnecessary for the Committee to make any extended report upon the subject at this time. Moreover, the general interest taken by our members in the Indian question, which it is gratifying to witness, has induced them to keep informed upon current events in Indian affairs.

"We are glad to be able to state, that the

proceedings of our Superintendent and Agents have thus far been very satisfactory to the Indian Department—and that the Commissioner of Indian affairs has cheerfully and promptly rendered every aid allowed by law, to benefit the Indians, and facilitate the exertions of the Superintendent and Agents to promote the comfort, interest and welfare of the Indians.

"We think there is great cause for encouragement and hope in regard to our Red brethren. Our observation and experience induce the abiding belief, that there are elements in the Indian character, through which, by kindness, industry, and tact, they may be raised to any plane of civilization and enlightenment that is proposed for them. It will be a work of time and labor, but it can and ought to be done. If the present kind and just treatment of them is continued by the National Administration, great progress towards that most desirable end will be made at no distant day.

"It is a significant and encouraging fact, that all religious societies, and all kind-hearted and humane people, seem now to be pleading that right and justice may be extended and secured to the Indians, and that they shall be protected from that awful extermination which was but recently impending over them.

"For all which there is cause of great thankfulness to the Universal Father, for disposing the hearts of our people in favor of His Red children.

"Signed by direction, and on behalf of the Committee,

"BENJ. HALLOWELL, *Secretary.*

"BALTIMORE, MD., 10th month 22d, 1869.

"P. S.—We would respectfully inquire, whether, in consideration of our greatly increased duties and necessary expenditures, the Yearly Meeting would be willing for the Committee to draw on the Yearly Meeting Treasurer, for a sum not exceeding three hundred dollars, to aid in the efforts for the amelioration of the condition of the Western Indians through the ensuing year?"

They were authorized to draw on the Treasurer of the Yearly Meeting for a sum not exceeding three hundred dollars, as desired by the Committee.

The committee appointed at a former sitting to endeavor to embody some of the exercises of the meeting, now produced the following, which was approved and directed to be inserted in our printed Extracts for the benefit of our absent members, viz:

"A lively exercise was spread over the meeting on account of the deficiencies apparent among us, and much counsel was given, encouraging *all* to greater faithfulness; that we may not be resting in the traditionary labors of our predecessors, but endeavor to do the work demanded at the present time; to uphold the everlasting principle of justice towards all our fellow beings, as the first step in righteousness, being inseparable from the *golden rule*, and will necessarily be followed by a walking humbly and loving mercy.

"We were tenderly reminded, that by 'grace are we saved, through faith, and that not of ourselves: it is the gift of God.' This grace is a *knowledge of his will*, and *ability to perform it*, which 'hath appeared unto all men, teaching them that, denying ungodliness and the world's lusts, they should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world.' It is light and strength, the wisdom of God and power of God graciously manifested to every rational soul. What is needed on our part is, to obey these Divine manifestations—to 'Mind the Light,' which will bring the soul into the Divine nature, so that God will reign, and His Kingdom be established in our hearts.

"When the faithful servant of God was 'in the Spirit on the Lord's Day,'—and the Lord's Day is the time when we become willing that God's will shall be done in our hearts, —he heard a voice saying, 'come up hither'—advance above thy present experience and attainments. As with individuals, so with people, the light is progressive. 'The path of the just is as a shining light, which shines more and more unto the perfect day.' To the obedient humble soul, 'the light of the moon shall become as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall become sevenfold as the light of seven days,' showing a wider and higher field of usefulness and labor, glorifying God by the fruits of righteousness.

"We are favored at this time to be able to say that Temperance, as regards intoxicating drinks, prevails amongst nearly all our members, and we are endeavoring to discourage the use of Tobacco, which costs much valuable labor, impoverishes thousands of acres of our best land, and when obtained, the use of it is detrimental to health and comfort.

"The subject of the right education of our children claimed the attention of the meeting, and we find continued vigilence needful to train them up aright; there being in every age hurtful influences around, and especially at this time many vain amusements calculated to influence the young mind to evil, and divert it from following the meek and lowly example to Eternal life."

A memorial prepared by Prairie Grove Monthly Meeting, Iowa, concerning John Fenton, an elder, was read to the solemnizing of the Meeting.

George Peabody.—The death of this eminent Philanthropist occurred in London on the 4th inst., at 11½ P. M. The leading events of his life as they are given by the public journals prove his rare capabilities, not only for the accumulation of wealth, but for what is too often overlooked, the wise disbursement of it. He was born in Danvers, Mass., on the 18th of Second month, 1795. From eleven to fifteen years of age he was employed as a grocer's clerk in his native town. Afterward he engaged in the dry goods trade, and was remarkably successful as a merchant.

He visited Europe several times on account of private business, and was entrusted by the State of Maryland with important financial negotiations, which resulted in the re-establishment of the credit of that Commonwealth. For this service he refused compensation, but the Legislature passed resolutions expressive of the obligations of the community to him, "for his generous devotion to the interest and honor of Maryland."

In 1837, he settled in London as a merchant and banker. His banking-house became the centre of American interests by his persevering efforts on behalf of several States of the Union, the credit of which had been impaired by the crisis of 1837.

His philanthropy was exercised in different channels. The following recapitulation of his gifts is taken from one of our city papers:

"In 1852, he contributed the sum of $10,000 towards fitting out the Kane Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, and on the occasion of the celebration on June 16th, 1852, of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Danvers, he founded the Peabody Institute and Library, in his native town, by the gift of $20,000, which was afterwards expanded to $200,000.

"This was the beginning of his series of great gifts to the cause of education and to the poor of this country and of England. The details of these are already so familiar to the public, that only a recapitulation of them is required on this occasion. Mr. Peabody visited the United States in 1857, 1866 and 1869, and during those visits and in the intervals in England, he made the following princely gifts: To the cause of education in the Southern States of the United States, $2,500,000; to build comfortable and cheerful dwellings for the London poor, $1,750,000; for the foundation of the Peabody Institute in the city of Baltimore, $1,400,000; to the Peabody Institute, Danvers, Mass., $200,000; for museums and professorships of geology and archæology at Harvard University, Massachusetts and Yale College, New Haven, Conn., $300,000; to the Essex Institute, Salem, Mass. $140,000; to Washington College, Lexington Va., $60,000; to the Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., $25,000; to Kenyon College Ohio, $25,000; to the Massachusetts Historical Society, $20,000; to the Maryland Historical Society, $20,000; to the Georgetown Library, Mass., $16,000; to the Georgetown D. C., Library, $15,000; to the Newburyport Mass., Library, $15,000; to the Thetford, Vt. Library, $5,000. These munificent gifts in the cause of education and the poor, amount to $6,491,600, of which about $5,000,000 were bestowed in the United States. But besides these he gave $100,000, for a memorial church to his mother, in Georgetown, Mass., and about $1,500,000 to his relatives. These increase the sum of his more recent and well-known gifts, to $8,091,000, and there can be but little doubt that if those made in former years, were added, the aggregate of his benevolence, while living, reached ten millions of dollars.

"His beneficence to the London poor was gratefully acknowledged by the Queen in an autograph letter, accompanied by an especial gift of her portrait, and by the erection of a statue in his honor, in the heart of the city of London. The gift to the cause of Southern education in this country was officially acknowledged by Congress, and by the presentation of a beautiful emblematic testimonial. These will be preserved as memorials of his munificence; but the Peabody buildings, in London, which have transferred two thousand of the poor from their wretched and squalid lodgings to cheerful and comfortable homes, a beneficence in which three thousand others will soon have their share, and the endowments in the cause of education in this country, in which hundreds of thousands will share the advantages, will be more enduring monuments to his memory and his benefactions."

Let none as they read the above narration of munificent charities, so worthy the donor who had it in his power to bestow them, be tempted to despise the benevolence which flows with equal *generosity* from less abundant coffers. The scriptural record of the widow's mites, should encourage the humblest to contribute, however small it may appear to them, their share for the alleviation of suffering and want, and for the pro-

notion of good. Let the rich hand forth of heir abundance, and let not the "two mites" e withheld. So shall all who give "*in the ame of a disciple,*" even though it be but "a up of cold water," receive "a disciple's re- ard."

AID FOR THE INDIANS.—We have been re- uested to inform Friends, that the "Indian id Society of Philada." will be glad to have ssistance in the preparation of clothing for he women and children belonging to the eservations under the care of Friends.

An interesting letter has been received rom Mary B. Lightfoot, wife of T. Lightfoot, Agent of the Nemahaws, acknowledging the eceipt of the box of goods already sent, and xpressing a desire for another before the evere winter sets in. The formation in dif- erent country neighborhoods of auxiliary Aid Societies would greatly facilitate the object lesired. Goods or ready-made clothing will e placed at the disposal of the Committee on ndian Affairs, if sent to Deborah F. Whar- on, 336 Spruce St., or John Saunders, 453 N. Seventh St.

AGENT'S NOTE.—As a number of subscrib- rs to "Friends' Intelligencer" have hereto- ore settled with me as Agent for "The Chil- lren's Friend," I have thought it might pre- ent trouble, by stating that my other duties re such that I have withdrawn from my con- ection with this valuable periodical, (The Children's Friend.) With a hope for its success,

EMMOR COMLY,
Agent for Friends' Intelligencer,
144 N. Seventh St., Philada.

DIED.

WRIGHT.—At Richland, Pa., on the 15th of 10th month, 1869, Abigail Wright, widow of Thomas Wright, formerly of Maiden Creek, Bucks Co., Pa., in her 76th year; a member of Richland Monthly Meeting, Her end was peaceful.

CANBY.—On the 2d inst., aged 28 years, William H. Canby, son of Samuel T. and Julietta Canby, of this city.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The Executive Committee will meet on Sixth-day Eleventh month 19th, at 3 o'clock, P.M.

W. M. LEVICK, Clerk.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Committee of Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting meet on Sixth-day afternoon, Eleventh mo. 19th, at 4 o'clock. GEORGE TRUMAN, *Clerk.*

FRIENDS' FREEDMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

Stated Meeting at Race St. (Monthly) Meeting Room, on Fourth day evening, Eleventh mo. 17th, at 7½ o'clock. All are invited.

JACOB M. ELLIS, } *Clerks.*
ANNE COOPER, }

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Eleventh mo. 14th, Flushing, L. I., 11 A.M.
" 21st, South Farmington, N.Y., 11 A.M.
" " Valley, Pa., 3 P.M.
" " Orange, N. J., 10½ A.M.
" " Berwick, Pa., 11 A.M.

From "Hours at Home for October."

THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF 1869.

BY MARIA MITCHELL.

The circle of sciences is so nearly all centre, that it is difficult to say to what arc any subject of inquiry belongs. Solar eclipses, at one time the terror of the ignorant, and the study of the astronomer only, have come to be specialities also of the chemist, the physicist, and the photographer. The telescope, the camera, and the spectroscope work together, each crowded with work, and each finding its most fruitful field in the sun.

The mysterious connection of the bodies of our system is no longer supposed to be that of attraction alone; the solar spots, the aurora, the comets, the meteors, and certainly two of the planets, own some other relation and acknowledge a common kinship.

In the early days of astronomical inquiry, eclipses were observed for the purpose of determining longitudes, and of detecting errors in the lunar theory. The hypothesis born in the closet was tested in the observatory; residual errors were examined, remoulded in the mathematical curves, and again subjected to the test of the senses.

But it is not necessary to wait for an eclipse of the sun for longitude determinations, when eclipses of stars by the moon happen many times in a month, and can be observed with much more nicety, and when relative longitudes can be noted on any fine night by the click of the chronograph.

The motions of the moon are, however, a continuous subject of interest, showing, as they do, not only every change in our planetary system, but those also in the earth, reflecting, after thousands of years, even the fret of the wave upon the shore.

The astronomers tell us that there must be at least two eclipses of the sun every year; but a total eclipse is of rare occurrence, and at any one place happens only in hundreds of years.

If the moon's motion around the earth were in the plane of the earth's motion around the sun, an eclipse of the sun would happen at every new moon, as the moon would come between sun and earth, and hide the sun to

some of the earth's people. And at every new moon the cone-shaped shadow is thrown towards the earth; but as the moon's motion is not in the plane of the earth's, it falls perhaps above, perhaps below the earth; or, if it be exactly at the crossing of the plane, the earth may be out of its reach, beyond the point of the conical shadow, and the eclipse will be then only partial. When the moon is nearest the earth, and it is new moon at the time it is passing through the plane of its orbit, there must be a total eclipse somewhere on the earth, for the dark shadow must sweep across its surface, as the shadow of Jupiter's satellites are seen to sweep across the disc of that planet.

With a starting-point of one eclipse, it is easy to fortell, in a rough way, the coming of others. The moon does not pass through the plane of the earth's orbit again at the same point; the foot-prints of nature never measure exactly the same. When the moon comes round again she seems to take a backward step (if we call her usual motion forward) at that point, and this backward motion continues until, in about eighteen years, she has seemed to carry this point around the whole circle of the earth's orbit. The eclipses then repeat their order with variations. A total eclipse may have become partial, or may be total to another part of the earth.

The moon, although so much smaller than the sun, is so near to us that it usually appears of about the same size (a relation between size and distance which would seem to show some other design than that of symmetrical beauty,) and at the time of a total eclipse seems larger, and more than covers the sun.

But this over-covering is to a very small extent; at most it projects beyond the sun by a narrow bordering of only one-sixteenth the diameter. A total eclipse therefore lasts so long only as the time required by the moon to pass over this small arc, varying with the position of the place on the earth, the longest time being 7m. 58s.

The total eclipses of this century, observed in this country, are those of 1806, 1834, and 1869. That of 1806 was total, and central at Kinderhook, and was observed carefully in that place and in New York and Massachusetts generally. A Spanish gentleman, Jose Jacques de Ferrer, made some very nice observations for fixing longitudes, and of physical phenomena. He says: "The disc had around it a ring, or illuminated atmosphere, which was of pearl color, and extended 6′ from the disc." He calls it "the irradiation of the solar disc."

Mr. De Witt, of Albany, who observed the same, says: "The edge of the moon was strongly illuminated, and had the color of polished silver; and around a dark circle wa an immense radiated glory, like a new cre tion, in a moment bursting on the sight, an for several minutes fixing the gaze of man i silent admiration."

The duration of this eclipse was nearly fiv minutes at Kinderhook; it was very short i Massachusetts; was observed at Salem by Dr Bowditch, and at Nantucket, where it wa not quite total, by Walter Folger, an excel lent mathematician, and a maker of astrono mical instruments.

The eclipse of 1834 was observed at Beau fort, South Carolina, by Mr. Paine, of Boston He speaks of seeing two planets and fou stars.

The corona is mentioned by all the observ ers of 1806, but there is no notice of "rosy protuberances.

The total eclipse of 1842 was observed by Mr. Airy, the Astronomer Royal of Green wich; by Mr. Bailey, an English astronomer; by Otto Struve, of Pulkova, and many others, as the lunar shadow swept over the north of Italy and the southern provinces of France, Germany, and Russia. Mr. Struve says the light of the corona was too strong for the naked eye. This eclipse was the first in this century to attract attention to the "rosy protuberances" scattered around the moon's limb. Mr. Airy speaks of his surprise at sight of them. They became at once an object of interest; and at the next eclipse of 1851, Mr. Airy, Mr. Dawes, an excellent English observer, and our own Mr. Bond, of Cambridge, gave particular attention to them. Mr. Bond went to Lilla Edet, a little town in Sweden. He saw five of these prominences; he says they appeared like "clouds brightly illuminated."

Mr. Airy presented pictures of them to the Royal Art Society, and if the engravings do them justice, the appearance was somewhat different from those of August 7th 1869; not perhaps more different than are clouds in our own atmosphere.

By 1860, when another total eclipse threw its dark shadow upon civilized people, these phenomena were expected, and Mr. Airy, at his station in Spain, saw them before totality. This eclipse first suggested the possibility of observing these prominences in full sunlight.

In the eclipse of August 7th, 1869, the shadow, one hundred and forty miles wide, passed obliquely across this continent from Alaska to North Carolina, falling upon no fixed observatory, but upon large cities, whose intelligent people were ready to give all needed aid to the professional astronomer. Hospitable homes in Springfield, Des Moines, and Burlington, in Louisville, Lexington, and Frankfort were freely offered. Every known

astronomer received courteous invitations into the shadow. Every astronomer, professional or amateur, prepared to go. The observatories must have been left undirected; the mathematical chairs of the colleges must have been empty, and, judging from the crowded condition of hotels within the darkness, Saratoga and Newport must have felt the different set of the travelling current.

When we entered the truly palatial cars at Buffalo we heard a voice near us saying, "Tell me your longitude and I'll tell you your time," and as common people look to the town clock for their time, we knew at once that it was some astronomer, and on turning we met the gaze of an old friend, the hero of one total and three annular eclipses, ticketed to totality. As we came into the sleeping-cars at Chicago, a young gentleman who was just putting himself away upon his shelf, called out to the conductor, "Do not disturb us for the night! We are an astronomical party of seven persons going to Burlington."

If a large part of the country had started for the shade, in general, it seemed as if a large part of that part had started for Burlington. The duration of the total phase in Burlington was nearly three minutes, the town was said to be healthy, and at Burlington a crowd gathered, made up of scientific men working under Government orders, under college orders, under individual orders; naturalists who desired to see the effect of a new condition of things upon the animal or insect of their special affection; clergymen who were willing to take a lesson from nature, and tourists who sought a new sensation. In the halls of the hotels we saw meetings between friends long separated, and heard joyous exclamations as gray-haired men met and shook hands and laughed, that either could recognize in the middle-aged other the youth whom he had left, and whom he had since known only through scientific journals. Burlington is a pretty little group of villages standing upon several little knolls of a bluff of the Mississippi; it is up hill and down dale in its streets, and it is to be hoped it will be proof against the efforts of its people to straighten it out. It is beautifully heterogeneous. In some places it reminds one of the little village which children build of toy-blocks; in others it seems like the Italian cities perched upon inaccessible hill-tops.

We arrived on the 4th of August, too late to attempt any work that day. The 5th was cloudy and threatening, and the 6th was rainy, rainy all day. The astronomers who had mounted their instruments tried to protect them from the weather; we rejoiced that ours were yet in their boxes. The Government party, under Prof. Coffin, had already planted itself upon a fine elevated field, where an observatory had been built, a rough shelter for a fine equatorial telescope to be used in photographing, a small telescope for the spectroscopic observations, and other instruments; and near by was a little meridian room, with a tiny transit instrument, which one could almost put in his pocket, for the purpose of determining accurately the condition of the chronometers.

We met, on our arrival, an invitation from the Burlington Collegiate Institute to occupy its grounds, with the assurance of the Faculty that they should be wholly at my disposal.

On examination, the grounds were found to be a little elevated, and seemingly very secluded, and the offer was gratefully accepted. Some half-dozen of the graduates of our college had offered their services as assistants—one of them with a telescope—all with sharp eyes and quick preceptions.

(To be continued.)

Selected.

THE RAINBOW.

The evening was glorious, and light through the trees,
Played in sunshine the raindrops, the birds, and the breeze;
The landscape outstretching in loveliness lay
On the lap of the year in the beauty of May.
For the Queen of the Spring, as she passed down the vale,
Left her robe on the trees and her breath on the gale;
And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,
And flush in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers;
The skies, like a banner at sunset unrolled,
O'er the west threw their splendor of azure and gold.
But one cloud at a distance rose dense, and increased
Till its margin of black touched the zenith and east.
We gazed on these scenes while around us they glowed,
When a vision of beauty appeared on the cloud;
'Twas not like the sun, as at mid-day we view,
Nor the moon that rolls lightly through starlight and blue.
Like a spirit it came in the van of a storm,
And the eye and the heart hailed its beautiful form;
For it looked not severe, like an angel of wrath,
But its garments of brightness illumed its dark path.
In the hues of its grandeur sublimely it stood
O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood;
And river, field, village, and woodland grew bright,
As conscious they gave and afforded delight.
'Twas the *Bow* of Omnipotence, bent in His hand
Whose grasp at creation the universe spanned;
'Twas the presence of God in a symbol sublime,
His *vow* from the flood to the exile of Time.
(Not dreadful, as when in a whirlwind He pleads,
When storms are his chariot and lightning his steeds;
The black cloud of vengeance his banner unfurled,

And thunder his voice to a guilt-stricken world;
In the breath of his presence when thousands expire,
And seas boil with fury and rocks burn with fire;
And the sword and the plague-spot with death strew the plain,
And vultures and wolves are the graves of the slain.)
Not such was that Rainbow, that beautiful one
Whose arch was refraction, its keystone the sun.
A pavillion it seemed, with a Deity graced;
And Justice and Mercy met there and embraced.
A while and it sweetly bent over the gloom—
Like Love o'er a death-bed or Hope o'er the tomb—
Then left the dark scene, whence it slowly retired,
As Love had just vanished, or hope had expired.
I gazed not alone on that source of my song.
To all who beheld it these verses belong;
Its presence to all was the path of the Lord—
Each full heart expanded, grew warm, and adored.
Like a visit, the converse of friends, or a day,
That bow from my sight passed forever away.
Like that visit, that converse, that day to my heart,
That bow from remembrance can never depart.
'Tis a picture in memory, distinctly defined
With the strong and imperishing colors of mind;
A part of my *being*, beyond my control,
Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.

In the last report from the United States Department of Agriculture there is presented a vast amount of information and statistics of the consumption of wood in our country, and the effects of the wholesale destruction of our American forests. From facts and figures of too accurate a character to be disputed, the conclusion is reached that, unless measures are taken immediately to replace, by new plantations, the supplies withdrawn by the destruction of our old forests, *there will be an actual famine for wood in this country within the next thirty years.*

Few are aware of the reckless waste of timber going on; and yet they ought to know, for the change of climate and the extremes of temperature which we now endure were not formerly known, and are a convincing evidence of this fact. It is true that coal or peat may be substituted for purposes of fuel; but in the mechanical arts, in building houses or ships, or innumerable other purposes, we must have wood, good, sound and strong.

The black walnut is rarely found now in the Eastern and Middle States, where once it was plenty. Our pine comes more than a thousand miles, from Michigan and Wisconsin, and beyond, to the value of tens of millions of dollars, to supply our demands.

In the single State of New York, from 1850 to 1860, there were reclaimed from the forest and brought into cultivation, no less than 1,967,433 acres of land. All these acres will never again be devoted to timber-growing; and still the destruction goes on.

If the present demand for lumber continues in proportion to the increase of population, in twenty years from now we shall need $20,000,000 worth of sawed lumber annually. And whence are we to obtain it?

It is estimated that from 1850 to 1860 less than 50,000,000 acres of new land in the United States were brought under cultivation, of which two-fifths were timber land, and in the decade ending 1870 there will be no less than 100,000,000 acres so reclaimed.

We do not see here the wild cherry or cucumber tree; the hard maple and hickory are almost entirely gone, while entire sections have been denuded of hemlock and pine.

The sleepers used on the railroads of our country from 1850 to 1860 cost $23,063,95[illegible] and their number was 65,897,020; and when it is remembered that these are almost entirely hard wood, and last but two to five years, it will be seen that the annual supply for this purpose is enormous, and increasing as fast as new railroads are built.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

THE GROWTH OF THE EARTH.

Professor Huxley read a paper before the British Association, at its recent meeting in Norwich, "On a Piece of Chalk," in which he takes this, one of the oldest of the formations which makes up the crust of the earth, to illustrate the slow processes by which, through unknown ages, the world was made ready for the habitation of man:

"A great chapter," he says, "of the history of the world is written in the chalk. . . . I weigh my words well when I assert, that the man who should know the true history of the bit of chalk which every carpenter carries about in his breeches-pocket, though ignorant of all other history, is likely, if he will think his knowledge out to its ultimate results, to have a truer, and therefore a better, conception of this wonderful universe, and of man's relation to it, than the most learned student who is deep-read in the records of humanity and ignorant of those of nature. . . .

"It is certain that the chalk is the mud of an ancient sea-bottom, but it is no less certain that the chalk sea existed during an extremely long period, though we may not be prepared to give a precise estimate of the length of that period in years. The relative duration is clear, though the absolute duration may not be definable. The attempt to affix any precise date to the period at which the chalk-sea began or ended its existence is baffled by difficulties of the same kind.

After showing the nature of chalk, and demonstrating its origin, he speaks of subsequent formations:

"The drift of boulder clay, in comparison with the chalk, is a very juvenile deposit. You need go no farther than your own s[illegible]

board for evidence of this fact. At one of the most charming spots on the coast of Norfolk, Cromer, you will see the boulder clay forming a vast mass, which lies upon the chalk, and must consequently have come into existence after it. Huge boulders of chalk are, in fact, included in the clay, and have evidently been brought to the position they now occupy by the same agency as that which has planted blocks of syenite from Norwich side by side with them.

"The chalk, then, is certainly older than the boulder clay. If you ask how much, I will again take you no farther than the same spot upon your own coasts for evidence. I have spoken of the boulder clay and drift as resting upon the chalk. That is not strictly true. Interposed between the chalk and the drift is a comparatively insignificant layer containing vegetable matter. But that layer tells a wonderful history. It is full of stumps of trees standing as they grew. Fir-trees are there with their cones, and hazel-bushes with their nuts; there stands the stools of oak and yew trees, beeches and alders. Hence this stratum is appropriately called the 'forest-bed.'

"It is obvious that the chalk must have been upheaved and converted into dry land before the timber trees could grow upon it. As the bolls of some of these trees are from two to three feet in diameter, it is no less clear that the dry land thus formed remained in the same condition for long ages. And not only do the remains of stately oaks and well-grown firs testify to the duration of this condition of things, but additional evidence to the same effect is afforded by the abundant remains of elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, and other great wild beasts, which it has yielded to the zealous search of such men as the Rev. Mr. Gunn.

"When you look at such a collection as he has formed, and bethink you that these elephantine bones did veritably carry their owners about, and these great grinders crunch in the dark woods of which the forest-bed is now the only trace, it is impossible not to feel that they are as good evidence of the lapse of time as the annual rings of the tree-stumps.

"Thus there is a writing upon the wall of cliffs at Cromer, and whoso runs may read it. It tells us, with an authority which cannot be impeached, that the ancient sea-bed of the chalk-sea was raised up and remained dry land until it was covered with forest, stocked with the great game whose spoils have rejoiced your geologists. How long it remained in that condition cannot be said; but 'the whirligig of time brought its revenges' in those days as in these. That dry land, with the bones and teeth of generations of long-lived elephants hidden away among the gnarled roots and dry leaves of its ancient trees, sank gradually to the bottom of the icy sea, which covered it with huge masses of drift and boulder clay. Sea-beasts, such as the walrus, now restricted to the extreme north, paddled about where birds had twittered among the topmost twigs of the fir-trees. How long this state of things endured we know not, but at length it came to an end. The upheaved glacial mud hardened into the soil of modern Norfolk. Forests grew once more, the wolf and the beaver replaced the reindeer and the elephant; and at length what we call the history of England dawned."

PRAYER has a right to the word *ineffable*. It is an hour of outpourings, which words cannot express,—of that interior speech which we do not articulate, even when we employ it.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

NOTE.—In our last review an important typographical error occurred, giving the article the caption of *Eighth* instead of *Ninth* month. Friends who preserve the Intelligencer will please correct; it can be done with a lead pencil.

TENTH MONTH.

	1868.	1869.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	14 days.	8 days.
Rain all or nearly all day	1 "	4 "
Snow, incl'g very slight falls	1 "	2 "
Cloudy, without storms	9 "	2 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	6 "	15 "
	31 "	31 "

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1868.	1869.
Mean temperature of 10th mo., per Penna. Hospital,	54.00 deg.	52.50 deg.
Highest point attained during month	77.00 "	79.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	34.50 "	34.50 "
RAIN during the month, do.	1.73 in.	6.32 in.
DEATHS during the month, being for 5 current weeks for each year.	1137	1221

Average of the mean temperature of 10th month for the past *eighty* years		54.00 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1793		64.00 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1827		46.00 "
Totals for the first six months of each year	26.31 inch.	26.27 inch.
Seventh month	3.51 "	2.88 "
Eighth month	2.65 "	7.28 "
Ninth month	8.90 "	3.25 "
Tenth month	1.73 "	6.32 "
Totals	43.10 "	46.00 "

It will be seen by the above we have just passed through a very cold *Tenth* month, and although we have had colder repeatedly through the long period of years of our review, still we have had none as cold since 1859, when the mean was precisely the same. In addition to this, although fifteen clear days are noted, the weather has been by no means as pleasant as is usual for the month. The *deaths*, it may be noticed, are something in excess of the same month of last year; while the quantity of *rain* has been equalled during only one month of this year (the Eighth,) and during only two of last year; yet, by comparison, the quantity during any of these months was light, compared to Eighth month of 1867, when it reached 15.81 inches!

It is an old adage that "extremes meet," and this has been the experience of the two past months. Our review for Ninth month chronicles a then existing drought of almost, if not quite, unprecedented severity, while this will record the opposite, in the shape of a terrible freshet.

On the evening of the 2d of Tenth month, a heavy rain set in, which lasted until about 9 o'clock on the morning of the 4th, accompanied with most disastrous consequences. It appears to have begun earlier to the north and northwest, and to have been especially heavy in the regions drained by the upper Schuylkill, the Lehigh and the Susquehanna.

It seems right to chronicle for future reference a few of the most prominent facts in connection with this flood, although it would require a volume to do it justice. The following items were noted during the day on which the rain ceased, (viz., Tenth mo. 4th:)

At Chestnut St. bridge, at 11 o'clock, the water had reached to the point where the iron arch rests upon the piers. A canal boat was jammed up against one of the piers, looking as though it were fixed there permanently. Quite a number of boats have gone down beneath the bridge. Between Chestnut and Market streets the river is filled with logs, lumber, floating shanties, upturned boats, &c. Upon the immediate shore on both sides of the river, houses, factories and lumber yards are submerged, and a vast amount of property carried away or ruined. The Pennsylvania Railroad property on the west side, above Market street, is entirely under water, and many articles of value have floated away, including twelve or fourteen freight cars. These cars had been the lodging place for a number of vagrants, who, it is said, were somewhat astonished to find themselves in the middle of the river, and were only rescued from the roofs of the cars by men who, at the risk of their own lives, went to them in boats.

The water poured over Fairmount dam, it is said, *fully eleven feet in depth*. Of course, all the water-works on the river were stopped. The "oldest inhabitants" in that vicinity state that such a freshet has never been known there, the nearest approach to it being the great flood of 1850. All the houses and factories on the west side of the river banks are submerged half-way to their roofs.

At 11½ o'clock the water was within about *six feet* of the floor of the Wire bridge, and then not supposed to have attained its extreme height. At the gas-works much damage was done; fires in the furnaces extinguished. The river road along Fairmount Park has come in for its share of damage, water nearly up to the roofs of the boat-houses, &c. Along Twenty-third street, from Callowhill to Market, the water varies in depth from two to five feet. The water covers Arch street up to Twenty-second, while Filbert street is filled to nearly the same point. In Race street it is nearly as high. Here the water reaches half way up the windows of the first floors, and the occupants are busy vacating with the aid of rafts and boats. The losses will be very heavy, and especially on those least able to bear them.

Enough has been said to give those who did not witness it a little idea (but a meagre one, it is true) of the devastation. At Manayunk, Spring Mills, Conshohocken, and all along the Wissahickon similar occurrences have taken place. At Norristown the river has risen *seventeen feet!*

The flood was not confined to Philadelphia and its immediate vicinity. Disastrous accounts have been received from Reading, Bethlehem, Allentown, Lancaster, New Hope, Harrisburg, &c. We have also heard of great floods in the States of New York, Delaware, Maryland, Massachusetts, Connecticut, &c. It is presumed that as general and extensive a flood, occurring simultaneously, as it were, at places so distant from each other, has never been known.

J. M. Ellis.

Philadelphia, 11th mo. 4, 1869.

ITEMS.

David Rittenhouse, the celebrated astronomer, who was skilful in measuring the size, and determining the position of the heavenly bodies, found that a thread of ordinary sewing silk drawn across the glass of his telescope would completely conceal a star. The finest fibre of silk would hide a distant star for several seconds. So the smallest speck of prejudice or the finest thread of worldly policy or ambition drawn across the lens of the mind obstructs the light of truth and hides half the glory of the heavens.

The *London Times* thus records the death of the last male descendant of William Penn bearing the name of his illustrious ancestor.

"On the 10th of Sept., at Tunbridge Wells, Rev. Thomas Gordon Penn, second son of the late Granville Penn, Esq., of Stoke Park, Buckinghamshire, aged 64."

The chief point of interest from Spain is the action of the Cortes for the election of a king. The members of the Cortes seem bent on choosing the Duke of Genoa. 141 Deputies have declared in his favor. He is a nephew of the King of Italy and 16 years of age. The strong points in his favor are that he is not a Spaniard, and that he has been at school in England under the charge of Matthew Arnold, the poet and philosopher.

A conference of Jewish Rabbis was recently in session in this city, considering certain proposed reforms in the Jewish Church. The Conference adopted the resolutions giving the bride a more active position in the marriage ceremony; declaring that the Messianic aim of Israel is the union of all men in confession of the one God; that the Aaronic Priesthood and the Mosaic sacrifices are things of the past; that the selection of Israel as a relig ous people must now, as ever, be emphatically expressed; that the belief in a bodily resurrection has no religious foundation; and that the Hebrew language must yield to the vernacular in prayer as far as existing circumstances make it advisable.

It is a curious question under what circumstances diamonds and some other crystals could have been formed which are found to have in their cavities quantities of liquefied carbonic acid gas, a substance which can be liquefied only under the extremest pressure.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXVI. PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 20, 1869. No. 38.

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Report of the Joint Delegation appointed by the Committees on the Indian Concern, of the Yearly Meetings of Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, respectively, to visit the Indians under the care of Friends, in the Northern Superintendency, State of Nebraska, Seventh and Eighth months, 1869.

(Continued from page 581)

IOWAS, SACS AND FOXES.

This reservation of thirty-two thousand acres, lies in the angle at the junction of the Missouri and Great Nemaha rivers, and from the latter name it is called the "Great Nemaha Reservation." There are two hundred and forty Iowas, with sixteen thousand acres, and eighty Sacs and Foxes, with ten thousand. At the mouth of the Nemaha river is a large rock, on which Lewis and Clarke carved their names when on their "expedition" up the Missouri river in 1804.

On First-day afternoon, we had a religious meeting—some twenty whites, and then the house filled with Indians. All the six chiefs were present; some of them, and also of the other Indians, fearfully painted, and with feathers in their head-dress, and bones, bear's claws, and beads around their necks. They are fine looking people, lighter complexioned than the Pawnees; very orderly, but most of them are "blanket Indians." They were spoken to through an interpreter, and seem to be impressed by what was said. They have no worship of their own, we were told, except a feast on some extra occasion. They all shook hands with us, both before and after meeting, and seemed to regard us with great veneration.

There is quite a good supply of wood on this reservation for fire-wood and fencing, and with their annuities, they *might* live nicely. The buildings of the agency are in good order, and have a neat appearance, and the fences, gates, etc., are kept in repair. But they are almost wholly destitute of teams or tools.

A treaty has been made with the Iowas, and also with the Sacs and Foxes, which has not yet been ratified by the United States Senate, looking to their selling their present reservation, and either moving to the South, to the Indian Territory, or purchasing with the proceeds of the sale, a part of the reservation of the Otoes. We inquired of them in council, their wishes in relation to the ratification of the treaty. The Iowas stated emphatically, that they did not wish the treaty ratified. It was made through a misunderstanding. They had been moved, and moved and moved, and all they wished now was to remain where they are, have oxen and tools to work with, and a farmer to instruct them how to do for themselves.

Both tribes are willing a contemplated railroad should be made through their reservation, which was very gratifying to us. We promised to use our influence in promoting

their wishes. The Sacs and Foxes wished the Government to provide means for a delegation of them to visit the Indian Territory; and if they liked it better than this, the tribe would sell here and move there, but if they did not like it better, they wished to remain where they are. We told them we would communicate their wishes to the Indian Department. The council terminated very pleasantly. The contiguity of these people to the white settlements, has had a demoralizing influence, and they are more idle and addicted to drinking than those of any other of the reservations we visited. But there is nothing to discourage. They have been drawn from their normal, healthy, moral condition by their surroundings, and man is so kindly constituted by the Good Providence, that the tendency is always restorative, to induce a return to the normal or healthy condition.

There is a great field of labor and usefulness open among these people, for persons of industry, benevolence and tact, and how we wished it were properly occupied. One individual cannot bring his personal influence to bear upon them all, with sufficient force to make the requisite change. But we clearly saw that *it is a practical thing* to raise the poor, neglected, helpless, depressed ones, to *respectability* and *usfulness* and *citizenship*.

The Iowas, and Sacs and Foxes, speak different languages. In the council and religious meeting we held with them, each tribe had its own interpreter, so that each sentence of what was said was first interpreted to the Iowas, and afterwards to the Sacs and Foxes, which seemed like a slow, cold, and unsatisfactory mode of communication.

On the morning of the 26th, we left the Nemaha agency in company with Albert L. Green, the Agent of the Otoes and Missourias, who kindly came for us with two teams to take us to the Otoe Agency, seventy-five miles, over rough prairie, requiring two days of travel.

This agency, like the others we have visited, has been much neglected, the buildings all needing repair. The reservation consists of a tract of most excellent rolling prairie, twenty-five miles long by ten wide, containing one hundred and sixty thousand acres, and the number of Indians four hundred and fifty. The Blue river, on which is a superior water power for a mill seat, and some of its tributaries, pass through it, and all along these streams timber abounds. Stone of a superior quality for building is found in abundance. The grist and saw mill is now run by steam at a heavy expense, the fuel being to haul from a distance. The mill is much out of order, and has been leased for a year, the tenant to put it in repair, and do the grinding and sawing for the agency.

The Otoes appeared to us more hopeful than the Indians on the Great Nemaha Agency, which we had just visited, being willing to work, and free from the vice of intemperance. If sufficient stock and farming implements are furnished, and an energetic, efficient farmer secured, this reservation might, in a short time, be made self-sustaining. With all their disadvantages, they have this year one hundred and fifty acres of corn, fifty of wheat, twenty of potatoes and ten of beans. In consideration of the valuable water-power, and the delapidated condition of the present mill building, we think a new mill, adapted to water-power, would be an economical investment.

OTOES AND MISSOURIAS.

Upon our arrival at this agency we found some of the Indians in trouble. One of the Otoes, a young man, had been down on a visit to the Iowas, and while there got on a "spree," and was badly wounded. We heard he was dead, but this happily was not the case. The interpreter who drove one of our teams brought the sad tidings, and doleful wailings were heard from the father's lodge all the evening and far into the night. He was an only son, and the father said he "loved him dearly." The wounded man had two wives in his father's lodge, who joined in the lamentation.

We had a long council with the chiefs, head men and braves of this agency; very fine noble looking men, with singularly painted faces, the design seeming to be to make them look more frightful and strong, and not to add to their beauty. They had their tomahawks, blankets and pipes, and the council chamber soon became a dense cloud of smoke. After the Superintendent and the delegation addressed the council, there were some ten or twelve speeches from chiefs in reply—two or three speaking more than once. The burden of all their speeches was, "the neglect of the Government to comply with its promise to send them their annuity of nine thousand dollars, long since due, and it had been promised them to come out early this Spring, but it was not yet here. They are poor; need food and clothes; had no money to buy anything in which to wrap their dead children before they laid them in the grave. A number, near fifty, have recently died and been buried without anything around them. They want ploughs, oxen and tools. They are willing to work, but have nothing to work with, etc., etc.," which sorrowfully is all too true.

They spoke of a treaty made last winter, but not ratified by the Senate, selling ninety-six thousand acres of their reservation, for a dollar and a quarter an acre, leaving sixty-

four thousand acres, with which they are not satisfied. The council lasted four hours.

We presented an excuse for the Government for not having sent their annuities, in the fact of the recent change of administration, and the many pressing duties consequent thereon, but that we would do all in our power to have them forwarded—also, to have them properly supplied with necessary teams and tools.

Our feelings deeply sympathized with these, our red brethren, in their destitute and helpless condition, from the failure of the Government to keep its faith with them, in regard to the money they were to have received, and the evident state of want and destitution to which they are sorrowfully reduced, while still owners of such a large and rich tract of land, more than sufficient to support them in abundance. This pressing need of their annuities seemed to engross all their thoughts. They could talk of nothing else. When they heard their "grandfather" (S. M. Janney) was coming to see them, they said they "were sure he was going to bring it, and they were greatly disappointed that he had not done so." They wanted to get better clothes, which they evidently needed, and to provide for their families.

These Indians formerly lived "on the Platte," and they were promised if they would "consent to move on to the Blue," where they now are, they "should have all they want, and be happy. But it has not been so —they are poor and unhappy."

We visited their grave-yards. They place some of the boxes containing the dead in a tree, "so that the spirit of the departed can see around the big prairie to the Blue river." We saw a tree with ten or twelve such boxes among its branches, some of which we were told had been there many years. When an Indian man dies, they kill his pony and put *it*, with its saddle and bridle, near its master's grave, or resting place, with some food for the poney, and bows and arrows, a bottle of water, etc., etc., in the grave or coffin.

Some little time ago, a child died, and they buried its grandfather alive with the child in his arms, at the grandfather's request, "in order that he might take care of it in the Spirit Land."

After tea, a religious meeting was held, which was a very interesting occasion, the meeting being favored with a solemnity which seemed to be experienced by all, and brought the whole company, which was large, and composed principally of Indians—the same who had attended the council in the morr ing with their families—into a feeling of kindness and affection.

After meeting, another council was held, which was quite satisfactory, and terminated very pleasantly, when we bid them all an affectionate farewell.

The Indians had a "dance of joy" after they went home to their village, attended by a "drum beating," which was continued to a late hour of the night.

There are about forty separate lodges in their village, which is close by the agency buildings, so that the movements of the Indians can readily be seen, and the cry of their "herald" from the top of the head chief's lodge distinctly heard, proclaiming every morning, the duties and engagements of the day.

THE SANTEE SIOUX.

From the Otoe Agency we returned by way of Lincoln, the capital of Nebraska, and Nebraska city, to Omaha city, and there took an ambulance and two horses, and set out for the Santee Sioux Agency, two hundred miles up the Missouri river. We passed through the Omaha and Winnebago Agencies, calling a short time at each, but defering our official visit till our return. At Dakota city we were joined by our valued superintendent, who came by railroad to Sioux city, five miles distant.

A stranger kindly pointed out to us a high bluff on the Missouri river, about a mile or so distant, called "Floyd's Bluff," named by Lewis and Clarke, after Sergeant Charles Floyd, whom they buried there on the 20th of Eighth month, 1804, marking the place of his interment by a cedar post, on which his name and the day of his death were inscribed. His grave became much broken, and the people of Sioux city, a few years ago, generously built it up again respectably.

The bluffs among which our road lay after getting some distance beyond Dakota city, presented a most beautiful picturesque scene, like diversified undulating mountain ridges; one appearing behind another in every variety of shape and position, like miniature mountains, as they unquestionably are, geologically. These multiplied ranges of dwarf mountains, with the blue mists that envelop them, and all their interesting features of light and shade, would make most beautiful pictures from a thousand stand-points, for there seemed no end to their variety and beauty. Sometimes our road lay on the "river bottoms," through forests of cotton wood, with some black walnut, elm, ash, etc., and the undergrowth interspersed with wild plums, small grapes and hazel nuts, in such quantities as we never before heard or conceived of,—barrels on barrels of them. The cotton-wood tree grows large, and in general appearance is some like the sycamore or button-wood, but the stem of the leaf is flat, vertically, like

the aspen, and the leaf itself is in appearance between that of the aspen and the Lombardy poplar.

A large rattlesnake crossed our road just before the carriage. An earnest effort was made by some of our party to capture *him* and his *rattles*, but it was happily unsuccessful. There was sufficient room on those wide prairies for us all, and there is no doubt he has his use, as well as we, in the economy of nature.

At St. Helena, about forty miles below Santee Agency, on the banks of the Missouri, is the "Chalk Cliff," an object of great interest and curiosity. The Cliff is some sixty feet in a *perpendicular face*, according to our estimate—the base being about forty feet above the level of the river, which is about one hundred feet distant from the base. The chalk vein appeared to be eight or ten feet in thickness, resting upon a harder limestone, and then a stratum of slate, but we could not get to them to examine them minutely. We all procured specimens. The chalk is not quite as white as the English chalk, but it appears to be as soft, and marks well. We believe no real chalk has ever before been found in the United States, and the absence of *flint*, in this, as far as we could discover, and other associated minerals of chalk, leads us to hesitate in pronouncing this to be the genuine article, although it is so regarded at the locality. We wished for more time to give it a careful examination.

After five days continuous hard travel, making two hundred miles. we arrived at the agency of the Santee Sioux, all safe and well, including the horses. Asa M. Janney, the agent, and his family were well, bright and cheerful, well satisfied with their agency, their Indians, and all their surroundings. These Indians are generally dressed in "citizen's clothing," willing to work beyond the employment the agent can furnish them with, have comfortable log houses, with windows, etc., and appear to be advancing rapidly towards civilization.

We held a council with the Indians on the 7th, which was largely attended, but partially interrupted by a distressing incident. While the head chief was speaking a wild scream was heard from a woman outside the council house, when there was a general rush from the council chamber, with countenances evidencing the greatest variety of emotions, and it was soon ascertained that an ox belonging to the Episcopal Mission, had badly gored an Indian woman. It was thought however, she would recover. The Indians collected again in council, and all proceeded and terminated satisfactorily.

These poor people have been so greatly deceived for many, many years, by false professions, and unfulfilled promises from the whites, and even from the Government, that the time does not seem to have arrived for them to feel confidence in the assurances we make them. We thought we could see this in their countenances in council, while the superintendent and we were addressing them, and professing feelings of kindness and affection, which were true on our part. Their silent response of incredulity seemed to be like the slave to his master—"*you white man*—and from all *our* experience, white man is not to be trusted or believed."

What these Indians need as a preliminary to their confidence, are *reliable friendly acts*, in furnishing them with tools, means of sawing and hauling their timber, of which they have abundance, and building houses, to live in, which they greatly desire to do. We hope and trust better times are in store for them.

These Santee Sioux are the darkest, bravest, most Indian-looking people we have seen. We never saw or could have imagined such a set of countenances as were in council. We wished strongly for a photograph of them. Numbers, as is the case in most councils, sat on the floor. Some of these Indians are said to have been engaged in the horrible massacre in Minnesota in 1862.

Asa Janney is much encouraged with his undertaking, and the delegation were highly pleased with the progress he has made. His whole heart is devoted to the good work, and his wife and daughters co-operate with him cordially and earnestly in his engagements.

There are two missions on this reservation; a Presbyterian, which has been established with them over thirty years; and an Episcopalian more recently, under the charge of Samuel D. Hinman, whom we have known for several years as an earnest and devoted laborer for the Indians' interest and welfare, and they appear to be doing a great deal of good. Emily West is a faithful and efficient aid in the mission works of the Episcopalians. Dr. Williamson, the Presbyterian missionary, has translated the New Testament into their language, which they call the Dakotah, and also published some hymns in the same tongue. Many of the Indians can read these works in their own language, but not in English. Their great object is, to teach them the "Christian Religion," and they entertain the belief that this can only be done in the native tongue or language of the Indians.

Edward and Mary Frances Pond are teachers of the Presbyterian mission. There are three hundred and fifty Indians, they informed us members of their congregation. Frances thinks "there should be but one kind of religion taught to the Indians, because the

Indians cannot, or do not, understand how it is that the whites do not agree about the religion to which they invite the Indians," in which view we concurred. She said, as was remarked by another missionary woman, that the Indians have no *spiritual* religion, an idea which we endeavored to correct, as on another occasion. She is a bright, intelligent, earnest, working young woman.

We were much gratified with our visit to the "Sabbath School" of the Presbyterian mission, taught by Edward and Frances Pond, in a "mud roofed" building, where the scholars sat on the earth floor, and in observing the sprightliness and success of the Indian children, and the confiding and affectionate intercourse between them and their teachers. Thus we see where the *inner life* is pnre and active, it gilds with heavenly brightness the most obscure and humble surroundings.

We attended, by invitation, the religious exercises, at the Episcopal "chapel," which is a fine building, with stained glass windows, all of which were conducted by the Indians themselves in their own language, the Dakota. The officiating minister was dressed in a large flowing white surplice, with a broad belt obliquely across his breast, and was solemn and dignified throughout. Some two hundred Indians were present, most of whom joined in the singing and responses. A young Indian who is preparing for the ministry, preached the sermon, the officiating minister (Indian) appeared twice in supplication, and they sung hymns three times. At the close, all departed singly, very orderly and quiet, not a loud word being spoken. The whole proceedings were interesting and impressive, and calculated to do them good. From exercises so solemn and harmonious, they could not soon proceed to anything disorderly, immoral, or hurtful.

The Episcopal and Presbyterian missions are about a mile and a half apart, and the Friends' agency near midway between them, all working harmoniously and earnestly together for the elevation of the poor Indians from the depth of misery, wretchedness, and degredation to which they are so sorrowfully sunk! Thus do the wretched and affiicted draw true hearts nearer together in labors of love.

Asa M. Janney and family hold a meeting every First-day morning at their house; we all attended, the First-day morning we were there, and the meeting was very interesting and solemn. Asa spoke quite feelingly, and Samuel appeared in touching supplication, asking the protection and help of the Good Father in their arduous and responsible labors, and that these may be blessed and sanctified to the interesting objects of their care.

In the afternoon we held meeting with the Indians, and there was a large, orderly gathering of men, women and children, and the meeting was a solemn one. What was said, except Samuel's supplication, was interpreted to the Indians, and they appeared as grave and orderly as a body of elderly Friends. We supposed there were not less than three hundred Indians present, and some thirty or more white people, including all from both missions; and all appeared to be satisfied. Wabasha, of whom Bishop Whipple has frequently spoken in his letters, was there. He is their head chief, and most eloquent orator. He was the first to speak in their council. The children, many of the woman, and some of the men, sat on the floor, as we have frequently seen in other collections of them, and they seem to sit with an unusual ease and grace. They frequently sit in that way in their wigwams or tents, of which there are about one hundred on this reservation, to over one thousand people.

These Indians once lived in Minnesota, and were banished to Crow creek in Dakota Territory, after the massacre in 1862, when three hundred of their head men were imprisoned, eighty were condemned to be hung, and some thirty-eight executed. They have lost so many of their warriors, that there are amongst them a great many widows. They are evidently a powerful and fearless people, but seemed as calm and docile at the meeting, as little children.

We were kindly invited to take tea at the "Mission House," which is a large, fine structure, with cupola and tower, and is well arranged and furnished. It joins the "chapel." This invitation, which we felt to be a mark of kindness, attention and respect, we cheerfully accepted, but regretted the absence of the principal, Samuel D. Hinman, and his wife. However, the care taken by Emily West and Wm. H. H. Koss, to add to our interest and enjoyment, and make us comfortable, diminished the feeling of privation.

On Third-day morning, Eighth month 10th, we bade farewell to our kind and valued friends at the Santee agency, and set out on our return. The parting was serious and impressive, Lydia Janney and her daughters seeming to feel the loneliness of their condition more acutely, as the pleasant social and religious intercourse and communion they had enjoyed for a few days were about to terminate. But, with this feeling, were manifest patience and fortitude, proving that they had a source of true comfort left when we were all gone. Asa felt deeply also, particularly in parting from his beloved brother. But his countenance was calm and resigned, and the whole incident touching and instructive.

Having dwelt so fully upon the particulars attending our visit to this mission, it will require less to be said about the remaining ones, for there is a great resemblance among all the Indians on the different reservations, excepting in their languages.

The following report was designed for earlier publication, but has just come to hand.

CIRCULAR.

OMAHA, NEB., 10th mo. 18, 1869.

Dear friends,—Having received letters from friends in Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, Ohio and Indiana, in relation to supplies of clothing for Indian children and comforts for the sick and infirm, which the benevolent among you are desirous to furnish, I have concluded to answer them in a circular letter.

In my intercourse with the Indians and the agents and employées at the several agencies, I have by observation and inquiry learned that as some of the wants of these poor people are not supplied by the Government, they are proper objects for the exercise of Christian charity.

I observed on going to the Indian lodges or wigwams that the children are nearly destitute of clothing, and I have reason to believe that most of their parents cannot or will not furnish them suitable clothing to wear at school. At the Great Nemaha Agency, the teacher, Mary B. Lightfoot, found, on taking the school, that very few children attended, and she understood that her predecessor had had still fewer pupils: the school thus being almost useless.

In order to induce the children to attend, Mary provided a barrel of crackers, and gave a few of them once a day to each of the children in attendance. She also supplied those who came pretty regularly with suitable clothing. Her friends in Pennsylvania furnished the means to purchase crackers, and sent the clothing, part of it ready-made, and the residue in the piece.

Books, paper, pens, slates, slate pencils and sponges will be wanted for the schools. Wilson's Primer and First Reader are the most suitable books that I have seen, and they have been successfully used in teaching the freedmen. Alphabet charts and school maps would be very useful.

Another want of scarcely less importance is a supply of suitable food for the sick and infirm, such as rice, crackers, tea, corn starch, white sugar, &c.

The Santee-Sioux number about 1000 souls. Their wants were made known by Cosmelia Janney to a friend in Philadelphia, and to members of the visiting committee.

The Winnebagoes number 1300; they are in great need of clothing for the children, books and stationery for the school, and food suitable for the sick.

The Omahas number 1000; they need clothing for children and suitable food for the sick.

The Pawnees number 2400. The children in their manual labor school are well clothed from funds supplied under *treaty* stipulations. They *greatly need* suitable food for the sick.

The Iowas and Sacs and Foxes, who number 312, at the Great Nemaha Agency, have been supplied with clothing for school children, and Mary B. Lightfoot informed me her friends in Pennsylvania were taking up subscriptions for a supply of food for the sick.

The Otoes number 440 souls. They have no school except a First day school, established and taught by the present agent, Albert L. Green. I think they have never had any kind of school before. They need every thing mentioned above. The goods should be sent direct to the several agents. I subjoin the address of each,—viz.:

Asa M. Janney,	U.S. Ind. Agt.,	Santee Agency,	Neb.
Howard White,	"	Winnebago	"	"
Dr. Edw. Painter,	"	Omaha	"	"
Jacob M. Troth,	"	Genoa	"	"
Thos. Lightfoot,	"	Nohart	"	"
Albert L. Green	"	Otoe	"	"

By corresponding with these agents, they will give more precise information, and advise friends of the best routes for transportation. The cost of sending goods from Philadelphia and Baltimore to Omaha, when I came here, was three cents per pound. Goods can be had here at a moderate advance on eastern prices.

If money is sent, it may be best to send it to me, as the Government money is sent, *in drafts*, which I will deposit in the First National Bank of Omaha. Friends of other Yearly Meetings will be at the Yearly Meeting of Baltimore, and I suggest that they confer together on this subject. It might answer well for each of the six Yearly Meetings to take the care of supplying an Agency.

Your affectionate friend,

SAMUEL M. JANNEY,
Supt. Indian Affairs.

CHILD TROUBLES.

"The disappointments of children are as hard to bear as those of adults. The hopes and plans of a child of ten refer to what his elders esteem trifles, it is true; still, he values his little possessions as highly, and clings to his aims as tenaciously, as older persons do to theirs. But they remember that all human affairs are uncertain, and lay their plans hoping for success, but at the same time more or less apprehensive of failure. The child, on

the contrary, sees nothing but sunbeams; and when the sudden darkness comes, he feels even more disappointed than those older when their important projects come to naught. The child has not learned to reason coolly upon matters and things as men do, and is moved by impulse rather than by deliberate judgment. Children very often suffer real injustice. Sometimes the wrong comes from their playmates, and sometimes from the parent or teacher, who does not take time to ascertain facts, reasoning that the thing under consideration is such a trifle that it is not worth inquiry. Parents and teachers should always remember that the trials which seem trifles to them are often very serious to the little ones in their charge, and in dealing with children should help them bear their burdens rather than scold them for being irritated or grieved. One of the most important lessons that can be taught them is to bear their trials and troubles in a proper way."—*Exchange.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

HOW SHALL WE USE OUR STRENGTH ARIGHT?

"There is a spirit in mae, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding" how to use their strength of body and mind. The prophet testified that "unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulders, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father and the Prince of Peace." If the government of our minds is upon Him, we shall show forth all the Christian virtues: "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance," and thus answer the purpose for which we were created, to glorify our Creator, and be prepared to be glorified with Him in the world to come.

All the propensities of our human nature were given us by Him who is all wisdom, goodness and love, and if kept under his direction, no inordinate desire would be yielded to. Were love and meekness our chief ornaments, we should not seek great things for ourselves nor our families, and no excessive labor of mind or body would be practised. A portion of exercise is necessary for our health and strength, physically and mentally, and if each one was willing to perform a reasonable share, none need be oppressed. Were the mind governed by that wisdom which is profitable to direct in all things, we should be preserved from all extremes, and seldom, if ever, would any suffer from too much labor, or from inactivity and idleness. Our minds would then rest cheerful in the Divine will, and having no unnecessary wants to gratify, we would have time to attend our religious meetings and duties, and to mingle socially, pleasantly and usefully with our brethren and sisters, by example and precept encouraging them to live righteous, holy and godly lives. Then would this world be a paradise below, and we would at times and seasons enjoy a foretaste of the fulness of joy in Heaven.

Westbury, L. I. R. H.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I will not close my eyes or ears, if it please the Lord to pour out of His Spirit in some new manifestation. May old prejudices and traditions yield before it. It seems to me that an uprising from a lethargic condition is at hand; it may be through the instrumentality of the young. I always regret to find a resolute opposition and denunciation of every thing which is not cut after the pattern shown by the Friends of the last two generations. Geo. Fox and his cotemporaries were more liberal. Wm. Penn could wear his sword till it fell off, and Geo. Fox could send out Friends to labor wherever they could find an opening. But extremes *may* do their work in liberalizing us; and we cannot but feel that religious opinions and habits and intolerance are progressive,—leading out of forms,—the very extremes of Ritualism even tending by their absurdity into freer thought—that I can only try to keep myself alive to truth, wherever it may be; and hope we may ever feel there is a centering point, wherein there is stability amid all changes—the "Law written in the heart." Without the Spirit, what is the letter?

I am glad you felt satisfied with your visit among us, and I can truly say it was a great comfort and strength to us. Many of us know that we "cannot save a brother, nor give to God a ransom for his soul;" but the presence, counsel and encouragement of those who are travelling the same road, and who have gone farther than we have, are certainly strengthening and profitable, even more so than the pleasant knowledge that the young are awakening to better things, is to the travel-worn father or mother in Israel who has feared that the watchman were falling with none to take their places. We have evidence that spiritual knowledge is increasing as we learn more and more to seek it from the only Giver of true wisdom; and we feel a care to guard especially against two temptations—the danger of lukewarmness, and the danger of boasting our-

selves of the light and power that belong to God, and which are given to us for His purposes and not ours. We know if we would but heed that each day must bring not only its own duties, but the strength to perform them.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 20, 1869.

Society Interests.—The regret is often felt, as our paper goes to press, that it does not contain more "Society news," or that we are not enabled to inform our readers of what has transpired in different localities of a nature to encourage the good, to inspirit the mind with the knowledge that the testimonies of truth, which we hold in common, are being maintained with an earnestness which proves that they are not ours merely through tradition, but that we, through the medium of that Light which "is given to every man to profit withal," have been convinced that they are founded upon an immutable basis, and "in keeping them there is a great reward." We presume that if the good were sought, there would be found in every neighborhood something worth transmitting to distant Friends. Our religious Society should be as one family, scattered, 'tis true, but with very much the same interests, growing out of the great principle of Love.

Circumstances vary with situations, but the culmination of all labor originating from this heaven-born principle must be for the good of the whole. As the divine teacher went about doing good, so must they who do the will of their Father in Heaven be similarly engaged. We do not ask that anything be done "to be seen of men," neither would we "blow a trumpet" to sound the praises of men. But there are occasions not unfrequently occurring when it would be well to acknowledge favors received; when the goodness of the Lord has "covered the earth as the waters cover the sea," and when it is right to magnify His name, and give the praise unto Him to whom it is due.

We felt on the late occasion of the Quarterly Meeting, held at Race street, that we would like to reproduce the impressive address made by a Friend, the years of whose life number nearly fourscore, but whose spirit retains its vigor even in old age. She invited those who were gathered to turn their thoughts inward, and devote a season to silent prayer; and also bore testimony to the blessed effects of sitting under the teachings of the Divine Spirit, which would unfold to the understanding the truths of the gospel which is saving. Now in her latter days, she said, she felt an increasing desire that the younger class among us might more fully appreciate the privilege of silent spiritual communion, wherein strength is renewed and faith increased in the anointing which abideth in all, because of which we have no need that any man teach us but as "the same anointing teacheth of all things, and is truth and is no lie." The prophecy was brought into view wherein it was declared that the law of the Lord should be written on the heart, and placed in the inward part, so that no one need "to inquire concerning the Lord, for all should know him from the least unto the greatest of them." All that were athirst might come to the Fountain and drink of the pure stream of love, by which they would be strengthened to walk in conformity with this law, and know their steps "to be ordered of the Lord." In coming under such an influence, we would be brought nearer together as we drew nearer to Him who is nigh every one of us, and in our comminglings for spiritual devotion, we should be made witnesses of the holy oil flowing from one vessel to another, and the acknowledgment would be that it was good for us thus to assemble.

We are aware that we have given but a fragmentary account of this communication, and have not done it full justice in the few points furnished from memory, but as it is ever grateful to sit under a ministry that directs to the Fountain of living waters, untrammelled by abstruse doctrines or speculative opinions, we feel disposed to share the good we received with those who were absent. Other testimonies were borne in which we were exhorted to obedience in "divine requirings," and the sacrifices which this might involve, even though they would compare with those of the patriarchs of old, it was believed would meet with a full recompense as they were laid upon

the holy altar. Near the close of the meeting, there was an appeal made to Friends on account of the sufferings of the colored people in the vicinity of Washington, D. C., some of whom were represented as in a starving condition, and clothing was much needed; also suitable food for the sick. We were reminded of the Christian duty to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, and if there was a disposition to respond to this call, contributions might be forwarded to R. W. Townsend, Eighteenth and Arch streets, who would attend to the prompt delivery of all with which she was entrusted. Again we were invited to increased diligence in "minding the Light," and the meeting closed under a solemn covering, which was a suitable preparation for the business that followed.

At 3 o'clock, P. M., a number of Friends interested for the Indians assembled at the meeting-house on Race street. Letters from different agencies, with other papers pertaining to the subject, were read, and the information given that the Indian Aid Society of Philadelphia would be glad to be assisted in their efforts to procure goods and prepare garments for the Indian women and children, who would suffer greatly in the coming winter if they were not clothed. The squalid condition of some of them could scarcely be exceeded. Part worn garments will be acceptable. We gave information last week that contributions for the Indians may be sent to Deborah F. Wharton, 336 Spruce street, or John Saunders, 453 North Seventh street.

The Indians.—The importance of this subject, and the general interest felt in it by Friends, we think warrant the space devoted to it in our columns. The Report of the delegation of the Yearly Meetings of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, which is now appearing as our leading article, gives many interesting details of the different reservations within the Northern Superintendency, and presents the necessity for continued exertion in behalf of this people. A meeting of "The Indian's Hope" Association, under Episcopal influence, was held in this city on the evening of the 5th inst. This Society is especially interested for the Santee-Sioux Indians, for whom they have labored for a number of years. Their mission was established through the efforts of Bishop Whipple, and an interesting account of what has been accomplished by them, under the agency of their missionary S. D. Hinman, has been published in a little book under the title of "Taopi and his Friends," which has been previously noticed by us. We are more immediately interested in this mission, as it is situated on one of the reservations under the agency of Friends. And we earnestly hope that no jealousies may be allowed to prevent a harmonious labor for the general good of the Indians.

By the remarks of Bishop Clarkson, from Nebraska, at the meeting before alluded to, we are encouraged to believe that if Friends are faithful in their mission, that sectarian prejudices will be removed.

Bishop C. alludes to the importance of unity of action in his comments upon "the policy of the Government in sending the Quakers to the Indians of Nebraska." Believing our readers will be interested in his views of this policy, we make the following extract from his address as reported in "The Press."

"All the Indian reservations now in Nebraska within the last year have been placed under the rule of Quakers, and if the Government never did another good thing, for doing this it deserves the commendation of all good men and of all good citizens. The satisfactory condition, the change in the temper, and the change in the feelings of the Indians everywhere throughout Nebraska, wrought by the direction and the control of their forces by the Quakers, is really wonderful.

The Indians now receive—I am speaking now only of those in Nebraska—every dollar of money, and every pound of subsistence, and every yard of goods that they are entitled to, and such a thing, if ever it has been known before, is beyond the memory of the "oldest inhabitant." This of course creates a terrible commotion among the great friends of the sneak thieves who have fattened for years upon that meanest of all garbage, Indian steaiing. They first shrugged their shoulders and said it will not work; it will not do, they cannot make it do; these Quakers do not understand the questions; and then they cursed and made ridicule and sport of the broadbrims and their drab coats, and they said, "By and by these men will learn to steal too." But their prophecies have all been false, and the Indians have learned, everywhere in Nebraska, during the last year, to feel that "the Friends" were friends indeed of the Indians, and I firmly believe that the dawn of a better day is already shedding its light over the hills and the plains of the Indian. It is now considered, in the halls of Congress, and in the palaces at Washington, and in the supply stores at New York, and out in Nebraska, that it is a table thing to cheat an Indian.

Now, all this change has been brought

the determination of the Quakers to give to the Indians all their rights, and they themselves have sometimes been wonderfully astonished to know that they were really entitled to what the Government had bound themselves by treaty to give them. I believe that we have all to stand now shoulder to shoulder, all true-hearted and honest men throughout the country; we have all to work together to push on this blessed work of Indian reform now commenced, and that before long a better day of light and righteousness shall surely come for the Indian; and when that day comes when the muse of History hereafter shall come to make up her record of these duties and these achievements, she will write on the column the name of this race's benefactor—the name of the glorious Christian missionary who has done so much to help and sustain this blessed work. Amid obloquy and odium such as none ever shared did he, with a great heart like his God, withstand the mass of obstructions that would have blocked the way before any less faithful soul, and he has again strayed onward with steadfastness of purpose, and has actually lifted up the Indian cause and carried it to a triumph that is splendid to look at to those who have seen how recently they were wronged and robbed everywhere. There is yet a great deal to be done for this people, especially to change the public sentiment in the West. On the frontier they still think of the Indian and talk of him as a dog that ought to be cuffed. It is necessary that there should be the same change in the sentiment in the West as has been going on in the East. We have only to send out more Christian teachers. We want more in the Santee Mission and for the active Indians beyond them. We have but to send out these missionaries, support our Christian teachers to carry out our Christian missions, and let no man nor woman falter in this blessed work, and especially let no man or woman hang back because people somewhere deride, and because people somewhere despise the Indian race, for I do believe that as this great nation recently rose up and shook off in God's own time and way the shackles from the limbs of four millions of bondmen, so will this great nation some day, and that soon, rise up in her majesty and decree that henceforth and forever there shall be an end of all this robbery of the red man.

From the report of "The Indian's Hope Association," we find that their meetings are held monthly, and that women have entered earnestly into the work.

It is gratifying to have so favorable an account of the influence which Friends appear to exert over the Indians under their care; but we must not forget that untold difficulties still attend them, and that they need the active sympathy of their brethren.

It is feared by those best acquainted with the opposition to the pacific and honest measures of Friends, that upon the re-assembling of Congress, strenuous efforts will be made to overthrow this humane policy, by the speculators and adventurers who have long enriched themselves by robbing the "Red Man," We have faith that no reasonable grounds for dissatisfaction will be given by those entrusted with this important experiment, and that the course of our agents will be such as to continue to secure the confidence of the Indians; and if this should be the case, a great point will have been gained toward civilization. Those whom we respect or love we are more or less inclined to imitate. The arrangement now being carried out to some extent, to give to every family a home of their own, will, we believe, materially aid in their moral elevation.

May the labor so auspiciously begun be carried on to its completion. Although the time may appear tedious, and the way long, requiring the frequent renewal of patience, yet in so righteous a cause, surely strength and ability will be furnished from the unfailing Source; and do we not believe that the "Good Spirit" can make "hard things easy" and "rough places smooth?" We trust that a way will often be made where there appears to be no way.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE opened on Second-day, 8th inst., under favorable auspices. About 180 students were entered for the first Session, and on Fourth-day afternoon, the 10th inst., the parents of many of the children, and the friends of the Institution, attended the Inaugural Ceremonies. We had purposed to publish in the present number the address of the President and some other interesting particulars connected with this important event, but on further consideration have concluded to defer it till next week, when we hope to furnish the full particulars in a supplement to the Intelligencer.

DIED.

WILLIAMS.—In West Chester, Pa., on the 28th of Tenth month, 1869, of pneumonia and paralysis of the heart, Ann Williams, over 70 years of age; a member of Birmingham Monthly Meeting, Pa. Her remains were interred on the 30th at Burlington, N. J.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Eleventh mo. 21st, Orange, N. J., 10½ A.M.
" " Junius, N. Y., 11 A.M.
" " Valley, Pa., 3 P.M.
Twelfth mo. 5th, Yonkers, N. Y., 10½ A.M.
" " Washington, D. C., 11 A.M.
" " Alexandria, Va., 4 P.M.
" " Pennsbury, Pa., 10 A.M.
" " Collins, N. Y., 11 A.M.
" " Reading, Pa., 3 P.M.
" " Medford, N. J., 3 P.M.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

HELP.

It is creditable to humanity that speaking or writing in behalf of the poor always obtains a hearing. The Africans, so lately the wards of a common charity, placed in a condition of comparative self-support, may yield to the more immediately pressing claims of our native tribes. The hour is opportune for them and for us—the hour for action, not for delay or deliberation. The love that quickens, or the Light that guides, prompts us, and calls us to labor. Discarded books and outline maps would aid us in the school-rooms, and a small amount in funds would buy a series of useful and attractive tablets. The eye is the medium through which the mind may be awakened to new delights.

We may as reasonably expect grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles, as to look for fruit as the reward of our labor here, unless we have the seed to cast into the fallow ground. Government aid comes of necessity through a kind of circumlocution. Personal effort need not be delayed. Pictures of animals, and other objects, would enable us more readily to teach the language. Young Friends have work here which must be begun at home. Will they do it? S. AVERILL.

Winnebago Agency, Neb., 11th mo., 1869.

Selected.

GOD'S THOUGHTS NOT OUR THOUGHTS.

God's thoughts are not as our thoughts; we look on
Dreading to climb some mountain far away,
Counting the sharp stones on its tedious way,
He cares for our small troubles, day by day
Smoothing them down.

We keep our patience for our greater cares,
And murmur unrepenting o'er the less,
Thinking to show our strength in our distress,
His patience with our hourly fretfulness
Still gently bears.

God's ways are not as our ways; we lay down
Schemes for His glory, temples for our King,
Wherein tribes yet unborn may worship Him;
Meanwhile, upon some humble, secret thing
He sets His crown.

We travel far to find Him, seeking still,
Often in weariness to reach His shrine,
Ready our choicest treasures to resign!
He, in our daily homes, lays down the line,
"Do here my will."

Here, in the lowly valley, walking on,
Some common duty all we have to do,
In is "higher thoughts" of love make all things new;
In is "higher way" we tread, yea, leading to
God's holy throne.

J. E. A. Brown.

A MAN WRITES HIS LIFE FOR ETERNITY.

Had it been given me to write down my life
Not only its beginning, but two lines,
Upon a solid tablet of pure gold,
How had I paused! How pondered o'er the task!
Yet even now, as children on their slates
Write what is easily effaced, each man
Writes with light hand but ineffaceably
His life upon the heavy mass of days
That towers behind us, dark, immovable,
An up-piled cloudy wall—of adamant,
Infrangible, more solid than mere gold;
He writes it, as a fate, on human hearts,
He writes it on his own with iron pen!
Then, writer! think, create, engrave with care!
The lullaby we sing the cradled child
Preludes a picture of his coming days!

—From the German of Leopold Schefer.

From "Hours at Home for October."

THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF 1869.

BY MARIA MITCHELL.

(Concluded from page 589.)

All day on the 6th the rain continued. Near noon the barometer began to rise; at sunset there was a gleam of light between the clouds, and at midnight it was clear.

The morning of the 7th was as beautiful as morning could be. Not a cloud was in the sky, and a light breeze tempered the heat. About 9 A. M. we took possession of our grounds. The obliging officers of the college placed a man-servant under our orders, and offered every other assistance we could ask.

The first request we made was that the ground should be kept free of chance visitors; for the fences were very soon picketed with differential variations of humanity, scarcely less annoying because perfectly well-behaved. No reasoning seemed able to convince the common people in the moon-shaded land that the eclipse belonged to them as much as to the astronomers: they considered it the peculiar property of the telescope. The clearing of our fences was, however, efficiently and kindly done. The President of the College asked the gathering group to withdraw to another field, a compromise which, as it allowed them a near neighborhood, seemed satisfactory.

Our instruments consisted of an equatorially mounted telescope of four inches aperture, by Dolland; a small one of two and a half inches, by the same maker; and a very perfect little instrument of three inches, by Alvan Clark. They must now be examined, and then placed as nearly in meridian as could be done in the little time left. They had come fifteen hundred miles, and we opened the boxes with some anxiety. There was no irremediable injury, but there were slight derangements. The President of the College was at once the errand-boy to go for an instrument-maker. It is almost incredible, but it is true, that an instrument-maker appeared immediately, as if waiting hard by; brought his screw-driver with him, and at once removed the difficulty. Then for the little Clark telescope a post must be put up, and some kind of stand must be arranged for the

small Dolland. The first was readily done, and for the second we extemporized a pier by filling a barrel with sand.

Then we must try colored glasses; we must examine clamps; we must test screws; we must adjust focus. The instruments were not such as we had used in our observatory. Large instruments cannot be transported; and astronomers are accustomed to depend on fixed ones. It was as if we had suddenly come into a new field of labor. If we had observed all the solar eclipses in a long life, our experience would not have been great—at most, only a few seconds a year of drill.

The day was comparatively cold; but to stand for hours under an August sun can never be an invigorating process.

Our instruments had no spider lines to mark off different quadrants of the field of view. The moon was expected to appear at a point 122° from the vertex of the sun; we must estimate the position of that point. But one telescope inverted, and the other two had solar eye-pieces of a new construction; and the point would be apparently in another place. We paired off two and two at the telescope, one to watch the phenomenon through the glass, the other to count time and to make notes; while a seventh was stationed on the top of the College building to watch general effects.

The time at which an eclipse will occur is always calculated by astronomers some years before, and a variation from that calculation in the actual appearance of the phenomenon is a hint that something is wrong.

Not that there is an error in the calculation, for, given certain data with regard to sun, moon, and earth, and the predictions will be unerring. But the data may be wrong; a deviation of computed from observed time is a finger-point to the astronomer; it means something. In preparing for an observation of time, the astronomer gives himself every possible facility. He ascertains to a tenth of a second the condition of his chronometer, not only how fast or how slow it is, but how much that fastness or that slowness varies from hour to hour. He notes exactly the second and part of a second when the expected event should arrive; and a short time before that he places himself at the telescope.

Having no chronograph arrangement with me, I was obliged to depend on the counting of seconds by an assistant. The assistant counts aloud the half-second beats of the chronometer; and the observer, with the eye upon the point to be watched, and the ear intent on the assistant's voice, awaits the event.

At length all was ready. The observers were at the telescopes; the regular count aloud of the half-seconds began. Every observer tries to do the impossible. He tries to notice what is technically called "the first contact." He tries to note the exact instant when an unseen spherical body appears to touch a seen spherical body; that is, he tries to see a point infinitesimally small, and to mark a division of time which the ear cannot measure. At a certain second and part of a second, the moon all unseen, was expected to make itself visible. But the moon was not up to time. There were some seconds of breathless suspense, and then the inky blackness appeared on the burning limb of the sun. All honor to my assistant, whose uniform count on and on, with unwavering voice, steadied my nerves. That for which we had travelled fifteen hundred miles had really come. We watched the movement of the moon's black disk across the less black spots on the sun's disk, and we looked for the peculiarities which other observers of partial eclipses had known. The colored glasses of our telescope were several, arranged on a circular plate, so that we could slip a green one before the eye, change it for a red one or a yellow one, or if we wished to look with the eye unprotected, a vacant space could be found in the circumference. In the course of the hour, from the beginning of the eclipse to total phase, this was readily done. I fancied that an orange hue suited my eye best, and kept that in place, intending to slip it aside and receive the full light when the darkness came on. As the moon moved on the crescent sun became a narrower and narrower golden curve of light, and as it seemed to break up into brilliant lines and points, we knew that the total phase was only a few seconds off.

Light clouds had for some time seemed to drift towards the sun; the Mississippi assumed a leaden hue; a sickly green spread over the landscape; Venus shone brightly on one side of the sun, Mercury on the other; Arcturus was gleaming overhead, Saturn was rising in the east; the neighboring cattle began to low; the birds uttered a painful cry; fire-flies twinkled in the foliage, and when the last ray of light was extinguished, a wave of sound came up from the villages below, the mingling of the subdued voices of the multitude.

Instantly the corona burst forth, a glory indeed! It encircled the sun with a soft light, and it sent off streamers for millions of miles into space!

And now it was quick work! To see what could be seen, to make notes, and to mark time, all in less than three minutes, knowing all the time that narrow limitation! The colored glasses, which had slipped so easily when it was unnecessary, at this critical second refused to give place one to the other, and ten seconds must have been lost. I was again indebted to my assistant, who removed the

'hole of them, giving me free use of the tele-cope.

On looking through the glass, two rosy rominences were seen on the right of the n's disk, perhaps one-twentieth of the diame-er of the moon, having the shape of the half-lown morning-glory. I found myself con-nually likening almost all these appearances flowers, possibly from the exquisite deli-acy of the tints. They were not wholly rosy, ut of a variegated pink and white, with a ingling of violet.

Any correct observation of color is, how-ver, impossible. Beside the different percep-on of the eye, in its normal state, the retina annot instantly lose the effect of the colored lass. I had just left an orange glass, and as quite insensible to that color; while one f our party who had been using a green glass eclares the protuberances to be orange-red. ifferances of color in the phenomenon are in-sputable, and no one could fail to see that e "protuberances" were unlike.

As I ran my glance along the limb of the oon I saw another protuberance, much larger an the former ones, very nearly at the ver-x, increasing rapidly. It seemed to be rought into light as the moon moved on; nd yet, billowy in shape and mottled in lor, it appeared to have, or possibly it had, motion within itself. Next there leapt out on e left of the moon two more flower-shaped nd flower-tinted creations. Twice, as I was oking at these, a flickering light caught my e, as if from the moon's centre; another rangely-shaped figure rushed out as if from hind the moon, and instantly the sun came rth. All nature rejoiced, and much as we eeded more time, we rejoiced with Nature, nd felt that we loved the light. Our whole rty agreed that the darkness was neither at of twilight nor of moonlight, nor was it great as we had expected. My assistant ed a candle in noting time, but cannot say at it was necessary. The observers who d no telescopes, and who undoubtedly saw e most, reported broad bands of light around e horizon, and curious effects of light and ade; for while we were in the shadow, not any miles from us was the partially-lighted gion.

With the end of total phase the interest in e eclipse was over, but not the task of the servers. We were to note the "last con-ct," that is, the last trace of the moon on the n. How slowly it seemed to come! We d had so much to do in two minutes and rty-eight seconds! We had so little to do the next hour!

We were all curiosity to hear from the oth-observers. Each party met us with radi-t faces.

"How went the photography?" we asked.

"Forty-one successful pictures—six during totality," was the answer.

"And the other observations with the spectroscope?" "Very successful."

"And did you see an inter-Mercurial planet?" "No."

No one person can give an account of this eclipse, but the specialty of each is the bit of mosaic which he contributes to the whole, and the record will be such as science never made before. The astronomer and the photographer who worked together could have seen almost nothing of general effects; the attention given to rosy protuberances was taken from corona; the glance which was sent along far-stretching streamers could not be upon bursting flames.

The photographic pictures, accompanied as they were at Burlington with chronographic records, will be of value even as measurements of precision, and the spectroscope showing itself capable of noting "first contact." For physical investigations these two instruments are beyond all others, for the sun tells its own story through them, and the narrative can be read and interpreted at leisure.

The physicist tells us that the "rosy prominences" are incandescent hydrogen, not revealed by eclipses particularly, but recognized in full sunlight. What is the law of distribution of these flames? Is it any easier to account for them than to account for the light and heat of the sun itself?

Then what is the corona? If it is the atmosphere of the sun, why those immense streamers? If it is connected with the aurora, as was suggested at the Scientific Association in Salem, is it more than a change of name?

What has become of the inter-Mercurial planet which Mr. Lesbarcault saw cross the sun's disc in 1859, and whose orbit Leverrier calculated? In all the ten years of watching the sun since that time, where has it hidden itself?

I will ask another question. Piazzi Smyth says: "The effect of a total eclipse on the minds of men is so overpowering, that if they have never seen it before they forget their appointed tasks, and *will* look around during the few seconds of total obscuration, to witness the scene." Other astronomers have said the same. My assistants, a party of young students, would not have turned from the narrow line of observation assigned to them if the earth had quaked beneath them. They would have said

> ——"by the storms of circumstance unshaken,
> And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
> *Duty* exists."

Was it because they were *women?*

THE DIFFUSION OF GOOD.

There is no more striking evidence of progress, whether seen in a nation or in a community, than the increasing *diffusion* among the people of all that tends to elevate their character, or to increase their happiness. In past ages, exclusiveness, restriction and monopoly prevailed. The world, with its varied treasures, was made, it was thought, for the privileged few, while the many were but stepping stones whereby the few could reach the heights to which ambition pointed. Silently, but surely, this system has been crumbling away, and the importance of man as man is gradually becoming recognized. Preëminently in our own enlightened country is the value of man asserted, and his rights protected. That every human being shall possess the means of health, happiness, progress and self-culture, as far as they are discovered, and as fast as he is capable of using them, is a doctrine which is practically carried out by us, as in no other nation on the globe. The universality of industry among our people, the numberless channels through which it flows, and the unfailing reward it obtains, are among the best proofs of this. The American masses are not straining every nerve for mere subsistence, but are pressing on in the various enterprises leading to promotion and success. Commerce is breaking through limits and restrictions, and spreading its blessings upon all. Education is freely extended to every child, and the results of the deepest investigations are diffused as soon as attained. Literature and science are no longer sealed books, locked up in colleges and opened only to the scholar; but their principles are spreading intelligence over the entire community, and are applied to the most practical purposes of life. Even the wonderful discoveries of science are not so remarkable or so rapid as its extension. Books, once the luxuries of the rich, are now within the reach of all; and the press, untrammelled, sends its wealth of knowledge alike to the mansion and the cottage.

While we may justly rejoice that the diffusion of good so greatly characterizes our nation and our times, we must never overlook the fact that it is only a gradual development, to be carried onward by constant and energetic effort. All grand effects are produced by the harmony of small causes. Every one of us can render important service in this great work. We have each something, the diffusion of which will benefit mankind. Some have wealth, some have power, some have influence, and some have learning, but those who have none of these things may yet perhaps possess the means of diffusing far higher good. In teaching the ignorant, in raising the unfortunate, in relieving the distressed, comforting the afflicted, in restoring the e ing, in the friendly word of warning, in t kindly tone of sympathy, in the hopeful lo of encouragement, each may contribute l part to the great work of the diffusion of goo And not in these alone, but also in the stea and faithful performance of our allotted duti can we spread incalculable benefits around The value to mankind of a single earne worker who brings all his powers to be upon his labor has never yet been estimate He is diffusing not only material benefits the practical results of his work, but industr fidelity, patience and energy by his examp and influence. Viewed in this light nothi is trivial, and no human action is insigni cant. We live not for ourselves alone, b for our race, not in the present only, but the future. All that we are now doing, a of which we take perhaps no note, is to su vive our age, and to endure in its influence the end of time. All good grows by diff sion. As seeds shut up alone grow old a worthless, but scattered over the fertile s bring forth abundantly, so whatever good possess will shrivel and decay if locked up our own possession, but if liberally shower upon others it will increase a thousand fol and bless alike those who give and those w receive.—*Ledger.*

LETTER FROM MARY LAMB.

A letter from Mary Lamb to a child, writt fifty-five years ago, has just crept into print London. It has an interest not only in itse but from the glimpses it gives of Charl Lamb, and of his life with his sister. We quo two of the most characteristic paragraphs:

"We still live in Temple lane, but I a now sitting in a room you never saw. So after you left us we were distressed by t cries of a cat, which seemed to proceed fro the garrets adjoining to ours, and only sep rated from ours by the locked door on t farther side of my brother's bedroom, whi you know was the little room at the top the kitchen stairs. We had the lock forc and let poor puss out from behind a panel the wainscot, and she lived with us from th time, for we were in gratitude bound to ke her, as she had introduced us to four unte anted unknown rooms, and by degrees have taken possession of these unclaim apartments, first putting up lines to dry o clothes, then moving my brother's bed in one of these, more commodious than his ov room. And, last winter, my brother bei unable to pursue a work he had begun, owi to the kind interruptions of friends who we more at leisure than himself, I persuaded h that he might write at his ease in one of the

rooms, as he could not then hear the door knock, or hear himself be denied to at home, which was sure to make him call out and convict the poor maid in a fib. Here, I said, he might be almost really not at home. So I put in an old grate, and made him a fire in the largest of these garrets, and carried in the table and one chair, and bid him write away, and consider himself as much alone as if he were in some lodging on the midst of Salisbury Plain, or any other wide, unfrequented place, where he could expect few visitors to break in upon his solitude. I left him quite delighted with his new acquisition, but in a few hours he came down again with a sadly dismal face. He could do nothing, he said, with those bare, whitewashed walls before his eyes. He could not write in that dull, unfurnished prison."

"The next day, before he came home from his office, he had gathered up various bits of old carpeting to cover the floor; and, to a little break the blank look of the bare walls, I hung up a few old prints that used to ornament the kitchen, and after dinner, with great boast of what an improvement I had made, I took Charles once more into his new study. A week of busy labors followed, in which I think you would not have disliked to have been our assistant. My brother and I almost covered the walls with prints, for which purpose he cut out every print from every book in his old library, coming in every now and then to ask my leave to strip a fresh poor author—what he might not do, you know, without my permission, as I am elder sister. There was such pasting, such consultation where their portraits, and where a series of pictures from Ovid, Milton and Shakspeare would show to most advantage, and in what obscure corner authors of humbler note might be allowed to tell their stories. All the books gave up their stories but one—a translation of Ariosto—a delicious set of four-and-twenty prints, and for which I had marked out a conspicuous place, when lo! we found at the moment the scissors were going to work that a part of the poem was printed at the back of every picture. What a cruel disappointment! To conclude this long story about nothing, the poor despised garret is now called the print-room, and is to become our most favorite sitting-room."

"THESE LITTLE ONES."

As a general rule we are not half thoughtful or courteous enough in our manners toward our children. We are too apt to content ourselves with a general consciousness of being right in the main, with theoretically intending that they shall grow up to be good Christian citizens and an honor to ourselves. We make big sacrifices in their behalf, revolve fine schemes, and bring out the heavy artillery of our nature on very slight occasion. But our graces, our courtesies, our delicate acts of appreciation and lofty consideration are not for them. These are reserved for adult friends and select acquaintances—as if to any one living were due more of the best and sweetest that is in us than to those whom we have brought into the world to meet its jars, temptations, and cruelties!

Think of the really coarse way in which the fondest of us sometimes wound our children's sensibilities. How we parade their special traits and accomplishments, and ignore their individuality; how recklessly we break in upon their little plans and pleasures; how carelessly we comment upon their defects; how we laugh at their childish distresses because the grieved look or tragic scowl is "so cunning;" how we visit our vexation of spirit upon their innocent heads; how we resent their inexperience; how needlessly or sharply we deny their little petitions, and how we ignore *our* "Thank you," and insist upon theirs; how we jerk or push them in our impatience; how we flout their earnest questions, and deal out cutting, cruel words of "wholesome reproof," when perhaps the little heart is quivering under some real or fancied wrong! It is terrible to think of.

Many, seeing these changes in the aggregate, will indignantly deny them. Yet we venture to assert that no parent, answering each in turn, can plead guiltless to them all.

We shall not dwell upon the monstrous wrongs of chastisement too often inflicted upon children—such as beating, threatening, and frightening. The dear Christ teaches no hard lessons of harshness or brute force toward the little ones committed to our care. Even as he was "subject unto" his parents, returning meekly with them from Jerusalem while his child-soul yearned to be about his Father's business, so would he have our little ones subject unto us. They are ours to lead and protect, to teach and warn and cherish; ours to love wisely, to deal with firmly and reverently—mirrors of our example, gleaners of the harvest of home life—not ours to pet, and rebuff, and sacrifice to our hundred weaknesses. Well for the father and mother to whom their child's heart is as a holy of holies; and their child's foibles and human tendencies as stumbling blocks not to vex and upset *them*, but which the little one must wisely and lovingly be taught to overcome. Heaven bless the always cheerful, gentle-voiced, conscientious parent! And heaven help all those who, when it is too late to atone, remember with anguish the quivering lip and pleading eye of a little face that has passed away!—*Hearth and Home.*

A WONDERFUL FLOWER.

"Come with me, sir, come! A flower very large and beautiful, wonderful!" exclaimed a Malay, who drew the attention of Dr. Arnold to a flower remarkable alike for its enormous size and its anomalous strncture and habit. And the surprise of the Malay was nothing to compare with that of Dr. Arnold and his companions, Sir Stamford and Lady Raffles, when, following their native attendant, they saw among the bushes of a jungle a flower apparently springing out of the ground, without stem or leaf, and measuring at least a yard in diameter. The first news of this remarkable discovery created a great amount of curiosity in Europe, and no papers ever read at the Linnæan Society can be compared for the interest they excited, with those in which the illustrious Robert Brown described this wonder of the vegetable world. The most striking feature in the Rafflesia is its enormous size; indeed it is the largest and most magnificent flower in the world. It is composed of five roundish leaves or petals, each a foot across, of a red-brick color, but covered with numerous irregular yellowish white swellings. The petals surround a large cup, nearly a foot wide, the margin of which bears the stamens; and this cup is filled with a fleshy disc, the upper surface of which is everywhere covered with curved projections, like miniature cows' horns. The cup, when freed from its contents, would hold about 12 pints of water. The flowers weigh 15 pounds. It is very thick, the petals being from one to three-quarters of an inch in thickness. A flower of such dimensions and weight may be expected to be a treasure to the perfumer; but, alas, its odor is exactly that of tainted beef! Dr. Arnold supposed that even the flies which swarmed over the flower when he discovered it was deceived by its smell, and were depositing their eggs in its thick disc, taking it for a piece of carrion! Another cause of wonder to the little band of explorers who discovered it, were that they could find no leaves connected with it. It sprang from a small leafless creeping stem, about as thick as two fingers. Now, a plant without leaves is like an animal without a stomach; for the leaves are to the plant what the stomach is to the animal; they separate from the air the food needed for the growth of the plant. There are, however, strange plants which are actually leafless, making up for this want by using the leaves of others. Such plants are called parasites, because they feed on the nutritive juices of others. Thrusting their roots into the living tissue of other plants instead of into the earth, they appropriate the prepared food of these plants, and at once apply it for their own purposes for the production of stem, flower or fruit. The gigantic Rafflesia belongs to this class. Without a vestige of foliage, it rises at once from the long, slender stems of one of the wild vines of Sumatra—immense climbers which are attached like cables to the largest trees of the forest. The buds push through the bark like buttons, continuing to grow until they have the aspect of large, closed cabbages, and in about three months after their first appearance the flower expands. It remains but a short time in perfection, soon beginning to rot, leaving only the central disc, which becomes a large, rough fruit, filled with multitudes of small seeds.—*World of Wonders.*

ITEMS.

The formal consummation of the Old and New school Presbyterian Churches took place at Pittsburg on the 12th inst., and was an occasion of great bitterness. Thirty years of bitterness and jealousy and coldness and prejudice and estrangement have spent themselves, and the genial warmth of a common Christianity has melted down the useless barriers between the two sections of this great denomination, and to-day they have merged once more into a common brotherhood, heartier, stronger and more lasting, because of the weary separation of all these past years. Telegrams announcing the success of the union were sent abroad.

The Expenses of the Wars that have taken place during the fourteen years which elapsed between 1852 and 1866 are computed by a French statistician at $9,565,000,000. The loss of life is placed at 1,750,000 soldiers killed, which gives $5465 as the expense per man. It is not easy to comprehend figures of so extended a character, but some idea may be formed of the great destruction of life and property when the stactistics are placed in another shape. The French writer, M. Leroy Beaulieu, asserts that the above number of men killed is equal to the whole male population of Holland, or to the combined commercial and industrial workmen of France, while the money expended is nearly one-third of the estimated wealth of France, and equals the computed savings of that country during fifty years. The expense is also six times as much as it cost to build all the French railways.

The Nile mud has fertilized the Desert sand and drawn a belt of garden ground all down the long course of the river, and the desert air has made the atmosphere the brightest and most salubrious in the world. But the struggle between Nile and Desert, sand and mud, drought and flood, has gone on with varied fortunes. Year by year the on anxiety of the Egyptian people, whether under Pharoah or a Khedive, has been the rise of the Nile. When it falls short the Desert gains upon them and famine stares them in the face; when it rises above its normal flood, it sweeps away their villages and drowns the fields it should fertilize. This year has been a year of excess. The river has risen to an unusual height and flooded the cotton fields. Hitherto an excess of water has been a smaller calamity than a deficiency; now, the new cotton culture has made an excess probably as much dreaded as a failure. By the last advices, however, we hear that the waters are subsiding, and that the cotton crop, which has not yet sustained any fatal damage, will probably be saved.—*London News.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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Report of the Joint Delegation appointed by the Committees on the Indian Concern, of the Yearly Meetings of Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, respectively, to visit the Indians under the care of Friends, in the Northern Superintendency, State of Nebraska, Seventh and Eighth months, 1869.

(Continued from page 597.)

THE WINNEBAGO AGENCY.

We arrived at the Winnebago Agency, of which Howard White is Agent, on Sixth-day morning, Eighth month 13th. We had an appointed meeting on our way down, at Dakota City, held in the only church in the place. It was quite largely attended, being the first Friends' meeting ever held there, and very orderly, and solemn, and, as far as we were made to understand, entirely satisfactory. Several persons, among whom were the pastor of the church and his wife, expressed themselves much gratified; so we trust no harm was done, at least, and the way opened for the holding of other Friends' meetings there, should a right concern be felt by any Friends to do so.

There are ninety-seven thousand acres of land in the Winnebago Reservation, and thirteen hundred and thirty-nine Indians.

In the afternoon, we held a satisfactory council with the Indians, which was a time of much interest. There were about two hundred Indians present. They are very large men, generally, with brave, independent, and noble countenances and carriage. The arrival of their new "Colonel," the prospect of their receiving their annuity goods, which are to be distributed to-morrow, and the company of the delegation of Friends', created a considerable stir on the Reservation, which seemed alive with Indians, walking, running, and galloping their ponies across the prairie in all directions.

These Indians are mostly willing to work for wages, and when they ask for work, they come "dressed like white men," knowing the Agent will not employ them when "dressed in blankets."

From all we see and learn, we are fully convinced, that by proper means, all the Indians on the different Reservations, could readily be brought into habits of industry, so as to employ the powerful muscles they possess, in something useful and remunerative, and render the Indians, instead of being a tax to the Government, as at present, self-supporting, and ultimately producers of a surplus, and contributors to the country's support. This will necessarily be the work of some years; but it can and ought to be done, and a commencement in that direction should at once be made. An Indian inquired of us in council, "how can we break up our prairie, without teams? and how can we work our land, or build houses without tools? These have been *promised*, but not *supplied*."

The fact is, it is the want of *means* and *im-*

plements to do with, accompanied by proper instruction and inducements, more than an unwillingness to labor, which is the great impediment to the Indian's progress.

In every council we have held with them, unfulfilled promises and treaty stipulations, and unsupplied pressing wants, are the great burdens of which they complain. With these oppressing them and withheld by the whites, of whom they regard us as the representatives, but little opportunity is afforded us of influencing deeply their affectionate feelings, or higher nature. When they shall possess *practical evidences* of good faith towards them by supplying their actual necessities, and fulfilling the promises made them, or a sufficient length of time to give them confidence in the Government, its Agents, and the deputations who may visit them, then there will be an opportunity for more successful labor, and the inauguration of a widely different condition of things amongst them. And we are encouraged to believe this desirable end is in the way of being accomplished.

The Agent is ably assisted in his arduous duties by the physician, Dr. Joseph Paxson, who seems deeply interested in the care and welfare of the Indians. The buildings of this Agency are very good. The "Agency-house" is a very comfortable two-story frame building, with four rooms on a floor; there is a well-built, substantial saw and grist mill, nearly new, a council-house, farm-house, miller's house, trader's house, and some other buildings, constituting a pleasant little village. Things, altogether, appeared in better condition here, than at any of the other Agencies.

Sidney Averill, from Prophetstown, Illinois, has taken charge of the school, aided by an educated Indian, Bradford L. Porter, who understands both languages, and we have great confidence in their success.

On Seventh-day, the annuity goods were distributed from the mill, and it was a lively scene, and a very interesting and suggestive one. All the tribe appeared to be there, old and young, and fully painted and feathered, sitting about in groups, with their pipes and war accoutrements. Each "band" was called up separately, to receive their goods, and the goods distributed by the Superintendent and Agent, and their assistants, to each family according to its size. There are about four hundred and fifty families in all. The goods were of excellent quality, and the Indians much gratified to receive them, and to get all the "boxes, papers, and strings," in which they came, and with which they were wrapped and tied. This favor was highly valued.

There was a bright, lively, and most picturesque scene in the evening, after the distribution of the goods was completed. The "Agency-house" where we were, is right be tween the mill where the Indians received th goods, and the two villages near the Missour shore, some six miles distant, as well as thei scattered tents, tepees, and lodges, so that th whole tribe—men, women and children—wh had been collected at the mill, with thei ponies, and new goods, the goods sometime on the back of a pony, and sometimes on tha of a squaw, passed in procession by us. Th squaws seemed to have charge of all the goods frequently with a papoose in their arms whether on foot, or riding a pony; frequentl two women would be on the same pony covering the little thing nearly all over; th men were on foot, on ponies, in wagons, witl tomahawks, pipes, occasionally a war-club, sabre, battle-axe, and their red and blue blan kets, the procession extending for over thre miles, and visible over the undulating prairi for about two miles, winding up the sides o the hills in the bright evening sunshine, an moving actively and cheerfully to their homes in high good humor. It was a scene not soo to be forgotten. Nothing could have bee more varied, picturesque, or novel. It re minded us of the pictures of some ancien caravans, or of the Israelites leaving Egypt only with ponies substituted for camels.

These Indians are most of them very muc dissatisfied with their present interpreter, "half-breed," and we thought and recom mended to the Agent, that he should have re gard to their wishes in this respect, it appear ing to be their only ground of complaint, bu a deep seated one.

On First-day morning, we attended, by in vitation, the Sabbath-school of Elizabeth Y Hancock. Between 50 and 60 Indian schol ars were present, who attend school throug the week. A class was called, several o whom, we were told, did not know a lette last fall. They began to read at the 5th chap ter of Matthew, reading alternate verses, righ audibly, in intelligible English, but they *di not know the meaning of a single word they pro nounced.* They have certainly made rapi progress, in their way. But the questio arises, what advantage can such knowledge b *turned* to for them? This is the school whic Sidney Averill now has charge of, and w hope for good results from his deep interes in the Indian's welfare.

From the school we went to meeting at te o'clock, in the council-house, about two mile distant. A number of Indians were collected chiefs, braves, and others, and some thirt white people. It was a solemn, interesting and apparently, an entirely satisfactory meet ing. Dr. Shortlidge and William Willetts o New York, came up the previous evening from the Omaha Reservation, to attend it.

OMAHA AGENCY.

First-day, Eighth month, 15th.—After taking dinner at the Winnebago Agency-house, the day we attended meeting there in the morning, we all, with Howard White, Dr. Paxson, and several others who were at the Winnebago Reservation, set off for the Omaha Reservation, eleven miles, to attend a meeting at four o'clock. It was held at the house of Dr. Edward Painter, the Agent. William Hamilton, the Missionary in charge of the Mission-school on this Reserve, with his teachers, and pupils, attended, and also the employees of the Agency. A large number of Indians, chiefs, braves, and others, were present. The meeting was less satisfactory to some of us, than any we had previously held among the Indians, but Edward expressed himself satisfied with it, and we trust no harm was done, and some good.

There are two hundred and five thousand acres of land in the Omaha Reservation, and nine hundred and sixty-eight Indians; and by a recent census, of the nine hundred and sixty-eight, there are only ten females over eighteen years old, who are not now married, or are widows. Eighteen men have each two wives; there are three with three wives, each; and one with four wives.

The whole heart of the Agent appears to be devoted to the interests of the Indians. He is engaged in making allotments of their lands in severalty on the Reservation, and has already made allotments of one hundred and sixty acres each, to one hundred and thirty heads of families, out of two hundred and seventy eight. He says he has settled disputed claims and questions among the Indians in three weeks, which would in all probability, have caused ten years of litigation among the whites. Let that be placed to the Indian's credit.

Much concern was felt, and labor extended, in our councils with the Indians, and even in the religious meetings, to impress upon them the importance of having their marriages legally solemnized, and that no man should have more than one wife. In the allotments of land which are being effected, only one wife is recognized to the head of a family.

They were earnestly and affectionately entreated too, to diminish the out-door labor of their women, by the men performing it themselves; of all of which, in the replies of the chiefs, they acknowledged the propriety.

The Winnebagoes and Omahas have points of dispute which were bequeathed to the present Agents and Superintendent by the former ones, and brought before the council for settlement, which was effected satisfactorily. We are fearful, however, that the close contiguity of these two tribes, the Winnebagoes and Omahas, only eleven miles apart, may occasion some trouble to the Agents; but we trust they may be favored to make an amicable adjustment of all the difficulties that may arise.

On the morning of the 16th we held a council with the Omaha chiefs, and some braves, which was another occasion of great interest. These Indians are very fine, noble-looking men, very intelligent, and mild countenanced and mannered. "Fire chief" spoke twice, as did "Yellow Smoke" also. "Standing Hawk," "Lion Chief," and Gi-he-gah," all spoke with dignity and eloquence. They smoked most of the time, so that sitting in the council-chamber, was like being in a cloud. Many of their tomahawks are constructed with hollow poll and handle, to form a pipe, and they use them as such, passing them round among them, as they sit on a bench or the floor indifferently. The bark they smoke, is from a kind of willow, and they call it "Rinni-ri-ne," and sometimes, perhaps always when they have any, mix it with tobacco. The bark smoke is quite fragrant, and much less unpleasant and irritating than that of tobacco.

All the business before the council was concluded satisfactorily. Like all the other Indians, these shake hands with those whom they particularly address, both before and after speaking.

In the afternoon we rode about four miles to "Jo. La Flesche's village," and to the Mission-school, under the charge of William Hamilton, a Presbyterian Missionary, and Joel Warner, his son-in-law. The Mission-building is quite large, on a high bluff, from which the Missouri river is visible for miles. They have about forty children boarding in the Institution. Their exercises, particularly their spelling, writing, and singing, were very creditable; but there was a little want of requisite animation, which was perhaps, due, at least in a measure, to the presence of strangers. We think the school is doing a great deal of good, and wished those in charge of it to be encouraged in their arduous and responsible duties, for the welfare and improvement of these wrongfully neglected people. We made addresses to the children, which manifestly interested them and their teacher.

At their hospitable request, we staid there to tea, which was nicely and bountifully prepared, during which we were introduced to three interesting young women from Norway, who appeared to be connected with the "Mission work."

Before separating, we had some very friendly and satisfactory conversation with William Hamilton, who expressed himself gratified and relieved by the views in the article which the

Delegation had had published in an Omaha paper, and we mutually wished we might labor as with shoulder to shoulder, like brothers indeed, in the great and good work before us.

Dr. Painter has too much to do. The allotments in which he is engaged, occupy much time and labor; and this being the first Reservation on which allotments in severalty have been effected, the mode he has adopted, will be a model, and thus an aid, for others; and his efficiency in executing the work, and the confidence the Indians have in him, indicate that he is well qualified for his position. The amount of writing which necessarily attaches to his office, and his daily gratuitous medical services to the sick and afflicted Indians—scrofulous affections being distressingly prevalent among them—are, all together, too much for one man to perform. The Department should allow him a clerk, which we will endeavor to induce it to do.

A late census of the Indians in the Northern Superintendency, gives the population of the six Agencies, seven thousand five hundred and twenty.

Five of these Agencies contain seven hundred and ninety-six thousand acres, of good and productive land, to which, if we add the partially undetermined assignment of the Santee Sioux, there are at least one million acres, or one hundred and thirty-three acres to each man, woman and child.

THE GENERAL CONDITION, HABITS AND MANNERS OF THE INDIANS.

The general mode of living practiced by the Indians is very demoralizing, five to ten families frequently occupying a lodge, with no separate apartments, and thus destitute of privacy; the lodges are dark, poorly ventilated, and smoky, and ofttimes at least, uncleanly. It is therefore no matter of surprise that they are, and particularly the children, greatly affected with inflamed and sore eyes, and scrofulous affections, manifested in swollen faces, glandular enlargements, and consumption. They have many children, but comparatively few are raised, and, as would appear, this is not from want of maternal affection and attention, but simply from the *want of light, fresh air,* and *cleanliness.*

A great want is, a hospital at each Reservation, of sufficient size to accommodate all the sick, and well supplied with benevolent nurses and attendants—"Friends Sisters of Charity"—under the charge of a suitable female graduate of medicine, as Matron and Resident Physician. This is a want more pressing even than that of schools.

Then the allotments of land in severalty, so that each family will have their own home, and the head of it feel the dignity of manhood from possessing personal rights, wit the inducement to improve his possession and provide for those depending upon hin and thus "in having something to do, some thing to care for, and something to love," po sess the fundamental elements of happiness.

These allotments of from eighty to one hun dred and sixty acres to each head of a family and unmarried persons over 18 and 21, ar going on rapidly and satisfactorily, amon the Omahas and Winnebagoes, and it is great ly to be hoped, that this wise and just meas ure will be authorized by the General Gov ernment on all the other reservations, at leas those in the Northern Superintendency.

The Indian dress of the men, consists of breech cloth around the lower part of th waist, descending about a foot, and "gathered into about half its length, and over this blanket, or in cold weather, a buffalo robe In full dress they wear leggins, often finely worked and beaded, and moccasins of simila character.

The females wear a slip of calico, chintz o other material, and leggins, and over these shawl or blanket. They appear very pleas ant, amiable and docile. Few of either sex ordinarily wear anything on their head, be ing favored with a full suit of hair, which con tinues with them to old age, and mostly re tains its black color, though we saw some gray.

Some of their Chiefs are very eloquent. We held a council with each tribe, and heard all their principal orators. After they would be addressed in council by the Superintend ant or one of our delegation, the Chiefs and Braves would consult together for a short time, to decide on what to say in reply, and who should say it; and then the chief desig nated would rise slowly, with much grace and dignity, with his blanket generally around his person below his arms, held in place by his left hand, and then approach and shake hands with each of those he was about to address, implying good friendship. On the conclusion of this invariable ceremony, he would take his stand some six to eight feet from us in front, adjust his blanket over his left shoulder, and under his right arm, still keeping it in place by his left hand, holding it from the under side, and leaving his right arm bare and free to aid in his gestures, which are generally easy, natural, and in good taste. We could not say this of their painting, among the chiefs and braves, which seemed to be against all taste we could imagine, and designed to make them look as frightful, horrid and demon-like as possible. The face would often be made to appear hacked into scars, with fresh wounds, black rings under the eyes, making them look of double size,

and other such devices for ugliness and ferocity. This is the exhibit for war.

The squaws do the work of providing for the family principally. As already stated, we saw a field of seventeen hundred acres of corn, planted and worked entirely by the squaws, with hoes, their hands, and a rude spatula made of buffalo horn, or some similar material, and scarcely a weed or spear of grass was anywhere to be seen. There were six to eight stalks in a "hill," which was really what its name implies, a mound some six to ten inches high, and eighteen in diameter, close around the stalks. Next year they plant in rows between these hills, and use the earth composing them, in part to constitute the required new ones. They raise from eighty to one hundred bushels to the acre.

The squaws cut and haul the wood. We saw several of them bringing in their loads on the ponies in the morning. It was a singular and interesting sight, and we will endeavor to describe a squaw with her pony loaded with wood, as we beheld them. The squaws are very expert, it must be remembered, in *tying* or *withing* with branches of trees. They cut the wood about three and a half feet long, and make up two large tied bundles, which they join by a long withe across the pony's back, having one bundle lengthwise on each side. A squaw then cuts two long poles, and adjusts them one on each side of the pony like shafts, the fore ends supported by a withe over the pony's back, and the hind ends resting on the ground; and, at a little distance from the hind end, a withe joins them, with a projection above each shaft, to prevent the wood which is piled on across these shafts to some height, from slipping back. She now picks up a large bundle of wood, which she adjusts on her own back, and, thus equipped *leads* home the little pony, appearing like a moving wood-pile, with fuel sufficient to keep up the fire in the wigwam for several days.

In view of these facts of the squaws doing the family work, let us be gentle with our censure, lest we condemn our own ancestors. Only a few centuries ago, among the Romans, Britons, and many other nations of Europe, from whom our people have descended, the men were wholly occupied in war, architecture, sculpture, painting, making roads, erecting temples, towers, pyramids, &c., and upon the *women devolved the entire duty and labor of providing and preparing food, etc., for the family.* We read in Scripture, also, "Two *women* shall be grinding at the mill."—Matt. 24. 41.

The Indians are only *some distance behind.* In them, we see, and have the interesting opportunity to study, the *people*, the *habits*, the *manners*, and *customs*, of fifteen or more centuries ago! The car of civilization and enlightenment went forward in the Eastern Hemisphere, propelled as it was by Christianity engrafted on Roman and Grecian literature and science, and has left the poor Indians, in the forests and on the great prairies on the Western Continent, some centuries behind. That is all. And let us not be discouraged. With the present facilities for progress, even in civilization and enlightenment, and that assistance which their condition and surroundings imperatively demand, the Indians will gradually diminish the existing distance we are in advance of them, and in a little time, tread closely upon the heels, if not indeed entirely pass, the *hindmost of the white race.*

General John B. Sanborn, who was appointed by our Government, Special Indian Commissioner, and a member of the Peace Commission, than whom no one has had greater opportunity, or availed himself more industriously of it, to become intimately acquainted with the Indian character, bears this interesting testimony to the same point:*

"Seen in their native state, and before they have been brought into contact with civilized men, the Indians have many of the noblest traits. They have great love for fame and glory, contempt for suffering and death, and not one element in their nature that will lead them to submit to any form or condition of slavery.

"They have quite correct and philosophical ideas of Government and laws; all have a belief in a future state, where the conditions will depend upon conduct during earthly existence; they have good powers of thought and reason; and not a few of each tribe have the rare faculty of oratory.

"Are there not here sufficient elements and traits of character, by proper influence and training, to develop into a noble civilized race? They seem to be in no respect inferior to our European ancestors, at and previous to the invasion by Cæsar. They are savage and nomadic; so were the European races. They are war-like and brave; so were the European races. They are revengeful; so were the European races. And there seems to be nothing in their nature or condition to preclude them from civilization, that might not be found in the nature and condition of our ancestors. We therefore conclude, when we compare this race with any of those who, from a state of barbarism, have risen to civilization, that we find them in no respect inferior, and that there is nothing in the natural organization and condition of the Indians, to preclude them from civilization and mental culture,

*Senate Ex. Doc., M. 13th, 40th Congress, 1st Session, page 68.

notwithstanding the unsatisfactory and terrible result of a century of effort to that end, on the part of our Government."

Their perceptive faculties, particularly sight and hearing, are those which have been principally exercised for generation after generation, and this fact must be kept prominently in mind in any system of education proposed for them. Their sight and hearing are acute, and strong, and they learn rapidly by these. They are very quick at imitation. When it is proposed to teach them any new thing, they seem to open all their faculties intently, to imbibe the new idea; and it is of the highest importance that they be *taught right* the first time; for, *as* they are then taught, they will ever after practice. An error then made, cannot be corrected. They entertain such great regard for truth, that they lose entire confidence in any one who once deceives them, and if in instructing them in any process, a person tells them what is not correct the first time, they will never have sufficient confidence in what he says afterwards to correct the error. This regard for truth appears to be instinctive with them. An Indian chief brought a young Indian, we were told, before a white commissioner, to give evidence, and the commissioner hesitated a little in receiving part of the testimony, when the chief spoke up with great emphasis, "Oh! you may believe what he says: he tells the truth: *he has never seen a white man before!*"

A Missionary lady at the Winnebago Reservation, gave us an invitation to attend her Sabbath-school, which we accepted, and she brought before us a class of some twenty Indian children, who attended school through the week, of both sexes, from twelve to twenty years of age we would judge, who she said did not know a letter a year ago, to read in the New Testament. She asked us where they should read, and we proposed they should begin at the 5th chapter of Matthew, to which they soon opened; and they proceeded to read, each reading a verse. They read with a correctness, deliberation, and distinctness of articulation which surprised us, so that every word could be readily understood, although there was occasionally the Indian peculiarity of pronunciation.

Such progress in one year from the alphabet astonished us. To satisfy ourselves more fully, we asked the teacher if they understood what they read? "Oh no," said she, "not a word. They do not know the meaning of a single word they have read, but have only learned to connect the *sight* of the letter or word, and the *sound*." This was a discouraging response for progress in education under the present system employed with them, but a most significant and valuable fact in relation to their *capacity* to acquire knowledge. If in one year, with such small advantages they could be taught to connect properly so great a number of the *signs* of things, with the *sounds* by which they are designated, what might not be done, by a proper system of "object teaching," under a benevolent live teacher! There is much cause of encouragement.

We think it proper to point out a great difference that exists between teaching freedmen and Indians. With the former, there is an existing medium of communication between mind and mind, by a common language which each understands, thus enabling the teacher to impart knowledge at once; but the best and most learned of English teachers, who does not know a word of the Indian language, among a class of Indian children, however desirous to learn, who do not understand English, will be in a very helpless condition. He will be able to do nothing to enlighten them. His desires may be ever so strong, and his heart warmed with affectionate philanthropy, but all is sealed. There is no channel open by which he can communicate with their heads or their hearts. The interpreter, if you chance to find one, will do this in part. But this is necessarily a slow, dull, and cold mode of communication, as we frequently experienced in councils, and especially in religious meetings. But there is nothing in this to discourage. The teachers *must*, and *will*, in time, learn the languages of the tribes in which they teach, and be teachers and interpreters both, and bring the children to understand the English language, and possess this important qualification for citizenship.

The Indians possess a keen and delicate sense of justice, are very grateful for kindness and favors, and acquire warm affection for those who habitually extend them; and they possess great fortitude, and intrepidity, and enduring patience. And these qualities, with their regard for truth, and their great facility for acquiring knowledge through their perceptive faculties, are certainly strong points upon which to rely in order to secure their elevation to any proposed plan of civilization and enlightenment.

Dr. Chalmers beautifully says:—"The little that I have seen in the world and known of the history of mankind teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through—the brief pulsations of joy; the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose; the scorn of the world that has little charity;

the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within; health gone; happiness gone—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

It is a great truth, and worthy of all acceptation, that in every age and nation, those who have been conspicuous in the world's history for piety, religion and virtue,—who have endured persecutions and withstood temptations,—have been immediately taught of God. Jesus Christ of Nazareth, the son and sent of the Father,—the first great teacher and propounder of the Christian religion,—is the most illustrious example of this. The apostles and disciples, the wise, the good of all classes, and of every name and denomination from their day down to the present, are also examples of the same. Hence it follows that the gift of the true, genuine Christian ministry must come directly from God. The gift is divine, and the calling direct from the Father. Paul, the great Apostle of the Gentiles, emphatically declared that the gospel which he preached, which was the power of God unto salvation, he received "not of man, neither was he taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." On the memorable day of Pentecost, when Jesus and his disciples, the apostles, and many of his followers, were assembled together, it is recorded in the Scriptures of Divine Truth, "They were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance. And those who thus spake were illiterate and unlearned men of Galilee, and could not have acquired the ability to speak and to preach as they did, but by direct intervention and interposition of Divine power, and immediate teaching from God himself, without any human intervention. No amount of human learning or attainments can confer it. No body of men, whether an ecclesiastical synod, council or assembly, can possibly bestow this gift, neither can they take it away. It is a matter beyond their reach; and all the laying on of human hands can be of no avail, because the gift is divine. Therefore it is of the greatest consequence that it should only be exercised under Divine influence and by Divine appointment. Culture and learning can do no more than render the exercise of the gift more pleasing and acceptable to some minds. The eminently learned and eagle-eyed apostle already referred to, sets this matter in its true light when he says, "I, brethren, when I came amongst you, came in weakness and in fear, and in much trembling, and my speech and my preaching was not in the enticing words of man's wisdom, hut in the demonstration of the Spirit and of power, that your faith might not stand in the wisdom of man, but in the power of God." Now, why was it that his preaching was not in the enticing words of man's wisdom, when he enjoyed and could command such a large amount of it? It was because he realized and knew full well that the Christian ministry stood not in these things,—not in word, but in power. A writer has very appropriately said, in describing the wants and requirements of the Christian ministry—"There is such a thing as a small gift in a great many words; and there is such a thing as a large gift in a very few words. We do not want a learned ministry; We do not want a flowery ministry. We want a living ministry; we want a baptizing ministry; we want a ministry that can subdue a hard heart and heal a wounded one; we want a ministry that can lead us to the Fountain and leave us there." The blessed Jesus, in his ministry and in his beautiful and instructive parables, gave evidence that he spoke as one having authority, and the words came forth, as the spirit gave them utterance, either in rebuke, reproof, or praise, as the case required, and always in great power, and exactly suited to the needs and condition of those to whom he spake. Thus we find him preaching to both Jew and Gentile, and proclaiming his glorious and life-giving gospel to all people. And many were gathered to the church. The gift in the Christian ministry being divine, and coming from God himself, the individual exercising it should look to the Supreme source of all good and not to man for reward, remembering that the peace of God, that passeth all human understanding, is far greater than any temporal considerations. "My peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you." Those who feel called to the exercise of this gift have a great weight of responsibility resting upon them. Such stand, as it were, ambassadors for Christ, and as trumpets or servants, through whom the Almighty speaks to the people. Oh! how weighty and solemn is the vocation. Let none dare to put forth without being called. Let none run before they are sent. Let none give forth an uncertain sound, or do anything that would be hurtful to God's people. It is not my purpose to discourage any true and gifted minister; far be it from me. But let all who name the name of Christ dwell in the light as God is in the light, and let them minister only in the ability which He gives. Let all preach Christ inwardly revealed, the wisdom and power of God, which alone is able to make wise unto salvation, remembering that the weight and life accom-

panying ministerial labors will give evidence of the genuineness and purity of the gifts. Oh! for a living, baptizing ministry that can lead us to the adorable Fountain of everlasting love and goodness, and leave us there.

N. Y., 11th mo., 1869. THOS. FOULKE.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

1865.

I often think of our dear young friend and his lovely wife, and I should rejoice could I feel that they were yielding their excellent mental gifts to the service of Him who hath thus gifted them, and who surely designed not that their powers of mind should be expended either in amassing wealth, or in pursuing the fleeting pleasures of time. Ah! could such as these beloved friends be brought into that state wherein the honest inquiry would be, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do," surely they would discover they were designed for higher and holier things than those with which they are now so fully occupied.

We see evidences here and there that some have attained unto that state in which is known a full submission to the Divine government: and herein rejoicing is ours. We feel that our day's work is nearly done, and we can thank God and take fresh courage when we see the youth and the strong man bending the neck to the yoke, and giving the shoulders to the burden which Truth would place upon them, for in this we see the promise of future standard-bearers.

Think of us in this far-off land as subject to the same feeling and the same exercise as those under which some of you are sometimes going bowed down even all the day long. It may be we shall see of the travail of our souls and be satisfied.

Once more we hear the old, old cry, a repetition of the echoes of the past that come booming up through the long vista of departed years. But how different the sound that greeted our ears in childhood's opening morn, and oh! how truly we come now to realize the blessed truth that in my Father's house are many mansions,—for are not many of them peopled with the loved ones gone before. "Friend after friend departs," and the years glide by so quietly and gradually, that we awaken at last to the consciousness that most of the loved ones have crossed before us; and how this consciousness weakens our hold on life, or rather illuminates the dark valley we once looked forward to with so much dread. The valley and shadow of death! how it becomes the radiant gateway to the kingdom of Heaven! and no doubt oftentimes, as the things of time are receding from our view, the portals of that eternal and celestial city (whose walls are salvation and whose gates are praise) are thrown open sufficiently to enlighten and cheer the path that seemed so dark and gloomy as we approached it. Let us then lift up our heads in hope; a few short years, a few fleeting moments, and we, too, will be permitted to join the innumerable company that surround the throne on high.

Although our visit among our friends here has partaken more of a social than a religious character; yet I have earnestly desired to be kept in an humble, lowly, waiting state, and under this feeling I have sometimes realized in our social gatherings the descendings of that precious cementing love that refreshes the spirits of the poor and weary ones. Surely the Master has condescended to join himself to us. We have been from home nearly six weeks, and I have been animated by mingling with my dear friends. Many, both old young, appear to be under the forming hand, and may these dear, visited children cleave close to the Master; then there will be a band raised that will show forth His praise unto the people.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 27, 1869.

LET EACH ABIDE IN HIS OWN PLACE.—The exhortation of the Apostle Paul, "Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called," has a more extensive application than is generally made. It surely touches upon our every-day life, and does not exclusively point to public religious services.

Before going further, we will assume the position that those of whom we speak are all pursuing an upright course, under, at least measurably, that guidance which appoints unto every one his place.

If we look around, as far as the range of observation extends, we will see how diverse are the pursuits which form the life-work of the family of man, and how admirably each one is adapted for the path in which he is to walk. Surely this should encourage the conviction that the Great Potter has fitted every

vessel for a special service, and if we acknowledge the wisdom that is displayed in forming man thus, we must see the importance of each one keeping his own place and performing his share of labor.

We see among our fellows, one fitted to go out into the busy world to mingle in its cares and its unforbidden pleasures, and he does this with a degree of safety to himself and profit to others, that would probably not be realized by those who are more especially qualified for a retired path, which may lead into the chamber of suffering, where are needed those quiet, sympathetic ministrations, which could not readily be offered by him whom different gifts have fitted for participation in the bustle of the world—and yet who shall venture to say each is not equally in the performance of duty, if acting well his part in his own sphere?

Again, we find some earnestly engaged in the pursuit of Science in its various forms, looking through nature up to nature's God, and feeling that their holiest aspirations are strengthened by the pursuits into which their taste or calling has led them; while some of their cotemporaries, wholly unappreciative of the wealth which Science reveals, learn, in other paths, the same lesson of the wonder-working power of Jehovah, and are equally impressed with the importance of acting well their part in the great work of life.

Some hold the pen of a ready writer, and are able to present to other minds thoughts which may be prolific of good; and there are those not thus gifted, bnt whose part in the great whole, while differing greatly from their brother's, is of equal value.

While the life-work of some lies in visiting the homes of the destitute, and in ministering from their abundance to the relief of physical wants, others are called to bear their share of the privations attendant on a small portion of this world's goods. These, although shut out from the privilege of extending a hand of help to those still more in need, may show by a cheerful endurance that "a little with contentment is great gain:" and herein their work consists.

In our cursory view of some of the various phases of human life and the different duties connected therewith, we must not pass by unobserved the bed of the invalid. The inquiry may arise, what can be the work of its occupant, shut out, as is often the case, month after month, and not unfrequently year after year, from all active participation in the general concerns and interests of the busy world? We answer, a most important one. If the sufferer, by patient and cheerful endurance, speaks the language, "Thy will be done," surely greater work than this can no man do, and nothing can more emphatically proclaim the sustaining power of Him of whom it is said, "Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness."

We presume the general acknowledgment will be that no one of us is designed to be an idler in the great field of life, but we must each remember that our work, be it what it may, cannot be so well performed by any one else; therefore if we fail in our duty, if we are not found in our own place, there will be loss somewhere. The proverb says, "Use strength and have strength;" so we may infer if we use not the power given us, weakness will ensue. Individual labor from each at his own post is needed, as also the variety of callings: and let none contemn or hold in light esteem another's gift. "The eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee, nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you."

There is great beauty in the simple yet earnest pursuance each one of his own path; and however our path may diverge from that which opens for another, by whose side we fain would have lingered, let us go on our way, pursue our own calling, and endeavor to fill up the duties pertaining to it, with the full confidence that every service, however small, has its place, and is necessary, even as each stone in a wall helps to strengthen the structure.

Thus, through the performance each of his own work, "are we built up as a city that is compact together."

MARRIED,

MOORE—IDDINGS.—At Unionville, Centre Co., Pa., on the 4th of Eleventh month, 1869, according to the order of the Society of Friends, Andrew Moore, of West Branch, Clearfield Co., to Margaret Iddings, of the former place.

DIED.

ATKINSON.—On the 15th inst., at Waterford, Loudon Co., Va., at the house of her son-in-law Jacob Scott, Hannah Atkinson, relict of Thomas Atkinson of Baltimore, in the 73d year of her age; a member of Fairfax Monthly Meeting.

HAINES.—At her residence in Carroll Co., Md., on the 6th of Eleventh month., 1869, in the 56th year of her age, Beulah Haines, wife of Nathan Haines, and member of Pipe Creek Preparative and Monthly Meeting.

TOWNSEND.—On the 6th inst., Geo. C. Townsend, in the 45th year of his age; a member of the Mo. Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia held at Race St.

TOWNSEND.—At Byberry, Pa., on the 16th inst., Rachel, wife of John P. Townsend, in the 77th year of her age; a member of Byberry Mo. Meeting.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

To make the necessary preparations for the Second Term of Swarthmore College, it is indispensable that all moneys due it be promptly paid.

Friends would greatly facilitate this matter and aid the Managers by forwarding, at an early day, the amount of all subscriptions remaining unpaid.

HENRY M. LAING, Treasurer,
30 North Third St., Philada.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of Swarthmore College will be held on Third-day, the 7th of Twelfth month, 1869, at 3 o'clock, P. M., at Race Street Meeting-house, Philadelphia.

2t EDWARD PARRISH, *Clerk.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

EAST HAMBURG FRIENDS' INSTITUTE.

Some of the members of Genesee Yearly Meeting having long felt the need of a suitable school in which the children of Friends might obtain a liberal education, after having made an unsuccessful effort to have such a one established under the care of the Yearly Meeting, organized themselves into an association to forward their object, it being found that there was a building erected and nearly completed at East Hamburg, Erie Co., which had been designed for school purposes, and which appeared to answer our present wants. This building would accommodate about 80 boarders and the necessary attendants, with a school-room capable of seating 100 pupils. The building and the grounds connected therewith could be purchased for about $6000. Efforts were made to procure the necessary amount for the purchase of the property and the expenses connected with the opening of the school. These efforts have been crowned with such success as to induce the managers of the Association to believe they will be warranted in opening a school in which they design to give thorough instruction in the common and higher branches of an English education.

The school is expected to open on the 8t of Twelfth month next.

J. J. CORNELL,
Mendon Centre, N. Y.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

ST. PAUL, 11th mo. 11, 1869.

In a copy of the "Intelligencer" issued i Tenth month, I noticed, among other article one on the difficulties of editorship, regret ting that it should be necessary to procure ar ticles from sources outside of the Society. think I have noticed an increase in this though perhaps because I have perused th occasional numbers which now reach m with more interest than when in the atmos phere of Friends. I am a Friend, and ver much interested in the progress and welfar of the Society, though now, by necessity, fa away from the quiet meetings which I wa wont to enjoy in Philadelphia and vicinity and have thought since reading this articl on the paucity of original matter, I migh send an occasional contribution.

The city of St, Paul, from whence I write is situated on a high bluff on the left bank o the Mississippi river—at the head of steam boat navigation. Eight railroads centre here either in operation or in process of construc tion, and several others are soon to be built connecting the city with all parts of this Stat and with other States. It has now a popula tion of over 20,000 inhabitants, and is rapidly increasing, each boat and train from the east ern connections bringing capitalists, tourists health-seekers and immigrants. In 1838 St. Paul had only three white inhabitants Twenty-five years ago it consisted of three or four log huts; with no railroads—in fact, no communication in winter with the surrounding country, east or west, except an occasional transportation wagon. Then the red man hunted over the vast prairies, trapped in the forests and fished from the innumerable lakes around unmolested, and careless of the intrusion of the white man. *Now*, few Indians are seen in the thoroughfares of business, and these dressed very much as the whites. Occasionally is seen a chief, with his blanket, buckskin leggins ornamented with beads, moccasins similarly adorned, and hat burdened with feathers of various colors, indicating the number of scalps taken. Squaws living near come to the city with a papoose swung upon the back, having for sale wild geese and ducks, or furs taken at the neighboring lakes; and carry back with them dry-goods and groceries. They are quiet, sell at reasonable prices, and can seldom be induced to take less than they first ask, There is one old squaw, however, who seldom sells or buys She is known as "Old Bets," and is a good

pecimen of an *old* squaw. Though an In-lian, and brought up on the frontier, she lresses as do the ladies of fashion, with short lress, and comes very near the "style" in bonnets, in wearing nothing on her head, save Nature's covering, and that in abundance. If he sees anything she wants, without an ap-parent blush she will address the by-stander with, "Betsy me," "good Betsy, ho,"—and ignify her desire by appropriating the ob-ect, which is generally an egg, apple or some-hing of such trivial value as to be freely iver. In the absence of any goods she will sk for a "koshpop," meaning money—in par-icular *ten cents*. Imitating the locomotive uffing, she says "Mendote," signifying that he wants the money for paying her fare to Mendota, six miles above St. Paul, near which lace she lives. She generally goes away ith a large pack upon her back, held there y a strap passing around her forehead. She s the only person except the city officials ho can pass over the bridge spanning the Mississippi without paying toll. She was riendly to the whites during the Indian trou-les, and is therefore a favorite among the old ettlers, to whom she gave information con-erning the Indians and their whereabouts nd plans. I have dwelt at some length on he subject of "Old Bets," for she is known y all here, and is pointed out to Eastern ravellers as one of "the curiosities."

The Indian is said to be revengeful; but a nore horrible and striking case of revenge is eldom met with than in a young white man hom I saw two years ago, in the fall of 1867. During one of the Indian troubles, his father, nother and sister fell victims to the Indians; nd he was left alone and destitute. He then esolved to kill so many Indians for each elative lost, and had apparently given up his fe to the accomplishment of that dreadful urpose. He was a tall, spare, sad-looking an of about twenty, plainly, but well-dressed. n his shoulder a musket, and in the leg of he boot a round stick, about twelve inches ng, and half an inch in diameter; on this ere cut between thirteen and twenty notches, dicating the number of Indians already illed, (I forget the exact number of lives ken and the number he had revengefully esigned to take,) most of whom are probably nocent of wrong to any white persons. But have not heard of him since he passed over he bridge, bent on his wicked purpose; he has ssibly met with his most probable fate—*death* the hand of a brother of some sufferer by im.

I commenced writing about St. Paul, but anched off on the subject of Indians, as ey are conspicuous in the history of the ate of Minnesota, and there are many errone-ous ideas concerning them. I will not, however, at present, intrude further upon your valu-able time and space. D. E. C.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

SILENT CITIES.

How many thoughts of the "loved and lost" spring up in one's mind at the mention of "Silent cities;" for alas! how nearly are we bound to the cold clay resting therein. Not only because Almighty God in His provi-dence hath seen fit to lay our hearts' idols there, but also that these sacred spots are univer-sally man's mortal destination. These cities are alone sure of increase, for Time, the con-queror of all bearing "the impress of hu-manity," is on their side; hence the victory is certain. Silent, eloquently still, monuments of a universal judgment, passed, as it were, from the incidents of humanity, they linger among men as a reminder of near approach-ing dissolution.

Here thousands dwell in harmony. No noise, no bustle, all quiet and deathly still: so emblematic of man's utter dependence upon immortality. The young, the old, the rich, the poor, the wise, the foolish, the guilty and just, have lain down side by side on one common level. Oh! proud man, think of it, and learn therefrom the lesson of humility. Remember that in the future life thy poor, despised brother will no longer ask the crumbs of thy abundance, but will be borne joyfully into Abraham's bosom. If we would overcome ambition, go to the grave-yards; there we will see that young as well as old must die—that the "destroyer" cometh alike to the high and the low.

We find fond hopes blighted, innocent youth cut off by the "dreaded comer." The young girl, "on whose cheek and in whose eye shone beauty and pleasure," is snatched from the intoxication and joys of early womanhood; that face, but yesterday effulgent with the happy smile, to-day is pale, chill and expres-sionless; that voice, ringing but then with the silvery laugh, now to be heard never again. 'Tis cruel, some would say, to tear one so young from the stage of innocent life. But remember, dear friend, that He who knoweth all things may have deemed it proper to transplant, into soil of endless nourishment, a flower so lovely, lest the barrenness of its na-tive earth cause its beautiful life to become extinct. For were that "bud of promise" left to the influence of a deceptive world, the bloom might fade from that fair cheek, the lustre from that sparkling eye; that figure of loveliness become prematurely enfeebled, that being of once undefiled purity sink to the earth a victim of remorse. Better that she go thus unspotted, never tasting the sorrows

of weak humanity, than first to suffer. Gold found pure needs not the refiner's sieve, only that which is contaminated do we cleanse. Let us not look upon the grave as a spot of gloom, but rather as where we throw aside mortality and its ills—the vestibule of endless felicity. W. D. R.

Philada., 11*th mo.* 13, 1869.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lessons I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour.
But the morning dew must fall;
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The pondrous mill-wheel goes.
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain;
And a blessing, failing us once or twice,
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depth be driven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for Heaven.

GOD KNOWS IT ALL.

In the dim recess of thy spirit's chamber
Is there some hidden grief thou mayst not tell?
Let not thy heart forsake thee, but remember,
His pitying eye who sees and knows it well—
God knows it all!

And art thou tossed on billows of temptation,
And wouldst do good, but evil still prevails?
Oh! think amid the waves of tribulation,
When earthly hope, when earthly refuge fails—
God knows it all!

And dost thou sin! thy deeds of shame concealing
In some dark spot no human eye can see—
Then walk in pride, without one sign revealing
The deep remorse that should disquiet thee?
God knows it all!

Art thou oppress and poor, and heavy-hearted,
The heavens above thee in thick clouds arrayed,
And, well-nigh crushed, no earthly strength imparted,
No friendly voice to say, "Be not afraid?"
God knows it all!

Art thou a mourner? Are thy tear-drops flowing
For one so early lost to earth and thee—
The depth of grief no human spirit knowing,
Which moans in secret like the moaning sea?
God knows it all!

Dost thou look back upon a life of sinning?
Forward, and tremble for thy future lot?
There's One who sees the end from the beginning
Thy tear of penitence is unforgot.
God knows it all!

Then go to God! Pour out your hearts before Him
There is no grief your Father cannot feel;
And let your grateful songs of praise adore Him—
To save, forgive, and every wound to heal!
God knows it all!

EARLY INVENTIONS OF THE CHINESE.

Other nations have outstripped the Chinese in the career of material improvement, but to them belongs the honor of having led the way in many of the most remarkable inventions, and of anticipating us in the possession of some of those arts which constitute the boast of our modern civilization. We shall briefly notice a few of those discoveries to which they have established a claim to our respect and gratitude. Tea deserves to head the list as a substantial contribution to human comfort, and the leading staple of that immense commerce that has resulted in drawing China out of her ancient seclusion. Discovered by the Chinese about A. D. 315, it was introduced to the people of the West about two centuries ago, as an uncertain venture. The elegant ware in which our tea is served preserves in its name the evidence of its Chinese origin. "China ware" came originally from China; and the name "porcelain," given to it by the early Portuguese merchants, may be taken as proof that nothing of the kind was at that time manufactured in Europe. They called it *porcellana*, because they supposed it to be a composition of egg shells, fish glue and scale. The silks that glisten in our drawing-rooms and rustle on our sidewalks, if not imported directly from China in the woven fabric or the raw material, remind us of an obligation of an older date. It was the Chinese who first learned to rear the insect spinner and weave its shining web—an art which they ascribe to their famous Empress Yuenfei, B. C. 2637.—Gunpowder, which has not only revolutionized the art of war, but proved a potent auxiliary in the arts of peace, literally in removing mountains from the pathway of human progress, was discovered by the Chinese many centuries before it was known in the West. Roger Bacon was acquainted with its composition in A. D. 1270; but he speaks of it as already known earlier. The current opinion refers it to the Arabs, but there is reason to believe that they were not authors of the invention, but merely the channel through which it was transmitted; in a word that it found its way from the remotest east along with the stream of Oriental commerce.

The heaviest item in the bill of our indeb

dness to the Chinese is for the discovery of merica. On the alleged voyage of a party f Buddhist priests to the shores of Mexico e lay no stress; but it is not dificult to show hat the discovery of the New World by hristopher Columbus was directly due to he influence of China. China supplied at nce the motive for his voyage and the in-rument by which it was effected. It was he wealth of China which, like a magnet, ttracted him to the westward; and it was he magnetic needle, which originated among he Chinese, that directed his adventurous ourse.

As to that mysterious instrument which as unlocked to us the treasures of the ocean, nd proved itself the eye of commerce, its rigin is certainly not due to the Neapolitan lavio Gioja, who is reputed to have invented in A. D. 1302. The French, the Swedes nd the Syrians all possessed it before that ate; and there is unquestionable evidence hat the Chinese had then been acquainted ith it for more than two thousand four hun-red years. The Chinese first employed the ariner's compass on land, as we may infer om the name by which they describe it; and t the present day it is still the custom for a andarin to carry one in his carriage or sedan hair, though he may not be going beyond he gates of his native city. It is inconceiva-le that the Polos and other mediæval travel-rs should have returned from China across he deserts of Central Asia without providing hemselves with such an unerring guide.

Paper-making and printing—two arts more haracteristic of our modern civilization than ven steam and electricity—there are strong easons for ascribing to Chinese origin. The rmer they invented in the first century, and he latter at least eight hundred years before he time of Guttenberg and Faust.

Inoculation, which prior to the great dis-overy of Jenner, was regarded as the best rotection against the horror of the small-pox, as practiced in China at a very early period, nd probably found its way to Europe by the ame secret channels as those other arts whose otsteps are so difficult to trace. Western urope obtained it from the Turks, Lady ary Wortley Montagu having made the rst experiment of its efficacy by inoculating er son while residing at Constantinople.

Like the modern Greeks, the Chinese of he present day, content with the legacy of he past, have ceased to invent; but without oubt they were once among the most inge-ious and original of the inhabitants of the arth.

The Chinese have not gone back, and that s saying a great deal in their favor; but in espect to material progress, for ages they have made no advancement. Four centuries ago they were in advance of Europeans in everything that contributes to the comfort or luxury of civilized life; but where are they now? Authors of the compass, they creep from headland to headland in coasting voyages, never venturing to cross the ocean or to trust themselves for many days out of sight of the shore. Discoverers of gunpowder, they supply the world with fire-crackers, while their soldiers fight with bows and arrows, wooden spears and match locks. Inventors of printing, they have not yet advanced to the use of metallic type and the power press, but continue to engrave each page on a block of wood and to print it off by the use of a brush. Sufficiently versed in astronomy to calculate eclipses two thousand years before the Christian era, they remain to this hour in the fetters of judicial astrology; and among the earliest to make advances in chemical discovery, they are still under the full sway of alchemy and magic.—*W. H. P. Martin, in Harper's Magazine, for November.—Evening Bulletin.*

THE SECRET OF THE AURORA BOREALIS.

Recent Discoveries Explained.

The London *Spectator* has for months distinguished itself by a series of astronomical articles, combining full scientific information with popular interest. The latest is the following, published in that paper on October 9, and explaining some recent discoveries of importance, tending to explain the true nature of the Northern Lights:

"Men of science have long felt that a strange secret lay hidden in the brilliant folds of the aurora. The magic arch, with its pointed streamers shifting silently but swiftly across the heavens, pulsating mysteriously as though illuminated by the fitfully changing glow of some concealed furnace, and rendered surpassingly beautiful by the brilliancy of its colors, had always had strange charms for men of thoughtful mind. And gradually a series of laborious researches had revealed the laws which associated this beautiful apparition with disturbances affecting the economy of our whole earth, and not indistinctly connected with the habitudes of the solar system itself. But recently a discovery has been made which is even more remarkable than any which had ever before rewarded the labors of physicists—a discovery at once instructive and perplexing, revealing a bond of union between the aurora and a phenomenon hitherto thought to be quite different in character, but leaving us still to learn what the exact nature of that bond of union may be. Let us consider what

had been learned respecting auroral displays and their relation to the earth's economy. We had occasion recently to point out that a sudden disturbance in the sun in 1859 had been presently followed by intense magnetic action, the whole electric system of the earth quivering, so to speak, under the influence of the solar forces educed by the disturbance. And we mentioned that among the signs of this magnectic action brilliant displays of the auroral streamers had been witnessed in both hemispheres on the night following the solar disturbance. This circumstance teaches us the true character of the aurora as strikingly as any which astronomers and physicists had patiently been gathering together during the past half century. We learn at once that a relation subsists between the aurora, terrestrial magnetism, and the central luminary of our scheme.

"And even if we were to pause here, we should have learned enough to indicate the significance and importance of the aurora. Our earth, we may be sure, is not the only recipient of that mystic influence which rouses into activity the phenomena we term magnetic. Over the whole realm, which it rules, the central orb sends forth the strange electric impulses. When our skies are illuminated by the magic streamers, we may be sure that those of Venus and of Mars, of Jupiter and of Saturn, nay, even the skies of those unseen orbs which travel far out in space beyond the paths of Uranus and Neptune, are lit up with auroral displays. When once it has been shown that we owe our auroras to solar action, we recognize the cosmical character of the display, and that, in a sense, the terrestrial magnetism on which it depends is a bond of affinity between our earth and its sister orbs.

"But while we were thus taught the true significance of the aurora, we were left in doubt as to the way in which the solar action aroused the electric luminosity in the upper regions of our air. We could not even tell at what elevation the light was suspended above our earth. The most eminent physicists differed in their views as to the possibility of learning where the magic streamers really wave when we see them most distinctly. While Arago had held that to attempt to measure the height of the aurora was as futile as to attempt to measure the height of a rainbow, Sir John Herschel considered that precisely the same laws of measurement might be applied to the aurora as to any object raised high above the earth.

"One point, however, was well determined. The auroral lights are undoubtedly to be ascribed to electric action taking place at a very considerable height, where the air is very rare indeed. It became, therefor question whether anything could be lea by analyzing the auroral light, as to the dition of that particular part of our atr phere in which the electric action ta place.

"Spectroscopic analysis, that strange powerful mode of research which has vealed so many unlooked-for facts, was cordingly applied to the light of a brilli aurora. The result was rather surprisi Instead of a rainbow-colored streak of li such as would have appeard if the aur were due to the existence of particles exci to luminosity by electric action, a single l of colored light appeared. This indica that the light is due to the incandescence some gas through which the electric charges in upper air take place. But t was not the circumstance which attrac surprise. Rather this was to have been look for. It was the position of the line whi astonished our physicists. If the gas h been one which chemists are acquainted wi the bright line would have occupied the p sition proper to that gas, and would at on have indicated its nature. But there is known element whose spectrum has a brig line where this one appeared. The observ tion has been repeated over and over aga by Angström, by Otto Struve, and recent by Mr. Plummer, always with the same r sult—we cannot tell what the substance m be to whose incandescence or luminosity t aurora owes its brilliancy.

"But now a most remarkable discove has been effected. Angström has found th the mysterious line of the auroral spectru exists in the spectrum of another object whic had been thought to have been wholly d ferent in character. Ever since its discove by Cassini, the zodiacal light has been an o ject of interest to astronomers. Gradually theory had been formed respecting it, whic had been sanctioned by the authority of suc men as Humboldt and Sir John Herschel. was held that this appearance is due to th light reflected from a multitude of minu cosmical bodies traveling around the su within the orbit of our earth.

"This theory had never been tested b spectroscopic analysis. Indeed, the zodiaca light shines so faintly that it was hardl hoped that its spectrum could be rendere visible. But it was confidently anticipate that if the zodiacal light were ever thus an lyzed, its spectrum would be that which th theory required—that is, a very faint repro duction of the common solar spectrum.

"Now, at length we hear from Angströn that the spectrum of the zodiacal light ha been observed, and instead of being, as ha

n expected, a faint rainbow-colored streak, resents but a single line. That line is the e that we see in the spectrum of the au- ! In other words, the light of the diacal gleam and that of the auroral amers are due to the same sort of electric harge taking place in the same medium.

Without pretending to further interpret startling result, we may indicate the mise it affords of explaining a number of nomena which have long seemed most plexing. When once we recognize the that electric action is effective in produc- any of the celestial lights, we have a re- rce available to remove many difficulties. ronomers were asking how comets, for mple, could exhibit the spectrum of the andescent vapor of carbon—that is, a ctrum indicative of the most intense heat, en, as in the case of Winneck's comet ose spectrum was of this nature), they re farther from the sun than the earth is. e action of the sun in exciting electric dis- rges would be quite sufficient to account this and similar phenomena. Again, it long been recognized that the peculiari- s of comets' tails seem only explicable as e to electrical action ; but astronomers were willing to adopt such a theory without ne positive evidence in its favor. We now ve such evidence ; and it is most probable t the first long-tailed comet which is sub- tted to spectroscopic analysis will estab- h the view which Euler put forth more n half a century ago, that comets' tails ve something in common with the aurora d the zodiacal light. It would indeed be ange if three of the most mysterious phe- mena with which men of science are ac- ainted should find their explanation sim- taneously.

A LITTLE SERMON.

Sitting in a station the other day, I had a tle sermon preached in the way I like ; and ll report it for your benefit, because it ught one of the beautiful lessons which we should learn, and taught it in such a nat- al, simple way, that no one could forget it. was a bleak, snowy day ; the train was te ; the ladies' room dark and smoky, and e dozen women, old and young, who sat iting impatiently, all looked cross, low- irited, or stupid. I felt all three; and ought, as I looked around, that my fellow- ings were a very unamiable and uninterest- g set.

Just then, a forlorn old woman, shaking ith palsy, came in with a basket of little ares for sale, and went about mutely offer- g them to the sitters. Nobody bought any ing, and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door a minute, as if reluctant to go out into the bitter storm again. She turned presently, and poked about the room, as if trying to find something; and then a pale lady in black, who lay as if asleep, on a sofa, opened her eyes, saw the old woman, and instantly asked, in a kind tone, "Have you lost any thing, ma'am ?"

"No, dear, I'm looking for the heatin' place, to have a warm 'fore I goes out agin. My eyes is poor, and don't seem to find the furnace nowheres."

"Here it is ;" and the lady led her to the steam radiator, placed a chair, and showed her how to warm her feet.

"Well, now; ain't that nice?" said the old woman, spreading her ragged mittens to dry. "Thanky, dear; this is proper comfortable, ain't it? I'm most froze to-day, bein' lame and wimbly; and not selling much makes me sort of downhearted."

The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup of tea and some sort of food, carried it herself to the old woman, and said as respectfully and kindly as if the poor soul had been dressed in silk and fur, "Won't you have a cup of hot tea? It's very comforting such a day as this."

"Sakes alive! Do they give tea to this depot?" cried the old lady, in a tone of innocent surprise, that made a smile go round the room, touching the glummest face like a streak of sunshine. "Well, now, this is jest lovely," added the old lady, sipping away with a relish. "That doos warm the cockles of my heart."

While she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little wares in the basket, bought soap and pins, shoe-strings and tape, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

As I watched her doing this, I thought what a sweet face she had, though I'd considered her rather plain before. I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself, that I had grimly shaken my head when the basket was offered to me; and, as I saw a look of interest, sympathy, and kindliness come into the dismal faces around me, I did wish that I had been the magician to call it out. It was only a kind word and a friendly act; but, somehow, it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women ; and I think it touched a dozen hearts, for I saw many eyes follow the plain, pale lady with sudden respect, and when the old woman, with many thanks, got up to go, several persons beckoned to her, and bought something, as if they wanted to repair their negligence.

Old beggar-woman are not romantic ; neither are cups of tea, boot-lacings and colored soap ; there were no gentlemen present to be

impressed by the lady's kind act; so, it was not done for effect, and no possible reward could be received for it, except the ungrammatical thanks of a ragged old woman. But that simple little charity was as good a a sermon to those who saw it; and I think each traveler went on her way, better for that half-hour in the dreary station. I can testify that one of them did; and nothing but the emptiness of her purse prevented her from "comforting the cockles of the heart" of every forlorn old woman she met for a week after. —*Merry's Museum.*

LONG SCHOOL HOLIDAYS are now exciting attention in England as well as in this country. The Spectator recently said that school holidays "have increased, are increasing, and ought to be diminished." This brought out a correspondent who ventured to suggest that however reasonable may be dissatisfaction with the present state of things, there is one important consideration to which writers have hardly done justice. It is the effect of the vacations upon the teachers. The writer says:

It is, for the boys' sake, of the very greatest importance that the masters should teach with freshness of mind and in good spirits; and yet these are constantly endangered by the monotony of school-life. There are other callings, no doubt, which involve much more monotonous employment than that of the teacher, but those who follow them have not so delicate a task as working on the mind and character of the young. School-teaching is a thing quite by itself. In its mechanical regularity it is like many humble occupations, and yet it differs from them all in this, that the quality of the work turned out depends almost entirely on the *personality* of the worker. If a master could be made into a machine for putting knowledge into boys as a printer becomes a machine for putting words into type, you might apply the most strictly economical rules and get as much work out of him as possible; but this cannot be, and as soon as you have extracted more than a very moderate amount, you will find that the work suffers in quality as much as it gains in quantity.

Teachers are accused of being "half-timers." I fear statistics would not bear this out, and I am inclined to think the boys in England are injured rather by their masters working too much than too little. I agree that a great distinction should be drawn between day-schools and boarding-schools, but in the latter, at all events, we ought to have a liberal allowance of holidays. Many large boarding-schools are in the country, where the masters are almost cut off from social intercourse. The consequence is that their occupation has a very narrowing and of a very depressing effect upon them. some schools their is no regular break betw the beginning of February and the end July, and during the last half of this per the masters find their work much more tryi than during the first half. The boys seem them less easy to teach, and they seem to t boys far more irritable.—*Boston Transcri*

ITEMS.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.—In the notice, last we of the consummation of the old and new sch Presbyterian Churches, fourth line from the top, "*bitterness*," read "*interest*."

The trial for the four Pawnees indicted in the U. Court for the murder of Edward McMurly, w closed a short time since by the jury bringing in verdict of guilty. It was not expected that mo than one or two would be convicted. The coun for the Indians has given notice that he will mo for a new trial and an arrest of judgment, whi will be argued soon. The jurisdiction of the cou has been called in question, and the sentence m not be pronounced for some time. The Commi sioner of Indian Affairs instructed the Superinte dent, Samuel M. Janney, to see that the Indians h a fair trial and to report the issue to him. Duri the trial, S. M. Janney sat by the counsel for t defence, and took voluminous notes of the tes mony, the Judge approving the course.

Under the direction of the Freedmen's Bure savings banks have been established in twent five different cities, in which during last 6th mo. t colored people deposited $411,672. The total amou of deposits thus far has been $9,116,445. Of th nearly $8,000,000 has been drawn out again, to great extent for the purchase of homesteads.

DR. LIVINGSTONE, the celebrated African explore was heard from by letter dated July 8th, 1868, fro himself to Mr. Kirke at Bombay, and still later in telligence has been received by a caravan which ha recently arrived at Zanzibar. He was at Niyi, i good health, and on his way to the coast by a open and safe route. Another caravan is expecte with additional information. Dr. Livingstone write that he believes he has discovered the real source of the Nile, at a point between ten and twelve de grees south of the equator.—*The Press.*

Bishop Lee, of Iowa, comes out in the Protestan Churchman in favor of a revision of their liturgy not because he is dissatisfied with it, but because it is not revised the Episcopal Church will be de serted by men whom it "cannot afford to lose."

THE smallest steam engine in the world is now i possession of John Penn, of Greenwich, England the eminent maker of great engines. It will stan on a there-penny piece; it really covers less space or its base plate measures only three-eighths of a inch by about three-tenths. From the extrem smallness of this model a few minutiæ—such, fo instance, as the air pumps—have necessarily bee omitted. Still, so small are some of the parts tha they require a powerful magnifying glass to see thei form The screws are only one eightieth of an inc in diameter, and these are all duly furnished wit hexagonal nuts, which can be loosened and tight ened by a Lilliputian spanner. The whole weigh of the model is less than at hree-penny piece. I works admirably, and when working its crank shaf performs from twenty to thirty thousand revolu tions in a minute.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXVI. PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 4, 1869. No. 40.

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AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
Benj. Strattan, *Richmond, Ind.*
Wm. H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
T Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

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Report of the Joint Delegation appointed by the Committees on the Indian Concern, of the Yearly Meetings of Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, respectively, to visit the Indians under the care of Friends, in the Northern Superintendency, State of Nebraska, Seventh and Eighth months, 1869.

(Concluded from page 614.)

INDIAN PECULIARITIES AND SUPERSTITIONS.

The women carry their papooses on their backs, sometimes making a kind of pocket of their blanket, by putting it over their shoulders with the folded edges up, and the child inside, all covered but its head, and bringing the ends of the blanket tightly under the mother's arms; and sometimes fastening them with the back to a smooth board, a little longer than the child, and putting them in the blanket, or carrying them without. When thus tied to a board, the child will play with its hands, as its mother walks along, and when she stops, she will lean the board with the child on it, against the wall, or anything at hand, and the child be just as quiet and contented, as a kitten which a cat is carrying in its mouth.

They bury their dead on the highest points of land, in order, as we were told, that the spirit of the departed might have a good view of the prairie, they believing that the spirits of the dead continue to be gratified with what-ever interested them while living. On almost every high point of land, near an Indian village, we would see a burial enclosure. In the coffin or grave, they place the pipe and tomahawk of the deceased, and all the articles and relics which he valued and loved while living, and kill his pony, and lay it by his grave, so that his spirit may ride the spirit of the pony. We saw the skulls of numerous ponies at the graveyard we visited.

Some Indians place the coffins or boxes containing the dead, in trees, withing them securely to the body and limbs of the tree. We saw one tree with twelve such boxes resting among its branches, an interesting and suggestive sight, and how we craved ability to understand the force or meaning attached to it. Others put them, in a similar way, on posts or scaffolds. Others again bury the dead in a sitting posture, with the top of the head just below the level of the surface ground, and the legs extended on the bottom of the grave; sprinkle a little earth over the corpse, and cover the grave with boards. We looked into several such graves. There was nothing perceived, in the least degree offensive; whether they possessed some mode of embalming the dead, we were unable to learn. The most probable conjecture we could form of their object in putting the coffins in trees or on scaffolds, was, in order that the flesh might decay, and the bones, for which the Indians have such high veneration, be preserved, for removal, if needed.

The Indians have no fear of death, nor, if

they do their duty while living, have they anything unpleasant connected with the after-life; on the contrary, they contemplate the spirit life with happiness, delight and joy.

Henry B. Whipple, Bishop of Minnesota, one of the strongest and best friends the poor red men have, related a circumstance, of his knowledge, so illustrative of the Indian character, that it is thought not improper to incorporate it in this report. Among the Indians imprisoned in connection with the horrible Minnesota massacre of 1862, was a distinguished Indian who was visited in prison by a gentleman who was a physician. The Indian, being desirous of knowing a little of the probable fate that was before him, asked the physician what he thought the Government would do with him. The physician, apprehending his case was a hopeless one, hesitated to answer the inquiry. The Indian repeated his question, when the doctor said to the Indian, calling him by name, I fear they will hang you. The Indian dropped his eyes a moment to the floor, then raised them, looked steadily at the doctor, and calmly remarked: "Well, I don't care; I am not afraid to die: when I go to the spirit-world, I will go up to the Great Spirit, and look Him right in the face, and tell Him of the multiplied wrongs and cruelties inflicted on His red children by the white man, and *He won't scold me much.*"

The Indians were very much disturbed by the great eclipse. They were told in the morning, that the sun would go out that day. They shook their heads, and said "no; sun no go out; white man don't know." They were again assured that it *would* go out, when they repeated their contradiction with great emphasis: "*No; sun no go out; white man don't know.*" When it began to grow dark in the afternoon, they looked up, and saw what they thought to be a part bitten out of the sun, and they exclaimed, "Monster eat sun—sun very sick," and set off in full run for their lodges. Very soon they came out with their doctors or "medicine men," as they call them, and their guns or pistols, and commenced shooting up at the "monster" which was eating the sun, which they continued for some time. When the eclipse began to go off, and the sun came out, they exclaimed, "Now sun get well, monster dead; *sun was very sick.*"

We must not marvel at our red brethren being so superstitiously disconcerted by the eclipse, when we learn that a *white* woman in Ohio, when she beheld the "sun being darkened," regarded it as the prophesied signal of the "end of the world," and was so terrified that she ran some distance, and then fell down dead.

The Indians appear to have more present enjoyments and amusements than we prepared to expect. Besides riding their nies, as before referred to, they have a g in which all the young men seem to deli inviting to athletic foot exercise, and g dexterity and skill, their success in which tonished us. These competitive amusem and the absorbing hold they took of the dian's mind, gave us a higher interest by than the mere witnessing of them, from t presenting another point in the Indian c acter, which is susceptible of being so suc fully employed in their elevation, civiliza and enlightenment.

SOME DISCONNECTED INCIDENTS ATTENDING THE INI AND OUR JOURNEY.

The murder of McMurty, charged u the Pawnees, and for which a number of tribe were in prison at Omaha, when we there, has occasioned Superintendent Jan as it did our delegation, much uneasiness concern. In the council, the chiefs p earnestly and eloquently for our interposi in favor of the prisoners; but we enjo them to obey the laws of the United St and of the State of Nebraska, and then whole power of the National Governm would be exerted for their safety and pr tion; but if they violated these laws, we c afford them no assistance; they would hav suffer the penalty which the law prescr the same as white people; the justice of w they seemed to recognize.

The delegation offered to go security their appearance at the trial, of those Ind who were imprisoned as witnesses, the wea being so warm, and they unused to close finement; but Superintendent Janney infc us that he had found it unnecessary "t their bail on behalf of the Committee, as been proposed, for the liberty was grante the request of the chiefs, who, he thinks, l acted nobly throughout this whole affair."

We went to Lincoln, the capital of braska, to have an interview with Gove David Butler in relation to a threat wl had been made at a meeting of some of citizens of Nebraska, and published in papers, to have the Otoes and Pawnees "w out," and their reservations sold, and the ceeds of such sale appropriated to buil railroads; and we were gratified to find Governor was as much opposed to any u proceedings towards the Indians as we c desire him to be. He assured us we m rely upon his co-operation in any efforts may make to elevate and improve the dition of those Indians in Nebraska.

When this part of our business was cluded, we inquired of the Governor whe in case one or more of those Indians wh in prison, charged with the murder of

urty, should be condemned to be hung, he uld join with the Friends in an application the President to have the sentence com-uted, it being our belief that, as the In-ns assert that many of their tribe have en killed by white men, and no investiga-n or punishment followed, this would be ich the most favorable course for the pacifi-tion of the Indians in the present instance. e Governor cheerfully and emphatically pressed his willingness to do as we desired, ding, that he was, from principle, opposed capital punishments whenever they could avoided.

After our first reaching Omaha city, the egation traveled, in order to visit all the ferent agencies, three hundred and thirty les by railroad, and over seven hundred by vate conveyance and stage, making the ole journey over four thousand miles.

We sometimes found rather rough fare, and comfortable lodgings, but then, there were mpensations, in the evidences we had that re is a great deal of good in the world—re than it gets credit for.

When six persons, as there were of us, uld come to a house late in the evening, in ountry through which few travelers pass, l ask if they could accommodate us with per, a night's lodging, and breakfast, we ld readily discover in the hesitating reply, t they had almost too much custom for e; but the ultimate response invariably s, "we will do the best we can for you," l with *that*, we assured them, their guests uld be satisfied.

When a new settler comes, we were told, nearest neighbors, though miles distant, learning of his arrival, being prompted no bt by the remembrance of the recent ls they had experienced, immediately go im to know if they can do anything for m, or lend them something, to be returned en theirs grow, or they have them to spare, ome corn, bacon, flour, a fresh cow, etc.,

On relating this to a person further , where full prosperity had dimmed the embrance of former trials, he remarked, *used* to be so here, but it is not so now," inding us of the suggestive description wkesworth gives of a person of this class, gradually lost the inclination to do good e acquired the power: and, as the hand ime scattered snow upon his *head*, the ling influence extended to his *bosom*."

During our whole journey of some thousand es in Nebraska, and a sojourn in different ts of the State for more than a month, we highly gratified to be able to add, that we not hear one profane word, or see one in-cated person, and invariably received ked kindness, respect and attention.

EVIDENCES OF PROGRESS AND CAPABILITY AMONG THE INDIANS.

The following letter contains such touching eloquence, that we insert it in this report as introductory to one recently received from the same Indian, whose home is on the head waters of the Msssissippi river, showing a happy contrast in the condition of his people, their progress and capabilities.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 24th, 1867.

"*Dear Sir*:—I was very sorry to have so short a talk with you in the Indian Department. There are many things that I wanted to say and make known to you. It always interests us, whenever we meet with the friends of the red man; especially with the people of him who first shook hands with the red man on this continent—Wm. Penn, the great and noble man,—the red man's friend.

"We know that his people are yet living, scattered throughout this great country, who have yet the same mind, and the same spirit in their hearts, to do the red man good.

"I came here with this delegation of my poor people, *partly*, to assist them in making a treaty with this great Government: and *partly*—which concerns me most dearly—to forward my mission work among my own people on the head waters of the great Mississippi. To-day we *feel* the *pressure* of the rapid march of civilization towards us. The white man, with his rapid speed, is crowding us out of our own country, and pointing us towards—appropriate words—*the setting-sun!*

"As I sit in my poor wigwam, with broken heart, I meditate over the *past* and the *future!* The *past!!*—oh, I cannot recall the happy days! They are gone, for ever and ever!! The *future!!* All is dark before me! My *path* is obscure! my *destiny* inevitable!! I refuse to be comforted, because I am *unpitied* and *unloved!*

"And now, we turn our weeping hearts towards the praying white man, to wipe away the tears from our eyes, to make strong our broken hearts, and to lighten our gloomy paths. Our only hope of salvation in the future, is to [become civilized]—embrace the Christian religion in *hand* and in *heart*, and pray to the God of the white man.

"*Fifty years ago*, our numbers were many! *Once* we covered THIS great continent! From East to West, and from North to South, was the red man's country, and the red man's home. *To day*, we are few in number! We are fast dwindling away!—falling, like the leaves of the forest, to *rise no more!!*

"My hands tremble, and my heart aches within me, while I stretch my feeble hands towards the praying white man, in behalf of my countrymen. I am doing all I can to tell them about the Saviour of the world, who

came to save that which was lost. Sabbath after Sabbath I stand before them, and point them to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world. . . . .

"Our business here will not be finished under two weeks, although we partly entered upon it two days ago. We hardly know how it will terminate in the end. We are dealing with Christians, and a great nation, and we *hope* the Government will pity us, and enable us to return home with light and joyful hearts. . . . But everything looks dark before us. . . . I may venture to stay a few days in the city of Baltimore on my way back to my own country, but I should feel more at home in the city of Philadelphia; I know there lies the hearth-stone of the *great and noble man*—*Wm. Penn*—the red man's friend.

"Your unworthy brother,
"JOHN JOHNSON ENMEGAHBWOH.

"BENJ. HALLOWELL, Sandy Spring, Md."

ANOTHER LETTER FROM J. J. ENMEGAHBOWH.

"*White Earth Reservation, Minnesota,*
September 30th, 1869.

"MR. BENJ. HALLOWELL:

"*Dear Sir*:—In last April I received a letter from your son and Mr. Townsend of Baltimore, under your direction, informing me a box of seeds had been shipped to me by the Friends. I watched carefully the box's arrival, hoping it would reach us in time to plant them, but it came too late to put them in the ground. I shall guard the box carefully during the winter, for an early planting next season.

"I received a box of seeds a year ago from the same source, while I was at Crow Wing, or before our removal took place. Most of the seeds were kept, and I brought the box with me to this new settlement, and at early planting this spring, I distributed some to all the families. Now, dear Friends, I should like to have you go round with me to all the families, and see their beautiful gardens, all well fenced around. It is most gratifying to your poor missionary, to see so great a change wrought in the minds of my people, in so short a time.

"Last week, I took the white physician around to all the families, to see their gardens. "Why," said he, "this don't look like an Indian settlement at all. Surely," said he, "if we white men let the Indians alone, give them all their rights, their improvement is at their doors." He was perfectly astonished, to see their beautiful gardens, things growing so well, and so well attended. The onion seeds you Friends sent us a year ago, are now bearing, to the astonishment of the white physician. He told the chief that he would give him two dollars a bushel for all the onions he would sell. The chief replied—"me good as white—plenty me eat—no se shing—ake-gah-wing," which means onio He simply tells the white man in his br ken English, "I am like a white man, lov plenty of onions—I shall have plenty to ea but cannot sell the onions." The white ma laughed heartily.

"What most astonished the white man, i the building of the houses by the Indian themselves. There are now four new house finished before me—well floored and shingle —all the work of the Indians, who never b fore handled a white man's tools. The onl tools they are using now, are two planes, tw drawing knives, two hand saws, one cross-cu saw, one broad axe, one adze and four augur These tools I bought for all of them to us We have now twenty-one log houses. Th logs are roughly hewed; and all well floore and shingled, and have good chimneys. Th Indians will have over two thousand bushel of wheat, and five times as many bushels potatoes. We could not find seed corn t plant this spring.

"The Bishop [Bishop Whipple] bought u two hundred bushels seed potatoes this spring The Bishop, who has fought, labored, spoke and written for the red man, will be here thi spring, and I am so glad that he will see fo himself the improvement already made i this settlement, and I know he will be gla and encouraged.

"Last Sabbath was a great day for us All four of the head chiefs, threw down thei blankets, cut off their long braided hair, an what white man's clothes I could pick u around us, were given them to put on. I ha to give them some of my clothes: *now* the look neat and clean. I have now fifty mer and sixty women, besides the children, wh have adopted the ways of the whites, an on every Sabbath, they look respectable i the rough log meeting-house we have jus finished.

"Now, most esteemed Friends, you see ou work here, and our improvement, in so shor a time. If there is nothing coming in the fu ture that we cannot see, to disturb us, and t disturb our peaceful settlement, *nothing*—n NOTHING!—will prevent us going on from da to day in the way of improvement and bet tering our condition, temporally and spiritu ally.

"I think sir, and dear Friends, we hav fairly taken the first step towards civilizatio and Christianity, to the great joy and consc lation of my poor heart, and it must be mor so to all the hearts who have felt such dee interest in us, and who have aided us wit their means, and their prayers. . . . .

"Friends and gentlemen, I cannot fully ex

press our gratitude to you all, for the great assistance you have already forwarded to us from time to time. We can all readily see the language of your hearts, though we may never see you here. But the day is coming when we shall all see those dear Friends *who have pitied us with their means*,—when ahungered you gave us meat—a stranger, and you pitied us—naked, ye clothed us. Yes, faithful Friends, at the great day of reckoning, the Great Spirit will say to you all, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the LEAST of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

"Again, my dear Friends, in behalf of my brethren here, I thank you all, and we shall always remember you with grateful hearts. All the head chiefs join with me in expressing heart-felt thanks and good wishes to you all—the true friends of the red man—and may the Great Spirit bless you all, is our prayer.

"J. J. ENMEGAHBOWH.

"MR. BENJ. HALLOWELL, Sandy Spring, Md."

These are the people in regard to whom so loud and general a cry has been raised for their extermination.

What we desire is, to awaken an increased feeling of interest and sympathy on behalf of our red brethren and sisters, and to induce those who possess political influence, to exert it in the red man's favor, so as to secure to him justice, protection and his civil and political rights. Since "righteousness exalteth a nation" (Proverbs, 14: 34.) this will be not only a benefit to the Indians, but to the country, and the people of the United States.

IEWS ENTERTAINED OF THE "QUAKER EXPERIMENT."

We were much gratified with the success which has attended the labors of the Superintendent and agents, and the high respect in which they were all held, by the Indians, and by those whose situation and discernment qualified them to give a correct judgment in the matter.

A missionary woman, who had been many years among the Indians, and was devoted to their interests, told us, that she regarded "the appointment of Quakers for superintendent and agents among the Indians as the wisest act of General Grant's administration," and to illustrate the good effects, she said, that "last year a circus came along, and obtained permission of the agent to exhibit to the Indians on the reservation. The Indians being so fond of horsemanship, music and show, would give anything they had for admission to the performance—money, blankets, buffalo skins, etc., etc.—and thus the owners of the circus carried away with them a large amount of the Indians' money, and many things which they would greatly need in winter. On the contrary, this year the same circus came along, and hearing there was a 'Quaker Agent' now, the managers never even stopped to inquire whether they might exhibit to the Indians." She thought this was a *great* improvement.

The well-known opposition of the "Quaker Agents" to the introduction of whiskey and other intoxicating drinks on the Indian reservations, has had a very salutary effect in deterring those who had been engaged in that illicit traffic with the Indians.

Look upon the rainbow, and praise Him that made it. Very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heaven about with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High have bended it."—*Eccles.* xliii. 11, 12.

Two hundred years ago the following Epistle was written by George Fox. It has been thought worthy of republication. We have been interested in observing that the language of G. F. is the same in substance as that used by concerned Friends in our day, and if such exhortations are heeded, we need not fear that the Society of Friends will become extinct. There will be preserved a "royal priesthood" that "will not quench the spirit nor abuse the power."

AN EPISTLE TO THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, BY GEORGE FOX.

1669.

Friends,—Dwell in the *living* Spirit, and quench not the motions of it in yourselves, nor the movings of it in others; though many have run out, and gone beyond their measures, yet many more have quenched the measure of the Spirit of God, and have become dead and dull, and have questioned through a false fear: so there hath been hurt both ways. Therefore be obedient to the power of the Lord, and His Spirit; war with that Philistine that would stop up your wells and springs. And the belief in the power keeps the spring open, and none to despise prophecy, neither to quench the Spirit; so that all may be kept open to the spring, that every one's cup may run over. For you may all prophesy one by one, and the spirit of the prophets is subject to the prophets. Would all the Lord's people were prophets, said Moses, in his time, when some found fault; but the last time is the Christian's time, who enjoys the substance, Christ Jesus; and His church is called a priesthood, offering up spiritual sacrifices; and His church are His believers in the light. And so in the light every one should have something to offer; and to offer an offering in righteousness to the living God, else they are

no priests; and such as quench the Spirit cannot offer, but become dull. I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh, in the last time, saith the Lord, which is the true Christian's time; God's sons and daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams; and on my servants and handmaids I will pour out of my Spirit in those days, and they shall prophesy. Now, Friends, if this be fulfilled, servants, handmaids, sons, daughters, old men, young men, every one is to feel the Spirit of God, by which you may see the things of God, and declare them to his praise; for with the heart man doth believe, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation: first, he has it in his heart, before it comes out of his mouth; and this is beyond that brain-beaten heady stuff which man has long studied about the saints' words which the holy men of God spake forth as they were moved of the Holy Ghost.

So with the Holy Ghost, and with the light and power of God, do you build upon Christ, the foundation and life; and by the same heavenly light, and power, and Spirit do you labor in the vineyard, and do you minister and speak forth the things of God, and do you dig for your pearls: therefore bring them forth, and let them be seen how they glister. Friends, you see how men and women can speak enough for the world, for merchandise, for husbandry, the ploughman for his plough; but when they should come to speak for God, they quench the Spirit, and do not obey God's will.

But come, let us see what the wise merchant can say; have they found the pearl and field, and purchased the field which yields those glorious glistening pearls? Let us see, what can you say for God and that heavenly merchandise? What can the ploughman say for God with his spiritual plough? Is the fallow-ground ploughed up? has he abundance of the heavenly seed of life? So, what can the heavenly husbandman say?—has he abundance of spiritual fruit in store? What can the thresher say—has he gotten the wheat out of the sheaf, the heavenly wheat, with his heavenly flail? And let us see, what can the spiritual ploughman, husbandman, and thresher, say for God; and how have they labored in the vineyard, that they may have their penny? Some are breakers of clods in the vineyard, some are weeders, some are cutting off the brambles, and bushes, and fitting the ground, and cutting up the roots with the heavenly axe for the seed, some are harrowing in, some are gathering and laying up the riches. So you may see, here are merchants, ploughmen, harrowers, weeders, reapers, threshers, in God's vineyard, yet no one is to find fault with another, but all laboring in their place praising the Lord, looking to Him for the wages, their heavenly penny of life from the Lord of life.

So none are to quench the Spirit, nor despise prophecy, lest ye limit the Holy One and every one is to minister as he hath received the grace, which hath appeared to all men, which brings salvation; so that the Lord's grace, His light, His truth, and Spirit and power, may have the passage and the rule in all men and women; that by it and from it in all he may have the glory, who is blessed for ever and ever. The Lord hath said: "From the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, my name shall be great among the Gentiles." Now mark, Friend, this is a large space wherein God's name shall be great. And the Lord further saith: "In every place incense shall be offered unto my name, and a pure offering; for my name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord of hosts." Now mark, Friends, this heavenly incense, and pure offering, is a spiritual offering, which is to be offered by the spirit to God, who is a Spirit; then here none quenches the Spirit of God in his own heart and all such come under the title of the royal priesthood, offering up spiritual sacrifices which royal priesthood has a priest that lives forever, Christ Jesus.

And, Friends, do not quench the Spirit nor abuse the power: when it moves and stirs in you, be obedient; but do not go beyond, nor add to it, nor take from it; for if you do, you are reproved, either for going beyond or taking from it. And when any have spoken forth the things of the Lord, by His power and Spirit, let them keep in the power and Spirit that keeps them in the humility that when they have spoken forth the things of God, they are neither higher nor lower, but still keep in the power, before and after; and being obedient to the Spirit and power of God, it keeps them from deadness, and alive to God, and keeps them in a sense that they do not go beyond and run out, as some you know have done: and all that hath come for want of living in the power of God, and in His Spirit, which keeps all things in subjection and in order, and in the true fear of the Lord, always to feel the presence of the Lord with you.

Come, fishermen, what have you caught with your nets? What can you say for God? Your brethren Peter and John, fishermen, could say much for God. Read in the Acts and you may see; I would not have you degenerate from their spirit.

Sheperds and herdsmen, where are you? What can you say now for God, whose abiding is much in the fields? David, Jacob, and

Amos, your fellow-shepherds and herdsmen (do not you see?) they could say much for God. I would have you to be like them, and not to degenerate from their spirit.

Come tradesmen, tent-makers, physicians, and custom-men, what can you say for God? Do not you read that your fellow-tradesmen in ages past could say much of God? Do not degenerate from their spirit. Do not you remember the accusations of the wise and learned Grecians, when the apostles preached Christ among them, that they were called poor tradesmen and fishermen! Therefore be faithful. The preachers of Jesus Christ now are the same to the wise of the world as then.

G. F.

THE GIRLS.—Can we not bring up our girls more usefully, less showily, less dependent on luxury and wealth? Can we not teach them from babyhood that to labor is a higher thing than merely to enjoy,—that even enjoyment itself is never so sweet as when it is earned? Can we not put into their minds, whatever be their station, principles of truth, simplicity of taste, hopefulness, hatred of waste, and these being firmly rooted, trust to their blossoming up in whatever destiny the young maiden may be called?

THE joys of religion are understood only by those who partake of them. Of all kinds of happiness, this is the one whose expression should be most moderate and humble in the presence of those who do not share it. "When you enter the house of a blind man," says an Andalusian proverb, "shut your eyes."

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

1835.

If the Truth we possess is not of a deceitful character, (and I do not believe it is,) there is a communion realized superior to outward signs, and which will, as there is an abiding under its purifying influence fit and prepare us to join the company of the redeemed, where sighing and sorrow shall cease, and the dedicated servants and handmaids feel that the work of probation is forever past. I do not wish to intimate that my lot is to persevere without discouragement. No, my friend, when I fix my eye on the mark, I am ready to say, "I see it, but not now; I behold it, but not nigh." In myself there is much over which the sword of the spirit must pass. In the world I see no resting-place—therefore I want thee to feel me as a younger sister, and not withhold the word thou mayest be entrusted with for me.

My reasons for not writing I apprehend are not new, and such as perhaps are better felt than described; yet I trust a concern rests with me to cultivate an increasing acquaintance with that cement which forms the union of all right engagements. In thus stepping along, the language of truth, as I have apprehended, has frequently been to me, "Salute no one by the way." This has not always been the case; but a fear has so much attended lest there should be a speaking of that I understand not, of things too wonderful for me, that, for the most part, I have preferred joining with that spirit which in times of dippings and strippings desires not to increase her borders. Could we, or did we, in all these seasons, exercise more of that perfect resignation and patience, which becomes the followers of Him who trod the wine-press alone, methinks the battles some undergo, with flesh and blood, would be more signally crowned with the consolation of Israel.

Our late Yearly Meeting was, I thought, favored with Divine regard; and though desolations are obvious in this part of the vineyard, yet I believe there are those who are contending for the faith which has been delivered unto them; and oh! that we may all be engaged so to watch, that the heavenly oil may burn in clean vessels. Surely the truth is the same to-day, yesterday and forever. Trials of various kinds have been permitted, insomuch that the prayer has been, "Lord, increase our faith" in thy preserving power. This faith is sometimes very closely tried. But unto whom shall we go? Is not the word of eternal life ever with us? Then let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering, thus showing in whom we have believed.

Thy kind expression of interest and attachment has humbled me, feeling as I do that if my friends knew me as well as I know myself, they would find very little to love. And yet, why should not fellow pilgrims bound to the same goal, aspiring toward the same high standard, love each other, and salute each other by the way with words of cheer. Truly it is a good thing to yield simply to the little prompting which sometimes leads us to express the flow of feeling for each other. I do not remember ever having withheld anything which I felt it a duty to express to thee; but I have no doubt, had there been prompt faithfulness to gentle impressions, I might often have saluted thee with a little message of love, such as thine was. "Work while it is day" is an important injunction in small as in great

matters: old as I am, I am but beginning to learn it.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 4, 1869.

INDIANA YEARLY MEETING.—We have received a communication signed, "A member of Indiana Yearly Meeting," which takes some exception to our editorial of the 16th ultimo, in which an account is given of the late Yearly Meeting of Indiana.

Our correspondent appears to think the impression that the occasion was a favored one, as conveyed by our account, was not that of many Friends, himself included. We have carefully examined the editorial in question, and find that, as far as the proceedings of the Yearly Meeting are concerned, it is a simple statement of facts with but one comment, that "the ministrations of such (of the strangers present) as were called to address the people, were edifying and strengthning." This was simply the impression of the Friend from whose account our editorial was compiled, and we know his feeling was shared by many others. So much for the Yearly Meeting.

Of the evening meetings which have been for some time held in Richmond at private houses, and twice during the week of the Yearly Meeting at the Meeting-house, our correspondent remarks: "Meetings unknown to the order of Society, and not amenable to its control, are not properly Friends' meetings, and are not to be classed as part of the Yearly Meeting; and they are subjects of anxious solicitude to many." We had no intention of classing them as part of the Yearly Meeting; they were only mentioned as matter of general interest to our readers. These meetings are informal, and so also is a "family sitting," to which none would hesitate to invite their friends and neighbours, for mutual strength and edification. But we do not think with our correspondent that they are not amenable to the order of the Society. Should there be any violation of the discipline on these occasions, each individual is responsible to the Society, Much will depend upon those who regard this movement with distrust because it is out of the beaten track, whether these earnest, seeking spirits shall b kept within our fold, or scattered abroa Let those who feel themselves as strong me in the Truth, be willing to become again a little children. Let them "put on charity as a garment; "hoping all things, believin all things."

In regard to the Indian concern, our corres pondent observes: "The *conferences*—if the may be so called—of the Indian Committe were not satisfactory to all of its members; a regret being felt that, after inviting Friend of the Indian Committees of the other Yearly Meetings to meet with us, opportunity was no obtained to interchange sentiments on tha interesting subject, and the proper business o the committee was interrupted by want o time." There is no explanation given as to what occasioned the want of time, but whatever it might have been, the regret which must have been felt by all will no doubt prevent a recurrence.

The Society of Friends cannot be the instrument of good it might be, until its members come to regard themselves as one family, in which there is a common interest. There may be every variety of temperament, disposition, attainment, and sentiment, but the principle of love harmonizes the whole; not by rendering all alike, but by appreciating and using the varied gifts of each.

Our friend observes justly, that "if the body was edified, time will demonstrate it; if it was strengthened, the state of the Society will be improved." And he quotes the concluding minute of the Yearly Meeting "as a correct picture of its several sittings." "With feelings of gratitude to our Heavenly Father, for the harmony and forbearance which have been manifest in our several sittings, we now conclude to meet at Waynesville at the appointed time next year, if so permitted."

A copy of the extracts from the minutes of the Yearly Meeting was sent us by our friend, but upon looking over them, we find that all of general interest has been previously published.

DIED.

HOLLINGSWORTH.—On the 5th of Ninth month, 1869, at Waterford, Loudon Co., Va., Abigail Hollingsworth, in the 86th year of her age. She was a valued member and elder of Fairfax Mo. Meeting.

WRIGHT.—On the 11th of Ninth month, 1869, at his residence in Bendersville, Adams Co., Pa., Abel T. Wright, in the 59th year of his age.

GRIEST.—On the 3d of 11th month, 1869, at his residence in Monallen, Adams Co., Pa., Cyrus Griest, in the 67th year of his age.

The above Friends were members and elders of Monallen Monthly Meeting, in which they were highly esteemed as active and consistent members. For many years their seats in meeting were seldom vacant when health permitted them to attend, and in their removal the Society has sustained a loss that will be long and deeply felt.

COLLINS.—At her home near Pineville, Bucks Co., on the 17th of Eleventh month, 1869, Esther Collins, in her 87th year; a member of Wrightstown Monthly Meeting, Pa.

FRIENDS' LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

The Committee of Management will meet in the Library Room, Race Street, on Fourth-day evening, Twelfth month 8th, at 8 o'clock.

JACOB M. ELLIS, Clerk.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of Swarthmore College will be held on Third-day, the 7th of Twelfth month, 1869, at 3 o'clock, P. M., at Race Street Meeting house, Philadelphia.

EDWARD PARRISH, *Clerk.*

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Twelfth mo. 5th, Yonkers, N. Y., 10½ A.M.
" " Washington, D. C., 11 A.M.
" " Alexandria, Va., 4 P.M.
" " Penn's Manor, Pa., 10 A.M.
" " Collins, N. Y., 11 A.M.
" " Reading, Pa., 3 P.M.
" " Medford, N. J., 3 P.M.
" 12th, Buffalo, N. Y., 3 P.M.

FRIENDS' CHARITY FUEL ASSOCIATION.

Organized 1*st mo.* 8, 1835—*Incorporated* 1869.

The object of the Association is to distribute Fuel to the necessitous poor of the City of Philadelphia.

3*d By-Law.*—Each person elected a member shall pay an annual contribution of not less than two dollars.

4*th By-Law.*—All members may draw orders for Fuel in the regular order books provided for that purpose, not, however, exceeding *four orders* during the season, unless by renewal of the privilege, which may be granted by minute on application at a stated meeting.

A stated meeting will be held on Seventh-day evening, Twelfth month 4th, 1869, at 8 o'clock, in the Monthly Meeting room of Friends' Meeting-house at Fifteenth and Race Sts. The general attendance of both men and women Friends is invited.

Liberal contributions to the funds are solicited, and may be sent to

T. MORRIS PTROT, *Treasurer,*
621 Market St.

WM. HEACOCK, *Clerk.*

"Wherever we see a pure love of God and a pure love of nature, in which man is treated as the highest creature with a brightening intelligence and faith, there we see the best religious life."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE INDIAN AGENCIES,

BY S. M. JANNEY, SUPERINTENDENT.

OMAHA, NEB., 11th mo. 14th, 1869.

It was my intention, when I first took charge of Indian affairs in the Northern Superintendency, to furnish the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer, from time to time, with such information relating to the Indians as I supposed would interest them. The constant pressure of official business, and occasional journeys to the agencies, have hitherto taken so much of my time as to leave little leisure for other correspondence.

During the Ninth and Tenth months I had occasion to visit all the agencies, except that of the Santee-Sioux, in order to pay the Indians their annuities. In these journeys I was accompained by the Chief Clerk of this office, and we saw much to interest and encourage us.

At the Winnebago Agency, our friend Sidney Averill was engaged in teaching an Indian school, which at first was rather small and discouraging; but by the exercise of patience and kindness, it continued to grow in numbers and in interest. I have since learned that there are now three schools, one of which is taught by a son of Sidney Averill; and there is an Indian who can speak and read English employed as interpreter and assistant teacher.

Sidney writes that the schools are increasing; the young children, particularly, seem interested, and "really love to learn." They have a First-day school which seems to grow in favor with the Indians.

The Winnebagoes were then looking forward to an allotment of land in severalty, which has since been commenced; the Surveyor being now at work there.

At the Omaha Reservation, the allotment has been completed, greatly to the satisfaction of the Indians. The next work will be to assist them in building houses, and to establish schools among them. There is only one school now at that agency, which is at the Presbyterian Mission house. The teacher was formerly employed by the Board of Missions, but has recently become an employée of the Government, and will report to the agent.

At the Pawnee Agency there are more members of our Society employed than at any other in this Superintendency. There are three families of Friends, besides several single persons, who are employed at the school.

The Manual Labor School has now about seventy pupils, and a few more are expected soon. It is in a better condition than it has ever been before. The Indian boys and girls are boarded in the institution, and clothed

out of the school fund, according to treaty stipulations. In this respect, the Pawnees are more favored than the other tribes; but they have no resident physician, nor any salary for one provided by law. There is often much disease among them, and doubtless lives are lost for want of medical treatment and judicious nursing.

At the Great Nemaha Agency there has been a considerable improvement since I first saw it in company with the visiting committee of Friends. The Indians had been addicted to intemperance, and the school had been of little advantage to the tribe, before the arrival of the present agent. Through the influence of Thomas Lightfoot, the Iowas formed among themselves a temperance society, and nearly all of them have been faithful to their pledges. They begin to feel the benefit of this change, and have done more work in cultivating their crops and securing hay than for some years past. I think Thomas has gained their confidence and respect.

The school taught by Mary B. Lightfoot has increased in size, and the progress of the pupils is satisfactory. She is exerting a salutary influence upon the women of the tribe.

The reservation of the Iowa Indians and that of the Sacs and Fox's adjoin each other, and each contains sixteen thousand acres. Both are under the care of our agent, and the agency is called the Great Nemaha.

Last winter these tribes, or rather their chiefs and interpreters, made a treaty at Washington, by which they agreed to cede to the Government all their lands in Nebraska, for which they were to be paid, by certain railroad companies, at the rate of two dollars per acre, for the Sac and Fox Reservation, and two dollars and fifty cents fer the Iowa Reservation; and they were to receive other lands in the Indian Territory at a lower price per acre. Their lands are worth fully double the prices naimed in the treaty, and the transaction was intended to benefit the railroad companies at the expense of the Indians.

At a council we held with them, they expressed strong opposition to the treaty, which they said was made without the consent of their people. They are unwilling to be removed, and they adopted and signed a petition to the President of the United States, and to the Senate, praying that the treaty may not be ratified. The Indian women joined in another petition to the same effect.

It is said the railroad men expect to have the treaty ratified by the Senate at the opening of the session, and it will require vigilance on the part of the friends of the Indians to prevent the great wrong from being consummated.

From the Great Nemaha to the Otoe Agency is about 75 miles over a rolling prairie, with a few small towns and some scattered habitations. Agent A. L. Green came for us in his wagon, and brought us back to the Nemaha Agency. He is doing the best he can with the means at his command, which are sadly deficient; but some progress has already been made, and he has the entire confidence of the Indians.

There is no school, except a First-day school, which is taught by the agent, and I think there never has been any other. There is a clear field at that agency for Friends to work, and an industrial school ought to be established in the Spring.

Last winter the Otoes made a treaty to cede to the Government about three-fifths of their reservation, say 150 square miles, at one dollar and a quarter per acre, being, I suppose, about half its market value. This, also, was for the benefit of a railroad company; but I hope it will not be ratified, as the land can be sold to better advantage. The tribe has not made any move to prevent its ratification; they will have land enough left, and they want money for building houses, establishing schools, purchasing stock, &c.

Many points of interest in relation to these tribes I must omit for want of time. To-morrow I expect to set out for the Santee-Sioux Agency.

Second Annual Conference of Friends' First-day Schools within Indiana Yearly Meeting, held at Richmond, Ninth month, 1869.

From the printed report we learn that five schools were reported, averaging an attendance of 238 scholars and 28 teachers—visitors 42.

The corresponding committee appointed last year reported the performance of the duties assigned to it, except that the address to schools within our limits was not sent to Waynesville, Ohio, and the epistle to Baltimore Association was not forwarded at the proper time.

The committee to co-operate with the committee of the General Conference, at Philadelphia, in the selection of books for libraries, &c., reported that they had had no occasion for labor during the year, except in connection with the Library Committees of Schools.

The Committee on Manuscripts and Publications also reported that nothing had transpired involving their care.

Friends from Philadelphia and Genesee Yearly Meetings gave interesting information

concerning the establishment of schools within the limits of those Meetings; from which we learn that there are twenty-one schools reported within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, six of which have been established in the last four months, and nine are known to be in operation within the limits of Genesee, eight of which are on the American side. These Friends' also gave the encouraging testimony, which is corroborated, in a good degree, by our own experience, that wherever First-day schools are established and maintained, the attendance of our religious meetings is increased, and that the coolness and indifference heretofore so frequently noticed, are disappearing as old and young mingle in this labor of mutual interest and love.

After the appointment of several committees, adjourned to Second-day evening.

Ninth month 27th, (Second-day evening.)—The Conference met near the time to which it adjourned.

The Committee to nominate clerks reported the names of Jonathan W. Plummer and Elizabeth S. Evans, and they were appointed to the service.

A verbal report of the school at Benjaminville, Illinois, was made, informing that the school was opened in the spring of 1868, and continued until winter, when on account of inclemency of the weather and the great distance some were obliged to travel, it was closed until the following spring. It was again closed in the Seventh month with the expectation to open it again next year. The school has a library of thirty volumes. The number attending was not given.

A Committee was appointed to nominate suitable persons to constitute an Executive Committee for the ensuing year.

A communication from Richmond Monthly Conference was received recommending a series of annual queries, which was read and accepted and the queries adopted. It was directed that the Executive Committee prepare an additional query asking for any suggestions that may be deemed of value to the cause, and that they furnish each school with a copy of these queries in sufficient time to allow a report to be made to the annual meeting of this Conference, with the request that the officers of the schools embody answers to them in their report to the same.

The queries adopted are as follows, viz:

1st. Have any schools been established since the last annual Conference, and if so, where?

2d. Have any schools been discontinued since the last annual Conference, and if so, for what reasons?

3d. Has the interest in the school been maintained, and has it been attended by an apparent increase of religious feeling?

4th. Do Friends generally participate in the schools, what is the average attendance, and what proportion of the attendance is in membership with Friends?

5th. Are there any neighborhoods where schools could be established?

An essay in answer to the question, "What should be the chief object in view in the organization and conduct of a First-day school?" was read and approved, and adopted as an address to the schools composing this Conference.

An interesting and edifying address from Philadelphia Association was read, and met a very general expression of satisfaction and approval.

Joseph M. Truman, jr., of Philadelphia, addressed the Conference in behalf of the "Scattered Seeds," a monthly publication issued in Philadelphia, in the interest of First-day schools. The address called forth many valuable and earnest remarks on the great deficiency of the proper kind of literature in our Society, especially for the young, and the propriety of furnishing the same as soon as possible.

An Executive Committee was appointed for the ensuing year.

Then adjourned to meet Third-day evening.

Third-day evening.—The Executive Committee was authorized to use discretionary power in all matters affecting the interests of First-day schools within our limits, to make additions to its numbers and fill vacancies.

An epistolary address from Baltimore Association, and a letter from our aged and valued friend, Sarah Hunt, of New Jersey, were read. Both of which were very acceptble and encouraging.

The Committee on Addresses reported two, which were read and approved. The Executive Committee was directed to make two copies of each, and to forward one to each of the Associations of Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York, and to Benjamin Chase, for First-day schools in the limits of Genesee Yearly Meeting.

The Executive Committee was requested to appoint a correspondent in each school, and forward the name and Post-office address of the same to the General Conference in Philadelphia, in accordance with a recommendation made by that Conference.

The evils attending the use of tobacco claimed considerable attention, and many thought that careful attention should be given in the schools to the discouragement of the use of it.

Dillwyn Parrish, of Philadelphia, gave an

interesting account of a First-day or Mission school established by a few benevolent Friends in Philadelphia, some seventy years ago.

Interesting and feeling remarks were made by Friends from different localities, testifying to the good results of First-day schools with individuals and with entire classes and neighborhoods, which were very instructive and encouraging.

The presence and counsel of the many Friends from other Yearly Meetings has been acceptable and cheering.

Under a deep sense of gratitude to our Heavenly Father for the abundant evidence of His Love and supporting Power during our several sittings, the Conference adjourned to meet at Waynesville, Ohio, next year, on Seventh-day evening preceding the Yearly Meeting, at 7 o'clock.

JONATHAN W. PLUMMER, } *Clerks.*
ELIZABETH S. EVANS, }

For the Children.

CAREFUL AND KIND.

BY S. H. BROWNE.

Pray, be gentle, little sister!
Softly touch those painted wings;
Butterflies and moths, remember,
Are such very tender things!

Carefully, my pretty wee one,
Press the sheltering twigs aside,
Just to view the naked nestlings
Safely sleeping side by side.

Gently stroke the playful kitten;
Kindly pat the patient dog;
Let your unmolesting mercy
Spare the worm, the snake, the frog!

Wide is God's great world around us;
Room enough for all to live;
Mar no creature's brief enjoyment,
Take not what you cannot give.

Ever let your heart be tender,
For the mute and helpless plead;
Pitying leads to prompt relieving,
Kindly thought to kindly deed.

LIGHT ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOPS.

In Alpine valleys, they who watch for dawn
Look never to the east; but fix their eyes
On loftier mountain-peaks of snow, which rise
To west or south.
Before the happy morn
Has sent one ray of kindling red, to warn
The sleeping clouds along the eastern skies
That it is near—flushing, in glad surprise,
These royal hills, for royal watchmen born,
Discover that God's great new day begins,
And, shedding from their sacred brows a light
Prophetic, wake the valley from its night.
Such mystic light as this a great soul wins,
Who overlooks earth's wall of griefs and sins,
And steadfast, always, gazing on the white
Great throne of God, can call aloud with deep,
Pure voice of truth, to waken them who sleep.

BAD-GASTEIN, AUSTRIA, *Sep. 9th*, 1869.—*H. H.*
—*The Independent.*

SUNSET.

The cows are lowing along the lane,
The sheep to the fold have come;
And the mother looks from the cottage door,
To see how the night comes over the moor,
And calls the children home.

Their feet are bare in the dusty road,
Their cheeks are tawny and red;
They have waded the shallows below the mill,
They have gathered wild roses up the hill,
A crown for each tangled head.

The days will come, and the days will go,
And life hath many a crown—
But none that will press upon manhood's brow
As light as the roses resting now
On the children's foreheads brown.

ON THE WAY TO THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

BY EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

From San Francisco, whether you go up the rich Napa Valley to the Geysers, those mephitic springs, heated by volcanic fires, or inland, lingering among the canyons of the coast hills, where low, flowering chestnuts cluster and bay trees scent the air and the madrona tints its blood-red bark, while beneath scarlet thistles wave in the sea wind and the turf is bright with starry pinks and sweet with the creeping *yerba buena*, the pennyroyal of the East; or on to San Jose, cheerfulest of towns, beside whose stately sycamores are long avenues of trees the Jesuits planted, trees that still furnish welcome shade for walk or drive, and high up the side of whose adjacent mountain is the New Almaden quicksilver mine, its red ore wrought by dusky Mexicans and smelted at the village below; or down the coast to Los Angelos, with its orange groves, its vineyards, and mulberry plantations, where through the almost tropical air the mission bells still call to matins and vespers and the liquid Spanish tongue is heard on every side—whichever way you choose, you cannot go amiss; for everywhere, from sunrise to sunset, earth and sea and air proclaim a new land and invite your gaze.

But the glory of California is the Yosemite Valley, almost due east in the Sierra; and thither, one last day of June, we turned our footsteps.

By boat to Stockton—a busy place, too small for its trade—whose shops overflow into the streets, filling stands and booths, and where great piles of agricultural implements—reapers, mowers, "headers," and farm and freight wagons—stand unhoused beneath the rainless sky. For Stockton is the market town for all the region between it and the Sierra; yet it is an unhealthy place, on a slough at the head of navigation, and many of its inhabitants look thin and yellow from fever and ague. Here we breakfasted at a hotel kept

by a Frenchman, with "regulations" in four different languages displayed upon its walls, and then took a private stage up the San Joaquin Valley for Mariposa.

Once out of the watered streets of Stockton, the road was like a bed of fine ashes; but as yet the wind was still. All about us was a plain, the most striking object in the landscape being the beautiful Monte Diablo, a peak of the Coast Range, rising cone-like and alone in the west. It owes its name to the superstition of some Spanish soldiers, who, keeping guard near it one night, saw the fog driven toward them in a fantastic shape by the wind, and shouting "El Diablo!"—The Devil!—fled in terror from the spot. Its beauty is not its only value. It contains extensive coal beds which are worked for the supply of the surrounding country. Here and there, on either hand, the great live oaks stood knee deep in wheat and barley, their deep green a vivid contrast to the gold below. The harvesters were busy with the grain, not binding it into sheaves, but cutting it with Illinois "headers," and threshing it on the field. About ten o'clock the sea breeze began to blow, gently, but yet with sufficient force to carry along with us such clouds of dust that sometimes the driver had to halt for a moment, unable to see the road or the horses. The air grew warmer and the land drier in appearance as we went on. Houses were far between, and at nearly every one was a windmill for drawing the water from the wells. At noon, on a ferry-boat we crossed the Stanislaus Creek—named, perhaps, by some early Polish miner in honor of his ancient kings—and dined at a low inn on the opposite shore. This true Southern cabin—surrounded by dogs, pigs, and chickens, and having the chimney of its huge fireplace wide open to the sky—was kept by a Virginian; and the only books it contained were an odd volume of "Agricultural Reports," and "Pollard's History of the War."

In the afternoon, passing through a grove of oaks that border the stream, we went on across the same dry, rolling, treeless, and almost uninhabited country; only at intervals a solitary house or herder's hut, or perchance a furrow drawn around some space of ground, to show that it was claimed. Occasionally we passed herds of cattle and horses, sometimes tended by mounted men; but no Mexican girl, like one I saw near San Jose—a slight creature, not more than ten years old, who rode her horse barebacked, and, urging him into the midst of the great company of cattle, separated them swiftly into two divisions. Flocks of magpies flew up before us, and long-eared rabbits darted from behind the low shrubs, and leaped away over the dead grass. The clouds were high and thin, the sun was hot, the dust suffocating. By and by a white line lay on the eastern horizon. It was the snowy peaks of the Sierra, whither we were bound. Later a green wall rose before us, the giant oaks that border the Tuolomne River, of Indian name, and one of the chief tributaries of the San Joaquin. At Roberts, on its banks, we spent the night. Here were different politics; a portrait of Lincoln hanging in the guest-room, and "Greely's American Conflict" lying on its table. Chinese servants were in the kitchen, large-eyed shepherd dogs stretched themselves by the door; while without, on the broad benches, freighters from Stockton to the interior laughed and jested. The river ran by with a strong current; and the lofty oaks, drooping like elms and draped with mistletoe, swayed in the evening wind.

The next morning dawned cloudy and cool, as if a storm were brewing; and crossing the Tuolomne and noting the rich grain fields in its valley, we were miles on our journey before the rising of the sun. But when the breeze blew from the sea the mists rolled off, and dust and heat were supreme again. The great bare plains lay scorching in the fierce rays from which there was no escape. Even the ground-squirrels ran languidly about; while rabbits and small burrowing owls sat stupid at the mouth of their holes, as if transfixed by the pitiless sun. Sometimes for miles these silent creatures were the only signs of life, and the shrill note of the myriad grasshoppers the only sound. Yet wherever irrigation can be had these plains are productive, and even now the parched grass is nutritious hay, on which cattle fatten. Passing Snelling, the county seat of Merced County, we crossed the River of the Yosemite Valley, the Merced—doubtless named by some Spanish explorer who traversed these arid wastes and, grateful for its refreshing waters, called it the River of Mercy—and entered a broken country, a region of shaly, perpendicular rocks, cropping out often in single slabs, overgrown with red and yellow lichens, and looking at a little distance like an old, deserted graveyard. At Hornitos, on the borders of the mining region, we had a pleasant noonday rest; and from thence the road began perceptibly to ascend. All around us were traces of old mining operations—shapeless heaps of sand, piles of pulverized quartz, and here and there a deserted mill or hamlet, with windows broken and doors swinging in the wind. In all these desolate places Chinese miners were busy, digging over the soil. Hills rose about us, dotted with noble trees; and at sunset we reached Mariposa—a hot, uninteresting town, in a narrow valley, with three thousand in-

habitants, an indifferent hotel, and few indications of present thrift and prosperity. Little mining is done here now, and the place seems to depend chiefly for its business on the visitors to Yosemite Valley. Whenever I think of Mariposa, I think of the dog in the backyard of the hotel, whose office it was to work the wheel for pumping the water, should the wind refuse to turn the sails of the mill. How slowly he advanced at his master's call, and with what unwilling feet and rueful eyes he stepped into his place! I never saw a countenance more expressive of aversion and disgust than that Maraposa dog's. Ah! my poor Fido, weary of your ceaseless round, and knowing that out on the hillside your comrades were roaming at will—chasing fleet rabbits, and making every squirrel tremble in his hole and every bird take wing at their jocund bark—if it would have lightened your burden, I could have told you that to multitudes higher in the scale of being than you life is made up of tasks as monotonous and thankless as the turn of your creaking wheel; and yet I doubt if even to a dog it should bring satisfaction to know that others are more unfortunate than himself.

The heat brooded all night over this hollow in the hills; and into the small hours a group of men sat in the open street before the hotel, telling wild stories of pioneer life, whose actors were gamblers, horse-thieves, and the like, until the air rang with their boisterous mirth, and sleepy travelers longed for a land where every man's mouth is not full of adventures. With the early light we were glad to take the road again for the twelve miles of staging which remained. All the way we climbed the hills through scattered groves of oak and pine. In the grass were flocks of the beautiful crested quail of California, that hardly deigned to hide at our approach. Woodpeckers of brilliant plumage were flying about, and the bark of many of the pine trees was thickly set with the long, slender acorns of the country, the rare mosaic of these skilful birds, providing their winter's store. Great ox-teams passed us, their drivers carrying, in place of a good stick, stout lashes of braided leather, without a handle. Turning suddenly, we entered a gate-way, and saw before us a low, pleasant-looking house—White & Hatch's—the end of the road, and where the true Yosemite journey begins.—*N. Y. Ind.*

Situations are like skeins of thread. To make the most of them we have only to take them by the right ends.

We may do a very good action and not be a good man, but we cannot do a very ill one and not be an ill man.—*Jeffrey.*

SPARE THE BIRDS.

BY DR. TRIMBLE, NEWARK, N. J.

Any one who wishes to learn the condition of the fruit crops of the country, can have no better place than the Washington Market, New York. Quinces, the late pears, and the winter supply of apples are now there. Those whose eyes have been educated to see blemishes upon fruit will be astonished at finding so many. The most apparent are those in the apples, and caused by the apple moth. This insect is the second in importance of all the enemies of our fruits. This moth, like most other moths and butterflies, increases rapidly. Some deposit several hundred eggs at a brood, and there are two broods of the apple moth each year. The rules of arithmetic would show us how such a rate of increase would so multiply all these enemies that all the apples of the country would soon be appropriated by them—none left for us. But this insect, like most others, has its checks. The weather sometimes comes to our relief. Some insects feed upon other insects, and many are destroyed by parasites. But I wish to speak now particularly of the birds as our friends in protecting us to a great extent against the dangerous accumulation of insect enemies. Here is a bunch of a dozen birds, already picked, bought in the Washington Market. Two of them are the downy woodpecker. This is one of the woodpecker family that remains with us all winter, and like most of the others is exclusively insectivorous. Here are some specimens of apples, like millions and millions of others every year; perforated through and through by an insect, until it is out of shape, insipid, and almost worthless. This is the work of the caterpillar on an apple moth. This caterpillar, after feeding to maturity, leaves the apple and seeks a place of concealment in which to spin its cocoon. If the tree has scales of bark large enough to suit its purpose, it will take refuge there, and there this downy woodpecker finds it. Here are scales of bark from apple and pear trees, under which the remains of the cocoons of this insect may be seen, and on the other side of each you may observe a hole leading directly to the middle of that cocoon. The hole was made by one of these downy woodpeckers, and through it he has taken the caterpillar that had destroyed an apple. I have long known that this terrible enemy of our fruits had its enemy amongst the birds; but until I found in the stomach of one of these downy woodpeckers several of these caterpillars, I wa sat a loss to know to which of the many birds we were so much indebted. After long and patient watching, I was able to identify this one—caught in the act. There is probably nothing more wonderful in

Nature than the ingenuity of many birds in finding their insect prey. This one finds this concealed caterpillar not by seeing it—that is impossible; not by smell, nor by any motion—it is as quiet as a mummy; neither by instinct—the bird is American, the insect a foreign importation. No, he finds it by sounding; he taps all scales alike, but stops to make a hole through the one under which the worm lies. Could we have this bird in abundance, we should have more and better apples and pears; but like all the other woodpeckers, it is diminishing in numbers in proportion as the woods of the country are cut away. And, sad to tell, the few that are left of this most valuable of all our small birds are sold in the markets of this city, ready picked, for four cents apiece.

Here are the heads of five cedar-birds, sometimes called cherry birds. In consequence of the bad name this bird has, from the circumstance that it will sometimes take cherries, I have given it a thorough investigation. I have killed many; more than I ever will again. In the stomach of one I found several cankerworms, so perfect as to be readily identified, and the heads of enough more to make thirty-six in all. Think of that! One cedar-bird taking at a single meal thirty-six cankerworms. This insect has for half a century been a perfect scourge of the apple orchards of a great part of New England, and has at times seriously threatened other sections of the country. This little bird is a gross feeder, and continues in flocks till near midsummer. Where insects appear in great numbers, as the canker and other spanworms sometimes do, it will come suddenly in large flocks, and feed there day after day till the pest is subdued. And this beautiful little friend of ours—the second best of all the birds—is sold by bushels in this market both fall and spring; and no one, not even Berg, to cry shame! In the stomachs of these cedar-birds I found nothing but cedar and juniper berries—the peculiar smell of the latter was very perceptible in the stomachs of two. The lovers of gin will probably be enemies of this bird in future; but when it is known that all the juniper berries used in this country come from Europe, it may mollify the wrath of the gin-drinkers. Here is the head of the American shrike, or butcher-bird. Its stomach was filled to repletion with a mass of inscets, but so comminuted as to be undistinguishable except by a microscope. This bird, it is said, will transfix insects on thorns or briers, after satisfying his present wants, so as to keep them till hungry.

Here is a meadow-lark. You will observe how long and strong the beak is. He had fed to repletion on a species of reduvious insect, like the squash or pumpkin-bug. In all examinations of the stomachs of larks I have found insects only, and nearly always but one kind of an insect at a time. In the early spring they will feed upon iules, a species of centipede, found about the roots of grass. In the summer you will find beetles. This bird appears to have an instinct by which it knows where to find its insect food by the appearance of the vegetation, and its beak is formed for such a purpose. If shot when feeding, it will be often found coated with mud. This bird is insectiverous, except when the ground is covered with snow; it will then, from necessity, visit your barns or stacks for seeds and grain.

And now, please, let your imaginations carry you back to the country in June, on the old farm—in the meadows. You will see these superb tints glistening in the sunbeams. You will hear that glorious burst of melody, and the sense of happiness thrills all through you. God knew how to make a world, and to call it good when it was made. He made the meadow-lark. He painted it. He made its beak to penetrate the earth, there to catch the insects sapping the roots of our plants. He fashioned the organ to produce that wonderful melody.

Meadow-larks are sold in your markets for ten cents apiece. Here is a robin; bushels and bushels of robins are in your markets for a dollar a dozen. How would any of you feel if some vagabond boy should shoot your robin—the red-breast that greets you morning and evening from the top of your highest tree in the garden?

This larger bird is the largest of the woodpecker family in this part of the country. It is commonly called a flicker, sometimes high-holer, because it makes a hole for its nest high up in a tree. The stomach of this bird contained a red berry like a cranberry, the seeds of dogwood berries, and nearly a thousand small ants. From former examinations of this bird, I should judge that ants are its chief food. I once counted 800, mostly in the larvæ condition, taken at one meal. The flesh of this bird is hard and the smell rank—not fit for food; still it is often in the market.

Here are the heads of three cat-birds. Every one knows this bird. It is everywhere in the country, and often frequents our larger gardens in the city. It is a mocking-bird, and very nearly allied to the one kept as a pet. Like your pet mocking-bird, it will eat a great variety of food. These had been feeding upon berries; one had eaten purple ones, from a species of dogwood, until the stomach was purple through and through. In the summer, when feeding its young, the cat-bird is often very valuable. Many times our grape leaves are destroyed by caterpillars,

One species this last season was very destructive, they appearing in great numbers very suddenly, and from their manner of feeding are called processionary caterpillars. In a few days the leaves on those grape-vines will be mere skeletons. If the cat birds have nests in that neighborhood, those processions are soon broken up.

Near where I bought these birds was another stand, kept by a woman, where birds still less were hanging up for sale. I asked what they were. She said reed birds. (Reed-birds left us for the South a month ago). She had ten or twelve bunches, with a dozen each. There were blue-birds, yellow-birds or finches, creepers, nut-hatches, several downy woodpeckers; but the greater number were wood-robins and the hermit-thrush, and at four shillings a dozen. I offered to buy a dozen if she would let me pick out the different kinds. This seem to excite suspicion, and she at once said: "There were no English sparrows amongst them." I soon found it would be impossible for me to get what I wanted, and left, intending to send some one the next morning to get either an assortment or take the whole. But the next morning they were gone. The blue-bird I had several times examined, finding it exclusively insectivorous, as its beak indicates. The creepers and nut-hatchers can eat nothing else but insects. The wood-robins and hermit-thrushes I had never killed, nor ever will. While their beaks indicate them to be be somewhat omniverous, like the other thrushes, as they live in the dense woods, they can do us no harm, even if they do not live exclusively on insects. Any one familiar with the song of the wood-robin needs no description. That most valuable author on ornithology, Alexander Wilson, left directions in his will that he should be buried under the trees in the burial-ground of the Swedes' Church, near Philadelphia, so that the birds could sing over his grave. Of all the singing-birds, the wood-robin was the special favorite of Wilson; but the songs of the hermit-thrush were considered by Audubon as still more exquisite. By common consent the melody of these two little birds is unrivaled in this world; and yet a woman in the Washington Market calls them reed-birds, and sells them for four shillings a dozen.

I have for years been investigating the food of birds. I wished to know positively how far they were useful to us in controlling the insects destructive to our crops. I have killed and dissected many, so that the information should be absolute. I shall kill no more for such a purpose. I have learned enough to satisfy any one that the birds are one of the links in the chain of creation, just as necessary as any other link for the harmonious working of the whole. There is check and countercheck everywhere. Take out the birds, and insects would soon preponderate. (Hundreds of instances could be given where the experiment has been tried.)

Now, what can be done to prevent the wanton destruction of agents so valuable? In New Jersey we have a law ample for the protection of the birds, if enforced Most other States, I believe, have similar laws. But your markets show how little they are regarded. This Club may do something. By giving proper information, we may show the people how much it is to their interest to spare the birds, and thus create a public sentiment stronger than law for their protection. True, some of them will help themselves to our cherries, and an oriole will occasionally sip nectar from our grapes. Not only boys, but even men, have been known to shoot them for making so free. Let me implore both men and boys to shoot no more birds from such a motive. Remember they work for you seven days in the week, and charge you nothing but this occasional indulgence.

ITEMS.

Congress.—The second session of the Forty-first Congress will commence on next Second-day.

The King of Prussia, when at Baden-Baden lately issued the following decree:

The great movements which in our age are making themselves felt in the religious life both of nations and individuals, and are pressing forward to a decision, and the tasks they impose on the Protestant Church of our country, are apparent to all, and admonish us to entreat the support of Almighty God. It is therefore my will that a day be set apart by the Protestant Churches of my country for special prayer that God may pour out His blessing on the present important deliberations as to the constitution of our Church, and to implore Him to protect the Protestant Church from all dangers that threaten it, and to strengthen the ties which unite its members to each other and to the Church Universal. I have appointed the 10th of November, the birth-day of Dr. Martin Luther, for this purpose, and hereby commission the Minister and the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Prussia to make the necessary arrangements. William.

Electricity as a heating medium has, it is asserted, been successfully tried at the Hotel Dieu Hospital, in Paris, and it is reported that hereafter the other large hospitals of that city will be warmed by means of the electrical apparatus instead of by coal.

The dryness of the Egyptian climate is such that rain scarcely ever falls in the upper province, and not more formerly, than five or six days a year in the Delta. But Mehemet Ali has planted 20,000,000 trees in these districts, and the annual average has now increased to forty days.

Vice-President Colfax says: "Twenty five years' experience has convinced me that the best, wisest and safest rule, for all, young and old, and even especially for those in public life, is total abstinence from all that can intoxicate."—*Anti-Slavery Standard.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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"THE QUAKERS."

A writer in the *Westminster Review* of enth month has published an article under his head, which has been copied into other ournals, and has been extensively circulated oth in this country and in Europe. It is vident the writer, if not a member of the ociety, is well acquainted with its principles nd practices, as well as its form of Church overnment, which he presents from an Eng- sh standpoint. He appears to be conversant ith the standard writings of early Friends, nd clearly sets forth the "fundamental doc- ine" which they were called upon to pro- aim, in contradistinction to "the dry and arren knowledge of Christ" which was in- ted on by the high professors of Christiani- in their day.

The essayist points out many of the mis- presentations of modern writers, and thinks not surprising that the internal economy of Society should be a mystery to the pub- , when it is considered they have never been roselyting people, and keep so much apart m the rest of professing Christians.

Although there are some errors in his state- nts, he gives an interesting account of their Church government, and what he believes to have been the doctrinal views of early Friends as gathered from their writings, yet in his judgment "you may read from standard Quaker books, and hear from the lips of authorized Quaker ministers, almost every conceivable shade of belief in what is termed 'the plan of salvation,' varying from the verge of Unitarianism to the most Orthodox evangelicalism."

After alluding to the persecutions and sufferings which the early Friends endured, the writer remarks:

"The cessation of persecution, and the public odium changed to flattery, soon began to produce their inevitable effect, and the life and power which characterized the early days of the sect gradually disappeared; until, in the eighteenth century, Quakerism presented the anomaly of a religious body professing to be guided in every action by the immediate direction of the Holy Spirit, and yet binding its members by the most unyielding and narrowest of traditions. The early Friends taught that no saving knowledge of the things of God, or experience of Christian redemption, could come but by the direct illumination of the spirit of Christ in the heart. The mediæval Quakers presumed to dictate in what way this illumination should manifest

itself, and at all events appeared to discredit the reading of the Scriptures, or an acquaintance with the Sacrifice made on Calvary for the sins of mankind. The early Friends proclaimed that a yielding to the monitions of the inward voice would lead to the relinquishing of the vain fashions and flatteries of the world in luxurious and fantastic attire and a servile language and manners. Their descendants tried to make their children believe that if they obeyed the voice of the Holy Spirit, it would compel them to dress just as their fathers and mothers had done before them, and to maintain the same outward fashion all their lives. The old story, to be read on every page of the world's history, was again retold; an extravagant veneration for the founders of the sect took the place of an earnest endeavor to learn from them the lesson of their lives. Finding that the zeal and earnestness of their predecessors had raised the Quakers from a despised and persecuted sect to a position of honor and influence, the utmost efforts of the discipline were exercised, not to inculcate new zeal and fresh earnestness, but to maintain this influence and outward standing; and the most heinous offence for which a member could be "disowned" was that "he had brought grievous discredit on our religious Society." A certain sign of decay this, when the first consideration of a religious body is to preserve its credit in the eyes of the world. Just as a merchant need take no thought to his credit provided his business is conducted on a sound commercial basis, so a religious body may be perfectly regardless of its position in the eyes of the world if only it acts up to its own principles.

These strictures seem to us rather too severe, and are accepted as from one who has not fully sympathized with the earnest desire of Friends of that period to bear a faithful testimony against the prevailing evils of the land; and we may here remark, that if our Society retains its love for simplicity consistently with the meek and quiet spirit which continues to be an ornament of great price, we have need to watch closely our own movements, both individually and collectively.

A portion of the Essay is next devoted to the separation in America in 1827, and to the more recent one in England, known as the "Beacon Controversy," after which the writer arrives at the following conclusions:

"The early Friends seldom preached doctrinal sermons; they did not profess to have received any new revelation, or any clearer manifestation of divine truth than had been accorded to the early disciples and apostles they merely claimed to have gone to the same fountain-head, and there they found the same peace with God. Whenever they found their hearers trusting to the teaching or ministerial pretentions of man, whether Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Independent, or Baptist, or in outward forms and ceremonies, or in a formal belief of the intellect in the historical record of the New Testament, they directed them to the inward witness which would show them the condition of their souls. They verily believed that this inward witness, and a diligent study of the Scriptures by its light, would lead them to the same conclusions on many points at which they had arrived, at the freeness of the Gospel ministry without payment and without charge, at the unscripturalness of war and of oaths, at the abolition by the Gospel of all types and outward ordinances, at the avoidance of all flattery and servility and a severe temperance in dress, food, and the general manner of living; but these were to be the fruits of the spirit, the result of a devoted following after their heavenly guide, not the preliminaries for admission into the congregations of the "Friends of Truth." Their primary ground of union, as officially stated by the Yearly Meeting, was "agreement of sentiment in regard to Christ's inward teaching," not a unity of belief in certain specified doctrines or practices; and there is the essence of true catholicity and enlightened toleration in George Fox's reply to William Penn's inquiry, when the latter first openly professed himself a Quaker whether he must discontinue wearing his sword, "Wear it as long as thou canst."

We shall close these extracts with the concluding portions of the essay, which, though more applicable to the Society in England, are of interest to all who bear the name of Friends. Without endorsing all the opinions of the writer, we leave each reader to form his own conclusions:

"Are we then to conclude that Quakerism has performed its mission upon the earth; that, having fulfilled an undoubtedly useful position in the history of the Church—having recalled her to a sense of an important aspect of divine truth of which she was in danger of losing sight altogether—the Society of Friends must now lose its distinctive characteristics and become merged in the State Church or in some one of the bodies of Protestant dissenters—that the language must be applied to it, so eloquently hurled at the Irish Establishment by Mr. Lowe—"Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?" The present aspect of the Society undoubtedly presents many

indications, which have been ably pointed out by Mr. Hancock in "The Peculium," of a gradual relinquishing of its distinguishing features. The recent publication* by an acknowledged minister of the Society of a volume of sermons on a highly important religious subject may indicate an approach to a sound profession of faith as understood by the Evangelical Alliance, but is a course we can hardly imagine to have been taken by George Fox or Edward Burrough, still less by Thos. Story or Job Scott. The recent movement among some of the younger members (see an able article in the first number of the *Friends' Examiner*, by W. S. Lean, another acknowledged minister,) to introduce the systematic reading of the Scriptures into their meetings for worship, may show a laudable earnestness that the Society shall not in future suffer from that lack of Scriptural knowledge which proved so desolating in the last century; but would most certainly have been denounced by the early Friends with one voice—notwithstanding their love for the Bible and their intimate acquaintance with its contents—as a form of will-worship utterly repugnant to their first principles of waiting upon God for the manifestation of His Holy Spirit to direct them in what manner they should worship Him, and as the introduction of a "liturgy," a form of worship and dependence upon man out of which it was their mission to call the people. It is, of course, possible that the present reaction in this direction may again subside, and that Friends will long remain the champions of their early testimony to the witness for God ever striving in the heart of man. But the instances are very rare, if history can furnish them at all, of a sect which has once lost sight of the distinguishing feature of its schism, and has gradually approached to the main body of the Church, again returning to its first love, and bearing as clear a testimony to it as it did in its early days. Within certain bounds, the existence within a religious society of a very great divergence of belief, and even of entirely distinct tones of thought, is a source of strength rather than of weakness. In the words of Archbishop Whately: "The sort of variation resulting from independence and from freedom of thought, so far from breaking the bond of religious unity, is the best preservative of it." Men are more likely to feel a deep-seated loyalty to a religious body which does not attempt to fetter them in matters of conscience, but some of whose tenets they have arrived at through the action of their own individual judgment, than towards one all of whose distinguishing views they are bound to adopt or to leave its communion.

"We do not profess to probe the future. While Quakerism has been gradually losing some of its distinctive marks, on other points the world has slowly adopted the views of the Friends. Not only during its early days, but even in the darkest period of its mediæval apostacy, the Society of Friends upheld views and practices which have since become those of the civilized world. They have always been the foremost champions of such social and philanthropic reforms, as the acknowledgment of the perfect equality of all creeds in the eye of the State, and of the equal right of all races and conditions of men to the enjoyment of liberty, and the protection of the laws; of the unscripturalness of all priestcraft, and of the dependence of the Church on the State; of the uselessness of a code of laws of Draconian severity in repressing crime; and of the injurious effects of the multiplication of cival oaths. So in religious opinions, the doctrine of the Universality of Divine Grace, and of the Indwelling Word, are no longer the peculiar possession of the Quakers, but are shared by a large and growing section of the Christian Church in all sects and denominations. Whether, therefore, it may still be needed that a small and exclusive sect should continue to be separated for the purpose of perpetuating its testimony to these doctrines, is a subject well open to doubt. It may be that the chief danger to be apprehended by the Church at the present time is in another direction, from the gradual progress of Ritualism and Roman Catholic dogma, and that the Society of Friends is not so faithful as some other Protestant sects in resisting their insidious advance. If so, it must yield its place to others, who can see more clearly the signs of the times, and no longer encumber the ground that may be occupied by more fruitful trees. It may be that we are on the eve of another great religious movement which will absorb into itself all that is sound and healthy in the Established Church, in Wesleyanism, in Quakerism, and in the other forms of Protestant dissent, and that the withered branches will fall to the ground by their own weight. But whatever may be the future of Quakerism, the candid historian will always acknowledge that in its past history it has rendered good service to the cause of an enlightened understanding and promulgation of the great principles of civil and religious liberty.

"We have referred to the movement which appears to have already made some way in the Society of Friends towards a critical investigation of the Scriptures on the basis of an appeal to the reason as the ultimate arbi-

* "Lectures on Prayer." By J. S. Sewell. Kitto. 67.

ter of their authenticity. Should this movement continue to progress as it has done during the last ten years, not only in Quakerism but in other Protestant sects, it must ultimately lead to the conviction that true religion and morality are altogether independent of creed; that, in truth, the creeds of the Churches have stood more in the way of the spread of true morality than anything else whatever. If the Church were to spend her strength in practically inculcating the high morality taught in the New Testament, rather than in insisting on unity in abstruse doctrinal points which have no bearing on the outward life, where would be the need of sects? In so far as Fox and the early Quakers attempted to "draw men out of sects," and to band together all who were united in the desire for a holy life, Quakerism had in it the seeds of stability; in so far as modern Quakerism has degenerated into a schism of the Christian Church, inculcating certain doctrines as necessary to salvation, it will be absorbed with the other sects into the "Church of the Future"—"a union of those who look on that part of man in which he is said to be like to God, as his best and noblest, and who dedicate themselves to the cultivation of this —a catholic union, with no religious creed whatever." But great must be the change in the constitution of the Society, great must be the reaction from the "evangelical" and doctrinal tone which pervades it at the present time, before it can lay any claim to be regarded as a truly catholic body.

Those who desire to read the whole of the article, will find it copied into "Littell's Living Age," No. 1328, published in Boston.

Home life, in its Divine Idea, is the title of a book written by an Episcopalian clergyman in London, containing a lucid exposition of our fundamental doctrine, the New Testament doctrine, the "Christ within" the universal illuminating Light.

It is very gratifying to find so full an acknowledgment of this blessed gift, this Internal Teacher, from one not of our fold, and with much satisfaction we transfer extracts from it to our pages.

EDUCATION.

From the Home Life: in the Light of the Divine Idea. By James Baldwin Brown.

The education, then, of human spirits, the unfolding within them of the divine image, and their purification from the blots and stains of sin, is the supreme work of the universe, the supreme purpose and hope of its King. And God has myriad voices and influences under the control of His hand to subserve that purpose, and to fulfil that hope. The creation is full of His teachings. He embosoms the infant in a world of wonder and beauty, which begins at once, from the moment that his eyes open on the light, to educate, that is to draw forth and enlarge his powers. Everything that meets the eye, the ear, or the touch, is educating them, is leading them forth to a larger apprehension, which God meets ever with fresh supplies. The early education of the human infant is simply the drawing out its power to apprehend, take in, and possess its world. Its first discovery is that hands and feet belong to it. Few things are more wonderful to look upon than a baby beginning in some dim way to consider the question, whether the foot which it grasps with its tiny hand belongs to it, and what this belonging may mean. When at length it has discovered its body, and fairly occupied it, it begins straightway to discover its world. The whole system of things around it is a temptation to discovery. There is an ever-widening horizon; every object that it sees, every tone that it hears, but introduces the eye and ear to some braver object or richer tone, which lie dimly as yet on the bounds of its horizon, but which it must reach and include within its field. Creation is like a great magnet, continually drawing out the powers. And as they go forth they grow strong, they range boldly round a wider and yet wider circuit, and every thing which they discover is a stimulus to new quest, with no limit in sight but God.

Perhaps, though, I have spoken hastily in saying that the child's first discovery is that hands and feet belong to it. The first thing which an infant discovers in the universe is love. God's order of the world is in every possible form a protest against isolation, a witness against the self as the starting point of life. The first impression on the young child's heart, as the mother's proud and tender glances rests on it, is the sense of belonging. There is one to whom it belongs, there is one who belongs to it, on whose care it reposes, in whose love it nestles, before it has taken in an impression about either body or world. The inner world, after all, is the first world that it meets with; and the mother's love, from the first moment, begins its training for the love of man and the love of God. God is nearer to it in that mother's glance and touch, than in anything which concerns its life as a creature of this world. And, oh, how tender should be the glance, how soft should be the touch, which have to speak for Him! The mother's love is just the tuning of the inward ear, to catch at length and interpret the tones of the great Father's voice.

Mothers! touch tenderly this delicate tympanum, which, rudely struck or harshly jarred, may be deaf through life to all the higher voices of man and of God.

These thoughts reveal to us the essential principle of all education, the drawing forth the powers to discern so much of fact and truth as they are fitted to take in. It is the process which the Divine Teacher employs through life on our education. That which a man finds, which he discovers by the use of his powers, guided but not superseded by the teacher's, *that* he possesses, and that alone. He is not a receptacle to be filled with knowledge; he is a living organ to be drawn forth to discover it. Truth meets the seeker, just when his search, his desire, is strong enough to take possession of the prize. The pouring in system, as if young souls were jars in which the honey of knowledge could be easily stored for profitable use, flies in the face of the method of Providence. The drawing forth the faculty is the first half of knowledge, and the end of knowledge when won, is the leading forth the faculties to a fresh discovery of a larger store.

And why, with such a grand apparatus of education at his command, does not God keep the work in His own hand, and under His own exclusive charge? It is the thing which He chiefly cares for, and for which He maintains the world. All things that are, from hyssop on the wall to the stars that cluster on the dim bounds of the universe, are His instruments for the education of His child. But the supreme power seems to be lodged with man. As far as outward beings and things are concerned, there is nothing in the world whose influence in the education of man can compare with the human. Man, after all, is the educator to whom God has committed His child. The work of the creation is vague and partial, the influence of man is intimate and supreme. Man can either choke or clear the channels by which the objects of creation reach and draw forth the powers. Nay—and it is an awful thought—how much may man do to choke or keep open the channels for the approach of God! Man may blind the eye and seal the ear of childhood to all that is holy and beautiful in the universe; man may so vitiate the sense, that the world to its young denizen shall seem like a grim prison, or a loathsome charnel-house, full of clanking chains. or "of dead men's bones and all uncleanliness." And yet the Almighty Father sends His young nurselings hither by millions, generation after generation. He puts them under the absolute rule of those who can teach them to hate Him, to blaspheme His name with their infant lips, and mimic with their infant powers the vices and the crimes with which their manhood will defile and devastate His world.

It is a dread mystery—this trust of the most precious thing which God holds to man, to be feebly nursed to a godly maturity by the best of men, to be mightily warped and debased to ungodly foulness and deformity by the worst. And how stands the worst to the best, in proportion, in all ages of the world? And the trust goes on widening ever, and with it, we are tempted to say, widens still the folly, the sin, the misery of mankind. It is but a little way that we can hope to see into the heart of this mystery—why God trusts so freely beings such as we are, with the education of spirits who are to people heaven or hell; and *which* they are to people, seems to depend in fearful measure upon us.

He has parents to educate as well as children; *that* helps us some way to the understanding of the mystery. With many a hard sinner the only hold that God has upon him is his child. . . . God would make man His fellow-helper in the work of education; He first made man His fellow-sufferer as a father in the experience of the sins and sorrows of his child.

This reflex action of education on the parent is not the least momentous feature of it. God seeks to educate us by trusting us—by calling us to high duties, by laying on us grave responsibilities. . . . .

It is very wonderful on the part of God that He should put such trust in man. Is there nothing wonderful in the fact that man should accept such trust from God? I mean the man who understands all that it involves, and sees plainly its possible issues. There is something very terrible in the mission of a prophet or an apostle, who knows that his word must be "*a savour of life unto life, or of death unto death.*" It is a mission which in a measure the parent shares. "*Who is sufficient for these things,*" the training of these young immortals? Who dares to put a hasty hand to such a sacred ark of God as this? Nay, who could rest in the prospect of training children after his own image, to be only as wise, as true, as noble, as pure, as good as himself? Is it that we may reproduce our mental and moral image in our children that God entrusts them to us, that we may help to fill His universe with such fractured and distorted images of our Maker, as, alas! we wear? This opens to us the real question, and sets us on the threshold of the true work of education, the first work, the fundamental work. This, well done, makes all other elements of a complete education wholly subordinate; and this undone, makes the most splendid genius but a baleful prodigy, and

the widest knowledge but a dreary and pestilential waste.

I have said that of all that is *without* a child there is no influence comparable with the human. The parent's power, looking on it from without, seems to be well-nigh absolute, either to nurture and develop, or to corrupt and destroy. The issue seems to be in our hands, and who dares bear the burden? Who dares undertake the main charge of the nurture of children with such a nature within them, with a world of such fearful temptation around them? Well may a godly parent tremble at the prospect; as Moses trembled, as Isaiah trembled, as Paul trembled, before the threshold of a mission, which bore in its bosom such issues for man through time and through eternity.

But here the question arises, the vital question, is the main charge after all with man? Is the nearest, the most intimate, the most powerful of the influences which from the first are at work upon the child, the influence of the parent? Outwardly it is palpably so. But is there no inward influence which can claim the supremacy, no unseen guide and teacher who can take the crushing weight of the burden out of our hands? This is the question of questions in the matter of Christian education, and on the answer to it the very possibility of any education in a high sense depends. Is there a light that, "coming into the world, lighteth every man," every child? Is there a light in that young infant, shining in the first dawnings of consciousness, and striving against the darkness? If you answer me, "There was once such a light in man, but the light was lost in the hour of the transgression, and we can only bring the young child to Christ, if perchance He may rekindle it," then, alas! for you, and if all depends on your bringing, alas! for the young child. This surely is a fundamental principle in all Christian education—the child is Christ's child. You have not to bring it *into*, but to bring it *up in* "the nurture and admonition of the Lord." You have to unfold to it the meaning and virtue of a relation that is, not to prepare it to enter into a relation which may be, or may not.

(To be continued)

We sometimes receive from our subscribers words of encouragement like the following. Such appreciation of our labors is both cordial and strengthening:

EXTRACTS OF A LETTER FROM A SUBSCRIRER.

I have a grateful remembrance of a period of eight years, when my lot was cast in an isolated situation, away from the pleasant influences of social and religious society of other days, and realizing a want of that sympathy and congeniality of feeling that is c culated to strengthen and build us up in un of spirit, that the pages of the FRIEN INTELLIGENCER were as a cordial to famished soul.

With great propriety I can further testi that on more than one occasion, when an portant subject had arrested my attention, being in doubt, as unable to digest it to satisfaction, I have marveled to find in very next issue material so befitting the sta of my mind as to afford conclusive eviden that in the human mind there exists a pri ciple, or element, that is capable of bei touched and wrought upon by the Spirit the living God, who knoweth our very wan and thereby administers to our necessities.

To those who are giving their time a employing their talents for the laudable pu pose of disseminating Gospel truths and t principles we profess through the columns the INTELLIGENCER, I would hand forth t language of encouragement, "Weary not well doing," your efforts will be crowned a your labors blessed.

When I look around over the broad e panse of this great Western region, and s here and there an isolated family, my feelin are enlisted in that nearness of sympath and love that would gather all into the o fold.

EXTRACTS.

We must not keep away from Christ on a count of our stumblings and manifold faults this would cast us under the law again, an bind us under condemnation; but we shoul humble ourselves *directly* before God, an seek earnestly for pardon.

The longer we delay this, the worse ou case will grow; and the sooner it is done, th sooner we shall have forgiveness. The Lor not imputing those sins to us which are sin cerely repented of, our soul returns to its re again. And instead of falling into carnal s curity (as some may think,) we shall thu strengthen our faith and become more watch ful. Hasten, therefore, and come as soon an as well as thou canst.

He will receive thee, though thou advanc toward Him slowly and with trembling. I is a great act of faith to go to Christ and con fess sin as soon as committed, and plead wit Him for the pardon of it. Satan always sug gests delay, and we too often listen to him, a if allowing guilt to rankle in the conscienc could do any good. As soon as sin is de tected, carry it at once to the Father.

* * * * *

If thou rebukest others, and wouldst have them be like thee, thou oughtest to examine

thyself first, whether thy rebukes flow from a blind party zeal, impatience, self-will, or from a true principle of love; and whether thou art also much in prayer for them, both before and after.

He who lays the long-sufferings of the Son of God truly to heart, and considers how gently that heavenly Benefactor has treated him, and still treats him, like the weakest child, must needs be moderate towards all men. May the Lord give us all the right spirit of meekness, to show all lenity to our fellow Christians.

My soul, when about to reprove others, look into thy own heart, look back to thy own life, and look up to God for special grace; then thy reproofs will be as excellent oil, which will not break the head, though it may break the heart. Remember, it is one sinner reproving another; a sinner kept by unmerited grace, reproving one, perhaps, left for a little while to himself.

"There are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all." 1 Cor. xii. 6.

Some believers are remarkable for the strength of their faith in trials, even unto death; others for liveliness and activity in duty; others for wisdom and prudence; others for their zeal in defence of the truth; others for spiritual knowledge; others for meekness and patience; others for outward usefulness; and some for an inward and spiritual life of communion with God. But all these are the various gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit, dividing severally to every man as He willeth, and are given to profit withal, according to the place alotted to each in the church or in the world. Fellow Christians, let us hence learn a lesson of forbearance to our brethren. It is not right to judge another by our own pattern. Art thou a warm and active Christian? Condemn not him whose mind may be more placid and contemplative than thine. He who creeps in humble silence, may in a moment be raised higher than thou art. The same may be said of the followers of Christ. Let us then no longer envy one another, or indulge a rash and sensorious spirit; but rather covet earnestly the best gtfts, such as meekness and love; and by the help of divine grace, faithfully improve the talent committed to our trust, that each of us may receive that heart-reviving address, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." The commendation of our Lord at the end will more than make up for all our efforts by the way.

"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one for another." John xiii. 35. "Forbearing one another in love. Endeavoring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. Let all bitterness and wrath and anger and clamor and evil speaking be put away from you, with all malice. And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you." Eph. iv.

Humble Christians never affect singularity, nor set up extraordinary claims. They rather study to be of one mind, and strive not about words or places of distinction, lest the general harmony subsisting among them, and the edification of souls, should be hindered. Whoever judges and blames everything, and can never argue or join in devotion with other experienced Christians, is puffed up with self-conceit, and is in the way to make a dangerous shipwreck, for "pride comes before a fall." Believer, cultivate humility. Take thy place at the feet of Christ, and learn of Him. He sets thee an example of love, patience, forbearance, long-suffering, and readiness to forgive. If you know these things, happy are you if you do them. Practical conformity to the life of Christ, is the best proof that we have the spirit of Christ. Disquiet of mind, and spiritual slothfulness, often proceed from self-righteousness, and not looking to Christ for everything, but trusting secretly to something in ourselves. Reader, of all dangers in profession, beware of a customary, traditional or doctrinal owning of Gospel truths without an experimental acquaintance with the reality and efficacy of them. BOGATSKY.

ROBERT FURNAS.

Died, at his residence in Wayne township, Warren county, Ohio, on the 16th of Second month, 1863, Robert Furnas, in the ninety-third year of his age.

The subject of the above was born on the banks of Bush river, South Carolina, on the 27th of Sixth month, 1772, and was married to Hannah Wilson on the 11th of Sixth month, 1796, with whom he lived sixty-seven years and five days.

Being opposed to the institution of slavery, soon after his marriage he determined to emigrate to a place that was free from that evil. Accordingly, with that object in view, he came on a prospecting tour to this State in the year 1802, making the round trip on horseback, a great portion of the distance being through the unbroken forest. After examining several localities, he selected the tract of land which became his home for life, and to which he removed with his family the next year, (1803,) and commenced opening a farm in the then unbroken wilderness, subject to the trials and privations of the "Pioneer's life" of that day, often being compelled to subsist

for days together on hominy and venison, being unable to get his grain manufactured into flour or meal, the nearest mill being thirty miles distant through the forest, the roads to which were mere paths that could only be traveled on horseback; and there was but little certainty of getting one's grain ground for several days when taken to mill. For want of a nearer market, he, in 1812, drove a large lot of hogs to Baltimore, Maryland—no small undertaking. But he lived to see the forest give place to pleasant fields and thriving towns, with soil and enterprise second to no section in the State for agriculture, and furnished with all the improvements of the present day which are calculated to render life pleasant. Instead of the ox-team tugging the sled through the mud as of yore, he lived to see the locomotive rushing by his door with immense trains, and at a speed unthought of in those days; and instead of the newsboy with his pack-horse and bundle of letters, going from village to village, the telegraph conveying news thousands of miles quick as thought. What a change!

He was a true Christian and philanthropist in the full sense of the term. During a long period of his life he was actively engaged in endeavoring to civilize some of the American Indians, in whose welfare he took a deep interest. He was also a firm friend of the African race. His heart was alive and his purse open to all benevolent purposes. All were welcome to his hospitalities, rich and poor alike—even the most miserable beggar never left his door unfed. He was a man of strong mind and superior judgment, universally beloved and esteemed by all who were personally acquainted with him; was often applied to for advice in cases of difficulty; also, for drawing instruments of writing, viz.: wills, deeds, etc. He was the father of eleven children, all of whom he saw married and comfortably settled in life. His beloved companion—with whom he lived for nearly three score years and ten—was constantly at his side, and ministered to his many wants for weeks previous to his final departure. He was a devoted member of the Society of Friends, and was a regular attender at their meetings held at Cæsar's Creek, (which he helped to establish,) for more than fifty years, and in going and returning from which he probably travelled farther than the distance around the globe. It is seldom indeed that a man witnesses such changes in the scientific and political world as he did. He will long be remembered as one that was gathered, even as a shock of corn that is fully ripe.

D. F.

Love is the vital air of the soul.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

This bright and beautiful morning I want to tell thee how I have been faring since my pleasant visit to your city, where I was encouraged and comforted. My choice would have been to have attended your Quarterly Meeting. I trust Friends had a good time together, with the door shut and the Master's presence felt to be in the midst.

Many of our worthies are being removed, and the inquiry with me often is, who will come forth to fill their vacant places? The Society of Friends in many places has been much stripped of such, and the prospect of a succession of standard-bearers is not so encouraging as those who desire the prosperity of Zion and the enlargement of her borders could wish; and the query will arise, why is it so?

"How often would I have gathered you, but ye would not," must be the cause. But, my dear friend, let Hope still be the anchor of the soul. There are among us plants of the Heavenly Father's right-hand planting. I earnestly desire these may so deepen in the root, that in due time there may be branches laden with fruit luscious to the taste.

My love of social communion is great, and when in company I am easily excited to take an interest in conversation, so that I am often afraid I shall prove a stumbling-block to honest inquirers, those who have a high regard for religion, who know but little of its operations, and who expect it to heal all maladies as instantaneously as if a miracle had been performed before their eyes. There are too many who hardly realize a necessity of progression in the work. So ignorant was I at the beginning, that I thought that but to dedicate myself was to ensure me all that I had ever heard proclaimed as the portion of those who hungered and thirsted after heavenly treasures. I then understood only in a limited sense that continual dedication requires continual prayer. Alas! where are they who pray thus? I would that I could learn that lesson. I do earnestly desire that thou mayst obey when called upon. Silence all reasonings, my dear friend. Look singly to thy Guide and fear not consequences. Do not dwell on thy own weaknesses, for when Omnipotence calls, should He not find thee willing to yield?

While in mutability, I do not expect, nor do I desire, to be wholly free from difficulties

and trials. These are not only the lot, but the seeming necessity for every one who makes advance in the Christian pathway. Spiritual progress and refinement being much in proportion to the suffering experienced, it may truly be said that human suffering is the great power by which Truth and Justice are moved forward.

The poet used a beautiful figure when he said, "Darkness shows us worlds of light we never saw by day." From higher authority the same idea is drawn—"I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." All I crave for myself in this respect is not relief from trial or suffering, but to be able to bear in the everlasting patience whatever is meted out to me; to be blessed with that abiding "Charity which suffereth all things and is kind; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil; beareth all things, endureth all things."

It is the wise condition of our existence here that if we err we must suffer. Oh! for increased humility and patience, and reliance on that Arm of power which only can support.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 11, 1869.

Quarterly Meetings—A friend of the Quarterly Meeting of Duanesburg, N. Y., has furnished a brief notice of that meeting, which was held on the 22d of last month, and was an interesting occasion. Public testimonies were borne to the value of a life influenced by Divine Love, under which true spiritual worship can be performed irrespective of forms or creeds, our Heavenly Father regarding the motive and intents of the heart rather than external ceremonies.

The meeting for discipline, our friend says, "was conducted quietly and almost silently, except the business that came directly before it; but not from a feeling of indifference to the interests of the Society. And while there should be care not to speak too often, nor without feeling upon subjects claiming attention, yet may there not be loss of strength by withholding more than is mete, and thus such meetings be rendered lifeless and uninteresting? Although some Friends came through much exposure, and at some peril, occasioned by the heavy rain at the time, they no doubt had their reward, and felt the time was not lost to themselves or those with whom they mingled. Encouragement was given to make some sacrifices to attend meetings at home as well as abroad."

Bucks Quarterly Meeting was held on the 25th ult. at Middletown, Penna. We have received the following report from a "member."

"The attendance was very large, and the meeting appeared to be a satisfactory one. Several interesting and instructive communications were delivered. After the partition was closed, the business usual at this time was conducted in great harmony. Near the close the condition of the Indians was introduced, the object being to procure means to assist in supplying the pressing wants of this much abused and interesting portion of the human family. The matter was finally left for the consideration of the Monthly Meetings soon to be held, and it will, without doubt, receive suitable attention."

A friend describing Prarie Grove Quarterly Meeting held at Wapsinonac, Iowa, remarks, that it is composed of a body of Friends from various sections of the country, representing nearly all the Yearly Meetings. Notwithstanding the difficulty of travelling, on account of the recent heavy rains, the meeting held in the Ninth month was larger than on any previous occasion. A number of friends were present from Illinois and Ohio. Love and unity prevailed, and "an impressive ministry flowed to the edification of the hearers." Two meetings had been established. The reports from the Monthly Meetings represent their members as closely banded in Christian fellowship. Near the close of the meeting the shutters were opened, and a memorial was read which produced a feeling of deep solemnity, under which Friends separated.

For the information of such as wish to send documents, we are requested to publish the names of Correspondents.

Joseph A. Dugdale for the Quarterly Meeting, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. Caleb Russell, Prarie Grove Monthly Meeting, Winona. Jesse Holmes, Wapsinonac Monthly Meeting, West Liberty. Lot Holmes, Marietta Mo. Meeting, Marietta, Iowa.

Correspondents need not be disappointed if their *anonymous* contributions do not appear.

MARRIED.

PIGGOTT—HOLMES.—On Fourth day, the 20th of Tenth month, 1869, at the residence of the bride's mother, by Friends' ceremony, William Piggott, of Loudon Co., Va., to Elizabeth D., daughter of the late Elijah Holmes.

DIED.

AMBLER.—At the residence of his brother Joseph M. E. Ambler, in Gwynedd, Pa., of consumption, Edward H. Ambler, aged 35 years; a member of Gwynedd Monthly Meeting.

BALLARD.—On the 18th of Ninth month, 1869, Annie, only daughter of Achilles and Penninah Ballard, aged 23 years. Among the chief characteristics of this dear young Friend were an unusual self-abnegation and desire to care for the comfort and pleasure of others, and an uncomplaining submission to whatever lot befel her. Her sufferings were quietly borne, both during a period of years, and while confined to her bed during her last illness.

CROASDALE.—On the 8th of Eleventh month, 1869, in Moreland Township, Philadelphia Co., Pa., J. Milton Croasdale, in the 26th year of his age.

COATES.—On the 26th of Ninth month, 1869, at the residence of her parents in Lower Oxford Township, Chester Co., Pa., after a protracted illness which she bore with Christian fortitude and resignation, Lydia Coates, a member of Eastland Meeting.

COONLEY.—At her residence in Brant, on the 17th of Tenth month, 1869, of heart disease, Mary Coonly, in her 79th year. This dear Friend gave evidence of having her work done, and with patience and true peace of mind waited the summons to free her from earth. Her remains were taken to Friends' Meeting-house in North Collins.

PALMER.—On the 19th of Eleventh month, 1869, Reuben Palmer, in the 86th year of his age; for more than fifty years a member and minister of East Hamburg Monthly Meeting, Erie Co., N. Y.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Twelfth mo. 19th, Schuylkill, Pa., 3 P.M.
" 20th, Buffalo, N. Y., 2½ P.M.

Correction.

A different arrangement of the Circular Meetings within Farmington Quarterly Meeting having been made, Friends are desired to make the following changes in the Almanac for 1870.

Macedon, 1st mo. 2, at 11 A.M.
Farmington, 1st mo. 23, 11 A.M.
Rochester, 2d mo. 6, 11 A.M., 6th mo. 19, 3 P.M.
East Hamburgh, 2d mo. 20, 11 A.M.
Junius, 3d mo. 6, 11 A.M., 9th mo. 4, 3 P.M.
Mendon, 3d mo. 20, 11 A.M.
Wheatland, 4th mo. 3, 11 A.M., 6th mo. 5, and 10th mo. 2, 3 P.M.
S. Farmington, 4th mo. 24, and 8th mo. 7, 3 P.M.
Boston, 5th mo. 8, 3 P.M.
Galen, 5th mo. 22, 9th mo. 18, 3 P.M.
Buffalo, 7th mo. 3, 3 P.M.
Collins, 7th mo. 10, 3 P.M.
Orangeville, 8th mo. 21st, 3 P.M.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

The Committee on Circular Meetings of Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting will meet Sixth-day afternoon, Twelfth month 17th, at 4 o'clock. Full attendance of the Committee desirable.

WM. EYRE, Clerk.

FRIENDS' FREEDMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

Friends' Associction for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen will meet on Fourth day evening, Twelfth mo. 15th, at 7½ o'clock. The suffering now existing among many of this class of our citizens should prompt Friends to a renewed interest in their welfare.

JACOB M. ELLIS, } *Clerks.*
ANNE COOPER, }

THE INDIANS.

The Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will meet at Race Street on Sixth-day afternoon, Twelfth month 17th, at 3 o'clock.

JACOB M. ELLIS, Clerk.

The Representative Committee or meeting for sufferings of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting will meet on Sixth-day morning, Twelfth month 17th, at 10 o'clock.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

Extracts from "G. Frost's New Exposition of the Leading Facts of Geology." Selected by the Author.

THE ORIGIN OF COAL AND PETROLEUM.

Coal, by almost unanimous consent, is supposed to be of vegetable origin, but after years of investigation I have not discovered any facts which substantially countenances this theory. The opinion, however, has taken so strong a hold upon the public mind, and has been so uniformly and earnestly inculcated by geologists during more than half a century, that much time will likely elapse before it will be entirely superseded by a more substantial and rational hypothesis.

The popular doctrine upon this subject, and which has generally been acquiesced in by geologists, is, that at a very remote period, during what is termed the carboniferous era, the atmosphere was so surcharged with carbonic acid gas as to be unfitted for respiration; and that its exuberant aboundings so stimulated the growth of plants and trees, that vegetable life flourished to an extent which has never since been equaled.

That in the course of ages vegetable matter had so accumulated upon the earth that large deposits of it had, by processes obscurely defined, been wafted to certain localities, and by some great convulsion in nature had been covered with earthy matter transported from other regions, and while thus embedded these vegetable collections were, by the agency of heat, pressure, time, and other causes, converted into coal.

But an investigation of these hypotheses, I trust, will show that the carbonic acid condition of the atmosphere could *not* then have existed, and that a rich carbonaceous vegetation did *not* then abound; and as to the supposed wafting of trees and other vegetable productions from one region to another, in quantities sufficient to form the vast coal

fields now known to exist, and the conversion of these vegetable deposits into coal by heat and the pressure of superincumbent earthy matter, transported from other unknown localities and deposited upon these masses of wood, they imply a series of unsupported assumptions too vague and unsatisfactory to form the basis of a substantial theory, as will be shown by the following remarks:

In regard to the alleged exuberance of carbonic acid gas, during the era stated, it may be remarked that the presence of this gas being incompatible with animal life, and fossilized animal remains having been discovered in stratifications which were formed antecedent to and also cotemporaneous with the carboniferous era, is a conclusive argument against the supposed prevalency of this gas in the atmosphere during that era.

Moreover, experimental vegetable chemistry shows that air imbued with an increased proportion of carbonic acid gas does not thereby acquire any additional fertilizing property; but that an extra infusion operates injuriously upon vegetable organisms; and therefore, if that poisonous gas did preternaturally abound, it would have impeded rather than promoted the vigor of the floral creation.

In regard to trees, &c., being wafted from one locality to another by currents set in motion and directed by unknown agencies, and the supervention of sand, gravel, and other similar and dissimilar materials, transported from other localities by unknown and even unconjectured phenomena, it would appear that, in the present matter-of-fact day, these assumptions and suppositions would need but little argument to evince their unreliability; especially when it is considered that some coal-beds are of so great a thickness as to have required a deposit of timber and other vegetable matter to the height of hundreds or a thousand feet.

Professor Dana, of Yale College, himself a believer in the vegetable theory, in his elaborate and justly celebrated treatise upon geology, estimates that twelve feet of solid timber would have been required to form one foot of coal; and as vegetable materials thrown together by natural causes (the drift material for instance in the Mississippi), would, by its transverse and irregular deposition, occupy three to five times the vertical space more than if compactly disposed, it follows that there would be needed collections of wood and other vegetable substances to the height of five hundred to two thousand feet, to form many of the coal-beds now known to exist.

This conclusion is the result of an analytical and truly logical argumentation of the case; and however incredible the supposition that deposits of drift wood and other forms of vegetable matter, from five hundred to two thousand feet in height, once overspread two hundred thousand square miles of our North American continent, still we are under the necessity of according our belief in this incredible suggestion, or we must reject the theory of the vegetable origin of coal.

Those who advocate or acquiesce in the vegetable theory—and they comprise nearly all geologists, both American and foreign—do not furnish a satisfactory explanation by what causes so vast quantities of timber were wrenched off, or torn up by the roots, nor what influence steered them towards their destined haven, nor by what agency masses of sand and earth were transported from other regions and spread over these deposits of wood; and more especially have they not explained why this deluge of earth, sand, and other materials did not settle down into and fill up the crevices, fissures, and apertures consequent upon the irregular laying of the timber and other vegetable substances, which infiltration of earthy matter would unavoidably have made the supposed coal-bed a mingled mass of coal, sand, gravel, earth, and other extraneous matter.

The drift wood collected upon the lower Mississippi and some of its tributary branches, in large quantities, has been cited as evidencing the manner in which vegetable matter has been converted into coal, and in support of the theory of its vegetable origin; but the futility of that argument may be indicated by the fact that in Virginia, Pennsylvania, and also Wyoming Territory, are coal measures which, within an area of a very few, or even one square mile, probably contain more carbonaceous matter than all the drift wood that ever floated down that river.

If the mighty Mississippi could have supplied only so small a proportion of carbonaceous matter, then from what *vegetable* source could have been derived the quantity needed to overspread an area of two hundred thousand square miles, and which, from its loosely laid condition, would need to have been from fifty to fifteen hundred feet in thickness, in order to form coal beds ten to fifty feet deep —a condition too improbable to be believed.

The incongruity of the vegetable theory is rendered still more obvious by the reflection, that the floral creation, during the more recent geological eras, has been four, or even ten fold more rich in carbonaceous matter than the carboniferous era was, yet no conversion into mineral coal has been witnessed, except to an extent too insignificant to be noticed.

(To be continued.)

LETTER FROM DR. LIVINGSTONE.

A very remarkable letter from Dr. Livingstone was read a few days ago at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society of London. It was dated July 8th, 1868, from near Lake Bangweolo, South Central Africa. Dr. Livingstone announces that he now feels satisfied he has discovered the true sources of the Nile, and that the springs of the great river have hitherto been sought for very far too much to the northward. He asserts that the chief sources of the Nile arise between ten and twelve degrees south latitude, or nearly in the position which Ptolemy assigned to them, and as much as four hundred miles south of the most southerly portion of the Lake Victoria Nyanza. Apart from this important announcement, the letter is picturesque and full of interest. Not the least interesting point is a scrap which is added as a postscript, and in which Dr. Livingstone, remarking that there is "always something new from Africa," states that "a large tribe lives in underground houses in Rua. Some excavations are said to be thirty miles long, and have running rills in them. A whole district can stand a siege in them. The writings therein, I have been told by some of the people, are on wings of animals, and not letters." Dr. Livingstone, in another part of his letter, speaks of the difficulty he has in keeping his followers and attendants from absconding, and adds: "The fact is, they are all tired of this everlasting tramping, and so verily am I. Were it not for an inveterate dislike to give in to difficulties without doing my utmost to overcome them, I would abscond too. I comfort myself by the hope that by making the country and people better known I am doing good, and by imparting a little knowledge occasionally I may be working in accordance with the plans of an all-embracing Providence." If ever any worker had a right to claim repose and to feel confident in the value of his labors, Dr. Livingstone surely has. But it is very doubtful whether he ever will really settle down to the leisure he has earned.

THE FIRST CABLE.

BY LYDIA L. A. VERY.

There is a cable stretched from earth to heaven;
The waves of thought it deeply underlies,
Where all is calm and still as summer's even:
Where deep to deep with solemn voice replies.

Far, far beneath the surf of passion's foam,
Or where light bubbles dally with the wind,
Where life's bright sands have found a quiet home,
And bury treasures that no eye can find.

Cable of Prayer! where messages do pass
More subtle than th' electric fluid sends,
Where words gush forth unmeasured and unbought,
And through the unknown realm we reach our friends!

Cable of Prayer! stretched ages long ago
Beneath the tide of pagan mystery,
Beneath the waves of human guilt and woe,
Stretching beyond the Future's boundless sea.

Cable of Prayer! whose rivets never break,
Fastened secure to hearts in earth and heaven!
The solid earth with mighty shocks may quake
Ere from the Rock of Ages thou art riven!

Cable of Prayer! while mortal life shall last,
Or human weakness need a heavenly friend,
Still shall the heart 'mid sin and sorrows cast,
Comfort; receive and supplications send.

—*Christian Register.*

THANKSGIVING.

The withered leaves lie dead and still,
The lone boughs sigh above their graves,
And through the grove and o'er the hill
The tyrant, winter, hoarsely raves.

Beneath the ice-crust, glassy clear,
The gelid currents silent flow,
And on the landscape, wide and drear,
Rests the soft garniture of snow.

And as no resurrection waits
These leaves all sepulchred in white,
So may our wrong desires and hates
Be buried in oblivion's night.

Firm as the crystal fetters bind
The tide that erst in freedom rolled,
May our impetuous passions find
By Virtue's cords their flight controlled.

Our stream of life as tranquil glide,
As to the distant, waiting sea,
The gem crowned rill, his mountain bride,
Hastes in his welcoming arms to be.

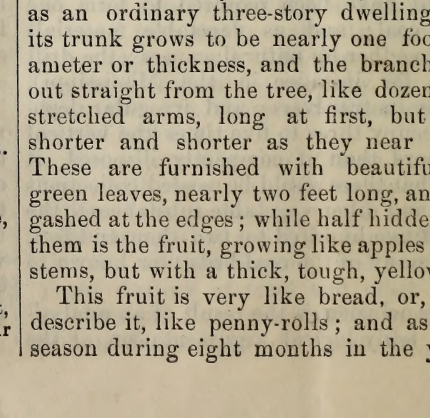
Oh, human hopes and human fears,
How like the sea your ebb and flow!
From joy to agony and tears,
How swift the changing currents go!

Lord of the world! while life shall last
Give us the knowledge of Thy will,
That when earth's brief career is past,
We may enjoy Thy presence still.

—*Cultivator and Country Gentleman.*

THE BREAD-FRUIT TREE.

Did you ever hear of a tree bearing glue and towels and cloth and tinder and bread? There is just such a wonder. It is found on the Pacific islands, and is called the Bread-fruit tree—and this is how it looks:



It is about forty feet in height, or as high as an ordinary three-story dwelling house; its trunk grows to be nearly one foot in diameter or thickness, and the branches come out straight from the tree, like dozens of outstretched arms, long at first, but getting shorter and shorter as they near the top. These are furnished with beautiful dark-green leaves, nearly two feet long, and deeply gashed at the edges; while half hidden among them is the fruit, growing like apples on short stems, but with a thick, tough, yellow rind.

This fruit is very like bread, or, as some describe it, like penny-rolls; and as it is in season during eight months in the year, the

natives during that time have no other kind of bread. They gather it while it is green, as soon as it attains its full size, and bake it, just as it is, in an oven. Scraping off its outer blackened crust, they come to the loaf, which has no hard seed nor stone inside, but is very like pure, white wheaten bread. The only trouble is, they must eat it soon after the baking, because in a few hours it grows harsh and choky and loses its pleasant taste. But just think how pleasant it must be to be able, during eight months of the year, to gather one's loaves from the tree all ready for baking!

As for the glue, that is a kind of sticky fluid which oozes from the trunk, and is found very useful for many purposes; the leaves make excellent towels for the few natives who care to wash their hands and faces; and from the inner bark a kind of course cloth is made which makes capital every-day garments. Besides this, the dried blossoms are used for tinder in lighting fires, and the wood of the tree is in great demand for building huts and boats and rough bridges. So you see no part of the bread-fruit tree grows in vain. Perhaps this could be said, in some sense, of every kind of tree—though really there are not many that accomplish as much as this.—*Del. Co. Republican.*

THE SUEZ CANAL.

Wednesday, November 17th, was the day on which the festivities connected with the opening of the Suez Maritime Canal commenced. Religious services opened at 9 A. M. The solemn blessing of the Canal was given by Pere Baner, the Almoner of the Empress Eugenie. He preached a sermon in which he congratulated the world on the success of this grand enterprise, and thanked the Khedive, who, he said, had immortalized his name and reign by his co-operation in one of the greatest undertakings of modern time. He dwelt in terms of lively gratification on the liberty of worship which had been granted to Christians, thanked the Empress for the sympathy she had shown, and M. Lesseps, the engineer, for the exertions he had made to bring the work to completion. He also returned thanks to all other illustrious personages who had honored this occasion with their presence. The Emperor of Austria, Empress Eugenie, Viceroy of Egypt, Princes of Prussia and Holland, and many foreign envoys assisted at the ceremonies, and the multitude of spectators was immense. The greatest enthusiasm was manifested.

The Canal is a little over one hundred miles in length. It starts from Port Said on the Mediterranean, and runs southward through Lake Menzaleh, a shallow, marshy body of water, closely resembling our own Dismal Swamp, to the intermediate port of Ismailia, distant from Port Said seventy-five miles, thence along the eastern shore of Lake Timsah, or the Lake of Crocodiles, to the deep cuttings at Toussoum and Seropeum, and thence through the Bitter Lakes into the last deep cutting at Cheloup, debouching about twelve miles further south into the Red Sea at a point about one mile southeast of Suez. About sixty miles of the one hundred run through the beds of lakes, embankments being required upon two of them, but not upon the others. The average width of the whole canal is 328 feet, on a low level, and narrower where deep cuttings have had to be made. The average width at the bottom is from 200 to 246 feet, and the average depth 26 feet.

On Wednesday, the 17th, the first detachment of the fleet, with visitors, reached Ismailia from Port Said in 8½ hours, being about 9 miles an hour. The banks of the canal on either side were lined by thousands of Europeans and Orientals. The only drawback to the occasion was the refusal of the Sultan to be present and participate in the ceremonies. It is rumored that he will send another ultimatum to the Viceroy of Egypt, ordering him to accept the Turkish proposals without conditions, or to consider himself suspended from the Viceroyalty.

It will be remembered that from the first the English have looked upon the construction of the canal with coldness, and prophecies have from time to time been made that M. de Lesseps would see the folly of his efforts; but now that the enterprise has been made a success, apprehensions have been indulged by the London Shipping Gazette, and other English journals, as to its influence on British commerce. That the whole traffic of the seas throughout the world will be modified there can be no doubt. Egypt will be transformed into an important commercial State; the voyage from the English Channel to Calcutta, now 13,000 miles in length, will be reduced to 8,000, and America, along with other nations, will share largely in all the benefits of the enterprise.

The first sod lifted in the construction of the canal took place at Port Said, April 25, 1859. The total cost has been $55,000,000 in gold.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

The following despatches by the Atlantic Cable have been received:

THE SUEZ CANAL.

ISMAILIA, November 18—Evening.—There are forty-seven sea going ships now at this station, with an average tonnage of one thousand tons each. The largest vessel of the

fleet is a Russian frigate, which draws seventeen feet and two inches of water. The buildings in Ismailia are filled with guests and other visitors, and the surrounding plains are covered with the tents of the native tribes, who are assembled here in immense numbers.

Suez, November 21, via Alexandria.—The Inauguration Fleet, consisting of forty-five steamers, has arrived here. None were obliged to employ pilots. The only difficulty they had was owing to their numbers. Some were crowded upon the banks of the canal several times, but they got off without trouble, the sandy bottom neither holding nor hurting them. On leaving Ismailia, several steamers fouled with each other, but no serious damage was done.

The water in the canal between this point and Ismailia is full twenty feet deep at the shallowest spot, and in several parts it is less than twenty-five feet in depth; but at all these points the bottom can easily be deepened. Steamers drawing fifteen feet can navigate the canal from Port Said to Suez with ease in fifteen hours. The water does not wash away the banks as much as was apprehended.

The complete success of the great work exceeds all expectations.

WARMTH FROM THE STARS.

It would scarcely be thought by most persons that the stars supply the earth with any appreciable amount of heat. Even on the darkest and clearest night, when the whole heavens seem lit up by a multitude of sparkling orbs, the idea of heat is not suggested by their splendor. It will, therefore, seem surprising to many that men of science should assign no inconsiderable portion of our terrestrial heat-supply to those distant twinkling lamps. It is not many years since Professor Hopkins, of Cambridge, went even further, and expressed his belief that if the earth's atmosphere were but increased some 13,000 yards in height, so as to have an increased power of retaining the warmth poured upon it from outer space, we might do without the sun altogether so far as our heat supply is concerned. As a glass-house collects the sun's heat, and renders it available during the time that the sun is below the horizon, so he held that the additional layer of air would serve to garner the warmth of the stars in quantities sufficient for all our requirements.

But, until lately, all these views, however plausible they might have seemed, had not been founded upon facts actually observed. It has been reserved for these days, in which discoveries of the most unexpected kind are daily rewarding the labors of our physicists, to see that established as a certainty which before was founded merely upon considerations of probability. Mr. Huggins, the physicist and astronomer, has just published the results of a series of inquiries addressed to the actual measurement of the heat which we receive from the leading brilliants of the nocturnal sky. The instrument called the galvanometer, which has been made more or less familiar to many of us by the researches and lectures of Mr. Tyndall, was made use of by Mr. Huggins in these investigations. We need not consider the construction of this instrument, or the manner in which heat acts upon it through the agency of what is called the thermo-electric pile; all that is necessary to be known is the fact that the qualities of the instrument as a measurer of delicate heat effects, are thoroughly established, so that no doubt can exist as to the significance of its indications. The instrument was fixed to Mr. Huggins' large refractor, so that the image of a star formed by the 8-inch object-glass might fall upon the surface of the thermopile. It will give some token of the care required in researches of the sort to mention that the apparatus had to be left attached to the telescope for hours, sometimes for days, until the needle whose motions mark the action of heat had come to perfect rest.

When the time came for making an observation, the shutters of the dome which covers the telescope was opened, and the telescope was turned upon a part of the sky near to some bright star, but not exactly upon the star. Then the needle was watched to determine whether the change of position had produced any effect. For clearly it is necessary, in a case of this sort, to see that no cause except the one to be examined is exercising any influence. If, in four or five minutes, no signs of change were shown, the telescope was moved over the small distance necessary to bring the image of the star directly on the face of the pole. Almost always the needle began to move as soon as the image of the star fell upon it. The telescope was then moved slightly away again from the star; the needle was then seen to return to its place. In this way, from twelve to twenty observations were made upon the same star so that no doubt might remain as to the motion of the needle being really due to the star's heat.

In this way it was found that the bright Arcturus moved the needle three degrees in about a quarter of an hour. So did Regulus, the leading brilliant of Leo, the constellation at present adorned by the splendor of ruddy Mars. Pollux gave a deflection of 1½ degrees; but singularly enough, his twin brother Castor produced no effect at all upon the needle. The splendid Sirius gave a deflection

of only two degrees; but as this star is always low down, and so shines through a greater proportion of the denser atmospheric strata, it is not surprising that its heat should not be proportioned to its brilliancy.

These inquiries are singularly interesting, the more so when we remember that the full moon, which outshines so many fold the stellar glories of the heavens, gives us either no warmth whatever, or so little that no experiments have ever certified us that we received any from her. Mr. Huggins has tried the moon with his powerful galvanometer, with results which are sufficient to show that we receive scarcely a trace of heat from the pale-faced orb.

WAITING FOR OPPORTUNITIES.

It is one of the commonest mistakes of life, and also one of the most radical sources of evil, to wait for opportunities. Many persons, while admitting the paucity of their lives, and regretting that they contribute so little to the general stock of happiness, or to their own improvement, attribute it to their lack of opportunity. They are looking for some marked event, or some grand opening, through which they hope to develop what may be in them, and thus make potent a character which now, from lack of motive, is barren and unfruitful. The waste of life caused by such mistaken waiting is incalculable; for the real materials out of which our characters are forming, are the hourly occurrences of everyday life. Every claim of duty, the employment of each minute, the daily vexations or troubles we are called upon to bear, the momentary decisions that must be made, the casual interview, the contact with sin or sorrow in their everyday dress—all these, and many others as small and as constant, are the real opportunities of life. These we are continually embracing or neglecting, and out of them we are forming a character that is fast consolidating into the shape we give it, for good or for evil. Those who are waiting for important events, grand issues, and marked crises, overlook this great fact and drift aimlessly along the current that seems to them so placid as to require no effort, but which is bearing down with fatal swiftness all those who do not energetically breast its waves and resist its powers.

The best proofs of a noble character lie not so much in the manner of doing great things or bearing great burdens, as in the way of receiving the common events of every-day life; of performing its duties, bearing its crosses, and resisting its temptations. There are not a few who look upon the great contests of life with almost longing, who fancy that they could suffer martyrdom with firmness, or severe affliction with calmness; while they yet render themselves and others wretched by their discontent over trifles, or selfishly refuse to sacrifice small interests, while longing in imagination for opportunities to sacrifice all. The truest heroism is that which is unseen, unknown. Public martyrdom, of every shade, has a certain eclat and popularity connected with it, that will often bear men up to endure with courage its trials; but those who suffer alone, without sympathy for truth or principle; those who, unnoticed by men, maintain their post, and in obscurity, and amid discouragement, patiently fulfil their trust, these are the real heroes of the age, and the suffering they bear is the truest martyrdom.

There are doubtless in the lives of all great crises, large opportunities, marked epochs. But he who waits for them, will be ill-prepared to meet them when they come. The strength to pass through them nobly and worthily, must have accumulated little by little, in the patient and resolute struggle of every day life. He who fails here, will surely fail in greater things. If we neglect our little opportunities, we shall lack the power to embrace the larger ones. Chances are lying open to us every moment of our lives. We need not wait for them, they are waiting for us to embrace them. If we watch through a single day we shall doubtless discover hundreds of opportunities of both doing and receiving good, that we have perhaps hitherto passed by in indifference; and by diligent assiduity in seeking for and embracing these, we shall be prepared to encounter the fiercer storms of life that may await us, or to take advantage of the future that may open for our good.—*The Ledger.*

ITEMS.

Preachers and Tobacco.—At the recent session of the Ohio Methodist Conference, Bishop Janes asked the candidates for full connection the usual disciplinary questions, and then inquired if the members of Conference wished to ask any additional questions. A resolution was offered requesting the Bishop to ask them whether they used tobacco; whereupon objection was made on the ground that the Conference had no right to institute other tests of membership in the Conference than those laid down in the Discipline. After discussion, the Conference propounded the question to the Bishop as to whether they had the right to make the use of tobacco a bar to admission into full connection. The Bishop answered in the affirmative. He was of opinion that the members of the Conference could give their suffrages to candidates for admission, or withhold them, on any grounds or for any reasons satisfactory to themselves. The resolution to ask the question of the candidates was then voted down. The Conference refused to require of the new members what is not required of the old ones. It is evident, however, that the feeling is rapidly growing that the use of the "weed"

is pernicious, and that it is particularly detrimental to ministerial character. Holiness becometh the house of the Lord forever.—*W. Christian Advocate.*

France, it is said, has arranged with some of the German States a unique system of exchanges. German schools having students training for the profession of teachers, will be allowed to send them to the public schools of France, where the young men can obtain a thorough training in the French language, and French schools may likewise send scholars to Germany, where they will be instructed free of charge.

The Consumptive's Home, at Boston, which was established on September 28th, 1864, by Dr. Cullis, is an institution supported upon unusual principles. There is no fund, endowment or known pecuniary provisions whatever existing for the support of the Home. No human friend has ever made any promise, or implied, to sustain the institution, which is sustained by voluntary gifts obtained through prayer. The only means of soliciting money or aid in food, clothing, or any of the necessaries of life, have been the prayers of the founder and manager. The journal of this benevolent physician contains interesting accounts of the numerous occasions when the Home was reduced to the last extremity by the want of some particular article, and when that identical article was sent to the institution in answer to prayers for it. The Consumptives' Home was started with one house, but now occupies four buildings, the purchase money for which was raised in answer to prayer. The last report of the institution shows that $50,328 have been given by friends during the last five years, and $20,105 during the past year. The Home has since its opening accommodated 331 patients, and accommodated 165 patients during the year ending September, 1869. The founder and manager conducts the affairs of the Home on cash principles, deeming, on the authority of the text "owe no man anything," that buying on credit is unscriptural. An orphan asylum supported entirely by prayer, has been in operation in England for many years, and the experience of the manager coincides in a remarkable degree with the answers to prayers recorded in the journal of the manager of the Boston Home.—*Evening Bulletin.*

The Delaware Breakwater, which was commenced about fifty years ago, has recently been completed. Most of the stone for this great national work was shipped from the Leiper quarries, in Chester county. From the year 1833, when the breakwater was raised above the surface of the water, to the close of 1867, the following vessels were sheltered behind the works: 2660 steamers, 4536 ships, 2981 barks, 24,217 brrgs, 130,242 schooners, 11,721 sloops, and 11,149 pilot boats,—total of 187,510 vessels.

Mica Spectacles.—The use of mica in spectacles, for protecting the eyes of workmen from the heat and glare of the fire, is rapidly coming into general favor, and complete masks, and even cylinders entirely encircling the head, are sometimes used for a similar purpose when a greater safeguard is required. Experiments have been lately made in regard to the manufacture of blue spectacles from this material. The best method of accomplishing this has been found to consist in the use of plates of transparent blue gelatine fixed between two layers of mica, thus protected from the action of the heat. The experiment of applying the blue coloring matter directly to the surface of the mica itself, failed in consequence of the impossibility of forming a suitable combination, but the gelatine layer, as indicated, answers all the purposes desired.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

ELEVENTH MONTH.

	1868.	1869.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	9 days.	9 days.
Rain all or nearly all day	1 "	1 "
Snow, incl'g very slight falls	3 "	5 "
Cloudy, without storms	6 "	9 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	11 "	6 "
	30 "	30 "

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1868.	1869.
Mean temperature of 11th mo., per Penna. Hospital,	46.90 deg.	41.27 deg.
Highest point attained during month	74.00 "	61.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	36.00 "	25.00 "
Rain during the month, do.	5.28 in.	3.72 in.
Deaths during the month, being for 4 current weeks in each year.	878	1094

Average of the mean temperature of 11th month for the past *eighty* years	43.37 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1849	50.00 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1793, 1837, 1842	38.00 "

FALL TEMPERATURES.

Mean temperature of the three fall months of 1868	56.36 "
Mean do do do do 1869	53.70 "
Average of the fall temperature for the past *eighty* years	54.74 "
Highest fall mean occurring during that entire period, 1866	58.61 "
Lowest do do 1827	49.33 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.	1868.	1869.
Totals for the first six months of each year	26.31 inch.	26.27 inch.
Seventh month	3.51 "	2.88 "
Eighth month	2.65 "	1.28 "
Ninth month	8.90 "	3.25 "
Tenth month	1.73 "	6.32 "
Eleventh month	5.28 "	3.72 "
Totals	48.38 "	43.72 "

Should the question be asked, "When 'did' Indian summer' occur the present year?" we fear the only definite and correct answer would be that of Echo responding "When?" As for our own part, we noted in our diary on the 2d of Eleventh month, "Indian summer commenced." On the 3d we felt disposed to erase the note. On the afternoon of the 4th we again dotted down, "Indian summer weather;" but then and there these refreshing memoranda ceased. The irregularities of the appearance of this time-honored season have been on the increase for a number of years, and it is the opinion of the writer that as time rolls on it will be numbered amongst "the things that were." The demolition of vast forests, the drainage and putting under cultivation of millions of acres of land, together with the climatic changes that have taken and are still taking place, all favor this idea.

J. M. Ellis.

Philadelphia, Twelfth month 2d, 1869.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXVI. PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 18, 1869. No. 42.

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SKETCHES OF FRIENDS.

Historical, Biographical and Anecdotal.

INTRODUCTORY.

From their rise, as a society, the "Friends, or Quakers," have been considered by other branches of the Christian church as a *Peculiar People*; and indeed, such they have ever acknowledged themselves to be.

In opposition to the teachings of the Church, in his day, the rallying cry of their great Apostle, was—"*Mind the Light.*" Those who heard the summons and followed that "Light," found it to be their "Polar Star," leading them out of the land of bondage into the liberty which the Truth gives, out of ceremonial worship into communion with their own hearts; and, in *this* respect, they were regarded as a *Peculiar People.* The singularity of dress and address which they adopted, the discarding of all attractive auxiliaries to worship, in their religious meetings; their testimonies against War, Slavery and other prominent evils, which for many years, in the face of Ridicule and Persecution, they *alone* upheld before the world; their opposition to an Hireling Ministry, (so called); their elevation of women to the position of preachers of the gospel, and managers of their own business in the affairs of the Society,—these are some of the reasons why the title of 'Peculiar" as applied to Friends, was well founded.

The fires of persecution but kindled their zeal for the promulgation of the Truth they had received, and in bye ways and high ways, in "steeple houses" and in prisons, they preached their simple but sublime Faith. Like the "leaven in the meal," silently, but powerfully, has this faith been working in the world, until now the fundamental doctrine of the Friends is being accepted as the Truth by all who profess the Christian name.

This Divine "light," which so conspicuously illuminated the early Christian Church, was at a later day obscured by the clouds of error and superstition which covered the spiritual horizon. But again, it shone forth, in its original simplicity and beauty, upon the minds of the early Quakers, who seemed to have been raised to manifest and assert its power. Though again and again it *may* suffer eclipse, if we mistake not, the intelligent creation is yet to walk in and enjoy its meridian splendor.

Such were the primitive Friends, and such, in a somewhat modified sense, were their descendants, until the spirit of discord entered their hitherto peaceful Zion. But we do not propose writing the history of these unhappy times. We delight not in controversy, and would not intentionally wound the feelings of any. Our aim thus far, has been to show that Friends were, and still are, a *peculiar people*, and to bear *our* testimony to the truth of their fundamental doctrine.

Among such a people, we can confidently look for the highest types of practical Christian life—blended harmoniously (in some instances), with wit and humor, for these two phases of character, though seemingly opposite, are really closely allied.

It is to be regretted that in the numerous biographies sanctioned by the Society, this fact is apparently overlooked, for so far as our reading has extended in this direction, we find in them but little of interest, apart from religious experience and labor. That these are important, and need to be prominently set forth, for the instruction and encouragement of those who feel themselves called to walk in the same path, is certainly true; but it is equally important, in forming a just estimate of character, that we examine it on all sides. We need to see the individual in his rounded proportions; not only as he appears at meetings, but in his every-day life—in his *humorous* as well as his serious moods. Had these things been remembered, in the compilation of memorials of Friends, we should not only have had a more faithful picture of the individual life they attempt to portray, but such books would have been more edifying to the general reader.

Surely every gift of Providence has its proper place, and humor, it seems to us, is the spice we need to prevent the attacks of mental dyspepsia. We admit its subordination to the spirit, but we insist that it be not ignored altogether—without it we would be imperfectly organized beings continually liable to drift into the "slough of despond."

From tradition we learn that the Society has produced its full share of wits, and has developed an unusual amount of eccentricity of character. The successive generations of Friends, almost from their origin, have treasured in—

"the Book and volume of the Brain"

anecdotes in proof of this position, but, as we believe, to this day they remain unpublished. To remedy this defect we have made an effort to collect such traditionary accounts of Friends as can now be obtained from the aged among them, with whom it has been our privilege to mingle, and we propose publishing in future articles selections from them.

Imperfect and fragmentary these sketches necessarily must be, but the hope is entertained that they will suggest to the mind of the reader others of a similar character, which may find their way to the light.

Among the early converts to Quakerism, were many dissenters from the established Church, and indeed the religiously disaffected of almost every class.

These brought with them into the Society diverse opinions on *minor* doctrinal points, but they seem to have been remarkably united in sentiment, as to the fundamental truth, that "God is the Teacher of His people Himself by the revelation of His will in the hearts of men," called by George Fox, "the Divine or Inner Light." This was not only a dogma to be believed, but a fact to be experienced and their unanimity was the result of this experimental knowledge. They were not satisfied with clinging to the "fringes and phylacteries of Religion," but, beholding the beauty and simplicity of this Child of Heaven, they embraced *her* with a love, the simplicity of which, in too many instances, alas! was attested by martyrdom for her sake. Thus Religion harmonized, what else had been discord—and out of this heterogeneous material the one homogenous body was crystalized.

During the life of Fox, the machinery requisite for the perpetuity and usefulness of the Society was put into operation by the establishment of numerous Religious and Business meetings. The first general assemblage of Friends, in a business capacity, took place we believe at Skipton, Yorkshire, during the year 1660, and is alluded to by George Fox as a "meeting of *men* Friends, out of many counties about business, relating to the Church, both in this nation and beyond the seas." It was from these general gatherings of Friends that letters of advice were issued to subordinate meetings, and rules were agreed upon, for the better government of the Infant Society; measures also were adopted in them for the relief of brethren in bonds for Truth's sake. Nor did their charities extend alone to the household of Faith. Sewell relates in his history of the Quakers, that the poor of other societies, in large numbers, would stand at the doors of their meeting-houses, until the business was over, when Friends would buy bread and distribute it among them.

As a sample of an advisatory letter issued by authority of one of these meetings, we have deciphered an ancient MSS. in our possession. Though rather ambiguous in some of its parts, it nevertheless contains much wise counsel, which the present generation of Friends may profit by, if they will. We give the epistle entire, which is as follows:

"From ye yearly——of ministering Friends, in London, held by adjournment ye first of 4th month, 1703; to be communicated to ye several meetings of ministers in each county of England and Wales.

"A brief memorial of some necessary things recommended *only to ministers*, in the love and wisdom of God, as caution and counsel.

"1st, Against undue and restless behaviour, under one another's ministry, whilst in ye unity of the body.

"2d, Against long, frequent and unnecessary preambles.

"3d, Against pretending to a few, or brief declarations, and apologizing for a short conclusion, and contrary-wise, prolong by several pretended conclusions, and recommending the people.

"4th, Against misciting, misquoting and misplacing the Holy Scriptures, for presenting whereof it's disired, that all those concerned be conversant in reading the Scriptures.

"5th, To be careful how those fall upon disputable points, on dialogueing, and making unfair objections such as they do not clearly answer.

"6th, Against hurting meetings towards conclusion by unnecessary additions, when the meeting was well left before.

"7th, Against all affectations of speech, tones, sounds and gestures, not agreeable to gravity affecting and seeking honor to minister.

"8th, Against undertaking and running into employments, they have no knowledge of or experience in, as Physick, Merchandizing, &c. Also to avoid an idle life, apply themselves to some lawful employment, when they return from their service, yet not to overcharge themselves, to hinder their service.

"9th, Against speaking against persons, or reporting things on hearsay without first speaking to the person, and hereby sowing discord.

"10th, To be careful to keep their whole conversation unspotted, being examples of meekness, temperance and charity.

"11th, Not to indulge themselves in that which they preach against in others.

"12th, To be just and honest in dealing, and not launch into greater trade and higher living than their estates will answer.

"13th, That their apparel, and furniture in their houses, as well as their tables, be with decency, modesty and temperance.

"14th, Against men and women travelling together as companions in service, to avoid occasion of offence thereby.

"15th, That the women Friends be careful not to hinder their Brethren in their service in meetings, and that the Brethren have charity towards the Public Women, and not discourage them in their respective service."

"16th, To beware of too much familiarity tending to draw out the affections of one another to their hurt.

"17th, Against any one running headily, in their own will, to disturb or interrupt any people in their worship.

"18th, That all be cautious of laying too great stress on their testimonies by pretending Divine motion, and too often repeating the same, to gain credit when it is not really so.

"19th, That none follow their own Spirits, and presume to prophecy against any City, Town, people or person.

"20th, That none show or expose MSS., so as to give expectation of their being printed before they are approved by the second day's morning meeting at London.

"Lastly, That ministers be careful not to make their visits burdensome, nor the Gospel chargeable; and to be content and thankful for such entertainment as they meet with among Friends.

"With tender salutations in our Lord Jesus Christ, we recommend you to His Holy Spirit. Our blessed Lord and Great Remembrancer, and safe guide into all Truth in faith and love—signed in the behalf of our yearly meeting of ministering Friends.

George Whitehead,	Ambrose Rigge,
Richard Davis,	Wm. Falowfelde,
Robert Hadock,	Ben Coole.

Having given above the result of the labors of a business meeting of Friends, in the early times, we close our article with an anecdote of what is said to have occurred at one of their religious meetings.

Tradition says that Charles II. once accompanied Wm. Penn to a Friends' meeting for worship, held in London. Penn, as we may believe, was desirous that his Royal companion should be favorably impressed on the occasion.

The first speaker—a brother—in a lengthy and uninteresting discourse, tried to show the subordinate position of *woman*, by arguing that as Christ is the head of the Church, therefore *man* must be the head of the woman—the husband the head of his wife.

After the Friend had concluded, his argument was briefly and completely answered by the second speaker—a sister—who remarked that she had read in the Book of Proverbs "a virtuous woman, is a crown to her husband," and this being so, she would ask those assembled, whether the place for the *crown*, was not *above* the *head*.

We are left to conjecture the effect produced by this unexpectedly sharp but decisive attack of the crown upon the defenceless head.

(To be continued.)

"The human being has been subjected to a stern criticism. It has been forgotten that he is as yet an infant, new to existence, unconscious of his powers; and he has been expected to see clearly, walk firmly, and act perfectly. Especially in estimating his transgressions, the chief regard has been had, not

to his finite nature and present stage of development, but to the infinity of the being against whom he has sinned; so that God's greatness, instead of being made a ground of hope, has been used to plunge man into despair."

EDUCATION.

From the Home Life: in the Light of the Divine Idea. By James Baldwin Brown.

[Concluded from page 646.)

There is no need that I should repeat what I have said already of little children, whom Christ gathered in His arms, and blessed, and of whom He said, "*Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.*" It surely is significant that as the circle of the Church widened, and its members began to enter into the closest relations with the world around them, or were perplexed as to the effect of relations which they already sustained, the apostle Paul claims the children of *one* believing parent as holy. "If any brother hath a wife that believeth not, and she be pleased to dwell with him, let him not put her away. And the woman which hath an husband that believeth not, and if he be pleased to dwell with her, let her not leave him. For the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife, and the unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband: else were your children unclean; but now are they holy" (1 Cor. vii. 12–14.) And is there not a higher and more solemn sense in which Christ claims every human child as holy, not through the accident of a believing parent, but in virtue of that essential brotherhood which He has established with every infant of the human race?

To me, the word education would be meaningless, and the thing impossible, if there were not One who can come infinitely nearer to the child's heart than we can come, and bring influences infinitely more powerful than any that we can command, to bear upon His life. The first step, the vital step, in the work of education, is to bear witness to the child of Him. Not to talk to the child about Him as a Being outside and afar off, whom the child has to seek; before whom with due reverence he has to bend, and whose favorable audience he has to entreat. There is the grand mistake. We talk to children about Christ at a distance, far off in presence, far off in nature, far off in every way. We try to dilute our knowledge of Him to suit their little understandings, and to make familiar what in its own nature is remote and dread. But He is the light shining within them; He is present in all the little conflicts which are fought out in their childish hearts. Before they felt the touch of our magnet, the attraction of His was upon them. Before our voices wakened a familiar echo, His was pleading, wooing, winning, in the inner sanctuary of their young lives. There is a light of which every little child may be made conscious, shining in the darkness within it, and striving to conquer it; showing what is right in its little perplexities; teaching it that truth is better than lies, that love is better than hate, that peace is better than strife, and that right is better than wrong. This light gives to it the sensation of an inward glow like coming out into the sunlight, when it has done the right thing, or said the true word, at the cost of some effort, or by some little sacrifice ruled a temper or conquered a fault. Teach the child that that light is Christ, the Lord of the great universe, yet present with all His glorious power to guide the first thoughts, to train the first desires, and to take part in the first battles, in a young child's heart.

You have taken the first step, the divine step, in the education of your little one, when you have taught him to connect with Christ, and to recognize as the signs of His presence, every motion to good and every protest against evil, which rises up with a strength we little imagine in young children's souls. Let the child understand that the Lord of the universe is not afar off, watching its struggles, but within, stirring and sustaining them; and there will be a boldness in following the good and resisting the evil, which in these days, when we mainly believe in a far off Christ, we too constantly miss. "Say not in thine heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down from above:) or, Who shall descend into the deep? (that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead.) .... The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart," and in the mouth and in the heart of thy little one—the Word "*Emmanuel*," "God with us;" the engrafted Word, God within. We have not then to take the child to Christ, or to bring Christ to the child; we have to bear witness of a present Christ, with the child, within the child, in all the most familiar phenomena of its moral life.

And here is the sheet-anchor of a parent's hope. It is not that, if he strives, Christ will help him, but that Christ is already before him, and is the chief teacher; calling him to help in a work, which already engages the care and occupies the thought and the hand of God. Draw forth gently the latent consciousness of that as the first step in the higher education. Unfold to the child what these inward discords, these inward witnessings, strivings, yearnings, and aspirations mean. A good Lord and a destroyer struggling for the possession of his spirit; the one pleading and striving with infinite tenderness, the oth-

er ensnaring and enslaving with constant and malignant art. Kindle the thought of the high nature of this conflict, of which the daily tasks and rounds of life are to be the theatre; reveal, or rather teach the child to recognize, the presence of a form like unto the Son of man in the field of his conflict, the furnace of his trial. Arm him, and send him forth into the battle, with the inspiring thought that he can never be alone in any extremity of peril, pain, or pressure; for, nearer to him than a mother, nearer than a brother, nearer than the most subtle tempter, nearer than the most hellish foe, is the Lord, who was within him from the beginning, and whose interest cannot be measured even by his own, in a free and noble unfolding of his life.

But there is a great danger here, against which it becomes Christian parents to be constantly on guard. It arises from the very earnestness of their desire to make their children the full sharers of the joy and the hope with which the Gospel has lit their lives. It is a grievous mistake to let "the powers of the world to come" overshadow the young spirit too soon. As Moses put a veil over his face in speaking to his children, so God puts a veil over His face in speaking to every human child. That veil is the parent, who stands to the young child in "the stead of God;" happy for the parent, happy for the child, if he can fill for the time the place of God. The light should grow on the child's conscience like the dawn, and the twilight is the parent's rule. There are parents who cannot be satisfied unless they flash the light at once in all its brightness on the young child's heart, and teach the little ones to mimic the functions and to touch the burdens which will one day try to the utmost their manly and womanly strength. The result of the process is, those ministering angels with the wings off, whom American writers first palmed upon us as human children; the vision of whom, could we see many of them about the pathways of life, would make the sad world sadder than it is. Happily, out of fiction, they are rare.

Those who rob us of the fun, the joyousness, the dash of childhood, can give us but poor equivalents in exchange. "Ministering children," early taught the gravity of a vocation, little know how they are killing manhood and womanhood, by robbing childhood of its buoyant and gleeful life; while children who catch early from a parent's contagious goodness and gentleness the love of ministry, are preparing to contribute something better than a wingless angel to the consolation and help of the world. It is a fatal mistake to press on a child's development, in order to force those early fruits, which are fair to look upon, but which quickly fade. A child's piety is one thing, a child's imitation of a man's or a woman's is another. I always tremble when I hear of those wondrously sage reflections and "good" actions, which Christian parents of a certain class delight to narrate. I fear lest the stem which bears such untimely buds should grow thin and sickly, and yield leaves only, when it should be bringing forth flowers and fruit. In a true Christian home, where the parents are taught of God, the parent's authority would long be to the child as the divine authority, and the dawn would brighten very slowly into the day. The time comes when the child begins to feel for some greater one behind the parent, and becomes conscious of the burdens and perplexities of life. Then let the parent produce his higher lessons, remembering always that it is as light, as life, as love, that the Lord reveals Himself to the soul and to the world. Were there more of this light and joy of the Lord in our Christian teaching, we might not have to mourn so constantly that the children of Christian households forsake Him, as though His names were darkness, terror, and death.

And well it is for us, in all our intercourse with and influence on our children, to remind ourselves, that there is One who holds their best interests yet dearer than we can hold them; and whose stake is yet more momentous than ours in the future of their life. He watches their every step with the most untiring vigilance, and shields their unguarded hours with the most jealous and tender care. He is nearer than their own thoughts to the spring of their actions, and haunts, as no man, no angel, no devil can haunt, the innermost sanctuary of their life.

THE BANDS OF ORION.

"Canst thou loose the bands of Orion?"—*Job.* The three bright stars which constitute the girdle or band of Orion, never change their form; they preserve the same relative position to each other and to the rest of the constellation from year to year, and from age to age. They present precisely the same appearance to us which they did to Job. No sooner does the constellation rise above the horizon, however long may have been the intervals since we last beheld it, than these three stars appear in the old familiar position. They afford us one of the highest types of immutability in the midst of ceaseless changes. When heart-sick and weary of the continual alterations we observe in this world, on whose most enduring objects and affections is written the melancholy doom "passing away," it is comforting to look up to that bright beacon in the heavens, that remains unmoved amid all the restless surges of time's great ocean. And yet, in the profound rest of these stars, there is a

ceaseless motion; in their apparent stability and everlasting endurance there is a constant change. In vast courses, with inconceivable velocity, they are whirling round invisible centres, and ever passing into new collocations. They appear to us motionless and changeless because of our great distance from them, just as the foaming torrent that rushes down the hill-side with the speed of an arrow, and in the wildest and most vagrant courses, filling all the air with its ceaseless shouts, appears from an opposite hill frozen by the distance into silence and rest—a mere motionless, changeless glacier on the mountain side.

"A gentleman reports that he once found Mr. Wilberforce in the greatest agitation, looking for a dispatch which he had mislaid; one of the royal family was waiting for it—he had delayed the search until the last moment—he seemed quite vexed and flurried. At this unlucky instant a disturbance in the nursery overhead occurred. My friend, who was with him, said to himself, "Now, for once Wilberforce's temper will give way." He had hardly thought thus, when Wilberforce turned to him and said, 'What a blessing it is to have those dear little children; only think what a relief, amid all other hurries, to hear their voices and know they are well!'"

For Friends' Intelligencer.

BLUE RIVER QUARTERLY MEETING.

Perhaps it may be interesting to Friends to have some account of Blue River Quarterly Meeting, which is held once in the year at Clear Creek, Putnam Co., Ill., and is looked forward to by us with pleasant emotions as *our* annual gathering. In our isolated condition it is to us what a Yearly Meeting is to those more favorably situated. It convened on the 27th of Eleventh month, and was quite largely attended, a good degree of interest being manifested. We had the acceptable company of Nathan Thomas and Jesse Holmes, of Iowa, with minutes from their respective Monthly Meetings. Near the close of the business meeting, at the request of Nathan Thomas, the shutters were raised. He gave us much good counsel, and also delivered messages of endearment from Friends in Iowa to those of Illinois: and the meeting closed under a feeling sense of the goodness of God, and that his Banner over us was love. The meeting on First-day was unusually large and very interesting. Words flowed forth freely to the edification of the hearers, a large portion of the concern being particularly for the young, that they might grow up as standard-bearers of the Cross in Zion, also that they might be good citizens of this great Commonwealth, and hold aloft the banner of "peace on earth and good-will to men." Some might say that we had too much preaching, but I am not one of those. To "do good and communicate" is a sacred command; and I apprehend that if it was not for a man-fearing spirit, few religious meetings would close without some one giving utterance to his feelings, even though it should be in broken accents, or in a few words fitly spoken, which are said to be "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Our meeting closed with love one towards another, many having come a great distance, and perhaps made some sacrifices in order to attend it. But we should all remember that the Christian life is made up of sacrifices and self-denial. "If any man would be my disciple, let him take up his cross and follow me."

Wenona, Ill., 12th mo. 2, 1869. D. W.

STICK TO ONE THING.

"Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel," is the language of the Good Book. Whoever expects to succeed in any undertaking must enter into it with a hearty and earnest will to do his very best. When a trade or profession is chosen, obstacles, be they large or small, must not be allowed to stand in the way of mastering that trade or profession. However much we may deprecate the old-time custom of indenturing apprentices, the system in its practical results operated almost always for the lasting good of the apprentice. Generally it insured to him a good trade and a wholesome discipline that fitted him for success in business. At the present time very many young men undertake to acquire a trade, and after a brief trial abandon it because there are unpleasant duties to be performed and obstacles to be overcome. They consider themselves accountable to no one, and go and come at the bidding of caprice, or an unsettled, uneasy mind. The result of this is to send out into the world young men who have not half learned their trades, of unstable character, who drift from post to pillar, and who succeed in nothing but strewing along the highways of life melancholy wrecks of men. We would earnestly entreat every young man, after he has chosen his vocation, to stick to it; don't leave it because hard blows are to be struck or disagreeable work performed. The men who have worked their way up to wealth and usefulness, do not belong to the shiftless and unstable class, but may be reckoned among those who took off their coats, rolled up their sleeves, conquered their prejudices against labor, and manfully bore the heat and burden of the day. Whether upon the old worn-out farm, where our fathers toiled, diligently striving to bring back the soil to productive-

ness, in the machine shop or factory, or the thousand other busy places that invite honest toil and skill, let the motto ever be, perseverance and industry.—*Selected.*

CHEERFUL PEOPLE.—God bless the cheerful person!—man, woman, or child, old or young, illiterate or educated, handsome or homely! Over and above every other social trait stands cheerfulness. What the sun is to nature; what God is to the stricken heart which knows how to lean upon Him, are cheerful persons in the house and by the way-side. They go unobtrusively, unconsciously about their silent mission, brightening up society around them with the happiness beaming from their faces. We love to sit near them; we love the glance of their eyes, the tone of their voices. Little children find them out, oh, so quickly! amid the densest crowd, and passing by the knotted brow and compressed lip, glide near, and laying a confiding little hand on them, lift their clear young eyes to those loving faces.—*National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

There have been seasons in my experience when, in answer to the query, "What hast thou lacked by yielding simple, unreserved obedience to the pointings of my finger?" I could say, "Nothing, Lord"—yet at other times my faring has differed widely, when, through weakness, consultations have been held with flesh and blood; then fears and doubts came in and weighed down the spirit; darkness surrounded me, and wormwood and gall were my only aliment. Surely in summing up these experiences, the balance is greatly in favor of obedience.

I was glad to receive thy letter; and now may I tell thee there has been a time when I could not indulge in these epistolary salutations, lest they should obstruct rather than advance the work which was on the wheel, by withdrawing in some measure the spirit's dependence from the grace of God immediately received, as being able to cleanse, strengthen and direct. Perhaps the restriction I felt was salutary at that time, but of late it has been measurably removed, and I have manifested the feeling of affectionate encouragement that has flowed forth unto some of my friends, and have received gladly their return messages of love and cheer. I fully believe, under the Divine blessing, we may be helpful to each other, strengthening the hands that are hanging down, and confirming the feeble knees, even by the revival in each other's remembrance of the blessed promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,"—a promise that is full of consolation.

All who have taken up the cross, necessarily have their trials. To be preserved in my allotment is a blessing fervently craved by one who feels her many infirmities.

We thank thee for remembering us, and not only for *feeling*, but for *expressing* an interest in our welfare. I think if our elderly Friends could realize how grateful those who are younger feel for a little attention and sympathy from them, they would be careful not to withhold the expression or manifestation of it. You have passed over the road, and know by experience the difficulties in the way; and a word of advice, counsel or encouragement directly from one we know and love and have confidence in, is more effectual, I think, than the same words in print would be. I hope thou wilt speak to us when even so inclined.

The articles in the Intelligencer to parents or on family affairs are always of great interest to me, and I presume the paper has many readers similarly situated with myself. Therefore do not fear to publish such things; they are both interesting and instructive.

Sometimes my husband and I feel that it is almost impossible to bring up our children in the way they should go; and we believe that, in order to accomplish this, it is absolutely necessary that we go in that way ourselves. So our increasing responsibilities often drive us to the Source of wisdom, when perhaps without them we would try to rely on ourselves; the benefit therefore is mutual.

Our dear friend B. is quite feeble from the effects of a cold which the doctor thought was in danger of proving to be pneumonia, and he advises that cold and damp air should be avoided; so I am afraid he will be housed a great deal this winter. He is so sweet and patient it is lovely to be with him; and I have come to the conclusion that beautiful old age is even more beautiful than childhood. The victories won, the hopes resigned, the higher hopes cherished, all help to mould and fashion the features, and make them all that the forming hand of the great Sculptor designed them to indicate.

I was very much interested in attending the meetings in P., and felt it a privilege to be with you: and I have been comforted and strengthened. Very likely we all have something to trouble us and cause suffering in our meetings, but the sweet, precious feeling which the presence of the dear Father sometimes

spreads over our assemblies, uniting us in love, though there may be differences in opinion, is surely worth more than all we have suffered.

When the veil of mortality is removed, what a joyful surprise it will be to find those who thought themselves so far apart, to be of one fold, with one Shepherd.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 18, 1869.

SKETCHES OF FRIENDS, &c.—We commence in the present number a series of essays entitled "Sketches of Friends," &c. They have had a very limited circulation in a weekly newspaper, but are worthy, we think, of a more extended one; and the writer has kindly permitted us to use his revised copy. To many of our readers there will be much in these Sketches that is not new, but the condensed and attractive form in which they are presented may commend them particularly to the attention of our younger readers.

MARRIED.

COMLY—BOWMAN.—On the 1st of Fifth month, 1867, with the approbation of Byberry Monthly Meeting, at "Pleasant Hill," the residence of the bride's mother, Lester Comly and Mary M. Bowman, daughter of Ann C. and the late John Bowman, all of Byberry, Pa.

SHALLCROSS—COMLY.—On the 7th of Fourth month, 1869, with the approbation of Byberry Mo. Meeting, at "Locust Home," the residence of the bride's father, Thomas Shallcross and Rachel W. Comly, daughter of Watson and the late Mary G. Comly, all of Byberry, Pa.

BOSLER—COMLY.—On the 6th of Tenth month, 1869, with the approbation of Byberry Monthly Meeting, at "Locust Home," the residence of the bride's father, Joseph Bosler, of Shoemakertown, Penna., and Cynthia G. Comly, daughter of Watson and the late Mary G. Comly.

COMLY—ATKINSON.—On the 28th of Tenth month, 1869, with the approbation of Pilesgrove Monthly Meeting, N. J., at "Cherry Lawn," the residence of the bride's parents, Robert Comly of Byberry, Pa., and Lydia T., daughter of Geo. T. and Elizabeth B. Atkinson.

STOKES—TYLER.—On Fifth-day, the 7th of 10th mo., 1869, at the house of the bride's parents in Greenwich, N. J., William H. Stokes of Salem, N.J., to Mary H., daughter of John and Beulah Ann Tyler.

DIED.

EDGERTON.—On the 11th of Eleventh mo., 1869, Sarah Edgerton, of St. Clairsville, Belmont Co., O., aged 70 yrs. and 12 days. The deceased was an elder and overseer of Plainfield Monthly Meeting for a quarter of a century. She was remarkably guarded in deportment and conversation, and felt a concern that neither word nor action of hers should arouse any bnt the higher, nobler faculties of the human heart. She led a humble Christian life, and in all her intercourse with those around her she labored to promote peace on earth and good-will among men. "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God."

HERITAGE.—At his residence near Upper Greenwich, N. J., on the 20th of Eleventh mo., 1869, Jonathan Heritage, in the 76th year of his age; a much beloved Elder of Woodbury Monthly Meeting. His good judgment and promptness to act, his honest life, his warm heart and kind manner, endeared him to those with whom he associated. For several months he had been seriously indisposed, and was, at times, a great sufferer, but he was patient and resigned. His trust was in God; and he died in the faith in which he lived.

HUBBS.—At Farmingdale, L. I., on the 10th of Third mo., 1865, Hannah Hubbs, wife of Selah Hubbs, aged 86 years, 8 months and 11 days; a member of Jericho Monthly Meeting and Bethpage Preparative Meeting.

HUBBS.—At the same place, on the 5th of Tenth month, 1869, Selah Hubbs, aged 91 years and 30 days; he was for many years on Overseer and Elder of Jericho Monthly and Bethpage Preparative Meeting.

WING.—At the residence of her son-in-law, Lawrence Barrow, in the town of Washington, Dutchess Co., New York, on the morning of the 29th of 11th mo., Lucy, widow of the late John Wing, in the 87th year of her age; an esteemed member and elder of Nine Partners Monthly Meeting.

BUCKMAN.—Suddenly on the 3d of Twelfth mo., 1869, Jacob Buckman, of Hartford, N. J., in the 78th year of his age; formerly of Bucks Co., Pa.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Twelfth mo. 19th, Schuylkill, Pa., 3 P.M.
" 19th, Buffalo, N. Y., 2½ P.M.
" 19th, Penn's Neck, N. J., 2½ P.M.
" 26th, Ridge, Va., 11 A.M.
" 26th, Back Creek, Va. 3½ P.M.

Circular meetings for the next three months appointed within Salem (N. J.) Quarter.

Twelfth mo. 19th, Penn's Neck, 2½ P.M.
First mo. 9, 1870, Alloway's Creek, 2½ P.M.
Second mo. 6, 1870, Greenwich, 2½ P.M.
" 20, " Port Elizabeth, 10 A.M.

CHANGE OF MEETING.

Scipio Quarterly Meeting will hereafter be held in the Twelfth month, (last Fourth-day,) at North St., Scipio, instead of Constantia, as heretofore.

A CIRCULAR MEETING will be held annually at Constantia the first First-day in Ninth month.

Scipio Monthly Meeting is now held at North St., in Ninth, Twelfth, Third and Sixth mos., the others as heretofore.

FRIENDS' CHARITY FUEL ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of Friends' Charity Fuel Association will be held on Seventh-day evening, the 18th inst., in the Monthly Meeting room of Friends' Meeting-house, at Fifteenth and Race Sts., at 8 o'clock.

WM. HEACOCK, Clerk.

THE BRICK MEETING-HOUSE.

A correspondent of the Oxford *Press* furnishes the annexed history of the Brick Meeting-house, in East Nottingham, Chester Co., Pa.:

Brick Meeting-house, in East Nottingham, built in 1724, on a lot of forty acres, a gra-

tuity of William Penn, confirmed by patent to the congregation of the people called Quakers, in 1765, under the signature of Thomas Penn, Esq., situated in a central place where six roads meet. It is now a handsome valuable property.

About 1748, the Meeting-house was burned down and rebuilt with a stone addition. Also, in 1810 it was burned and rebuilt.

When the State line was established, about the time of the Revolutionary War, it cut through East and West Nottingham townships. The southern parts were attached to Cecil county, Md., and the inhabitants became citizens of that State.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM OF PHILADA.

The first meeting of the present season was held in the Library room, Tenth month 5th, 1869, at which the usual business pertinent to an organization for the season was transacted.

But little of a literary character transpired, no arrangements for business of that nature having been made. Four questions, however, were referred, one of them being, "What influence does the atmosphere have in producing twilight?" After which the meeting adjourned for two weeks.

At the meeting held Tenth month 19, 1869, three of the questions previously referred were answered.

Dr. James L. Peirce read *The Rainbow*, by an unknown author, and two other poetical effusions. A number of questions were referred; and this being butthe second meeting of the season, the regular routine of exercises was not fairly inaugurated; and after enjoying the usual social recess, and again coming to order to hear the report of the Executive Committee, then adjourned.

Tenth mo. 26, 1869.—The Lyceum convened about the usual hour. According to announcement of last week, Annie Shoemaker read *Sir Launfel's Vision*, one of Longfellow's most beautiful poems.

Among the answers to questions that had been previously referred, was one by Clarissa Fogg, giving an interesting account of *Confucius*; one by Alfred Moore, explaining the difference between a Dictionary and an Encyclopædia; and one by Mary J. Walker, giving a description of the *Alhambra*.

A proposition introduced into last meeting as to the feasibility of establishing a *Magazine*, to be maintained by voluntary original contributions from the members of the Lyceum, was again considered, and adopted, and the Executive Committee directed to propose to our next meeting two of our members to act as its Editors.

Among the questions referred was one as to the cause of Earthquakes, and why some places were more subject to them than others; and another, whether the attributing of the drought now prevailing in India, to the stripping of that country of trees, is correct?

Eleventh mo. 2, 1869.—The Lyceum again convened at the appointed hour. After the reading of the minutes of last meeting, the usual routine of business was suspended, that the whole evening might be devoted to the lecture by T. Clarkson Taylor, of Wilmington, Del. Although neither the subject nor the speaker had been previously announced *publicly*, yet a large and appreciative audience was present. We feel that we cannot do better than add to our recollections the notes of our Secretary, almost verbatim.

The lecturer told of the wonderful things he had seen in a trip across the Continent, but more especially the attractions and wonders of the Yosemite Valley. The journey of himself and companions was accomplished under the most favorable circumstances, having under their exclusive control two "silver palace sleeping cars," which they were at liberty to attach to any train on the road, or stop over for an hour or a day at any place of interest along the route. Commencing at *Cheyenne*, he narrated many of the incidents of their trip westward from that point, describing the beauties of the flowing landscape, where the choicest plants of our eastern gardens *grow wild* in rich profusion and with extraordinary increase of size,—the noble forests that have stood for ages, and attained such enormous growth, and the picturesque lakes, whose waters are so crystal, that every thing beneath the surface is clearly discernible, and the grass and pebbles at the bottom, as well as large forest trees, or anything else reflected into them, can be readily photographed. Splendid specimens of the latter were thrown upon the screen, presenting double pictures, one-half, of course, in an inverted position; and so perfect were the lower halves, that it was difficult, if not, in some instances, impossible, to distinguish any difference in the outlines.

The magnificent waterfalls, that leap from such giddy heights, and descend in feathery foam, exhibit in the sunlight the varied rainbow tints; and the gray granite mountains arouse the feelings, in contrast of one's own diminutiveness; and while thus gazing, the whole inner being is stirred, and the soul swells in admiration and adoration of the Author of these wondrous works.

With the aid of the stereopticon, under the skilful management of Dr. Hunt, some admirable pictures of the Yosemite Valley also several pictures of some of the mammoth trees of California were exhibited. It may

be well to name a few of the scenes of especial interest: *Mirror Lake*, *Yosemite Falls*, (over 2000 feet high,) *Bridal Veil Falls*, (900 feet high,) *El Capitan*,—a solid perpendicular rock a mile in height and nearly the same in length The *North Dome*, 5000 feet, and the *South Dome*, 6000 feet high, &c., &c. Every view was pleasantly described, and in language not to be misunderstood by any. We doubt not but that many passed from the evening's entertainment instructed and with feelings elevated.

On the evening of Eleventh month 16th, after the reading of several answers to questions previovsly referred, Dr. Jas. L. Peirce proceeded with an interesting and instructive lecture on *The Eye*, stating that the eyes of all persons are about the same size, while they differ, of course, very much in the lower animals. Avoiding all unnecessary technical terms, he described in intelligible language the different portions of the eye,—viz., the iris, the retina, the humors, the muscles, &c. He gave the causes of *squinting*, and urged the importance of prompt attention to effect a cure. He feelingly alluded to the perfectness and completeness of all the works of the Creator, and endeavored to draw the attention of his audience from the beautiful in nature up to Nature's God; and in closing, quoted a sublime "Apostrophe to Deity."

After the usual social recess, followed by some discursive remarks and the assignment of questions for the ensuing meeting, the company adjourned. J. M. Ellis.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

Extracts from "G. Frost's New Exposition of the Leading Facts of Geology." Selected by the Author.

THE ORIGIN OF PETROLEUM AND COAL.

(Continued from page 651.)

The advocates of the vegetable theory further teach that during the carboniferous era, when coal was supposed to have been formed, vegetable life abounded to a degree of unexampled exuberance, which opinion is held by geologists generally; whereas the vegetable fossils of that period indicate that the floral creation during that geological era was more meagre, we have reason to believe, than during any subsequent period.

The plants and trees of that era were mostly the brake or fern, the bamboo or reed, and a species called "Sigillaria." The brake is well known to be one of the most worthless of vegetables, and said to be incapable of supporting any form of animal life. The reed or bamboo, although attaining to considerable dimensions, contained but little carbon, and the Sigillaria, so far as its characteristics have been ascertained, contained about as little carbon, in proportion to its size, as either of the foregoing. The richly carbonaceous forest and fruit trees, which now abound in all the known regions of the globe, give no fossil evidence that they had as yet been spoken into existence.

The futility of the vegetable theory will be more apparent by reflecting upon the improbability that these perishable specimens of vegetable life could, by any agency, have been collected into reservoirs, and to have remained there sufficiently long without decay, and in quantities sufficiently great to form the extensive coal-beds which abound in various parts of the earth.

It has been estimated that fifty successive generations of these sigillaria would be required to form a coal-bed one foot in thickness. Allowing fifty years for the growth and maturity of these trees, twenty-five hundred years would have been needed to form a coal-bed of that depth. The question then presents, why did not these and similar trees of that era follow the ordinary course of vegetable life, and having attained to their usual age and dimensions, decay, dissolve, and commingle with the earth, out of which they grew. The doctrine that these perishable specimens of vegetable life should have remained undecayed thousands of years, upon and near the surface, preliminary to their forming coal-beds, appears too futile to merit a protracted discussion.

Another argument against the vegetable theory is that it pre-supposes the necessity of protracted eras to produce a sufficient accumulation of vegetable substances, and the conversion of those substances into coal, whereas geological phenomena indicate that the formation of coal-beds may have been completed during a comparatively brief space of time. Thus, vertical stems of trees have been discovered in coal measures, standing in their natural position, with their tops piercing up through the superincumbent sandstone formation.

This condition indicates that these trees had rooted and grown before the first layer of coal was deposited around them, and, moreover that they maintained their upright condition during the time the coal and sandstone were being deposited.

It may therefore be perceived that if the coal which surrounded these vertical stems or trunks had been formed of vegetable matter, then these vertical stems would have been converted into coal also; because the agency which converted the other vegetable matter into coal must necessarily have operated with equal potency upon these vertical trees. A clearer evidence of the rapid formation of coal measures could scarcely be

desired than what is furnished by the discovery of these and similar trees standing upright, and piercing through successive stratums of the coal measure.

Instead, therefore, of needing the lapse of untold ages to deposit these several stratums of coal, sandstone, &c., herein described, it is obvious that the entire process in these instances was accomplished within the ordinary lifetime of one of these trees; or the still briefer period which occurred between the death of the tree and its decomposition.

(To be continued)

From the Independent.

ON GOING SURETY.

Ought a man ever to go surety for another? Why not? It is a most friendly act. If prudently done, it may be of the most eminent benefit to a neighbor. It gives him the benefit of your good reputation when he is not known. It lends him your credit where his own is not sufficient. It puts him in funds which otherwise he could not command. Such service to a friend is generous, and sometimes even noble. No better use can be made of one's money than to help a true friend. We are commanded to "remember those in bonds as bound with them." To be sure, this was originally applied to bonds of a different kind, but with not a whit more propriety than to pecuniary bonds. A man who, by a few thousand dollars, can save his friend and perhaps his family, from bankruptcy and want, could hardly spend his money in a manner which, all his life long, he would remember with more satisfaction.

But, there are certain moral and prudential considerations which should always be borne in mind in going surety for a friend. You should make up your mind *how much property you have, and how much property you are willing to give away* absolutely, for that friend for whom you indorse. For no blunders can be worse than to indorse on the supposition *that you will not have to pay.* Never indorse without saying to yourself, "This may come round upon me. I *may* have to pay it; and if it comes to that, I am able and willing." Nine out of ten of the fatal mistakes made by bondsmen arise from taking the opposite course to this. They consider the act of indorsing a friend's paper as a mere commercial form. "There is no risk. I shall not have it to pay. He is abundantly able to take care of his paper. I shall help him without harming myself, and he is a stingy man who will not do that." This is the calculation in which a man binds himself to pay a friend's debts in case the friend cannot pay them himself.

But how do these things turn out? One need not go far to ascertain! Every village has an illustration. The borrower was more involved than you supposed, or, perhaps, than he himself knew, and his creditors closed on him and wound him up, and overjoyed to find such a good name as yours on his paper. Or, the sanguine scheme on which he had ventured, which seemed sure of success, almost without possibility of failure, suddenly, like a loaded wagon, slipped off wheel and upset into the dirt! Or, just as everything was at the point of success, your friend sickened and could not look after his affairs, some critical matter was neglected, or some dishonest person stepped in and crooked matters; your friend died, the estate went into executors' hands for settlement, was badly managed, warped and crooked, and finally turned out insolvent.

And what became of you? Why, you were surety for the full amount of what you are worth! In an hour you find yourself confronted with debt that sweeps away your house, your farm, your little sum in bank, and leaves you just where you began twenty-five years ago, with this difference, that then you had only yourself to provide for, now you have a wife and eight children.

Then you were twenty-five years old, and life was all before you, and now you are fifty years, and life pretty much behind you! You have given away your children's bread. You have not yet saved your friend, but have ruined yourself! Perhaps your friend had settled on his wife a small property. So much the better for her, if he had. Of course *she* will divide with you, since it was to save her husband, that you were ruined. But, if she will not (and human nature is made up of shaky stuff;) and her children go to school, while yours stay at home; and if they live in a comfortable house, pleasantly furnished, while you are hiring a few rooms in the cheapest quarter of the town, then I suspect you will chew the end of a great many bitter reflections.

When it is too late, you will be very wise. You will say to yourself, it may be, "A man is a fool who signs for any larger sum than he can conveniently pay." Amen, say I!

"Before a man puts his name down on another man's paper, he should ask himself, Am I willing to *give* this person as much money as I sign for?" Amen, say I!

"To sign a bond on the supposition that it is a mere form, and that you will have nothing to pay, is to put one's head into a fool's noose." Amen, again, say I!

There is no harm in signing for a neighbor if you have got the property; if you are able to pay the amount without harming your own household; and if you love the man for whom

you sign enough to be willing to GIVE him outright the sum covered by your indorsement. Otherwise, to go surety for a neighbor is a folly, a sin and a shame.—*Beecher.*

THE PRICE OF TRUTH.

Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth,
Such as men give and take from day to day,
Comes in the common walks of easy life,
Blown by the careless wind across our way.

Bought in the market, at the current price,
Bred of the smile, the jest, perchance the bowl;
It tells no tales of daring or of worth,
Nor pierces even the surface of the soul.

Great truths are greatly won. Not formed by chance,
Not wafted on the breath of summer dream;
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

Not in the general mart, 'mid corn and wine;
Not in the merchandize of gold and gems;
Not in the world's gay hall of midnight mirth;
Nor 'mid the blaze of regal diadems.

But in the day of conflicts, fear, and grief,
When the strong hand of God, put forth in might,
Ploughs up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,
And brings the imprisoned truth-seed to the light.

Wrung from the troubled spirit, in hard hours
Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain;
Truth springs, like harvest, from the well-ploughed field,
And the soul feels it hath not wept in vain.

FEAR NOT, I AM WITH THEE!

BY "J. M. H., JR."

"Fear not, for I am with thee, O, be not dismayed,
I am thy God, and will still give thee aid!"
Hymn.

Fear not, I am with thee. Oh, bright with the morn,
Those heart-cheering words so gently will steal
O'er a bosom by sorrow distracted and torn,
And bright as a glittering sunbeam reveal
The power so blessed our Father has given,
To save us from evil and lead us to Heaven.

Fear not, I am with thee! bright, too, at eve,
When twilight insensibly carries the mind
To our innocent days, and memories weave
A Spell of the Past—'t is then that we find
A balm, sweet and healing, comes over the heart,
Its comforts, its soul saving grace to impart.

Fear not, I am with thee! brightly, when night
With her dark, gloomy shroud steals over the earth,
And the beautiful stars, with their quivering light,
Twinkle, far off, in Heaven—Oh, let us pour forth
A Song to our God, a Hymn full of praise
To Him who has watched o'er our wild erring ways.

Fear not, I am with thee! at morn, noon and night,
Those words have a meaning, a feeling, a power,
That over the soul throws a Heavenly light
To protect us in many a sorrowing hour;
And our hearts trust in Him, who so often hath said,
"Fear not, I am with thee! Oh, be not dismayed!"

Little drops of rain brighten the meadows.
Little acts of kindness brighten the world.

From Good Health.

THE STRUCTURE AND CARE OF THE EAR.

The Structure. How low down in the animal creation the sense of hearing extends, is not possible positively to say. It seem probable, however, that some at least of th insect tribe possess it. But it is first in ani mals like the lobster that an ear, though the simplest construction, can be distinct shown to exist. By careful looking, this ea may be found at the upper part of the secon pair of feelers, in the lobster or the crab, an it consists of a very small bag, filled with watery fluid, and covered in externally by strong membrane. On the internal surfac of this bag a nerve spreads itself out, whic nerve carries the effect of the motions of th fluid to the brain,—such brain as the creatu has. A nerve and a little bag of water, a cessible to the vibrations of the air, constitut an ear, and however complicated the ear ma become in the higher animals and ourselve as we shall see that it does, it always retain this character: it is at the bottom a bag watery fluid and a nerve. The next step to wards making the ear more perfect is on that might well seem to be the way to destro it altogether; it is the putting stones into it and these stones once put in are never agai left out. They are present, though in th form of a very fine powder, in the innermos part of our own ears. But they are not al ways a fine powder; sometimes they are ver large bony masses, especially in the less per fect ears, such as those of fishes. The ear stones (Otoliths) may be easily found in cod's head, lying a short distance behind th eye and within the skull; they are dens white bodies, often nearly an inch long, of flattened oval form, and grooved upon thei surface. Their object is to make the vibra tions of the fluid contained in the bag mor powerful. If we fill a bladder with water and give it a gentle tap, we may feel a tremulous motion run to and fro within it. But if we put into it a few marbles, and then tap it these will give a much more distinct sensation. But by examining a cod's or salmon's head (which may be cooked,) not only may the ear-stones be discovered, but also the ear-bag. And it will be noticed to have a very remarkable form. It is no longer, as in the lobster, a mere roundish bladder; at first sight it might almost be said to resemble a large white spider. It has a body and limbs, but the limbs are peculiar. From the central sac, which consists of two portions, there pass off three tubes, which return to the sac again, near the point from which they start. At one end each tube has an enlargement; it seems to swell out into a bulb, and here, as well as in the central sac, the nerve is dis-

tributed. Now because these tubes pass from the sac and return to it again, the sac is called the "vestibule," or *common hall;* and the tubes are called the semi-circular canals (though they are not exactly semi-circular:) and this with another superadded part continues to be the form of the nervous portion of the ear in all animals and in ourselves. The superadded part is like a shell. It consists, like a common snail shell, of a tube winding around a central axis, and growing larger as it winds. The reason for this form we shall see hereafter. Birds and mammals and man possess it, though birds have it in a less perfect form. In them it is a curved tube something like a small boat and not spirally arranged. Because, however, it is for the most part in the form of a spiral shell, t is called "the cochlea."

The sac, the three tubes, the spiral canal, hen, make up the nervous part of the ear,—*estibule, semi-circular canals,* and *cochlea,*. A vonderful structure, undoubtedly; and so the natomists who first discovered it thought; or they called it *the labyrinth.* We will peak more of it by and by; for the present 'e will return to our codfish.

Though he, in common with the rest of his ind, hears very well, there is no external gn of his having any ear at all. The sac nd its canals, with the auditory nerve exanded within them, constitute his whole organ of hearing, and they simply lie in conact with the inner surface of the skull. There no membrane to receive vibrations from ithout, and pass them onwards. The reason this is that water transmits vibrations so owerfully,—much more powerfully than air, to solid bodies, that the bones of the fish's ead suffice to convey sounds to the nerve. xcept the whale, and the other water-inhabitg mammals (which have ears like their airreathing fellows, though somewhat modified,) imals which habitually live in water hear rough the bones of the skull; and their ear nsists only of the nerve and the membrane ed with fluid on which it is spread out. t for air-breathing animals this would not ffice. The air passes on its vibrations to the ull far too feebly to serve the purposes for ich hearing is needed, and accordingly an paratus is required for conveying the vibraons of the atmosphere, which constitute nd, to the nerve appointed to receive them. is apparatus answers to the transparent rts of the eye, which afford a free passage he light, and it is the second or outer por- of the ear. It has many forms in vari- classes of animals, but all are framed n one plan, and it will suffice if we debe it briefly as it is met with in ourselves. The outer ear, though probably not without a certain amount of use, appears to exist in man chiefly for beauty's sake. In many animals, however, it is of great importance, being, in fact, a natural hearing trumpet. Humboldt relates that, in South America, the troops of wild horses that traverse the country divide themselves, as regards the direction given to their ears, into three sets. Those which lead the van direct them forward, those in the centre turn them to the side, and the hindmost set them to the rear; so that the whole troop is made aware, in the acutest way, of danger threatening from any quarter.

The passage which leads inwards from the outer ear is slightly curved, and in adults is about an inch and a half in length; in children, however, it is much shallower, having a depth in the infant of scarcely half an inch. It is of oval form. and about its centre is furnished with a broadish ring of small glands which secrete the light brown semi-solid substance known as the ear-wax. At the bottom of this passage is fixed the membrane, commonly called the "drum of the ear," but not correctly; a drum being not a membrane, but a hollow space closed on one or more sides by membrane. The membrane to which the external passage leads constitutes the outer side of a cavity hollowed in the bone, which cavity is the drum of the ear, and contains several important parts. First, there is the membrane itself, a beautiful structure, made up of fine fibres, some radiating from the central part to the circumference, others arranged in concentric rings; and it is lined on the outer side by a very fine layer of skin, and on the inner by an equally fine layer of cellular membrane. It is almost transparent, and though moderately strong, is little thicker than gold-beaters' skin. Being kept gently on the stretch, it thrills to every whisper, and two small muslces keep it in the most delicate adjustment to each varying impulse with which the air comes laden. One of these muscles draws it tighter, the other loosens it, by acting upon a chain of very small bones, which pass, suspended as it were in mid-air, and swinging with every breath, across the drum, from the membrane to the nerve. This chain of bones answers two purposes: First, it receives vibrations from the membrane, and conveys them to the labyrinth; and secondly it adjusts both the membrane and the fluid which surrounds the nerve, to the various kinds and pitches of sound by which they are affected. Besides the membrane already described, there is a second smaller membrane opposite to it; that is on the inner wall of the drum, which closes in the spiral canal before mentioned, in which one part of the nerve is spread out. The use

of this second membrane is not yet fully determined. Lastly, a tube leads from the drum into the throat, called, from its discoverer Eustachius, the "Eustachian tube." The use of this tube is twofold. First, it supplies the drum with air, and keeps the membrane exactly balanced, and free to move, with equal air-pressure on each side; and, secondly, it carries off any fluid which may be in the drum, and prevents it from being choked by its own moisture. It is not always open, however, but is opened during the act of swallowing, by a little muscle, which is attached to it just as it reaches the throat. Most persons can distinctly feel that this is the case, by gently closing the nose and swallowing; when a distinct sensation is felt in the ears. This sensation is due to a little air being drawn out of the ears through the open tube during swallowing; and it lasts for a few minutes, unless the air is again restored by swallowing with the nose unclosed, which allows for the moment a free communication between the ear and the throat. We thus see a reason for the tube being closed. If it were always open, all the sounds produced in the throat would pass directly into the drum of the ear, and totally confuse us. We should hear every breath, and live in a constant bewilderment of internal sounds. At the same time the closure being but a light contact of the walls of the tube, easily allows a slight escape of air *from* the drum, and thus not only facilitates and regulates the oscillations of the air before the vibrating membrane, but provides a safety-valve, to a certain extent, against the injurious influence of loud sounds.

(To be continued.)

HORTICULTURE FOR GIRLS.

Miss Marwedel, recently of Hamburg, Germany, formerly Principal of the "School of Industry for Girls," author of "Why We Want Co-operative Industrial Schools," etc., has undertaken to establish in Ithaca, N. Y., a horticultural school for girls. Mr. Cornell has made a generous grant of land, and President White, of Cornell University, has proffered to the students a free use of the University lectures.

This school is to be a co-operative institution, for which shares are to be issued of $5 each, in order that persons of small means may secure an interest in it, while the wealthy can show theirs by taking a larger number.

On these shares not more than five per cent. dividend will ever be declared, all other profits accruing being devoted to the school or pupils, or to pay back the capital.

The object of this school is to give an industrial as well as a literary education, and so to organize work that it may serve for intellectual as well as physical activity. Th industrial instruction will not be wholly co fined to horticulture, but be extended, as o portunity offers, to other branches of busine and manufactures, such as women can appr priately carry on.

A well-ordered business will at once be o ganized, that the school may be, as soon possible, self-supporting.

A liberal gentleman of New York, M Andrew S. Fuller, has promised to suppl ment Mr. Cornell's kindly grant by supplyin a large quantity of seeds and plants, and w are assured that many other horticulturis will also contribute largely.

The culture of fruits, flowers, and veget bles, the collecting of seeds for the marke preserving fruits, arranging bouquets an wreaths, and possibly the keeping of bees, ca be begun as soon as there are pupils an teachers enough secured.

The admission fee for pupils for the yea will be ten dollars; the instruction will b free, their board to be paid by work.

A course of two or three years will be ne essary to secure a diploma.

The officers of the school will consist of th principal and teachers of the various branc es taught in the institution, a practical ga dener and assistant, with the needed domesti help, whose knowledge and capacity shall b such as to fit them to instruct in their re spective duties, it being the design to enabl the necessary work to be performed by th pupils alone at the earliest practicable pe riod.

The course of instruction will include bota ny, the propagation and culture of plants agricultural chemistry and economy, hygiene practical drawing, one or more foreign lan guages, chorus singing, housekeeping an needlework, and whatever of technical knowl edge may be rendered necessary in order t carry on the industries undertaken.

As soon as the institution becomes self supporting, and there is a surplus of earnings as in the dressmaking and milliner-house, an in the army clothing factory (London), afte the payment of the dividend agreed upon, an securing of such portion of the improvement as may be needed in the institution, the pupil shall each receive a proportionable share.

The pupils must bind themselves not t leave before the time agreed upon, except fo good reason, by consent of the faculty. A stipulated sum will be required, as a forfeit if this rule is infringed.

The capital that has been estimated a necessary for the enterprise will be fifteen thousand dollars.

It is hoped it will owe its existence to the benevolent co-operation of that part of the

public that believes in the necessity and desirableness of giving industrial as well as literary education towomen.

The first great object to be attained by such schools is the doing away with charitable institutions, which demoralize whenever they are resorted to, while co-operative labor elevates work and the individuals who engage in it.—*Christian Register.*

A SIMPLE ORNAMENT.

A very pretty mantel ornament may be obtained by suspending an acorn, by a piece of thread tied around it, within half an inch of the surface of some water contained in a vase, tumbler or saucer, and allowing it to remain undisturbed for several weeks. It will soon burst open, and small roots will seek the water; a straight and tapering stem, with beautiful glossy green leaves, will shoot upward, and present a very pleasing appearance. Chestnut trees may be grown in this manner, but their leaves are not as beautiful as those of the oak. The water should be changed once a month, taking care to supply water of the same warmth; bits of charcoal added to it will prevent the water from souring. If the little leaves turn yellow, add one drop of ammonia into the utensil which holds the water, and it will renew their luxuriance.

LIGHT IN THE EAST.

The latest law of which we have heard as promulgated by the Sultan, will reach to the very roots of Moslem institutions, if fully carried out. We mean the law lately announced ordering a system of public instruction for Turkey. This system provides for two classes of schools—primary ones and high schools, as we should call them. Attendance at the primary schools is compulsory, and the methods are prescribed by which parents shall be compelled to send their children to them. These are class schools, and are distinct for the Mohammedans and the Christians. But the higher schools, which are intended to prepare pupils for the lyceums, a higher grade yet, are mixed, and Christians and Turks are mingled together in the alembic of a common education. Provision is also made for a normal school of a high order. And what is, perhaps, as extraordinary as any circumstance attending this action, is that compulsory primary education applies to girls as well as boys. If this scheme be thoroughly carried out—on which, unhappily, we cannot count with absolute certainty—it is the beginning of a radical revolution in the political and religious institutions of the Turkish empire.

The Turkish government has felt for a long time the necessity of doing something to revive the energy and increase the intelligence of the masses of the population. The decay of the Ottoman Empire since the days of Amurath and Solyman the Magnificent, could not be shut out by the closest seclusion of the palace or the harem from the eyes of the Sultan. And he could hardly fail to see that it was despotism and superstition, making life and property uncertain, and erecting fatalism into religion, that made the difference between his subjects and those of the least advanced even of the other monarchs of Europe. This was, no doubt, one main reason that induced Mahmoud II., the father of the present Sultan, to change the old picturesque costume of his people for one resembling that of the nations round about. Doubtless the Sultan Mahmoud thought to renew the effete spirit of his people by this assimilation of their apparel to that of more progressive nations. But the life of a nation, no more than of a man, does not lie in its raiment. And such external changes as these were signs only of dilapidation and decay.

The Sultan Abdul Aziz has had a clearer perception of the necessities of the case; which, probably, he owes to his greater intercourse with Christian nations. He has advanced to the knowledge that civilization does not proceed from without a man to within him, but from the mind and heart to the external life and its surroundings. The cup must be first cleansed. He is, therefore, making a wise endeavor to improve the manners, morals, and material civilization of his subjects, by compelling them to acquire the elements and the means of knowledge, in the confidence that thus he will in time renew and regenerate them. It is the more laudable in a despotic monarch like the Grand Turk to use his absolute power thus, because a prince that has the intelligence to make this attempt must also perceive the revolution which a higher intelligence must ultimately bring upon himself or his dynasty. It is true that the Sublime Porte is not likely to survive long enough to see the issue of this experiment; but it is not the less creditable to the Sultan that he has set it on foot.—*The Independent.*

THE LAST OF THE NARRAGANSETTS.

A correspondent of the Providence *Evening Press* gives an interesting account of a recent visit to the remains of the once powerful Indian tribe, the Narragansetts, now found in Rhode Island. They are chiefly confined to the town of Charlestown, and own about one-seventh of the whole territory of that town. In 1833 there were living in the town one hundred and ninety-nine Narragansetts, besides about fifty who were living elsewhere.

Only seven of these were pure Narragansetts, and only fourteen were even half bloods. The others were mixed bloods and mongrels, with a large infusion of negro blood in their veins.

At present there are only about a hundred Indians of all kinds in the town, and only one pure blood among them all. The men are chiefly farmers, fishermen, and stone masons: and those who are industrious get a good living. But idleness and shiftlessness are dominant characteristics; and their lands, which were originally good, are much exhausted and quite unproductive. A considerable quantity of the land is owned by the tribe in common, say about a thousand acres; and the private lands of the Indians exceed a thousand acres.

As long as the State allowed it, the Indians continued to sell their private lands for trifling sums, often for whiskey; but now no Indian can sell his land without the consent of the State.—*Evening Post.*

THE FIRST FRIENDS.

They were at a word in dealing, nor could their customers with many words tempt them from it, having more regard for truth than custom, to example than gain.—*W. Penn.*

Hume, in his History of England, describing a Friend, says: "He never asked more for his wares than the precise sum he was determined to accept. This maxim is laudable, and continues still to be religiously observed by that sect."

ITEMS.

The experiment of lighting the gas-lamps by electricity, was recently made in this city, the lamps in Independence Square being used for the purpose. The battery was stationed in the Central Station, and the lamps were lighted and extinguished successfully several times, wires leading to each burner.

The Value of Little Things.—From time immemorial, the British government have always caused a red worsted thread to be woven into the cordage manufactured at their roperies. The object of this thread is to prevent pilfering, and to facllitate the recovery of stolen property. One fine morning it struck a poor man in Chatham dockyard that a jute thread would do as well as one of worsted. The experiment was tried. The rope with the jute thread in it was tested in a variety of ways, by being exposed to salt water and the weather for a sufficiently long period, and the result was that worsted was abandoned. Such is the magnitude of government transactions that by simply substituting that thread of jute for one of worsted, Great Britain saves £1,800 a year forever, or at least as long as British ships want rope.

Strength of Spider's Silk.—It may surprise some to learn that while a bar of iron, one inch in diameter, will sustain twenty-eight tons, and a bar of steel of the same size, will sustain fifty tons, a bar of spider's silk of the same dimensions, will sustain seventy-four tons. This is based upon a calculation that a fibre of silk one four-thousandth of an inch in diameter, will sustain fifty-four grains.

Wonderful Rapidity of Photographic Action.—The image of the full moon can be fixed in less than one-fourth of a second, and that of the sun instantaneously. According to the experiments of Mr. Waterhouse, a space of time no longer than one twenty-seven-thousandth of a second is required to fix the solar image. Even this small fraction, however, inconceivably short as it appears, is a tolerable length of time compared with that in which photographs are taken by the electric flash. The duration of the illuminating sparks, according to the beautiful and trustworthy experiments of Mr. Wheatstone with his delicate chronoscope, does not exceed the millionth part of a second, and yet a clear and distinct photographic image is obtained by a single electric discharge. By this means may be shown the real form of objects to which a deceptive appearance is given by their rapid movement. If a wheel on whose side any figure is drawn in conspicuous lines be made to rotate with the greatest possible velocity, the figure will present to the eye only a series of concentric bands of different shades. Let it now be photographed while in motion by the electric flash, and the wheel will appear stationary with the figure perfectly well defined. A vein of water issuing from a small orifice, which appears to the eye as smooth as a stem of crystal, if seen or photographed by the light of the electric discharge, is shown to be composed of drops variously disposed, and of various forms, some being elongated, others flattened, and others almost spherical.—*Living Age.*

Expensive Hearing.—The story has been often repeated—and sometimes denied—that Dean Swift not unfrequently found his only auditor of his cathedral service to be the clerk, and that he accordingly began the exhortation with "Dearly beloved Roger," instead of "Dearly beloved brethren." Some of the London churches are nearly in the like case. A correspondent of the Church Times spent one Sunday morning (not very laudably, we must admit—he certainly might have been more devoutly engaged) in going from church to church and counting the attendance. The result in fourteen churches is thus set down in tabular form, with the clergyman's stipends:

	Annual value.	No. present.
St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield,	£680	40
St. Anne and Agnes, St. Anne's-lane,	226	25
St. Michael de Querne, Foster-lane,	300	closed
St. Mary Magdalene, Old Fish-street	330	18
St. Nicholas, Cole Abbey, Old Fish-st.,	370	closed
St. Benet, Paul's Wharf,	254	6
St. Nicholas, Queenhithe, Thames-st.,	260	11
Allhallows, Bread-street,	382	3
St. Martin Pomroy, Old Jewry,	410	1
St. Margaret Moses, Bread-street,	287	3
St. Peter's Le Poor, Old Broad-st.,	1,725	20
St. Martin Outwich, Bishopsgate.st.,	1,100	6
St. James, Mitre Square,	300	20
Allhallows with St. Benet, Lombard st.,	650	9
	£7,074	162

A public opinion that can sustain an established Church burdened with such statistical demonstration of the worse than waste of its revenues, may be relied on to sustain any thing. We do not believe that a generation which has seen the disestablishment of the Irish Chuch will leave the English establishment unshaken.—*The Methodist.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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SKETCHES OF FRIENDS.

Historical, Biographical and Anecdotal.

(Continued from page 659)

In the preceding sketch we alluded to the early establishment of Quaker meetings in England, both for worship and discipline. In 1689 there were (says George Fox), "twenty-six Yearly Meetings in the world." The number of Friends who emigrated to the *then* wilds of America, brought with them from the mother country the same devotion to the Truth and faith in its ultimate triumph over error which had characterized them at home. Many of them in a true missionary spirit, crossed the Atlantic, on their labor of Love, feeling themselves commissioned to proclaim the "glad tidings" which they had heard, that others might share with them "the great salvation." Wherever they travelled, there they preached and labored. When persecuted by professors of the Christian name, they found protection among the simple-hearted children of the forest. To such as claimed to be Christians, but manifested not the peaceable spirit of righteousness, they were specially sent. Anne Austin and Mary Fisher were the first ministers of the Society of Friends who visited our country. They landed at or near Boston in 1656, and preached and suffered for Truth's sake. On the barren soil of New England did these women plant the seeds of Religious Liberty, even among the tares of Puritan bigotry and persecution. Others followed them, whose blood, though unrighteously shed, but nourished the seed thus sown, which took root and grew; and to-day in free America, all of us may worship in peace beneath the protecting branches of this tree of Liberty, with "none to molest or make us afraid."

The Friends were among the first settlers of New Jersey. It is believed that their first religious meeting was established in 1676, at Salem. The following year Burlington Friends met for worship under a *tent*, which they continued to use for this purpose, until the completion of John Woolston's frame house. This and Thomas Gardner's house were then successively used for religious purposes until the *meeting-house* was built in 1696. The first *Monthly* Meeting at Burlington of which we have any account, was held on the 15th of the 7th month, 1678. On the 28th of 6th month, 1681, was organized the first Yearly Meeting at Thomas Gardner's house, at which time, the establishment of a woman's meeting claimed the attention of Friends. The first "Burlington Quarter" was held at the house of William Biddle, 4th mo. 2d, 1682. In 1711 it was concluded to hold these Quarterly Meetings alternately at the Burlington and Chesterfield Meeting-houses, but up to that time the Biddle house was used for the purpose.

It may not be out of place, even in this Quaker community, to state for the information of the uninitiated, that the *business* meet-

ings of Friends, as now held, admit of the following classifications:

The *Preparative* (the smallest), arranges business for the Monthly Meeting to which it is subordinate.

The *Monthly*, next in importance, is accountable to the "Quarter," which latter is answerable to the Yearly Meeting, the highest tribunal of the Society.

In some places, a "half year's" meeting is substituted for the annual assembly.

The only officers of these meetings are a clerk and his assistant, who, without fee or reward, record and preserve the proceedings. No votes are taken, but questions are determined by "the sense of the meeting," a phrase expressive of general unanimity. When serious differences of opinion arise, a postponement of the subject before the meeting in a spirit of brotherly condescension is the usual result.

The book of Discipline or outward law of the Society, consists of Advices, Rules and Queries, which, from time to time, have been approved by Yearly Meetings as conducive to the well being and good government of the body.

We shall briefly quote from the discipline issued by authority of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting in 1719, as it is interesting to note the progress made by the Society since that time; for in their present code of Laws, much here quoted has been discarded by the Friends as unnecessary.

"Overseers or other *weighty* Friends are admonished to deal with all such as are given to excess of drinking, swearing, cursing, lying . . . . or other unseemly and scandalous practice. Also, with such as run races, either on horseback or on foot, who lay wagers, or use any gaming, needless or vain sport or pastime, and, such as accustom themselves to smoking tobacco indecently and too publickly, or in streets, highways or other publick places of general or promiscuous resort."

Such also, old or young, "who, when come to meetings, do fall asleep, go out and in frequently or otherwise disturb the meeting."

"Such as sell, barter or exchange directly or indirectly to the Indians, Rum, Brandy or any other strong liquors, it being contrary to the care Friends have always had since the settlement of these countries, that they might not contribute to the abuse and hurt these poor people receive by drinking thereof, being generally incapable of using moderation therein, and to avoid giving them occasion of discontent, it is desired that Friends do not buy or sell Indian slaves; also, that none among us be concerned in fetching or importing negro slaves from their own country or elsewhere. . . . . ."

"Such as accustom themselves, or suffer their children to use the corrupt and unscriptural language of *you* to a single person or to call the days, weeks or months by the names given them by the Heathen in honor of their Idols, it being contrary to Scripture and our ancient testimony."

"Friends are advised at marriages to have great care therein, and use all endeavors everywhere more and more to break from and avoid that offensive and unsuitable custom of large provision of strong drink, cakes, &c., &c.; the formal and frequent servings thereof. This indecent and indiscreet custom and practice has run to such excess, that invitations being made to greater numbers than their own or their neighbors houses can contain, the very streets and open places are made use of for the handing about *burnt wine* and other strong liquors; and besides the indecencies above mentioned, the custom of waiting for the last that will please to come, though never so unreasonable, and the formality of repeated servings to each, breaks in upon another decent order among Friends, of keeping to and observing the time appointed."

There are no "Queries'" in the MSS. copy of the discipline from which the above extracts are taken. Some years later, Friends revised their book of the law and instituted the "Queries" as at present used.

It is related that on one occasion when the answers to these "Queries" came up to "Burlington Quarter" from its branches, Egg Harbor meeting answered in reference to the query, "Are Friends careful . . . . . to restrain those under their direction from reading pernicious books?" "*Friends are clear of reading books.*" Some one present remarked on the peculiarity of the answer, and thought there must be a mistake.

Edward Cathrall, (an ancient Friend living in Burlington), said in reply: "Friends, we had better let it pass, I guess it's pretty near the truth."

One thing we know, that whether Friends as a body were clear of *reading* books or not, they certainly were not exempt from the charge of writing them, as we shall attempt to show.

The early Friends used all lawful means at their disposal to disseminate the Truth they had received; to dethrone Priestcraft with all its attendant evils, and inaugurate the reign of Religious Liberty. "With malice toward none, and charity towards all," they attacked Principles, not men; error, not those who embraced that error. Severe they sometimes were in denunciation; never cruel in practice. Claiming to be the Oracles of God, they spake as they were moved by the Holy Spirit; and when, from any cause, they

were unable to bear their testimony to the Truth, by word of mouth, they wielded the pen in its defence. No marvel is it that the Power which emanated from this united band of Christians has helped the world onward.

Indeed, it has long been our settled conviction that *every* religious organization has its mission of good to perform. To its keeping is committed a share of Truth, adapted to the wants of those minds which are attracted to it. The rise of such a people is the outgrowth or expression of a spiritual need, and, manifests the guiding hand of Omnipotence, working in and through His children, for the upbuilding of His Kingdom in the Earth, and it seems to us, that if this fact were more generally recognized, we should have more of Christianity and less of Sectarianism in the community; but we lament the existing state of things and are compelled to say with the Poet Hood,

"Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the Sun."

In this liberal spirit let us revere the memory of these faithful laborers in the Lord's vineyard, even though we may feel bound to dissent from some of their cherished views, or feel ourselves called to work in other fields of labor.

It is a surprising fact, that during a period of forty-eight years, (from 1652 to 1699, inclusive), this little band of busy reformers issued over four thousand books, pamphlets and papers. In this estimate, many anonymous publications without date are omitted, although they bear the impress of that age. Some of these writings are in defence of the doctrines and testimonies of Friends; others are the simple-hearted relations of individual experiences, and not a few are addresses to the King or Parliament in behalf of their brethren or sisters in bonds for conscience sake, or in explanation of their refusal to comply with the requisitions of government in the matter of Oaths, Tythes and the maintenance of the established church, &c.

Our space will not permit of any extended notices of Friends' Books or their authors, but we propose giving titles of a few of these earlier publications, together with a list of some prominent writers in the Society during the first half century of its existence, which we trust will be of service to those readers curious in such matters. The names will be fonnd arranged in alphabetical order for easy reference and are taken principally from the recently published valuable "catalogue of Friends' Books," by Joseph Smith, of London, England. This catalogue is in two vols., octavo, each containing about one thousand pages; and is intended to contain the titles of all the writings of Friends from the foundation of the Society to the present time, together with such brief biographical notices of their authors as are accessible. The work is an interesting one, and its compilation displays great industry and research on the part of Joseph Smith. It will be found to be a valuable acquisition to the library of every Friend.

George Fox is known to have been the author of more than three hundred of the writings above alluded to, and, as some others without name or date have been traced to his pen, he may, perhaps, be justly considered as the most voluminous writer of all the early Friends. A few of his most prominent works passed through several editions, and were translated into other tongues, and several of them were *written* in the Dutch language.

The first four productions from his pen, and which are believed to be the foundation of all Quaker literature, are as follows:

"To all the Ignorant people, the Word of the Lord, who are under the *blind guides, the Priests*," (Anonymous, and without date.)

"A paper showing why we deny the Teachers of the World." 1652

"An exhortation to those who contemn God's Power." 1652

"To the Parliament of this Commonwealth." 1652

The above works are here given in the order in which it is supposed they were written:

In 1656 he issued "A Proclamation from the King of Saints, Christ Jesus."

In a book he published in 1660, called, "A Battle Door for Teachers and Professors, &c.," he introduces "Several bad, unsavory words gathered forth of certain School Books, which have been taught Boys in England." No doubt, his mind was exercised for the proper education of youth, and the thought of these "unsavory words" induced him, in 1673, in connection with his friend, Ellis Hookes, to publish the first Friends School Book, of which we have any knowledge. This must have been a popular work, as it passed through six editions, the last being printed in 1726. It had the following curious title: "Instructions for Right Spelling, and Plain DIRECTIONS for reading and Writing True English, &c.—With several Delightful Things very useful and necessary for young and old to read and learn."

In 1676, he sent forth a paper addressed to all Magistrates and People in Christendom, And elsewhere; To Turn from the Persecuting Mind that Destroyes People's Bodies and Estates, for not conforming to Your Religion and Worship. And that you may Receive the Mind of Christ, as the Apostles did, who

came to Save Men's Lives and not to destroy them; and to rebuke them that would destroy Men's Lives and Estates. By George Fox."

As the most prominent works of this remarkable man have been extensively circulated even in our time, it seems unnecessary to give their titles here.

William Penn was another conspicuous author and preacher among Friends, most of whose writings are doubtless familiar to the reader, but it may not be generally known, that his first publication appeared anonymously, in the year 1667, and was entitled, "The Spiritual Bee; or a Miscellany of Spiritual, Historical, Natural observations, and occasional occurrencyes, applyed in Divine Meditations, By an Vniversity Pen" The following year (1668), he boldly pnblished the following: "Truth exalted; in a short but sure Testimony against all those *Religions, Faiths* and *Worships* that have been formed and followed in the darkness of Apostacy. And for that Glorious Light which is now risen and shines forth in the Life and Doctrine of the despised *Quakers*, as the alone good Old Way of Life and Salvation, Presented to *Princes, Priests* and *People*, that they may repent, believe and obey. By William Penn, the Younger, whom Divine Love constrains in a holy contempt, to trample on EGYPT'S glory, not fearing the King's Wrath, having beheld the Magisty of him who is invisible." In 1675 this work was translated into Dutch.

Most books written by the early Friends have curious titles, as will be seen by the following specimens. "Man hath had his day, but it is nigh over; the day of the Lord is dawned; the Sun is risen over all the cedars of Lebanon, and over every green tree; and over every thing that is high and lifted up. Written in the *Name of* the Lord, therefore, there is no need of the *man's name*. Written 17th day of the 10th month, 1663." (Supposed author, John Perrot.) "A Lamentation over the House of Israel. This is to be published throughout all *Israel*, that they may all know what the Lord hath said concerning them. This is not to be *sold* for silver nor for *gold;* For unto *Thee*, this book is *free*, without *monie*." (anonymous, no date.) "Something in plainness, delivered to the Beloved Seed, as it bubled, or rise up through the Earthen Vessel." (No name or date.)

"Yet one warning more to Thee, O England, Together with a very Tender Lamentation with bowels of Compassion and Mourning yet over thee, O Land! By one through whom the ETERNAL, POWERFUL and HEAVENLY VOICE is uttered and sounded forth as a Trumpet, &c." (Daniel Baker, 1660.)

"A CLOUD of Witnesses! With whom I also appear, to bear Testimony That Christ Jesus is the word of God, and not the Bible, which is called the Scriptures. Written by him who is known by the name of *Henry* Clark." (1656.)

In 1675 John Fenwick wrote a book with a curious address, beginning as follows: "Friends, these are to satisfie you or any other, or any other who are sober, and are any wise minded to go along with me, and plant within my Colony that we shall no doubt find, but that New Cesaria or New Jersey, which is the place which I did purchase; together with the government thereof is a healthy, pleasant and plentitul country; according to the report of many honest men, Friends and others who *has* been there, and the character given thereof by John Ogilly in his America, which I hereinwith send." The same "year is issued 'a Testimony agt. John Fenwick concerning his proceeding about New Caesaria, or New Jersey in the Province of America;' also John Fenwick's letter of condemnation sent to Friends, *upon their testifying agt. his proceedings.*"

A List of some Prominent Authors among Friends from 1652 *to* 1699.

John Audland and wife, Robert Barclay, William Bayly, George Bishop, Edward Burrough, Thomas Chalkley, Richard Claridg, Stephen and Thos. Crisp, John Crook, Wm. Dewsbury, George Fox, George Fox, the younger, Benjamin Farley, Ellis Hookes, Leuke Howard, Francis Howgill, Richard Hubberthorn, George Keith, Thomas Lawson, Martin Mason, James Nayler, James Parke, Alexander Parker, James Parnell, William Penn, Isaac Penington, John Penington, Edw. Penington, Ambrose Rigge, Wm. Sewel, Wm. Smith, Thos. Story, Humphrey Smith, Christopher Taylor, Thomas Taylor, George Whitehead, John Whitehead.

WOMEN.—Judith Bowlbie, Katherine Evans, Jane Fearon, Sarah Featherstone, Margaret Fell, (afterwards wife of Geo. Fox,) Abigal Fisher, (wife of *Hallelujah*,) Mary Penington, (wife of Isaac,) Rebeckah Travers, Dorothy White.

(To be continued)

VICE.—He who gives himself to vice must inevitably suffer. If the human law does not convict and punish him, the moral law, which will have obedience, will follow him to his doom. Every crime is committed for a purpose—with some idea of future personal pleasure; and so, just as sure as Heaven governs the universe, so surely does a crime, although concealed, destroy the happiness of the future. No matter how deeply laid have been the plans of the criminal, or how desperately executed, suffering in some shape pursues

him like a bloodhound, and tracks him to his fate.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

In reading the welcome editorial in No. 31 of the Intelligencer, my attention was arrested by an incident in the experience of the Friend who was visiting isolated members and those attached to our principles, but not in membership with us. I believe it is not an unfrequent incident in the experience of all concerned Friends who are awake to the opportunities that surround them, to do the Master's bidding; I allude to her not being able fully to respond to the necessities of those she visited, nor give freely of the gifts with which the Good Father had endowed her, and with which her heart was filled; and why? Because a rule of man, adopted for a wise purpose, and still valuable in its place, was allowed to usurp the place of the "Inward Light" and cause her to withhold that which it prompted her to give. I may be mistaken, but it has seemed to me that the object of such rules as exist, requiring ministers to have a minute of permission before appointing a meeting, is, so far as it is cautionary, intended to prevent their holding meetings representing the Society without its consent, and for which it might be held responsible. This rule was adopted, I think, at a period of unsettlement in the Society, when its principles were not clearly defined or generally understood, and when those prominent in it were far more active than at present, in promulgating what they believed to be its principles. In addition to this restraining intent, it was evidently to furnish ministers upon religious visits, with minutes of sympathy and concurrence, opening the doors of religious fellowship and welcome, without hesitation or distrust, and strengthening the hands of the laborer. This purpose is probably now by far the most valuable one, and it may indeed be queried whether in the well-settled reputation of the Society, and its compact, well-drilled organization, it would not be best that it should be the only one, leaving all at liberty to obey the voice of God in their souls, untrammeled by forbidding law, subject to their responsibilities as members, for any violation of the liberty granted. With the fields everywhere waiting for laborers, with a soil possibly better prepared than ever before for the sowing of the good seed, that will bring forth the peaceable fruits of the kingdom, it would seem as though all ought to be encouraged to increased watchfulness for the intimations of Divine Guidance and a faithful following of its leadings, rather than be hampered with the laws of fallible humanity. I know, I think, the danger of having no law, but fear we do not always keep human law in its proper place, *subject* to the Divine revelation of duty, otherwise could any (as they often seem to be) be cramped in their labors of Christian love?

Much of this train of thought has sprung from the knowledge of the condition of our weaker meetings, as well as of neighborhoods where there are no meetings, but abundant room for religious labor, coupled with a belief that we *must* awake to do the work that will surely be given us, if we are faithful, or we will become extinct as a Society and add another to the list of those that have arisen in the Light but through the enervating effects of abundant earthly blessings, have forgotten the Giver, become weary in well-doing and gone down into darkness. Is not the query pressing upon us, whether we can do our duty and simply keep the law as the young man had done, or whether we, like him, are not required to subordinate all our possessions to the service of the Master?

If Friends' were as anxious to spread the truths of religion now, as they were in earlier times, surely not only would all our own members be frequently visited, but also people willing to hear, would have the glad-tidings of the Gospel freely given them; numbers, probably equal to our membership, who are inclined toward us, but are resting just outside of the organization, would gladly join us in our labors of love. Thousands who are sick of creeds and dogmas, and loth to feel that religion is only to be found within their embrace, would receive the peaceful doctrines of the blessed Jesus, when presented in their simplicity and purity and become happy followers of His precepts. Something has robbed us of our care and anxiety to promulgate the precepts of Love, Humility, and Honesty, as against their opposites; something prevents our earnest upholding of a practical belief in the presence of God's power in the human soul,—revealing to it all requsite knowledge to enable it to do His will, as against the doctrine that our only source of divine knowledge is the Bible, or to the disturbing of the apathy or luke-warmness so generally prevailing. Whatever the causes of this luke-warmness, they are responsible, or we through them, for the decline in our Society, and the dearth of pure, spiritual teachings throughout the world.

Upon all sides we may find seekers after that which is true in religious doctrines, some earnest, some weary and despondent, some simply rebellious against the untruths called truth; upon every side we find our brothers steeped in sin; sorrow and suffering abounding; wretchedness and darkness about us, and we, professing the highest and purest re-

ligious faith in the world, walking too heedlessly through it all, intent upon preserving our robes untainted from contact with sinners, or in gathering together treasures on earth. I believe there are humble followers of the Redeemer, who in the light and opportunity they have, are living lives of purity and usefulness,—giving their mite into the holy treasury and laying up their stores in heaven; but there are other thousands, generally of higher profession, who need to awake to the great purpose of their lives; who need to use their mental powers, their money and their opportunities, *less* for self and *more* for the benefit of their fellow-man,—remembering that "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," is still the language awaiting those who love their neighbors as themselves.

Do I believe there is, or may be, a revelation of God's will concerning me, in my own soul? If I say I believe, do I listen to know that will? If I go selfishly through life with a closed ear—with the door of my heart closed against the knockings of the Saviour, and still say "I believe," am I not worse than the infidel whom I pity? Let us bring these questions home to our own souls;—ministers, elders, old, middle-aged, and young, may ask them, for none are excused, because a brother or sister fails in his or her duty, or fails to live up to his or her profession. Let us all remember that Jesus taught by example and precept, charity, love and forbearance, one towards another; that he taught us to go out into the world, the by-ways and hedges, to call all to the wedding-feast, that all might enjoy the presence of the Master and partake of the good things He has prepared for them. His life was spent in doing good to the bodies and souls of men, teaching love to God and man, and the forsaking of sins; do we attempt to follow the example thus set us? We may put these questions aside now, but the time is coming to each, when they cannot be put aside, nor can we escape our reward for the deeds done in the body. P.

Richmond, Ind., Tenth month, 1869.

Time for Self-Culture.—It is asked, how can the laboring man find time for self-culture? I answer, that an earnest purpose finds time, or makes time. It seizes on spare moments, and turns fragments to golden account. A man who follows his calling with industry and spirit, and uses his earnings economically, will always have some portion of the day at command. And it is astonishing how fruitful of improvement a short season becomes, when eagerly seized and faithfully used. It has often been observed, that those who have the most time at their disposa profit by it the least. A single hour in th day, steadily given to the study of some inter esting subject, brings unexpected accumula tions of knowledge.—*W. Ellery Channing.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

WORDS FOR THE AFFLICTED.

The year that is now near its close, has probably been marked by continuous physical suffering with many, but at times has not the mind in holy resignation soared above affliction in "the glorious liberty of the sons of God." No fetters of the clay tenement could bind the pure spirit to the gross things of earth, but on pinions of faith, it mounted as to "the third heaven," where was heard a voice uttering the language of comfort and cheer, too sacred to be repeated to the human ear. Then, again, in seasons of depression, the same sweet voice has whispered, "Fear not, I am with thee, be not dismayed, I am thy God."

Some are deprived of outward vision, but the glorious sun of righteousness illuminates the chambers of the heart, and, strengthened by its enlivening beams, those thus afflicted can wait "all the appointed time until their change come."

Each state being thus met and ministered unto, we may well query "what shall we render for all these benefits." Let it be thanksgiving and praise, with a willingness to bear patiently our allotted portion, and in turn speak a word in season to the weary fellow traveller.

This is the desire which pervades the heart of the one who now addresses you, one who has been borne along with the current of human affairs for a long series of years in a shattered craft, but having had the good Pilot on board, under His guidance the billows have been safely passed over, and the little bark still floats on.

May all who are tried from whatsoever cause, bear in mind that there are bounds set to every sublunary thing; no less to what seems hard to bear, than what is sweet to enjoy.

> "He to our every trial knows
> A just restraint to give,
> Attentive to behold our woes,
> And faithful to relieve."

With the New Year that will soon open upon us, may there be a renewed effort to live so closely in accordance with the divine mind, that we shall be prepared for the heavenly garner whenever the reaper may be sent to gather us.

12*th month.* Sarah Hunt.

That alone can be called true refinement which elevates the soul of man, purifying his manners by improving the intellect.

TRAINING THE CHILD

The *Herald of Health* has an article on this important subject, by Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, concluding as follows:

In training the child the slightest variation of the truth should be promptly corrected. Falshood in any and every shape must be forbidden. The child should feel that his whole soul is so adjusted to truth, that he must walk in its light. He should be taught to feel the meanness and the cowardice of falsehood as unworthy the character of man. This great cardinal virtue firmly rooted in the child will become the foundation of all other manly virtues.

He should be early taught the sacredness of his word. If he makes a promise, however trivial, he should be held to it. He should be taught punctuality also, and be made to see that he has no right to waste his own time, far less that of another. These things belong to the great moral code which no one can violate with impunity. I would train a child to that forecast and considerateness for others that he would not endanger the safety of the passer by, even in the street, by casting the parings of fruit upon the sidewalk; or offend his taste by scattering the shells of nuts, and spitting in a railway car. I would train him to keep all expressions of sickness and pain, and physical necessities of every kind, religiously in the background. He should learn that while the aims of life should be high, and the moral sense pure and noble, the sense of the beautiful is just as essential a part of a true life as an honest sense, and that, while we should ourselves aim to present the best aspect of human virtues, we should no less avoid obtruding our crude, undeveloped humanities in the eyes of society.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

The secret breathings of my soul have been that we may be strengthened to leave the things that are behind and press forward toward the mark set before us, that through a purification of heart we may be fit temples of the living God. I fear I am sometimes too impatient for immediate perfection—that which the saints experience, and which is only to be known through entire obedience to divine requirings and baptism of spirit.

When I view the sublime perfections of our blessed pattern, and the faithfulness of the little band of disciples, walking with an eye of faith as through the wilderness of life, enduring the scoffs and revilings of the wicked, I can acknowledge the beauty of holiness, and ardent desires arise that I may not shrink from performing the little that is manifested as my duty, and that the Almighty Father of the universe, without whose notice not even a sparrow falleth to the ground, may be pleased to view each sacrifice as a thread in that robe which His sanctfied children wear. Were it not for the blessed promises I have already received, I should sometimes faint by the way, but they again and again revive in that power which gave them forth.

"Little by little will I drive them out from before thee, and thou shalt inherit the earth." This is one by which I have often been encouraged when a besetting sin has arisen, and I have said how shall I conquer this enemy? I shall never become perfect. The garniture of this transitory world is so alluring, that it is difficult to separate ourselves from its fleeting pleasures. Its influence is so great that attention to the monitions of the divine voice can alone loose us from thraldom, and fit us for that glorious inheritance which is the portion of the pure in heart. Let us look forward with an eye of hope to that period, when having accomplished our day's work we may hear the language "well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into everlasting rest."

I esteem it a favor to be so kindly remembered, and desire to bear the turnings and overturnings of that Hand which can alone prepare me for those duties I am called upon to perform. I have learnt but little in the way of redemption, but I have cause thankfully to acknowledge the mercy and goodness of my Heavenly Father in some especial manifestations of His love for me, and I pray that I may be crucified unto the world and the world more and more unto me. As yet, I have not been tempted to desire to return again into Egypt, and hope I never may. I am sensible I have left a wilderness of briars and thorns. It never cost me so many sighs as it has some others to leave it, for which I often feel a little surprise for a moment, and then I gratefully acknowledge, surely an overruling Providence has made it thus easy for me to leave the slippery paths of pleasure.

I was much interested in what Abraham Lower said yesterday in our meeting. It exactly suited the state my mind was then in, for I had thought my soul would experience an immediate emancipation from evil, and was earnestly supplicating to be permitted to enjoy the Divine Presence in that degree that is experienced only by the obedient. While I was thus engaged, Abraham arose and spoke of the impetuosity of desire after *extatic enjoyment*, that was felt by some, when it might be that it was not the food designed by the Great

Giver of all good, but that He might intend they should be able to bear testimony from what they had themselves experienced, of His power to sustain, even when a fast was the allotted dispensation. He then added, "what greater glory could man desire, than to work out his redemption by the means appointed, and he encouraged those to whom he spoke, to wait quietly and trustingly under the present allotment."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 25, 1869.

The British Friend of 12th month has been received, and from it we take an article entitled "Wait," accredited by that paper to Kitto's Illustrated Bible.

We notice the Editors have selected from Friends' Intelligencer, "Let every one sweep before his own door," a paraphrase written for our periodical. To this we do not, of course, object, but feeling particular ourselves to acknowledge the source whence our selections are made, we expect the same courtesy extended to us.

Several articles are laid over for want of room.

We intend, in a future number, to give further extracts from "The Home Life,"

DIED.

BROWN—At Cornwall, on the 12th of Twelfth month, 1869, Rebecca Brown, in the 82d year of her age.

FLITCRAFT—On the 17th of Seventh month, of paralysis, at Aaron Borton's, Mullica Hill, Gloucester county, N. J., Grace A. Flitcraft, widow of Isaiah Flitcraft, in her 87th year. A member of Piles Grove Monthly Meeting.

PETERSON—On the 19th of Eighth month, near Mullica Hill, Gloucester county, N. J., of congestion of the brain, Joseph B., son of Charles L. and Sarah B. Peterson, aged 18 months and 11 days.

WALTON—In Highland township, Chester county, Pa., on the 30th of Eleventh month, 1869, Nathan P. Walton, M. D., in the 35th year of his age.

WARNER—On the 6th of Eleventh month, 1869, Elizabeth Warner, of Bristol, Bucks county, Pa., in the 80th year of her age.

It would be difficult to record the death of one who has given greater evidence through a long life of those Christian virtues, patience, meekness, kindness, forbearance, and that charity which crowns the whole, than our departed sister, the harmonizing influence of whose spirit was sensibly felt throughout her household by others than her own family.

HOUSE.—At Marlboro, Chester Co., Pa., on the 10th of 11th month, 1869, Phebe T. House, widow of the late Benjamin House, in her 83d year. Patience and cheerful endurance under much bodily suffering marked many years of the life of this beloved and valuable Friend. Her interest in the welfare of our religious Society was unwavering, and while able to attend meetings she was rarely absent. In the capacity of an elder, she was as a nursing mother to those whose tottering steps needed the extension of a hand of help, and a word of encouragement was often feelingly administered to such as were ready to halt. In this way her motherly interest in others was often manifested even after physical infirmities confined her to her own home. When the summons came she was found waiting.

Received, through Hannah Stevenson, on behalf of Westfield Preparative Meeting, N. J., Thirty-five dollars, for the suffering Freedmen of Washington.

RACHEL W. M. TOWNSEND,
N. W. cor. 18th & Arch Sts., Philada.

Emmor Comly has received from A. S., Fairbury, Ill., $5.25, and from three little children, Fairbury, Ill., 75 cts.—total—$6.00—for the benefit of the Indians.

12*th mo.* 14, 1869.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Twelfth mo.	26th,	Ridge, Va., 11 A.M.
"	26th,	Back Creek, Va. 3½ P.M.
First mo.	2, 1870,	Macedon N. Y., 11 A.M.
"	"	Penn's Manor, Pa., 10 A.M.
"	"	Frankford, Philada., 3 P.M.
"	"	Evesham, N. J., 3 P.M.
"	"	Providence, Del. Co., Pa., 3 P.M.

Circular Address to Friends within the limits of New York Yearly Meeting, by the Executive Committee of the First-day School Association.

As we are engaging in the work of establishing First-day schools, we are aware of the fear entertained by many Friends, that it may conflict with our principles by opening a door upon merely outward forms and ceremonies: But, we believe, if rightly conducted, they may be made instrumental for good, and meet a want which our Society at present seems loudly to call for. For many years there has been an indifference manifested by a majority of our young Friends, which must prove fatal to our continuance as a Society, unless arrested by a call to renewed life, and a deeper investigation and appreciation of our pure principles. It is well-known that for a long time, Friends' Meetings everywhere have been gradually diminishing in numbers; in some places only kept up by the more elderly members, and wholly discontinued in others. We believe a prominent cause of this condition may be found in the fear which has existed, that by attempting religious instruction, we may give to the young mind an undue bias towards outward forms, and thus we are rapidly approaching the other extreme, where we are made sadly conscious of increasing apathy.

Reading the Scriptures aloud has been much neglected in Friends' families, or, when read, the children are not assisted to understand them. The same is true of Friends'

Books, which, if rightly selected, would gradually familiarize the valuable principles of our Society to the mind, and imbue the hearts of the young with a true love and reverence for them. From this neglect there has grown the apparent disaffection which arouses us to a consideration of our present state, and we earnestly desire our investigations may be in the light of Faith, believing in and trusting the sacred promise "Ask, and ye shall receive."

The youthful mind is impressive and inquiring, and the religious element early seeks a channel for its love. This, we know, is delicate and even sacred ground to touch; but here we should not leave the children unaided, but lovingly and prayerfully travail with them—"for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." In the belief that, if rightly entered into, our labor in First-day schools will be blest to the children and to ourselves, we desire to call the attention of Friends generally to the engagement. We are sensible that it is a serious undertaking, and that those who engage in it should approach it in humility and with a deep sense of their entire dependence on Divine illumination for ability to perform the task. The teaching of Jesus in Galilee and Judea, exhibits the vital truths of religion which children intuitively appreciate and reverence; and we would endeavor to present these as the principles preached by George Fox and early Friends—beautiful and attractive in their purity and simplicity—wholly unadulterated with bewildering Sectarian Creed. The reluctance manifested by many Friends in giving encouragement to this movement, emanates, we think,

Firstly—From a fear that the concern may have originated, and will be carried out too much in the "will of the creature," that we may go forward without being duly qualified for the work.

Secondly—Friends have regarded "Sunday schools," as they have been conducted for the past fifty years by the so-called Evangelical Churches, as a potent engine of Priest-craft for enslaving the minds of the people, and have apprehended with us a tendency to imitate the teaching of these schools, which would beget a submission to theological dogmas—to outward forms, and to a worship of the letter. Doubtless, both of these objections are worthy of serious consideration, and suggest evils to be carefully avoided; but they seem to apply less to the work itself than to the manner of carrying it out. Referring to the first objection, we can only say, the cause being a good one, we believe there will be persons raised up and duly qualified for it; each one closely watching within his own temple to use rightly the talent committed to his care, remembering

"We must be true ourselves,
If we the truth would teach."

In regard to the second objection, it would seem, that the existence of schools inculcating erroneous views, should make it more imperative upon us to endeavor to study and inculcate trnth. Many youug Friends are in the practice of sending their children to "Sunday schools," and ere the parent is conscious of the objectionable influences, the mind of the child is becoming fixed upon doctrines which lead it away from simple truth, and elaborate the path which is so plain.

While we are thus pleading for the children, the concern is not less anxious for ourselves—that we, of this age and generation, may enter more closely into self-examination, and strive faithfully to peform our individual duties as they open to us;—not resting upon the faith of those who have gone before us, but seeking for light and strength to make us living members of the Church. Too many of us having a birth-right membership, have been floating, as it were, upon the surface of the Society, indifferently enjoying its privileges, and heedless of the great beauty and power of its religious belief. In view of the necessity which this presents, many Friends in different localities have organized Social Meetings to promote a more careful reading of the Scriptures, and are endeavoring to arouse inquiry upon subjects which cannot fail to awaken interest and rivet the thoughts more closely to the examination of those principles, which were established by our forefathers through much suffering; and we, who are reaping in the rich harvest-field sown by them, are inexcusable if we too are not found earnestly seeking, and, when directed, "sowing with a generous hand." Wherever these reading meetings have been organized in connection with First-day schools, we believe a benefit has re-acted upon both young and adult classes.

Having thus presented the concern, which lies weightily upon the minds of many Friends, we hope the older and more deeply experienced will see their way clear to unite in the work and lend an encouraging influence, while they still maintain a guard over the ardor and enthusiasm of the young and impulsive. Deeply and fervently we desire our minds may be directed to the light of God in the Soul which alone will aid us aright in this undertaking; and we trust the walls of our Zion will be preserved, and our Society continued to be a blessing to those within the fold and a light to future generations of the world.

Jacob Capron, 1172 Broadway, N. Y.,
Lydia A. Lockwood, 142 Fort Green Place, Brooklyn, *Clerks.*

Should Friends in any neighborhood proposing to organize a First-day School Association, desire any information regarding the manner of proceeding, or as to where suitable books for the use of First-day schools may be obtained, communications may be directed to the address of the Clerks, or to either of the undersigned, Committee on Correspondence.

JOHN L. GRIFFIN, 660 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.
EFFINGHAM COCK, Chappaqua, Westchester Co., N. Y.
SARAH H. BAKER, 223 East 32d St., N. Y.
MARY HAVILAND, 83 State St., Brooklyn.

A Meeting of the Executive Committee will be held on Sixth-day morning, the 21st of First month next, at 8½ o'clock, at the Meeting-house, on Rutherford Place and 15th Street.

A General Conference at 9 o'clock.

P. S.—The Managers of Swarthmore College propose holding a meeting at the Meeting-house mentioned above, on Fifth-day evening, the 20th of First month, at 8 o'clock.

"WAIT."

ISAIAH xlix. 23.

Thirty years ago, before the Lord caused me to wander from my father's house, and from my native place, I put my mark upon this passage in Isaiah, "I am the Lord: they shall not be ashamed that wait for me." Of the many books I now possess, the Bible that bears this mark is the only one that belonged to me at that time. It now lies before me; and I find that, although the hair which was then as dark as night, has meanwhile become a "sable silvered," the ink which marked this text had grown into intensity of blackness as the time advanced, corresponding with, and in fact recording, the growing intensity of the conviction, that "they shall not be ashamed that wait for thee." I believed it then; but I know it now; and I can write *probatum est* (it is proved) with my whole heart, over against the symbol, which that mark is to me of my ancient faith.

"They shall not be ashamed that wait for me." Looking back through the long period which has passed since I set my mark to these words—a portion of human life which forms the best and brightest, as well as the most trying and conflicting in all men's experience—it is a joy to be able to say: "I have waited for thee, and have not been ashamed. Under many perilous circumstances, in most trying scenes, amid faintings within and fears without, and under sorrows that rend the heart, and troubles that crush it down, I have waited for thee; and lo I stand this day as one not ashamed."

Old scholars and divines were wont to write or paint on the walls of their studies some favorite sentences from the sages of old, or some chosen text of Scripture. Those inclined to follow this custom could not do better than write up this one word, "Wait." It is but a monosyllable, yet it is fuller of meaning than any other word in the language, and it is applicable to all ages and to all circumstances. At the first slight view, merely to "wait" seems so simple a thing that it is scarcely entitled to be called a grace; and yet larger promises are made to it than to any other grace, except faith; and hardly, indeed, with that exception, for the grace of "waiting" is part of the grace of faith—is a form of faith, is, as some would describe it, an effect of faith, or more strictly, one of its most fruitful manifestations.

Great and singular is the honor which God has set upon patient waiting for Him. Man, seeing not as God sees, sets higher value upon his fellow's *active* works, the bright deeds of days or hours. God values these also; but He does not assign them the same pre-eminence which man assigns them; He does not allow them any pre-eminence over the constant and long-enduring struggle with the rising of the natural mind, which is evinced in long and steady waiting under all discouragements for him, in the assured conviction that he will come at last for deliverance and protection, although his chariot wheels are so long in coming.

It requires but little reflection to perceive that the Lord's judgment in this matter is better than man's. *Active* virtue brings present reward with it. Apart from the encouraging applause it obtains from some—more or fewer—it is attended with a pleasurable excitation of spirits in the mere sense of action, as well as in the hopes and aspirations connected with it. There is nothing of this in mere patient waiting, day after day, through long years perhaps, and it may be in dust and ashes, until the Lord shall *manifest* towards us His love, His sympathy, His care. But to rest thus in the assured conviction that He will do so—to do Him the credit of believing that nothing less than this is His intention toward us—is a tribute rendered by faith to His honor, a tribute which He holds in most high esteem, and which He does most abundantly recompense. This recompense such faith needs; for it is a quality of the Christian character, which, as God only can understand it, finds little encouragement but from Him. It receives, less than any other, the outer sustainment of man's approval and admiration.

It is also eminently conducive to the completion of the Christian character in its peculiar qualities, to nourish that habit of constant looking to the Lord, of constant depend-

ence on Him, of vital faith in Him, or constant readiness for Him, which is far more precious in His sight than all the gold, frankincense, and myrrh of which men could make oblation to Him. It is therefore no marvel that this passive form is that chiefly, both for their soul's good and for His own honor, in which God has in all ages seen fit to exercise His servants, from ancient Abraham down to the youngest son of Abraham's faith. Let us take comfort and encouragement from these most true things.

Art thou plunged deep into troubles from which the hand of man will not, or cannot save thee? Or does thy soul lie in the deep waters from which no man can draw thee forth? "Wait on the Lord, and He shall save thee;" and cry to Him, "Thou art the God of my salvation; on Thee do I wait all the day."

Is thy good evil spoken of among men, and thy name cast forth as evil among those who once delighted in thee, but who now seek to lay thine honor in the dust? Fear not. All will be right anon. Thy Vindicator lives, and will ere long bring thee forth in white robes, free from all the stains that men strive to cast upon thee. Remember that thy Lord suffered all this, and much more for thee. Remember "the Lord is a God of judgment. Blessed are all they that wait for Him."

There are two bitter enemies of man's true life—the world without him, and the world within him—the world in his heart. The conflict is sometimes terrible, and thou dost sometimes feel as one left without strength, and thy hands fail, and thy heart grows faint. What is this but to teach thee where thy true strength lies, and to cast thee off from every other? "Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart. Wait, I say, on the Lord."

Sometimes the discouragement is deeper yet. We live under the hidings of our Master's face. He seems to have covered Himself with a thick cloud, which our sight cannot pierce, and which our prayers cannot pass through—they fall consciously short of their aim, and come back to the dull earth flat and unprofitable. But be of good cheer. This cannot last forever, nor last long. Only "rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him;" and be assured that "the Lord is good to them that wait for Him;" and although it may be that now, for a little while, thou liest void of strength, and almost lifeless upon the ground, yet, amid this chilliness, still wait—though wounded, wait; holding fast the conviction which his promise gives, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint."

To have waited for the Lord, He allows to constitute a claim to His tender consideration for us. "Be gracious to us; we have waited for Thee." And no one ever yet could truly say, "I waited patiently for the Lord," without being enabled rejoicingly to add, "And He heard my cry. And in that day of full fruition of all we have waited for, shall we not, out of the fullness of our replenished hearts, cry with exulting shouts to all that pass by: "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us: this is the Lord; we have waited for Him, we will be glad and rejoice in His salvation."—*Kitto's Bible Illustrations.*

Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing.

HEART HYMN.

Bear the burden of the present,
Let the morrow bear its own;
If the morning sky be pleasant,
Why the coming night bemoan?

If the darkened heavens lower,
Wrap the cloak around thy form;
Though the tempest rise in power,
God is mightier than the storm.

Steadfast hope and faith unshaken
Animate the trusting breast;
Step by step the journey's taken,
Nearer to the land of rest.

All unseen, the Master walketh,
By the toiling servant's side;
Comfortable words He talketh
While his hands uphold and guide.

Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow
Rends thy heart, to Him unknown;
He to-day, and He to-morrow,
Grace sufficient gives His own.

Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,
Long endurance wins the crown;
When the evening shadows lengthen,
Thou shalt lay thee gently down.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

A True Story.

BY MARY A. P. HUMPHREY.

The curtains drawn across the light
Made darkness in the room,
And in our watching eyes and hearts
Fear wrought an answering gloom.

Grief-wrung, we heard from lips we loved
The moanings of distress,
And vainly strove to stifle pain
With helpless tenderness.

We scarcely marked the three years boy
Who stood beside the bed,
From whose wet cheeks and quivering lips
The frightened dimples fled.

Till, all at once, with eager hope,
A thrill in every word,
Our darling cried, "I guess I'll speak
About it to the Lord!"

He sank upon his bended knee,
And clasped his hands in prayer,
While, like a glory, from his brow
Streamed back his golden hair.

"O Lord!" he said, "dear grandma's sick;
We don't know what to do!
If I could only make her well,
I'm sure I would. Won't you?"

He rose; o'er all his childish face
A subtle radiance shone,
As one who on the mount of faith
Had talked with God alone.

We gazed each in the other's eyes,
We almost held our breath
Before the fearless confidence
That shamed our tardy faith.

But, when our yearning glances sought
The sufferer's face again,
A look of growing ease and rest
Replaced the lines of pain.

Quick as his trusting prayer to raise,
Its answer to discern,
The child climbed up to reach her lips,
Which kissed him in return.

"Grandma"—the ringing accents struck
A new, triumphant chord—
"I *knew* you would be better soon,
Because I asked the Lord!"

—*Our Young Folks.*

STRUCTURE AND CARE OF THE EAR.

(Continued from page 670.)

The chief use of the Eustachian tube is to allow a free interchange of air between the ear and the throat, and this is exceedingly important; and it is very important, also, that its use in this respect should be understood. Persons who go down in diving-bells soon begin to feel a great pressure in the ears, and if the depth is great, the feeling becomes extremely painful. This arises from the fact, that in the diving-bell the pressure of the air is very much increased, in order to balance the weight of the water above; and thus it presses with great force upon the membrane of the drum, which, if the Eustachian tube has been kept closed, has only the ordinary uncompressed air on the inner side to sustain it. It is therefore forced inwards and put upon the stretch, and might be even broken. Many cases, indeed, have occurred, of injury to the ear, producing permanent deafness, from descents in diving-bells, undertaken by persons ignorant of the way in which the ear is made; though the simple precaution of frequent swallowing suffices to ward off all mischief. For if the Eustachian tube is thus opened, again and again, as the pressure of the outside air increases, the same compressed air that exists outside passes also into the inside of the drum, and the membrane is equally pressed upon from both sides by the air, and so is free from strain. The same precaution is necessary in ascending mountains that are lofty, for then there is the same effect of stretching produced upon the membran though in the opposite way. The outside a becoming less and less condensed as a greate height is gained, the ordinary air containe within the drum presses upon the membran which is thus insufficiently supported on th outside, and a similar feeling of weight an stretching is produced. The conjuror's tric of breaking a vase by a word rests on th same principle. The air is exhausted fron within, and the thin, though massive-lookin sides of the vase collapse by the pressure o the air outside; and just as ever so small hole, made at the right moment in the side o the vase, would prevent the whole effect, s does swallowing, which makes a little hole, a it were, for the moment in the drum of th ear, prevent the in-pressing or out-pressing o the membrane. Mr. Tyndall, in his interest ing book on *Sound*, tells us how he employe this precaution of swallowing, and with entire success, when, in one of his mountain excursions, the pressure on his ears became severely painful.

Deafness during colds arises very often, though not always, from a similar cause. For when, owing to swelling of the throat, the Eustachian tube cannot be opened by its muscle, and so the air in the drum is not renewed, the air that is contained in it soon diminishes, and the outer air presses the membrane in, so that it cannot vibrate as it should. This is what has been sometimes called "throat-deafness."

The two little muscles that stretch and relax the membrane of the drum represent a horizontal section of the ear. Each of them passes through a little pulley of bone, and that which relaxes the membrane is shut up in bone altogether except its tendon. One moves the bone that is attached to the membrane, drawing it inwards when it contracts; the other moves the bone which touches the fluid that surrounds the nerve, drawing it outwards, and letting the membrane fall back again. It will be noticed that the membrane is not placed straight at the bottom of the passage, but slants inwards, and is besides drawn a little inwards at the centre, through being attached to a small rod of bone, about a third of an inch long, which keeps it in its position. This little rod is part of the movable chain of bones, and upon it the muscle which stretches the membrane acts. The membrane is held slightly on the stretch by a small firm band which passes with the tendon of this muscle across the drum. Thus it is kept in tune for ordinary sounds, without needing a constant action of the muscle.

We may now leave the outer part of the ear designed for conducting sound to the nerve, and turn again, for a minute, to the

labyrinth in which the nerve comes out to meet the sound. The central sac or vestibule, and three canals with their expansions, we have already described. Besides the fine powder these parts contain, which is seen under the microscope to consist of little oval crystals scattered among the minute fibres of the nerve, they are provided, also, in some cases, with a number of delicate hairs, by means of which the motions of the small crystals are no doubt rendered still more sensible. All these parts are hollowed in the solid bone—the hardest bone in the body; it is called by anatomists the rock-bone.* The delicate membrane in which the nerve is expanded lies in smooth rocky channels, floating in a limpid fluid, which at once surrounds and fills it. A thin wall of bone separates it from the drum, and in this wall the chain of small bones that passes across the drum ends. The chain terminates in a little oval plate moving lightly to and fro like a minute piston in a very shallow cylinder. If this piston will not move (which again may be a result of "colds"), there is another cause of deafness.

One word we must still devote to the second part of the labyrinth—the shell-like spiral canal (or cochlea). This, too, is hollowed in the bone, and its very form tells the story of its use. For as the canal, from being exceedingly minute, becomes larger and larger, it gives space for the arrangement of a series of little vibratile chords or fibres, of gradually increasing length (such as the wires of a piano-forte may roughly represent). These little fibres respond, each of them, to a certain pitch of sound, and are connected each with its own nervous twig. And as in the two turns and a half which the cochlea makes, there are many thousands of these vibratile fibres, ample provision is made for all the immense variery of notes and modulations which our ears are called on to receive. By means of the sac and the canals we are made conscious of mere noises, such as the tick of a watch or the rumbling of a wagon; by means of the cochlea we appreciate music and understand the voice.*

Thus, according to the number of the fibres in the cochlea, and the pitch to which, we may say, they are *tuned*, will be the number and the pitch of the different sounds which we can distinguish; and this differs in different persons, especially in respect to the higher notes. There are many persons who hear well enough, yet who never heard the high shrill note of the cricket. And when a sound is made to rise gradually higher and higher, different persons cease to hear it at different times.

This is but a poor and partial account of a wonderful organ, of which those who know most have still very much indeed to learn. There is much in it to excite our wonder; but, above all, we cannot but stand in amazement before the question, How is it that the motion of the air, the vibration of the membrane, the trembling of the fluid, should impress us with the feeling of a *sound;* should hold us rapt as music does, or thrill us with ecstacy in the tones of a voice we love? That is the great mystery of all the senses. We cannot penetrate it yet; but we can feel, and ought to feel, how wonderful it makes the world. That which seems mere motion in the ear, and in the nerve, turns into joy or sorrow in the soul; it is the source and instrument of aspiration, the vehicle of prayer. If it is all this to us, what must it be to God, who made it, and knows it perfectly?

All the structures that have been described are means used to bring sound from the outer air to our brains, in order that we may hear. Every condition is fulfilled; every step fully prepared for. Nothing is slurred over, nothing omitted, or half done. And it is so all through the world. There is no *slovenliness* in Nature's work; no grasping at quick ends and grudging of the means; for every result the full equivalent is given. This is God's choice; the mode He takes of working. And he who tries or wishes to do otherwise, to take short cuts, or get results without full work performed, thinks himself wiser than his Maker.

(To be continued.)

* The "petrous" portion of the temple bone. The word is the same as that from which the Apostle Peter—the Rock—received his name.

* This is the view of the cochlea which Helmholtz has done so much to render probable. It is supported not only by the minute anatomy of the organ, but by many curious peculiarities of hearing. There are persons living who can carry on conversation without much difficulty, but who cannot hear sounds of a high pitch, not even a railway whistle, and others who can hear a watch tick well, but can scarcely hear music or spoken words.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine, and not the cloud, that makes a flower. There is always that before or around us which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles, it may be. So have others. None are free from them. Perhaps it is as well that none should be free from them. They give sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never get skill,

where there was nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can, without and within him; and, above all, he should look on the bright side of things. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will turn, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run, the great balance rights itself. What is ill becomes well—what is wrong, right. Men are not made to hang down either heads or lips, and those who do, only show that they are departing from the paths of true common sense and right. There is more virtue in one sunbeam than a whole hemisphere of clouds and gloom. Therefore, we repeat, look on the bright side of things. Cultivate what is warm and genial—not the cold and repulsive, the dark and morose.

—*Selected.*

FREE INSTITUTIONS REPRODUCING THE PAST.

In the last number of the North American Review there is an article which, to the thoughtful mind, is valuable as showing how completely the re-discoveries of ancient art are dependent on the preservation of our present culture and liberties. On the 24th of August, in the year 79 of the Christian era, an eruption from Mount Vesiuvius suddenly overwhelmed Pompeii, and buried up the whole city, thirty feet deep in the dust, stone and mud of the volcano. Out of a city of twenty-thousand inhabitants, it is now calculated that some two thousand perished and were buried in the ruins. The elder Pliny lost his life, probably, as it would now appear, from apoplexy in the excitement. The younger Pliny wrote a most vivid account of the whole scene. Sixteen years before, while St. Paul may probably have been in Rome, a violent earthqnake had shaken the most solid foundations, and overthrown many houses and temples. The inhabitants then fled, and some never returned to the treacherous soil. But the majority had lost their fears, and were rebuilding their houses and restoring the paintings and statuary. The magistrates had resolved to rejuvenate the city. Grecian art gave place to Roman taste, and the pseudo Corinthian of Nero's reign was being substituted for the old Italic. Many of the primitive and most precious remains of art thus perished. Workmen were busy in substituting the new for the old, when suddenly on the ill-fated day, about one o'clock in the afternoon, a column or cloud, rising like a gigantic pine, overshadowed the mountain. Its trunk was blackness, but its boughs of fire waved to and fro. At Rome the earth trembled, and in Sicily the rain fell in scalding drops. For three days the darkness was dense. At last a dim light appeared, and it revealed the fact that Pompeii was buried indeed under cinders and volcanic mud. Many by degrees returned to dig for the treasures they had left, others to search for dead relatives and friends. Some of the former built a town near the same site, which existed till A. D. 472, when it was also destroyed by an eruption. Titus had thought of rebuilding the ancient town, but the task seemed so enormous that it was abandoned. The shore itielf was elevated, and the course of the river changed.

Thus lost to the world until the middle of the eighteenth century, this photograph of ancient civilization and art remained intact. And even now, though the site has been known for ninety or one hundred years, the zeal for unfolding its treasures and relics seems most surprisingly to have ebbed and flowed with the progress of free government in Europe. Just in proportion as the Bourbons have ruled in Italy, zeal in uncovering these long lost treasures has been wanting. But in exact proportion as liberty has flourished excavations have gone on, and new treasures have been opened. Indeed, the zeal and enthusiasm of the Italians is in nothing more remarkable than in their willingness to bear taxation to carry on these wonderful discoveries. In 1769, the Emperor of Austria, Ferdinand IV., and many high dignitaries of the Neapolitan Court, visited these ruins, and the Emperor learning that only about thirty men were employed in the excavations, reproached his royal brother, and told him there should be three thousand at least. But little or nothing was done until the establishment of the Parthenopean Republic. From 1806 to 1815, under Joseph Bonaparte and Murat, renewed activity prevailed, so that in 1813 674 men were employed. But with the restoration of the Bourbons, the most subversive rules were adopted, little was done, and much broken and destroyed, while all discoveries were carefully concealed. But as an immediate effect of the Revolution of 1859, Victor Emmanuel appropriated sixty-thousand crowns and seven hundred laborers to be employed in the excavations. Fiorelli was appointed inspector of the excavations, and order, intelligence and honesty have marked the progress of the administration. As an illustration, on the 5th February, 1863, the workmen observing several hollows in the volcanic soil, called the inspector, Fiorelli, who, believing them to be caused by human remains, carefully perforated them and filled them with liquid plaster. Thus he obtained excellent casts of the bodies, sufficiently accurate, to give an idea not only of the attitudes of the deceased, but their ex-

pression of countenance and peculiarities of costume. There is a man of very large stature, a sort of Colossus, with a martial bearing, who laid himself down to meet death calmly and quietly. Another body is that of a Roman matron, with ninety-one coins, two silver cups, a bunch of keys, and a quantity of jewels lying by her side. She was clearly running towards the forum, her flight impeded by the loose capilla when overtaken by the muddy torrents of lava bavosa, which enfolded her in their fatal cerements. She appears to have died in agony. Beside her lay an elderly woman, and probably her daughter of thirteen or fourteen; these being poor people, as indicated by their dress. The daughter died hard, but the mother calmly, as if asleep. These things show how the work is being accomplished now, and perhaps it may be said that it is a fine illustration of the way in which the careful spirit of modern liberty is reproducing what has been lost in the past.—*Phila. Ledger.*

THE WORK OF TWO BEETLES.

A late number of *Littell's Living Age* contains the following curious narrative, taken from the *Newport News:*

I was walking through my garden before breakfast one morning, the past week, when my attention was attracted by the unusual appearance of a snake (a species of the adder) which was lying dead upon one of the flower borders. The snake measured quite two feet in length, and was as thick through as my thumb at the largest part. It was extended in an almost straight line, and I observed that it had been severed in two pieces, (probably by a spade in the hands of one of the laborers.)

But what immediately arrested my walk, and induced me to examine the object more closely, was that I could distinctly perceive in the prostrate body a singular movement. Within a few moments, while I remained looking at it, it had slowly raised itself at the centre, so as to form a complete arch, then as gradually subsided to its originally straight position, but propelled by the action nearly three inches in advance.

This motion, so extraordinary in a *dead snake*, awakened my curiosity to discover the force which was being exerted upon it, when I observed two small beetles, of a kind I was not familiar with, lying upon their backs beneath the serpent's head, and ingeniously pushing with their legs the animal extended above them.

The beetles were each scarcely more than an inch in length, their color a glossy black, with small spots of an orange color, and their heads and tails approaching nearly to a point.

The little fellows had evidently taken possession of the reptile with a purpose of conveying it to their hole, but as their size was so ridiculously disproportionate to that of their dead prize, I was determined to study their manœuvres, to see if they would be able to accomplish it.

On an examination of the ground in the neighborhood, I discovered, at a distance of nearly a yard from the spot where the snake was lying, a small hole in the soil, nearly the diameter of a half dollar. The hole which had been carefully rounded at the edges, had a heap of broken earth piled in front of it, and opened obliquely from a slightly rising mound.

The efforts of the beetles were apparently being directed to the conveyance of the tail of the reptile to this opening in the ground, and as it was evidently an awkward thing to do, their ingenuity was taxed to the utmost, and I watched the operation with an absorbing interest.

After a vigorous tugging at the animal's tail, which had become slightly stiffened, and which responding to their efforts would move to the right and to the left, but never placing itself *directly* in front of the aperture, the beetles would appear to be perplexed how next to proceed. They continued, however, to act in concert, and after working for a while at one extremity, they would uniformly proceed together towards the other, and lying upon their backs beneath the head, they would, with their united legs, re-commence their vigorous *pushing process*, and so effectively that in the space of ten or fifteen minutes they had moved the snake's body two or three feet from its original position, but still the *tail* persistently refused to enter the hole.

Suddenly the labor ceased altogether, the two little beetles entered their hole, and I began to conclude that they had at last found their prey too ponderous for them to manage. My interest, nevertheless, was so much excited that I could not leave the spot, and I continued to watch, almost certain that they would re-appear.

At length I thought I saw a breaking of the earth at a place directly opposite the point where the serpent's tail rested. And almost immediately the two beetles issued from a *second hole*, which they had been preparing. They forthwith seized the end of the serpent's tail, and by a determined effort, lying upon their backs, in the manner before described, they succeeded in forcing its point to enter this new orifice in the ground, and then going themselves inside of it, I could distinctly see the whole body of the snake move slowly for-

ward, as if it were being pulled by their united efforts.

The beetles worked at the snake much of the day, and in the afternoon, when I was able to visit the spot again, I observed that nearly three-quarters of the snake had disappeared in the hole; but the movement had become very quiet, and I imagined that the cut in the snake's body had prevented any more of it from being drawn down.

The beetles, however, were at their work, for while I was looking they emerged from the hole, one of them propelling behind him (he came up backwards) a huge pile of earth, and the second having his back loaded with a mass of fragments, and thus they continued to labor for nearly an hour, the snake meanwhile having nearly three inches of its body still exposed.

It was approaching sunset, and I was examining carefully the earth in the vicinity of the head of the snake (for the beetles had not made their appearance for twenty minutes) when I was witness of the most interesting operation of this altogether singular proceeding. I thought I detected a slight undulating motion in the broken loam. It continued to increase until the entire surface for a length of three inches, extending parallel with the serpent's head and neck, appeared to be elevated into a little mound. The mound gradually increased in height until the entire mass of earth was slowly lifted and then precipitated upon the portion of the body which had until then remained uncovered, and in a second's time, the snake was as effectually buried as if it had been sunk a foot below the surface.

The little beetles emerging from the heap, walked backward and forward, over the mound, and then disappeared entirely from sight.

I examined the spot the following morning, but could not detect, even by removing a portion of the earth, the place where the snake had been buried the evening previous. H.

Life has its thorns in every position, but the consciousness of having used one's powers and endeavors to promote the happiness or good will of our fellow beings, is a good comfort when we find the thorns lying thickly scattered around us.

Do all in your power to teach your children self-government, and to correct their faults. If a child is passionate, teach him by patient and gentle means to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him; if he is selfish, promote generosity.

Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged; slight it and the work's begun; forgive it and 'tis finished. He is below himself that is not above an injury.—*Quarles.*

When conflicting truths are brought face to face, we must accept neither. We must tell ourselves that there is a third withheld among the secrets of God, which, when it is revealed, will reconcile them.—*Madame Swetchinge.*

ITEMS.

The Freedmen of the South, it is said, have succeeded in supporting themselves to a greater extent than was anticipated by their friends. The Freedmen's Bureau, it is reported, was called upon to relieve only one in two hundred, or one-half of one per cent. of the liberated slaves. It was contended that the entire four millions of colored people in the South would be applicants for support, and the contrast between the anticipation and the reality is a strong proof that the freedmen are not idle and thriftless as was asserted.

Under the direction of the Freedmen's Bureau, savings banks have been established in twenty-five different cities, in which, during last Seventh month, the colored people deposited $411,072. The total amount of deposits thus far has been $9,116,145. Of this nearly $8,000,000 has been drawn out again, to a great extent for the purchase of homesteads.

The worldproduces 713,000,000 pounds of coffee per annum. Brazil furnishes over one-half of this. Java comes next, and Ceylon next in the amount yielded.

The amount of blood in an adult is nearly thirty pounds, or full one-fifth of the entire weight. The heart is six inches in length and four inches in diameter, and beats 70 times in a minute, 4200 times an hour, 100,800 times in a day, 36,772,000 times in a year, and 2,565,440,000 in a life of three-score and ten years; indeed, the beats probably considerably exceed this estimate, as the infantile pulse goes at the rate of 230 per minute, and further on in youth at about 80, while we only reckon upon the standard of adult and middle age. At each beat two and a half ounces of blood are thrown out of the heart; one hundred and seventy-five ounces per minute; six hundred and fifty-six pounds per hour; seven and three-fourth tons per day. All the blood in the body passes through the heart every three minutes.

The following incident in the life of John James Audubon, the naturalist, admirably illustrates the patient enthusiasm with which the votaries of science pursue their darling studies: Discovering a little wren that so resembled, in tint, the bark on which it sat, that it was difficult to observe it, he watched the bird until he found a pair that was building a nest; then, going into the woods with a telescopic microscope, he lay upon his back on a bed of moss and observed its habits daily for three weeks. After that he felt that he knew the bird, and was satisfied to have purchased exact knowledge at such a price.

Tetanus.—A writer in the *Scientific American*, speaks of the death of John A. Roebling by lockjaw, and says that a small quantity of spirits of turpentine warmed and turned on to any such wound as his, will relieve all tendencies to lockjaw at once. He says that nothing better can be applied to a cut or bruise than cold turpentine—that it will give relief almost instantly.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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SKETCHES OF FRIENDS.

Historical, Biographical and Anecdotal.

(Continued from page 676.)

Hitherto we have attempted to show that Friends were a peculiar people. Much more that is curious and interesting in their history might be said in proof of this assertion; but what has been written must suffice, or our sketches will be extended beyond the limits originally designed. The philanthropic spirit which has ever existed among Friends, evidences their zeal for good works. That they have been prime movers in or hearty sympathizers with almost every effort having for its object the elevation or improvement of Man, is too well known to require proof at our hands, and entitles them to the thanks of every lover of his race; but when we consider that some of their benevolent plans have been pushed to completion, against the tide of popular prejudice and ridicule, their devotion to the cause thus espoused, elicits our highest admiration. Sufferers themselves, they early learned to sympathize with the suffering. lovers of liberty, they despised oppression. They had written, preached and labored, to release the world from the dominion of Priestcraft, and fully realized the blessings of religious liberty. With these facts before us, we cannot but wonder that for so many years they failed to see and denounce the iniquity of African slavery; but we are also glad to say, that, when after long deliberation they became satisfied that the bondage of the black man must be proclaimed against—that they must preach "deliverance to the captive, and opening of the prison to them that are bound," they promptly acted for the overthrow of this great sin, in their own Society first; and afterwards in the world at large.

We propose to trace the gradual development of an anti-slavery sentiment among Friends, which we consider one of the most instructive and interesting chapters in their history, showing, as it does, how faithfulness on the part of a few concerned persons among them, finally leavened the entire body into unity of feeling, and induced a mutual cooperation in the work of emancipation.

The stern old Puritans, who murdered the peaceful Quakers, were the first on the shores of America to declare against slavery, by making the importation of slaves into their colony a crime punishable with death. Roger Williams, who wrote what George Fox calls "*A slanderous book of lyes*" against Friends, subsequently proclaimed that in Rhode Island "no black mankind" should be slaves for life, but that they should be liberated after ten year's service: in Pennsylvania the case was quite different. Slavery had a foothold there, and the slave trade was a profitable business prior to the settlement of Penn; hence it was a labor of years to exterminate it. In 1671 George Fox visited Barbadoes on a religious

mission, and inculcated there substantially the same views previously advanced by Roger Williams in Rhode Island, that "after certain years of servitude, they (the slaves), should be made free." In 1675 Fox's companion, Wm. Edmonson, urged similar advice to the same people, and the following year, the authorities at Barbadoes, fearing a rebellion among their slaves, forbid by law the Quakers from bringing negroes to their meetings. Several Friends about this time were heavily fined for a violation of this law. Thus commenced a *sympathy* for the slave in the Island of Barbadoes; but it remained for the little band of Friends at Germantown openly to protest against the iniquity of slavery, and to strike the first blow for its abolition in the Soctety. In 1688, (five years after their emigration to this country,) these honest-hearted German Friends, in solemn conclave assembled, proclaimed the "reasons why we are against the traffic in man body." They took high Christian ground. "There is a saying" (thus they wrote,) "that we shall do to all men, like as we will be done ourselves, making no difference what Generation, Descent or Colour they are. And those who steal and rob men, and those who buy or purchase men, are they not all alike?" "Pray what thing in the world can be doue worse towards us than if men should rob or steal us away, and sell us for slaves to strange countries, separating husbands from their wives and children. Being now, this is not done in the manner we would be done at, therefore, we contradict and are against this traffic in men body." This is the substance of their protest, which was signed by Garret Hendricks, Derrick Upde Graeff, Francis Daniel Pastorius and Abraham Jun Den Graeff. This paper was sent to the Monthly Meeting of Friends, held at Richard Worrall's house, (Dublin, Pa.,) with the request that Friends "consider well these things, if it be good or bad; and in case you find it *good* to handle these blacks in this manner, we desire and require you hereby lovingly, that you may inform us herein; which, at this time, never was done, viz: that Christians have such a liberty so to do; to the end, that we shall be satisfied in this point, and satisfy likewise our good friends and acquaintances in our native country, to whom it is a terror or fearful thing, that men should be handled so in Pennsylvania."

"Twelve days after the date of this remonstrance, the "Monthly Meeting at Richard Worrall's house" "having inspected the matter above mentioned, and considered of it," found it "so weighty that we think it not expedient for us to meddle with it here; but do rather commit it to the consideration of the Quarterly Meeting, the tenor of it being nearly related to the Truth."

Five weeks later, (4 mo 4, 1688), Philadelphia Quarter read the above mentioned paper, and recommended its contents to the consideration of the Yearly Meeting, requesting the four signers of the document "to present the same to the above said meeting, it being a thing of too great weight for this meeting to determine." During the same year, the Yearly Meeting "thought it not proper to give a positive judgment in the case, it having so general a relation to many other parts; and, therefore, at present, they forbear it."

Thus this question remained for eight years, when the Yearly Meeting of 1696 discouraged the buying of any more negroes, and recommended that Friends bring their slaves to meetings, and "restrain them from lewd and loose living," and from "rambling about on first days and other days."

In 1693, the Keithean Friends (who had separated from the original body on account of doctrinal difference, and were under the leadership of George Keith,) issued a declaration recommending *emancipation*, "after some reasonable time of service."

In 1702, Alice Kennesly, of Maryland, (in her last will which was read in Third Haven Monthly Meeting), left her negro woman, Betty and child, to one Danl. Cox, on his agreement to pay to the said meeting 20s. per year for 30 years. This amount was to be appropriated to paying the *ferriage* of travelling Friends, "or what other occasions Friends may see meet," and two years later the meeting appointed a receiver of the above, for the service of Truth."

In 1711 "Chester Quarter" complains to the Yearly Meeting, because of the "bringing in of negroes," and desires the care concerning the matter; but the Yearly Meeting did not do more than to repeat the advice given in 1696.

The London Yearly Meeting, in 1713, admits in its epistle addressed to Friends in America, that the importation of slaves "is not a commendable nor allowable practice."

In answer to this epistle, the ensuing year Philada. Yearly Meeting says, that "the multiplying of them (slaves), "may be of dangerous consequence, and, therefore, a law was made in Pennsylvania, laying a duty of twenty pounds on every one imported there; wnich law the Queen was pleased to annul. (This assessment by the assembly was made in 1712.)

In 1715 the Yearly Meeting declared the *importation* of slaves a practice to be avoided, and that those concerned therein be dealt with; and the following year it recommended Friends "to avoid as much as may be, buy-

ing such negroes as shall hereafter be brought in, rather than offend any Friends that are against it;" but observes, "yet this is only caution, not censure."

This was a decided step forward, and here the Society halted for some thirteen years. In 1729, "Chester Quarter" again agitated the subject by enquiring of the Yearly Meeting whether Friends should not be *restricted from buying imported slaves*, inasmuch as the fetching of negroes from their own country is contrary to *Discipline*." Yearly Meeting answered the following year, that "Friends ought to be very cautious of making any such purchases in the future," and recommended that "those who thus act, be admonished."

It was during the year 1729, that Ralph Sandiford, of Philada., issued the first anti-slavery treatise ever written, so far as known. The book was published by Benjamin Franklin, at Philadelphia, and was entitled, "a brief examination of the Practice of the Times, by the foregoing and the Present DISPENSATION; whereby is manifested how the Devil works in the Mystery which none can understand, and get the Victory over, but those that are armed with the Light, that discovers the temptation, and the author thereof, and gives Victory over him and his Instruments who are now gone forth as in the Beginning, from the true Friends of Jesus, having the form of Godliness in words, but in Deeds deny the Power thereof; from such we are commanded to turn away." This little duodecimo work contains 74 pages, and is dedicated "To my esteemed Friend, Matthew Hughes, Esq., one of the Representatives for the county of Bucks." At the close of the book, is an address "to my select Friends," in which he says, "If any are offended with me or the foregoing treatise, because it came not forth with the concurrence of the meeting, it is in my heart to desire your freedom with me therein, that all offences may be removed according to the ability the Lord gives me." He further declares that he offers this book "as a true witness, that it were better we had never known the Truth, than afterwards to charge Sin on it, as though it admitted of such practices. He that can receive it, let him; if otherwise, I leave it to God, the Judge of All, before whom and the Host of Heaven the Truth thereof will be manifested."

This little work was distributed gratuitously by its author, who, in 1730 published his second edition. Against the opposition of Friends, and in the face of threats of punishment from the chief magistrate of Pennsylvania, he wrote and circulated this anti slavery treatise, which abounds with arguments showing the inconsistency of slavery with Christianity. It must have had its effect on the community, but we do not find that Friends were stimulated by its appeals to any vigorous action on the subject of slavery for the Yearly Meeting during the succeeding thirteen years, but repeated in substance the advice given in 1730.

Benjamin Lay, of Abington, Pa., (the Friend of Sandiford,) published in 1737 his treatise against slavery. (271 pp. duodecimo.) His style is bold, and in some instances severe. The work is addressed to all "slave keepers that keep the innocent in bondage. Apostates, pretending to lay claim to the pure and holy Christian Religion; of what congregation soever, but especially in their Ministers, by whose example the filthy Leprosy and Apostacy is spread far and near; it is a notorious Sin, which many of the true friends of Christ and his pure Truth, called *Quakers*, has been for many years and still are concerned to write and bear testimony against; as a practice so gross and hurtful to Religion, and destructive to government beyond what words can set forth, or can be declared of by men or Angels, and yet lived in by Ministers and Magistrates in America. The Leaders of the People cause them to err. Written for a general service by Him that truly and sincerely desires the present and eternal Welfare and Happiness of all Mankind, all the World over, of all colours and nations as his own soul." Benjamin Lay. In the preface to this work, he uses the following earnest language: "My dear, tender and well-beloved Friends, I beg, I pray and beseech us, let us be more faithful; I *entreat* in bowels of love, let us be *faithful*, let us be *faithful, let us be faithful to God* in all things; and then I know, blessed be His pure Name, which is the Truth, that when the scourge shall come, he will secure us in Life or in Death; and that will be enough for us; so be it, saith my soul, and is in *humble request*." The Yearly Meeting of 1738, held at Burlington, deemed it proper to state that Lay's book had not their approbation.

In 1754 John Woolman, of Mount Holly, sent forth "some considerations on the keeping of Negroes recommended to the Professors of Christianity of every Denomination," and the same year the Yearly Meeting issued an epistle to its members, exhorting them to "avoid in any manner encouraging the practice of making slaves of our fellow-creatures, and advising those who by inheritance became the possessors of slaves, "seriously to weigh the cause of detaining them in bondage."

In 1755 the Yearly Meeting propounded the Query, "Are Friends clear of *importing*

or *buying negroes?* and do they use those well which they are possessed of by inheritance, or otherwise endeavoring to train them up in the principles of Christian Religion?" To which query Burlington Monthly Meeting responded in 1757. "All clear of importing negroes or purchasing them for term of life; several have been purchased for a term of years. They are generally well fed and clothed. Some are taught to read and taken to Meetings, but others are taken little care of in these respects."

In 1762 committees were appointed to labor with those who owned slaves, and in 1770 it was adjudged improper by the Yearly Meeting for slave holders to *occupy the position of Elders in the church*, and in 1774, Friends were advised "against *hiring slaves*," or administering to estates where "slave property is to be disposed of." The Yearly Meeting of 1776, announced the holding of slaves as a *disownable offence*, and from this time forth many Friends manumitted their negroes, even in some instances at great pecuniary sacrifice, so that in 1780, after nearly a century of labor, there were but few if any slave holders in the Society. Then Friends could and did consistently labor to infuse their sentiments on this question, into the community at large, and thus was carried on the glorious work; slowly but surely. In tracing the history of the Anti slavery movement among Friends, (briefly outlined above), we see a confirmation of the truth previously asserted; viz: that every religious body has its mission of good to perform.

In the early days of our country's history, the stern severity of Puritanism was a necessary element, as also was the milder and more peaceful influence of Quakerism. The Puritan may have needed a check to his severity, which the Quaker afforded, and in his turn the Quaker may have needed the stimulus to action, which was so conspicuous a trait in his Puritan brother. Be this as it may, the Quaker endeavored to open the spiritual eyes of the Puritan, that he might see the "Light within," which he comprehended not, and, as we have seen, the Quaker first heard from the Puritan, that slavery was "contrary to the Laws of God." Thus persecutor and persecuted were instructed each by the other.

In this action on the slavery question, we see distinctly defined the marked characteristics of each people. The one promptly rejecting slavery when presented regardless of consequence, and forbidding all participation in its iniquity, under the severest penalty known to the Law; the other "seeking the mind of Truth," with calm deliberation, and waiting for the development of an unanimity of sentiment on the question in the Society at large, that the unclean thing might be removed without discord among brethren.

(To be continued)

EXTRACTS FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

DEAR ——, asks what we think of the religious excitement prevailing in many places? I like the sentiment that we need not be particular through what channel good may come, if it only makes people better. Jesus taught, and we all know that in order to have the fruit good, the tree must first be good; as all good comes from the same source, however, the channels may be, and they doubtless are, greatly diversified. Nearly all excitements awaken thought and inquiry, and so do good to a greater or less extent. It cannot be doubted that the human understanding is being expanded as a whole, though the progress is slow. That which is natural is first; afterward that which is spiritual. We must first come to understand and carry out the lower law, ere we can understand and carry out the higher. All aspire to heaven, to salvation—but too often mistake the means of attaining it. "Save us at last," is the feeling and the utterance of the religious world, but what the world needs is preservation from all that is impure, from all that contaminates; this we need to-day and each day through life; we shall then realize a being saved at last. * * * * *

The article on the subject of the Ministry, which appeared in the *Intelligencer* a few weeks since, did not seem encouraging. It was very like the counsel of the anxious mother, who enjoined her son never to go into the water until he had learned to swim. Doubtless the ministry is a gift; it is also a growth as well, and all things capable of growth require a congenial element to promote that growth. When our little ones make their first efforts to walk, we do not frown upon them and counsel them to wait till they can go without tottering, but the effort is hailed with joy; the hand, the finger, is extended to aid in steadying the faltering step. If we could only withhold our criticism when these little ones are doing their best, and instead thereof speak, or what is of far more importance, *feel* kindly, can we not believe we might have a better ministry, and more of it? I thought such sentiments as those in the essay alluded to have a tendency to oppress the timid, sensitive, shrinking class, while they strengthen the confident and the assuming, those who feel they are strong, and so come to represent the farmer's two sons; one was willing to do it all, and the other was willing he should.

Desirous of attending our quarterly meet-

ing, held at ——, we made arrangements to start early on Seventh-day morning, the day of its commencement. In the course of the night a heavy rain set in, and continued with little abatement until near noon, when the rain ceased, the clouds were dispersed, and the sun came out. Hoping we might still accomplish our object, we hurried off for a thirty miles drive. We found the streams much swollen with the late rain, but we drove briskly and pleasantly on until we had reached mid-distance, when we were told that we could not get on, that a bridge was gone from a rapid stream that could not be safely forded. On inquiry we learned there was a route quite as near, but over a rough, winding mountain road. We concluded to try it, and found it all we anticipated and much more. We wound up and down till night overtook us; we inquired for Quaker street, but no one knew of such a place. At length we commenced going down into a gorge or gulch fringed with evergreens; the darkness was visible, but the road was *not*. Finally we came butt up; to retreat was impossible, to go on was perilous. The girls got out and felt for the road, and tied white handkerchiefs over their shoulders as a beacon for me to follow as best as I could. After passing on in this way, down, down, we knew not how far, "a light ahead" was the joyful utterance. It proved to be a habitation, where we were told that two miles further on we would find what claimed to be a tavern. We obtained a lantern lighted, a great relief, for with its aid, held over the front of the carriage, we could see the road. We plodded on quite cheerfully, though the miles seemed very long, and at length arrived at the would-be hotel, where we found tolerable accommodations. The next morning we started early and jogged on our way through much mud and water for ten miles, and reached our destination in time to refresh a little before meeting. The meeting was large, and some thought it a comfortable one. We did not learn till nearing home, the extent of our peril and escape. A bridge that we crossed, all unconscious of danger, on our way out, fell very soon after we had passed over it, injuring considerably the inmates of a carriage that went down with it. You will readily discover that such experiences are quite unlike the ease with which the denizens of cities reach their meetings. For us to attend the several sittings of our quarterly meetings involves an outlay of time amounting to nearly or quite a month in each year—five days at each quarter, under the most favorable circumstances; and should a storm or accident intervene, perhaps one or two more.

A LETTER FROM FRANCIS HOWGILL TO HIS DAUGHTER.

26th of 5th month, 1666.

Daughter Abigail, this is for thee to observe and keep, and take heed unto, all the days of thy life, for the regulation of thy life and conversation in this world, that thy life may be happy, and thy end blessed, and God glorified by thee in thy generation. I was not born to great possessions, nor did inherit great matters in this world; but the Lord hath always endowed me with sufficiency and enough, and hath been as a tender father unto me, because my heart trusted in him, and did love the way of righteousness from a child.

My counsel unto thee is, that thou remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, and fear the Lord in thy youth, and learn to know Him and serve Him all thy days; first seek the kingdom of God and the righteousness thereof; it is not far from thee; it is within thee; it consists in life and power, and it stands in righteousness, truth, and equity, justice, mercy, long-suffering, patience, love, light, and holiness; this is the being and centre thereof; therefore, seek not lo! here, nor lo! there, without thee in this or in that outward observance, for many seek there and never find it, but seek and thou shalt find, wait and thou shalt receive. If thou inquire in what must I seek? and what must I wait in? and how must I seek? I inform thee that thou must silence all thy own thoughts, and thou must turn thy mind to that which is pure, good, and holy within thyself, and seek, and wait in that in the light of Jesus Christ, wherewith thou art enlightened, which shows thee when thou doest evil, and checks and reproves; take heed unto that and it will show thee evil motions and evil thoughts, and as thou lovest it it will subdue them, and preserve thee for the time to come, out of evil, for though thou be born into the world a reasonable creature, yet thou must be born again and be made a new creature, or else thou canst not enter into God's kingdom. Thou must know of the seed of the kingdom in thyself, of which thou must be born and formed again into God's image. I have told thee, God hath sown it in thee, a grain of it, a measure of it, a portion of it, a measure of light and truth, of righteousness and holiness. Keep in thy mind to that, and love it, and thou wilt feel the Heavenly Father working in thee, and the power of the Lord strengthening thee in thy little, and making thee to grow in the immortal seed of His kingdom and outgrow and overgrow all evil, so that thou wilt daily die to that, and have no pleasure in it but in the Lord, and in His goodness and (His) virtue shed abroad in thy

heart, which thou wilt taste and feel within, and have joy and comfort therein; love the Lord with thy heart and soul, even Him that made thee, and gave thee a being, and all things in heaven and earth, and still wait for the knowledge of Him in thyself, He is not far from thee, but near unto thee, and unto all (*them*) that call upon Him in an upright heart; and do thou inquire of thy dear mother; she will inform thee, she knows Him and the way of life and peace, and hearken to her instruction. God is a spirit of life and light and power, that reacheth the heart, and shows thee when thou actest, or thinkest, or speakest evil and shows unto man or woman their thoughts. That which shows evil is good, and that which shows a lie is Truth. This is within, take heed to it. It is called God's Spirit in the Scriptures. Believe in it, love it, and it will quicken thy heart to good, and it will subject the evil; here is thy teacher near thee; love it, and if thou act contrary it will condemn thee, therefore take heed unto this Spirit of Truth, and it will enlighten and enliven thee, and will open thy understanding, and give thee to know what God is, and to do that which is acceptable and good in his sight; this Spirit never errs, but leads out of all error into all truth. Be sober-minded in thy youth, and wait upon the Lord within, hearken unto Him.

God is light immortal, life immortal, truth immortal, an everlasting eternal Spirit; He speaks spiritually and invisibly to the hearts and consciences of men and women; hear what he speaks, obey his voice and thy soul shall live. Fear to offend Him or sin against Him, for the wages of sin are death; therefore prize His love in thy young and tender years, and do thou read the Scriptures, and Friend's books, and take heed to what thou readest to obey it as far as thou understandest, and pray often unto the Lord that he will give thee His knowledge, and open thy understanding in the things of His kingdom. Search thy heart often with the light of Christ in thee; manifest and bring thy deeds to it, that they may be tried, and examine thyself how the case stands betwixt the Lord and thee; and if thou seest thyself wrong, humble thyself, and be sorry and turn unto Him and he will show thee mercy, and take heed for the time to come, that thou run not into the same evils again. Keep thy heart clean, watch against the evil in thyself in that which shows it; therein there is power, and thereby thou hast power to overcome all evil. And dear child, mind not the pleasures of sin, which are but for a moment, and the end is misery, but keep under, and cross thy will and affection, so that thy mind will have no pleasure in the evil, but in the good, and thou wilt feel the immortal seed springing up in thee which God's peace and love is to. O! child these are great and weighty things not to be slighted. Accompany thyself always with them that fear the Lord, and fear and worship Him in Spirit and truth, and lead a holy and blameless life and conversation; deny them not, but love them and suffer with them. Take heed that thou follow not the hireling teachers who preach for gain and lucre, and abide not in Christ's doctrine. Believe them not, heed them not, they do people no good, but thou wilt see them thyself, that they have an outward show of godliness but deny the power of God and true holiness. Remember I, who have had a perfect knowledge of them have told thee. But be sure that thou let nothing separate thy love from God and his people. Those are his people who keep his law and obey Christ's voice, and lead a holy life, and they were ever hated, and belied, and persecuted, and evilly spoken of always by bad and evil, loose people. These are God's people, and His love and peace and blessing is with them. Do thou grow as a natural branch (up amongst them) of the living vine, and continue all thy days in obedience to God's will, and thou wilt feel joy and love in thy heart, which above all things covet after, and thou shalt attain and obtain everlasting peace, which the Lord grant unto thee, according to the riches of his mercy and love, which endure forever and ever, Amen.

And now, Abigail, concerning thy well-being in this life, this is my advice and counsel unto thee. Love thy dear mother, and ever obey her and honor her, and see thou grieve her not; be not stubborn, nor wilful, but submit unto her, and be as an obedient child unto her, whose love and care hath been too great over thee and thy sisters, which hath brought too much trouble upon herself. Learn in thy youth to read and write and sew and knit, and all points of good labor that belong to a maid, and flee idleness and sloth that nourisheth sin, and as thou growest in years, labor in the affairs of the country, and beware of pride, riotousness and curiosity, but be well content with such apparel as thy mother will permit thee, that thou mayest be a good example unto others. Be not wanton, nor wild, nor light, but temperate, moderate and chaste, and not forward in words nor speech, but swift to hear, slow to speak, and do thou always live with thy mother, and be a help unto her and cherish her in her old age and latter years, that she may be comforted in thee and her soul may bless thee.

Love thy sisters and be always courteous to them and thy brother; encourage one another in good, and if thou live to be a wo-

man of perfect years, keep thyself unspotted, and let not thy mind out after sports and pastimes. The end of all these is sorrow: neither after young men; if thou have a desire to marry, do not thou seek a husband, but let a husband seek thee, and if thou live in God's fear, and an honest life and virtuous, them that fear will seek unto thee. Let not thy affections out unto every one that proffers love, but be considerate, and above all things choose one (if thou dost marry) that loves and fears the Lord; whose conversation and manner and course of life thou knowest well before thou givest consent. Be discreet and wise, hide nothing from thy mother, and she will advise thee no doubt for thy good; and if she be living, marry not without her consent, and if thou join to a husband, be sure thou love him with all thy heart, and be obedient unto him, and honor him among all, so will his heart be more to thee and his love increase. Grieve him not, but be gentle and easy to be entreated and mind thy own business; and if the Lord give thee children, bring them up in God's fear, and good exercise, and keep them in subjection unto thee, and be an example of virtue and holiness unto them, that the Lord's blessing thou mayest feel, in youth and in age, all thy life long. O, Abigail! remember these things, keep in mind these things, read often this writing over, get it copied over, and lay up my words in thy heart and do them, so wilt thou be happy in this life, and in the life to come. These things I give thee in charge to observe as my mind and will, and counsel unalterable unto thee. As witness hereof I have set my hand.

Thy Dear Father,

FRANCIS HOWGILL.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I was comforted by thy good letter, but fear thee gives us too high a place in religious experience and forgets that we are but children in these paths, stumbling daily over our human frailties, and frequently feeling the helplessness of self and the absence of any power or guide except faith, blessed faith, that keeps our heads above the waters until the Master comes and bids the waves be still.

I think much that seems to be strength and knowledge among us, is not so much the result of religious experience or thought, as a real belief in an "Inward Guide" that supersedes all other guides, whether they be George Fox, Elias Hicks, The Discipline, Friends' writings, or our ministers. Do not misunderstand me; I give place to all these,—I trust *full* place; but we seem to feel that there is but one Source from whence strength and safe guidance can come, and certainly that is not from man or his creatures. If we refer to the writings of any who are eminent in the history of our Society, we find their call is to this Power, and why should we attempt to labor to-day in the borrowed light of their times, when the same light-creating Power is waiting to cast the light around *our* paths.

I know we are all apt to look upon any new feature in religious life, manifested in others, from the standpoint of our own experience; and I have often realized, when in danger of hasty judgment, that God does not reveal all his purposes to any one soul, but simply to each his part, in that purpose, or so much more as may be necessary for his strength and encouragement in his labors. Counsel from those of greater experience has always been grateful to me, and I should fear, if any such, should at once, without careful consideration, unqualifiedly endorse or encourage a seeming departure from beaten paths.

And now let me ask thee a few questions that have arisen from thy remarks. Knowing, as I do, the various gifts that are bestowed upon us, and that one cannot work as another and do it well, but each must work in his own way, I feel a hesitancy, and yet I feel thou wilt not be wrongly biased by anything I may say.

Dost thou not recognize that God has given us our talents to be used in His cause at all times and in all ways, subject only to the control of His Spirit in us? And is there not more danger of some among the young falling by the wayside for want of a free, outspoken sympathy and approval, than of their being unduly hopeful and active, *as a result* of this free counsel and hearty encouragement? Does not the Spirit guide us in commending, quite as much as in condemning?

Perhaps I am writing of that of which I know nothing, but thy letters sometimes impress me with the feeling that thou art more or less constantly under a sense of repression, while my feeling is, that God gives us perfect freedom of action up to the moment of check by the Inward Monitor, which check we will always receive in due time, if our faces are turned towards this Guide and our ears open to hear His voice.

I am aware, my dear friend, that my experience is limited, and if great, still would not qualify me to judge for another; but I am so anxious that those who are engaged in the Lord's vineyard may *know* that they have the sympathy of those of riper experience, and

that these joyfully help them along their path and only check them when they are in danger, that I wish all might feel that joyous *liberty* that I believe the Truth gives.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 1, 1870.

1870.—As the *date* of the New Year has been scattered around us heralding its approach, it has occasioned us to reflect upon the numbers *seven* and *seventy*, which, independent of their known numerical value, appear invested with a peculiar significance as used in the Bible. If the meaning there implied were sometimes more clearly understood, we cannot but believe it would not unfrequently convey deeper instruction than is generally received.

The numbers three, four, twelve and forty are also associated with symbolic signs, but seven more frequently occurs, and has been termed the *representative* symbolic number. Its having been instituted by some countries as a cyclical number, is attributed to the observation of the changes of the moon, or to the supposed number of planets.

In six days the world was created, says the Record, and on the seventh there was a cessation from labor. The consecration of this day of repose, the Apostle Paul compares to an eternal rest. "And God did rest the Seventh-day from all His works—There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." Heb. iv. 4, 9.

"The peculiarity of the Hebrew view consists in the special dignity of the *Seventh*, and not simply in that of seven. We cannot trace back the peculiar associations of the Hebrews farther than to the point when the Seventh-day was consecrated to the purposes of religious rest. The Sabbath being the Seventh-day, suggested the adoption as the co-efficient, so to say, for the appointment of all sacred periods. The Seventh month we find was ushered in by the Feast of Trumpets. Seven weeks as the interval between the Passover and the Pentecost; and the year succeeding seven times seven years, as the jubilee year."—*Smith.*

"And thou shalt number seven Sabbaths of years unto thee seven times seven years; and the space of the seven Sabbaths shall be unto thee forty and nine years." Lev. xxv. 8.

In the prophetic style a week often stands for seven years.

The patriarch Jacob served his father-in-law seven years for Leah, and seven years for Rachel. In the land of Egypt there were seven years of plenty and seven of famine. These were typified in Pharaoh's dream by the seven fat and the seven lean kine—the seven full ears and the seven that were "thin and blasted." Gen. 41.

Balaam said to Balak, "build me here (on the high places of Baal) seven altars, and prepare me here seven oxen and seven rams." Num. xxiii. 1. The Israelites, when being brought to the land they were to possess, were told, that if obedient to the command received that day, they should drive out *seven* nations greater and mightier than themselves.

"The Lord shall cause thine enemies that rise up against thee to be smitten before thy face; they shall come out against thee one way, and flee before thee seven ways. But if Israel hearkened not to the voice of the Lord and did not obey His commandments, they should flee *seven* ways before their enemies." Deut. xxviii.

In Joshua vi. we read, "Seven priests shall bear before the ark seven trumpets of ram's horns, and the Seventh-day ye shall compass the city seven times." "And it came to pass at the seventh day that they rose up early about the dawning of the day and compassed the city after the same manner seven times. Only on that day they compassed the city seven" times, and "at the seventh time, when the priests blew with the trumpets, Joshua said unto the people, Shout, for the Lord hath given you the city!"

The account of the restoration of the son of the Shunammite, through the instrumentality of the prophet Elisha, states that the child sneezed *seven* times and opened his eyes. 2 Kings. iv. 35.

Elisha's message to the captain of the Syrian host was, "Go wash in Jordan seven times." 2 Kings. v. 10.

The Psalmist says, "Words are as silver purified seven times. Ps. xii. 6.

"A just man falleth *seven* times and riseth up again." Prov. xxiv. 16.

Among the beautiful and encouraging promises found in Isaiah is the following: "The light of the moon shall be as the light

of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold, as the light of seven days, in the day that the Lord bindeth up the breach of of His people, and healeth the stroke of their wound." xxx. 26.

Because of faithful adherence to their religious duty, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego were placed in the furnace, heated by order of the king, "one seven times more than it was wont to be heated." Dan. iii. 19.

There is the same significance, apparently, attached to the mystical numbers of seven and seventy, in the New as in the Old Testament. In some instances, seven is used for several, and in others, as an uncertain or indefinite number.

When Peter inquired of Jesus, "How oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him? till seven times?" the reply was, "I say not unto thee until seven times, but until seventy times seven. Matt. ii. 22.

When the multitude were fed with the seven loaves which had been blessed, there were left seven baskets full of broken meat. Matt. xv. 37.

That widows should not be neglected in the daily ministration, the disciples directed that "*Seven* men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom," should be appointed to look after that business. Acts, vi. 3.

Philip is mentioned as an evangelist, "one of the *seven*." Acts xxi. 8.

To John, it was said, write the things which thou hast seen "The mystery of the seven stars which thou sawest in my right hand, and the seven golden candlesticks. The seven stars are the angels of the seven churches, and the seven candlesticks which thou sawest are the seven churches." Rev. i. 20.

"In the midst of the Elders stood a Lamb as it had been slain, having seven horns and seven eyes, which are the seven spirits of God sent forth into all the earth." v. 6.

"When he had opened the seventh seal, there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour, and I saw the seven angels which stood before God; and to them were given seven trumpets." viii. 1, 2.

"And I saw another sign in heaven, great and marvellous, seven angels having seven plagues."—"One of the four beasts gave unto the seven angels, seven golden vials." Rev. xv.

"Here is the mind which hath wisdom. The seven heads are seven mountains on which the woman (the great city Babylon) sitteth; and there are seven kings." Rev. xvii.

Of the number *seventy* we give a few quotations.

"He gave of the spirit to the seventy elders of Israel." Num. xi. 16.

"And it shall come to pass in that day that Tyre shall be forgotten seventy years. After seventy years her merchandize shall be for them that dwell before the Lord," &c. Isa. xxiii.

"For seventy years the surrounding nations should serve the king of Babylon." Jer. xxv.

"In a vision Ezekiel saw seventy men of the ancients of the house of Israel and every man in the chambers of his imagery, said the Lord seeth us not; the Lord hath forsaken the earth." Ezek. viii.

"When ye fasted and mourned even those seventy years, did ye at all fast unto me, even unto me?" Zech. vii. 5.

"After these things the Lord appointed other seventy also, and sent them two and two before his face into every city and place, whither he himself would come." "And the seventy returned again with joy, saying, Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through Thy name." Luke. x. 1, 17.

We presume not to have taken the most forcible texts to illustrate our subject, but have dotted down such as have presented. It may encourage our young Friends to trace out for themselves the numerous instances where seven and seventy are used in such manner as will justify the conclusion, that there was, at that period, a special significance attached to those numbers.

FAIRS.—The Public Ledger of the 20th inst. has these sensible remarks on the subject of "Fairs."

The "fair" is an institution that generally flourishes very extensively during the holiday season. It need not be described in detail, as nearly every one is familiar with its features and characteristics. In the general it is a sort of forced sale, in mass meeting, of various goods, wares and articles which are usually kept for sale at the retail shops and stores. These goods are for the most part contributions, and they are in considerable proportion the handiwork of the contributors. This is especially the case with knitted work, needle-work, and many fancy articles, produced by the deft fingers of the ladies who take a prominent part in getting up the "fair." As a rule, the "fairs" are held and

started by very good people, to promote very commendable objects; and for these reasons, they have acquired a very strong hold on popular favor. But there is broad room for doubt whether many of the excellent people who promote these attractive enterprises have given sufficient thought to the injury done by "fairs" to the business and the interests of other worthy people, especially when they are held in the holiday season.

Take the case of the retail shopkeepers. They are a very useful class in all large communities, and they are nearly always very deserving people. They have their stores or shops, for which they generally pay heavy rents, and they are under this burden the whole year round. They pay taxes to the United States, to the State and to the city. They have their attendants employed all the time, whether selling anything or not. These expenses are upon them in the "dull season" as well as in the busy season, and the one great opportunity they have for getting back their outlay is in the activity of business during the holiday season. But their opportunity is greatly damaged if at that time they have to meet the attractive competition of the "fairs." These latter step in and carry off a large share of the custom which was counted on by the shopkeepers to compensate them for losses during the dull time in business. Thus a short-sighted effort to do good in one direction results in considerable mischief and injury in another, and the sufferers are people whom no one would willingly set out to injure. These are views of the case that ought to receive attention from the very excellent people who are most active in getting up such enterprises.

There is another matter connected with "fairs" which is entitled to some reflection. As we have already observed, many of the articles sold on these occasions are the contributions of ladies, who have made the articles themselves. For the most part, these ladies are well to do in the world and some of them quite wealthy. They have no occasion to work for the means of living, and so they work gratuitously for love, or for their favorite objects, the church, the school, the orphan's asylum, the poor fund, &c. But in doing this they sometimes put their *gratuitous* labor into competition with the poorly paid and almost universally underpaid labor of poor needle women, who *are obliged* to work for their living. Thus the market for the labor of the latter is reduced, and the demand being reduced, the wages paid fall still lower. Thus want of full employment is brought about, and distress follows that, and thus the poor worker becomes an object for the very charity for which the "fair" was perhaps established. Would it not be a better form of benevolence to avoid such ruinous competition with the labor and the wages of those who *must* work for a living, and thus avoid one of the most frequent reasons for holding "fairs" during the holidays? There is scarcely a truly benevolent lady, who, when she comes to reflect, will not shrink from such a thing as putting her *gratis* labor into competition with the poorly paid labor of the needy woman, who must have pay for her work in order that she and her little ones may have bread to eat.

In addition to the objection urged against "fairs," that they do injustice to the regular dealer, there are others not at first so apparent connected with the formation of character. It will be admitted, that the highest kind of benevolence is that which involves self-sacrifice and the motive to which is pure and disinterested; and that just in proportion as these requisites accompany a benevolent action will be the self-approval and elevating effect upon character. But the principle underlying the "fair" is in opposition to this. Granted that the object for which the money is to be raised is a good one, and that the recipients of the charity are really benefitted, there is not a corresponding elevation of character nor self-approval in those who occupy the position of donors, because the *means* employed are indirect, and the motives of the purchasers at least, not disinterested. The "fair" is not a simple appeal to benevolence but also to taste, to eclat, to display. It is a temptation held out to the selfish to give their money and receive an equivalent; while at the same time they may be deluded into the belief that they are doing a benevolent action. The habit thus acquired of acting from mixed motives, is detrimental to the formation of simplicity of character.

Some of the *modes* in which the "Early Friends" carried out their plainness, sincerity and simplicity, are sometimes called in question at the present day, and with changes of custom some of them may have lost their significance: but the principles themselves lie at the foundation of all that is excellent and noble in character; and every age furnishes occasion for protest against corrupt customs. In order to cultivate a character of excellence, we must ac-

custom ouselves to examine our motives to action, and to ask whether the *means* employed to carry out a good object are pure and direct. It is a common thing to hear persons express their doubts as to the propriety of "fairs," who yet patronize them because they can give no good reason for not doing so. But the doubt and hesitation are sufficient reasons for declining participation, and in so doing, that tenderness of conscience is preserved which may well be called the *instinct* of the soul.

Friends of Indiana Yearly Meeting have charge of the Omaha Indians, and by a private letter from one of the Indian Committee of that Meeting, we learn that they have just forwarded to the agent for distribution among the Indians of the Omaha Reservation, 1080 articles of clothing—about 200 yards of goods —one barrel of crackers, &c., &c.—amounting to $1334. In the lot, there were 180 dresses of different sizes, mostly of bright colored flannel.

We would call attention to the Appeal of the Association for the aid and elevation of the Freedmen, and hope it will be liberally responded to. The little pittance which each can spare, may plant the seed which in time may yield a bountiful harvest, and we are amongst those who believe the efforts of Friends should continne till a system of education without distinction of color, shall be established in the Southern States.

DIED.

MICHENER.—At his residence near Waynesville, Warren Co., Ohio, on the 22d of Sixth mo., 1869, Isaac Michener, aged nearly 49 years; a member of the Society of Friends.

HARTLEY.—On the 23d of Twelfth mo., 1869, Jeremiah Hartley, in the 57th year of his age; a member of Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philada.

ELLICOTT.—In the city of Baltimore, on the morning of the 16th ult., at the residence of his son-in-law Ephraim Haines, George Ellicott, of Ellicott's Mills, aged 71 years.

FIRST DAY SCHOOLS.

"The Association of Friends for the promotion of First-day Schools within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting" will hold its next Quarterly Meeting in Friends' Meeting-house, Moorestown, N. J., on Seventh-day morning, First mo. 15th, 1870, at 11 o'clock. Reports from all First-day schools, Bible Classes, Reading Associations, &c., are requested to be forwarded prior to the meeting, (including names of delegates appointed,) to 717 Willow St., Philada. All interested are invited to attend and participate.

Passengers leave upper side of Market Street at 7 and 10 A.M., return trains from Moorestown, 2.10, 5.14 and 8.38 P.M.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, } *Clerks.*
EMMA WORRELL, }

The Executive Committee will meet on Sixth-day evening 14th inst., at 7½ o'clock, in Race Street Mo. Meeting Room, Philadelphia. 2t

FRIENDS' CHARITY FUEL ASSOCIATION.

A Stated Meeting of Friends' Charity Fuel Association will be held on Seventh-day evening, the 1st inst., at 8 o'clock, in Monthly Meeting room of Friends' Meeting-house, at Fifteenth and Race Sts.

WM. HEACOCK, Clerk.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

First mo. 2, 1870, Macedon N. Y., 11 A.M.
" " Penn's Manor, Pa., 10 A.M.
" " Frankford, Philada., 3 P.M.
" " Evesham, N. J., 3 P.M.
" " Providence, Del. Co., Pa., 3 P.M.
" 9th, " Alloway's Creek, N. J., 2½ P.M.

FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION FOR THE AID AND ELEVATION OF THE FREEDMEN.

The payment of moneys due the teachers of our thirteen schools, finds us with an exhausted treasury. Will Friends allow these teachers to be recalled, or will they, by a small contribution, enable us to continue them until the end of the season?

The Annual Report has been generally circulated, but has met with no response. We again appeal to Friends for aid, and trust that some one or more persons will, as formerly, interest themselves in this work, and secure contributions in their various neighborhoods, forwarding the same to our Treasurer,

HENRY M. LAING, No. 30 N. 3d St.
JACOB M. ELLIS, } SEC'YS.
ANNIE COOPER, }

Philadelphia, 1st mo., 1870.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FURTHER REFLECTIONS ON WAR.

That nations, communities and individuals still struggle on under the burthens of the war-system, is no less true than lamentable—and we believe one reason of its perpetuity is that too many are reluctant to look into the subject, and test it by their own sense of right and wrong. They do not say to themselves, is it consistent with Christianity for man to kill his fellow-man? Can it be right for children of the great and good Parent to destroy each others lives? But do not they rather say, many great and good men have hazarded, and even sacrificed their lives in defence of their country, and that, too, with great sincerity—that some such have been led by the Divine Spirit into this kind of service, &c. It is true that some individuals have engaged in war who were possessed of many enobling traits of character, and it is not our

proper business to enter into judgment with our fellow-men—but to investigate principles. "God is love," therefore his subjects must be actuated by a principle of love, for "they that dwell in God, dwell in love;" and knowing this by experience to be a truth, hence, when any good men claim, or others claim for them, that their departure from this principle has been a dictate of the Divine Spirit, we have just cause to doubt: the same fountain does not send forth sweet and bitter waters; a good spirit produces good results—and when bad are produced, the principle producing such must inevitably be bad. Now if the burthens, cruelties, demoralization, destruction of human life and property, produced by the war-system, are not bad fruits—I confess I know not what are.

Now war, like slavery, being so entirely wrong, admits of no apology in its favor, slavery in this country having received its death-blow, and now held, as it should be, in bad repute; doubtless many who once were its apologists, and regarded with charity the master's acts, can now see that such apologies were uncalled for, and their charity missapplied; the tendency having been to strengthen and perpetuate the slave-system. Can we then, while professing to bear an uncompromising testimony against war, apologize for it, and so missapply our charity as to claim for some engaged in war that they are in the fulfilment of their duty, and in agreement with the Divine will, when to do so is giving strength and perpetuity to the military system?

Only adopt a sound, right principle, and make it practical, and we have nothing to fear; it is truly like "a house founded upon a rock," a foundation that abideth sure.

We are not insensible that men may honestly and innocently differ in their views on various subjects, and in many particulars there are a variety of gifts, degrees of growth and experience, "milk for babes, and meat for those of riper years;" but it does not follow that there is no rallying point, no fundamental principle.

Has not the time fully come when war and military service should be placed in such a light that it may not be deemed an honorable, praiseworthy employment—but the reverse? This would prove effectual in fixing a stigma on military schools; for what intelligent parent would be willing to have a son trained for a dishonorable calling—a calling deemed by the community not only unrighteous, but disgraceful to any civilized people? The subject is of great interest in every point of view; who can estimate its draft on time and property? Who can count its bereaved widows and orphan children, or number its slaughtered victims? to say nothing of its demo[ra]lizing influences!

It is a question in which these Un[ited] States have a deep and abiding interest, [and] even individuals have a share of responsib[ility] for the continuance of this barbarous sys[tem] unless they are bearing an unequivocal t[es]timony against it. It is indeed a responsib[le] of great moment, from which there is no [es]cape; in agreement with the declaratio[n] the blessed Jesus, when he said, "he tha[t] not with me is against me," and "he gathereth not with me scattereth abroad" does not true wisdom, and our best inte[r]ests imperatively call upon us seriously to cons[ider] the position we are occupying in regard to [na]tions adjusting their differences at the expe[nse] of human life? D. IRISH

Dutchess Co., N. Y., 12th Mo., 1869.

DOG AND CHILD.

Elihu Burritt gives, in his book called "[A] walk from London to Land's End and bac[k]," a touching illustration of the affection o[f a] dog in Truro. From this interesting nar[ra]tive we can only give an abridgment.

"I was sitting at the breakfast table o[f a] friend, who is a druggist, when he was cal[led] into the shop by a neighbor who had co[me] for medical advice and aid in a very remar[ka]ble and affecting case.

"He described it briefly and simply, bu[t] would fill a volume of beautiful meani[ng] His family dog had incidentally made [the] acquaintance of a neighbor's child on t[he] other side of the street.

"While lying on the door-stone, he had [no]ticed this little thing, sometimes at the cha[m]ber-window and sometimes on the pavem[en]t in a little carriage.

"During one of his walks on that side [of] the street he met the baby, and looked ov[er] the rim of the little basket carriage, as a l[ov]ing dog can look, straight into the pair[ed] baby eyes, and said 'good morning,' as w[ell] as it could.

"Little by little, day by day, and week [by] week, this companionship went on, growi[ng] with the growth, and strengthening with t[he] strength of the little one. The dog, doul[t]less because his master had no young child [of] his own, came at last to transfer frequent[ly] his watch and ward to the door-stone on t[he] other side of the street, to follow as a gua[rd] of honor the baby's carriage on its daily a[ir]ings.

"With what delight he gave himself up [to] all the peltings, and little rude rompings, an[d] rough-and-tumblings, of those baby-hand[s] One day as the dog lay in watch by the doo[r-] stone, the child peering out of the windo[w] above, lost his balance and fell upon the sto[ne]

pavement below. It never breathed again. It was taken up quite dead! The red drops of the young life had bespattered the feet and face of the dog as he sprang to the rescue. His heart died out within him, in one long, whining moan of grief. From that moment he refused to eat. He refused to be comforted by his master's voice, and by his master's home. Day by day, and night by night, he lay upon the spot where the child fell.

"This was the neighbor's errand. He had come to my friend the druggist, for a prescription for his dog—something to bring back his appetite."—*Herald of Peace.*

MOTHER NATURE'S LOVE IS NEW TO EACH CHILD.

Nature sees through thee, knows thee, through and through,
And seeing through thee, therefore loves she thee,
Loves her own love in thee; and loving thee,
Therefore respects thee, and in thee herself.
Behold now; never could a human mother,
In all her human poverty, respect
A child of hers so chastely, sacredly,
As nature from the first doth honor thee.
The beam of light is new and heavenly pure
That greets thee as a child; the nectar draught
Given thee to breathe, each mouthful of pure air
Is fresh prepared in that great laboratory
Of spirits of thyself, an effluence
From newest heavens; each beaker, nay, each drop
Of water is prepared and cooled for thee
In secret caverns,—and the strawberry
And the sweet cherry which thy childish fingers
Bore to thy little mouth, not one of these,
These treasures man e'er tasted before thee;
They have been made, compounded, wove for thee!
The little glossy goblets of thy grapes,
Only for thee have they poured out the musk
The brought to thee fresh from the Maker's hand,
From secret depths of ecstacy, for thee,
For thee alone prepared, the maid, to be
Thy consort;—and the children, only thine,
That none on earth had ever owned before.
That none on earth will ever own henceforth,
So long as Heaven endures!—the cloud itself
That sails so swiftly by, will never shade
Another,—for behold it falls in rain!
The breeze will never cool another brow,—
For lo! e'en now it dies in yonder brake!
That rainbow no man ever more will see,
For even now its hues fade on thy sight!
The lark will sing this song to none again,—
For from the clouds she drops and it is hushed!
An only song which thou alone hast heard,—
Thus all is thine uniquely as thyself is.
Yea, know thou that the hand is always new
With which thou takest nature's every gift;
With ever new and ever changing hand
Thou givest his gift to the beggar; ah,
And his hand has e'en now grown older too!
Night after night Heaven sends fresh dreams to thee,
Day after day new senses and new will,
New and original force, thoughts, mind and life;
A life unique, peculiar, all thine own,
Thou livest forth from the eternal fount,
Intwined with Him more closely than the child
Is with its mother in the mother's lap!
Like a great thunder-cloud far stretching, full
Of might and majesty and fruitfulness,
Broods over thee God's presence ever near,
And through the delicate network of thy frame
Passing the tissue of the finest flower,—
The heavenly influence flows down into thee,
With blissful, ever new-creating might,
Like streams of fragrance pouring into flowers,
That stand benumbed and breathe benumbing scents
And thou—forget not thus to breathe around
Rich perfume of pure thought and of still love,
Still—as the thunder-cloud that charges thee!

Leopold Schefer—Layman's Breviary.

IS YOUR LAMP BURNING?

A party of young Friends rambling through "The Glen" at Newport, on a rural excursion, found the following lines, Eighth mo. 31st, 1869:

"Say, is your lamp burning, my brother?
I pray you look quickly and see,
For if it were burning, then surely
Some beams would fall bright upon me.

"Straight, straight is the road, but I falter,
And oft I fall out by the way;
Then lift your lamp higher, my brother,
Lest I should make fatal delay.

"There are many and many around you
Who follow wherever you go;
If you thought that they walked in the shadow,
Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.

"Upon the dark mountains they stumble,
They are bruised on the rocks, and they lie
With their white pleading faces turned upward
To the clouds and the pitiful sky.

"There is many a lamp that is lighted,
We behold them anear and afar,
But not many among them, my brother,
Shines steadily on like a star.

"I think, were they trimmed night and morning,
They would never burn down or go out,
Though from the four quarters of heaven
The winds were all blowing about.

"If once all the lamps that are lighted
Should steadily blaze in a line,
Wide over the land and the ocean,
What a girdle of glory would shine!

"How all the dark places would brighten!
How the mists would roll up and away!
How the earth would laugh out in her gladness
To hail the millenial day!

"Say, is your lamp burning, my brother?
I pray you look quickly and see,
For if it were burning, then surely
Some beam would fall bright upon me."

A WOMAN HORTICULTURIST.

The Hartford *Times* prints the following, showing how one woman got some land and cultivates it without asking help of the legislature or any one else: "We have received some excellent specimens of cherries, currants, raspberries and strawberries, from Miss Laura A. White, of Webster street, in this city. This lady earned the money, by day's labor, to purchase half an acre of land, and on this she is cultivating a remarkable amount of fruit. On this thrifty spot she has twenty apple trees, sixteen cherry trees, eleven pear trees, over one hundred grape vines, quinces, etc., besides all the varieties of berries. Miss White does all the work with her

own hands, and we presume there is not another lady in the country who equals her industry and success, in horticultural pursuits. In a note accompanying the fruit, Miss White says: 'In this little horticultural field I have learned the grand teaching of divine truth, and enjoyed exquisite pleasure among my beautiful trees clustering with rich fruit above my head. The fruit and flowers, like angel voices, have cheered me on; and in their presence I have cultivated a love for the beautiful in all things, and have been happier in loftier and holier thoughts, with clearer views of the brighter world above. I recommend to all ladies that they give time and attention to horticulture, as it improves both mind and body.'"—*The Christian Register.*

STRUCTURE AND CARE OF THE EAR.

(Continued from page 685.)

Causes of Injury and Deafness which may be avoided.—There are several things very commonly done which are extremely injurious to the ear, and ought to be carefully avoided. Those who have followed the previous description will easily understand the reason.

And first, children's ears ought never to be boxed. We have seen that the passage of the ear is closed by a thin membrane, especially adapted to be influenced by every impulse of the ear, and with nothing but the air to support it internally. What, then, can be more likely to injury this membrane than a sudden and forcible compression of the air in front of it? If any one designed to break or overstretch the membrane, he could scarcely devise a more effective means than to bring the hand suddenly and forcibly down upon the passage of the ear, thus driving the air violently before it, with no possibility for its escape but by the membrane giving way. And far too often it does give way, especially if, from any previous disease, it has been weakened. Many children are made deaf by boxes on the ear in this way. Nor is this the only way: if there is one thing which does the nerve of hearing more harm than almost any other, it is a sudden jar or shock. Children and grown persons alike may be entirely deafened by falls or heavy blows upon the head. And boxing the ears produces a similar effect, though more slowly, and in less degree. It tends to dull the sensibility of the nerve, even if it does not hurt the membrane. I knew a pitiful case, once, of a poor youth, who died from a terrible disease of the ear. He had had a discharge from it since he was a child. Of course his hearing had been dull; and what had happened was that *his father had often boxed his ear for inattention!* Most likely that boxing on the ear, diseased as it was, had much to do with his dying. Ar this brings me to the second point. Childre should never be blamed for being inattentiv until it has been found out whether they a not a little deaf. This is easily done by placin them at a few yard's distance, and tryin whether they can understand what is said t them in a rather low tone of voice. Eac ear should be tried, while the other is stoppe by the finger. I do not say that children ar never guilty of inattention, especially to tha which they do not particularly wish to hear but I do say that very many children ar blamed and punished for inattention whe they really do not hear. And there is nothin at once more cruel and more hurtful to th character of children than to be found faul with for what is really their misfortune Three things should be remembered here: 1 That slight degrees of deafness, often lastin only for a time, are very common amon children, especially during or after colds. 2 That a slight deafness, which does not pre vent a person from hearing when he is ex pecting to be spoken to, will make him very dull to what he is not expecting; and 3. Tha there is a kind of deafness in which a perso can hear pretty well while listening, but i really very hard of hearing when not listen ing.

The chief avoidable cause of deafness is catching cold, and whatever keeps us from colds helps us to preserve our hearing. We should do, therefore, those things that help to keep colds away: of which the first is taking plenty of fresh air; the second using enough, but not too much, cold water all over us, taking especial care to rub ourselves thoroughly dry, and never to let it chill us; and the third is to avoid draughts, and wet, especially sitting in wet clothes, or being in close or very heated rooms. But there are some kinds of cold especially hurtful to the ear. One is sitting with the ear exposed to a side wind, as too many people do now on the roofs of omnibuses, and so on. We should always *face* the wind; then, if we are not chilled, it is hard to have too much of it. Another hurtful thing is letting rain or sleet drive into the ear, against which, if it were not that people do sometimes suffer from this cause, it would seem as if it could hardly be necessary to caution them.

Another source of danger to the ear, however, arises from the very precautions which are sometimes taken against those last mentioned. Nothing is more natural than to protect the ear against cold by covering it with a piece of cotton wool; and this is most useful if it is done only on occasions of special exposure, as when a person is compelled to encounter a driving storm, or has to receive

on one side of the head the force of a cutting wind. But it is astonishing in how many cases the cotton wool thus used, instead of being removed from the ear when the need for it has passed, is pushed down into the passage, and remains there, forming itself an obstruction to hearing, and becoming the cause of other mischiefs. Three separate pieces have sometimes been found thus pushed down, one upon the other. Paper rolled up, which is also used for protecting the ear when cotton wool is not at hand, is still more irritating, when it is too long unremoved. The way to avoid this accident, besides being careful not to forget, is to use a large piece of the wool, and to place it over, rather than in, the passage.

It should be remembered, that constantly covering up the ear is adapted to injure it. On the whole, men, in whom the ear is habitually exposed, suffer, if anything, less from ear disease than women, in whom it is so often covered. Nor can the "hat" be held an unsafe head-dress in this respect for the latter sex. But it is important that there should not be frequent changes, especially in cold weather, from a head-dress which covers to one which exposes the ear. It is better that the air should always have free access to it; but if this has not been the case, the summer should be chosen to make the change.

All sorts of substances are sometimes put into the ear by children, who do it to themselves or to each other in ignorant play. If every parent and teacher warned his children against doing this, it would not be a useless precaution. When the accident happens, the chief danger is that of undue haste and violence. Such bodies should be removed by syringing with warm water alone, and no attempt should be made to lay hold of them or move them in any other way. It is enough to reflect, again, that the passage of the ear is closed by a delicate membrane, to show the reason for this rule. When no severe pain follows, no alarm need be felt. It is important that the substance should be removed as speedily as is quite safe, but there need never be impatience; nor should disappointment be felt if syringing needs to be repeated on many days before it effects its end. It will almost invariably succeed at last in the hands of a medical man, and is most effective if the ear is turned downwards and syringed from below.

Now and then an insect gets into the ear and causes great pain; the way to get rid of it is to pour oil into the ear. This suffocates the insect.

There is another danger arising from boyish sports. Snowballs sometimes strike the ear, and the snow remaining in it sets up inflammation. This danger is increased by a practice which should be inadmissible, of mixing small stones with the snow, which thus effect a lodgment in the ear.

(To be concluded.)

TIME-MEASURERS.

The Northmen, who overthrew the Roman Empire, used a very primitive method of measuring time.

At the break of dawn, when the chieftain of the camp or village arose, a boy-slave came and took up his position at the entrance of his hut, and sat down with two helmets, one full of pebbles and the other empty, before him. His business was to transfer the pebbles, one by one, and not too fast, from the first helmet to the second, after which he surrendered his turn to some one else, who repeated the operation and so on till dusk. As the helmets were mostly very big, and the pebbles, on the contrary, very small, the process of emptying must have taken a good two hours. It is probable, therefore, that the days of these Franks and Norsemen, Teutons and Vandals, were divided, like those of the Assyrians, into six parts or watches. As soon as the helmet had been emptied, the fact was proclaimed through the camp by the striking of a sword against a shield, gong-fashion, at the chieftain's door. The echo was caught up around, and men knew that dinner-time had come.

In towns where some faint remnant of Roman civilization survived, the reckoning was kept by watchmen. At daybreak a soldier started on foot (or, if the town was a large one, on horsback) to walk around the city. When he had gone his round, the first watch was over; and he returned to his quarters blowing loud on a trumpet, while a second soldier set out in silence to perform the second watch. This continued uninterruptedly day and night, the only difference being that after sunset there was no trumpet-blowing, and that the watchmen, instead of proceeding singly, went their rounds in batches of ten or a dozen.—*Exchange.*

A GARDENER goes over his grounds occasionally to cut away the suckers from his young trees. They are nothing very bad in themselves; but, as related to the tree, they are an unmitigated pest. For they drain off the nourishing juices that are wanted for a better life than their own. They feed their worthless stems on its richness and strength. And there are suckers that waste the life of men. There are indulgences that eat out the fullness, and stain the purity, and bring down the growth of any character that allows them to cling to it. With a young man it will be his pipe, his wine, his cards, the bad compan-

ionship that is leading to all manner of license. Or it may be nameless sin, whether secret or more open, that pollutes and spreads gangrene through his being. With a young maiden it is fashion, dress, a passion for amusement and excitement, a hunger for admiration. What is wanted is, to bring back all the power so wasted into the line of something nobler. Why does it strengthen a thread to wax it? Because it gathers in the little filaments that were standing off pointing in every direction, and pastes them together, and makes each one contribute the strength it had been wasting to the general tenacity of the whole. The thread of one's life should be often waxed. There are always talents turned off to one use and another that ought to be gathered in, and desires and habits of feelings that want a closer discipline. And this work must be done at stated times, with a clear purpose, a distinct understanding of what we are doing, and an earnest prayer to God for help.—*Independent.*

CURIOUS MALAY CEREMONIES.

In the lower part of New Orleans are a few Malay families who preserve the customs and retain the superstitions of their native land. They bury their dead at night, and like the American Indian, slaughter upon the grave some animal the deceased loved in life. One Saturday, the 3d instant, a young girl died, and was buried on Sunday night, in the old cemetery on Gentilly-road. There being no priest of their religion there the ceremony was performed by the oldest man of their country residing amongst them. He was clad in a long black robe, and preceded, on foot, the *cortege* which conveyed the remains to the grave. Arriving there the tomb was anointed and a fish and some cake placed in a vault. This was accompanied by a ceremony at once solemn and impressive. This over, a bird was killed and laid on the breast of the deceased, while all the friends and relatives passed by the coffin, each one laying their hands on the head and saying in their native tongue the simple word, "Farewell!" No tears were shed. They do not think the transition of the soul an occasion of grief. The ceremony over, the family returned home accompanied by their friends, and fruit and wine, and bread, is given to each in the name of the dead. By it they promise to preserve their constancy to each other, and by their love for the dead perpetuate their friendship.

"Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth," are the houses in which God dwells. Now the way to have God's presence with you in your houses is to furnish them for his entertainment. If you seek Him he will be found of you.

ITEMS.

Edward M. Stanton died in Washington on the 24th ult. He had recently been appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The Growth of the United States.—The United States have an area of 3,578,392 square miles, or 2,290,170,880 acres; nearly an acre for every dollar of the national debt. The population in 1860 was 31,443,321. It was then computed by the Census Bureau that the mean annual increase of population is three per cent., and that the United States would probably contain in

1870 a population of	42,328,432
1880 a population of	56,420,241
1890 a population of	77,266,989
1900 a population of	100,355,802

The last number is greater than the present population of Great Britain, France, Spain and Prussia together, and far greater than any number of civilized people ever yet united in one nation. Yet with this population the United States would have but twenty-eight inhabitants to the square mile—less than one third the prseent density of the population of New York State, which is nearly ninety-four to the square mile. There is perhaps no doubt in any one's mind that the whole territory of the United States is, on the average, naturally capable of supporting a population as dense as that of Massachusetts. Yet that State now has 173 inhabitants to every square mile, and the United States, when equally peopled, will contain 619,000,000 of inhabitants. It seems a very long time to look forward to the end of this century, but the country now has nearly fourteen times the number of people for whom the Federal Constitution was framed; and the child born this year, if it attain the age of three-score and ten, will in all probability be a citizen of a nation of 322,500,000 people. —*N. Y. Evening Post.*

At Kew Observatory, near London, the sun's photograph is taken once or twice every day when the sky will permit. By this means we are obtaining a continuous history of the changes in the spots and faculæ on its face, more accurate and more instructive than could be procured in any other way. An investigation of these sun pictures is fast settling at rest many disputed points pertaining to solar physics. The existence of a comparatively cold atmosphere around the sun, outside of the luminous matter, and the connection of the solar spots with planetary influence (chiefly that of Venus and Jupiter,) have been already established by them. Other questions relating to spots on the sun, and their connection with terrestrial magnetism, it is thought, will soon be solved, and perhaps all those concerning the movements of the supposed ring of asteroids (or, possibly, single planet) within the orbit of Mercury. An investigation is now being made with the view of determining with greater exactness the angular diameter of the sun.

It is asserted by the *Mechanic's Magazine* that one hour after the gas of London is lighted the air is deoxidized as much as if 500,000 people had been added to its population. During the combustion of oil, tallow, gas, etc., water is produced as well as carbonic acid; in cold weather we see it condensed on the windows. By the burning of gas twenty-four hours in London more water, it is estimated, is produced than would supply an emigrant ship on her voyage from England to Australia.—*Every Saturday.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N Y.*
Benj. Strattan, *Richmond, Ind.*
Wm. H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
T Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

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SKETCHES OF FRIENDS.

Historical, Biographical and Anecdotal.

(Continued from page 692.)

Ralph Sandiford, author of the first anti-slavery book known to have been published in any part of the world, was the son of John Sandiford, of Liverpool, England, where he was born in the year 1693.

It is cause for regret that so little material can now be obtained, out of which to frame a biographical notice of this early advocate for freedom; but at our remote distance from the period of his life and labors, we must be content with the few fragments rescued from the hand of time, and with these attempt to perpetuate his memory.

Roberts Vaux, in his brief biographical notice of Benjamin Lay and Ralph Sandiford, published in 1815, says: "At the period when they went forth distributing their essays, proclaiming the iniquity inseparable from the trade in human flesh, and showing the inconsistency which marked the conduct of Christians who held their fellow creatures in bondage, the opposition to their views and wishes was so general and intense, that it is believed from that cause the intellect of these remarkable men became partially affected. But who will question that they were instrumental, (at a great sacrifice indeed,) in laying the foundation of the change of opinion, which afterward became universal in this commonwealth, and spread its benign influence through neighboring States and to remote nations?"

The parents of Sandiford were Episcopalians; but though he was educated in the principles and practices of that religious denomination, he early in life became convinced of the Truth as held by Friends, and united himself with that despised and persecuted people. Soon thereafter he emigrated to America, and embarked in mercantile pursuits, which led him to visit the West Indies several times, where he saw the iniquity of slavery, and was impressed with the conviction that he must labor for its abolition.

He thus alludes to this period of his life in his little book: "The Lord who is rich in mercy, brought to my remembrance his works of old, and the times that were past, when his candle shone upon my head, and by his light I walked through darkness; and the religious education I had, though in the Church of England, being governed by one whose prayers and tears to the Lord, and good counsel to us in the very power of truth, did more subdue our evil natures than correction; which gave me, though a youth, a sense at my first landing in these parts, the inconsistency this trade had with a Christian education; but especially with the sense I had of the truth of God and the extension of his goodness in this gospel dispensation, wherein he has singularly manifested his love unto all men; in the sense, and under the shade of

which I have sat with great delight, and the overflowings of his goodness has been sweet to my taste; and because of the flavor of the good ointment which hath spread to the very border of the garment, therefore hath my soul loved and delighted in him, as the Universal Love of the Father." Under the consideration of these blessings, his heart overflows with gratitude, which finds expression in the following prayer: "And after all these favors, O Lord, and thy manifold mercies and visitations of love, shall I disbelieve Thee, in whom there is no offence, that hath pronounced Thy woe to the offender, against the least believer in Thee, that it were better a millstone were hung about his neck, and that he fathomed the bottom of the sea? Or shall I disbelieve Thy truth, which testifies against all the unrighteousness and ungodliness of men? Blessed be Thy Holy Name, who gave me a secret hope, and manifested unto my soul how this practice was suffered to try who would sell Thee and Thy truth for gain; who giveth the Blessing to those that are not offended in Thee."

In one of his voyages for the purpose of Trade, Ralph Sandiford met with some narrow escapes, which he thus describes to his friend, Nathan Hughes, of Bristol, Pa., to whom his book is dedicated.

"As the beginning of our sorrows, we were "robbed by Pirates, yet through Penury we "made our voyage to Barbadoes, where a "prospect of profit offered for this place, (Philadelphia), "but as all Human Affairs "are uncertain, in the Lattitude of 27 deg., "34 min. and 5 deg., 56 m. Westing from "that Island, our sloop, after many violent "storms, sprung a leak, and in 18 hours, sunk "before our eyes, where we were left to drive "before wind and sea, in our open Boat; yet "through the concurring mercies of our God, "(after eight days tossing on the ocean, on "which we sailed 170 Leagues), we landed on "one of the Bahama Islands, called Cat Is-"land, where, with souls filled with joy, we "sang to our Deliverer, rejoicing both in his "judgments and mercies, who preserved us on "the Deep, and provided for us on the Des-"ert, where we lay marooned some months, "until Providence brought us to South Caro-"lina, where I waged with one, [esteemed the "richest in the province], in the same service "I was in with you; and he wonld have be-"stowed his bounty on me; but there was "that Righteous Seed in me, which begs not "its Bread, neither would it suffer me to re-"ceive more than my Hire, his riches being "the product of Negro and Indian slaves, "which would have made me a Debtor and "an Oppressor in the Creation; which was so "contrary to me, that the sight and sense I "had of it, burdened my Life, which hastened "me to those parts, where the Lord blessed "me with substance again, which was quickly "consumed by the *Fire*, and I providentially "escaped with my life, at your fair at Bristol. "In all this I saw the hand of the Lord, who "has again raised me to fullness and plenty, "which I now mention to commemorate His "providence."

A slaveholder himself, Sandiford liberated his negroes, thus manifesting his sincerity, and at the same time setting an example to those among whom he labored worthy of imitation. He is believed to have been the first who thus washed his hands of the stain of slavery, and he sought every opportunity to induce a similar course in others, especially among the members of the Society of Friends.

In considering this question as applied to Friends, he says: "Had Friends stood clear of this Practice, that it might have been answered to the Traders in Slaves, that there is a People called *Quakers* in *Pennsylvania* that will not own this practice in word or deed, —then would they have been a burning and a shining Light to these poor Heathen, and a precedent to the Nations throughout the Universe, which might have brought them to have seen the Evil of it in themselves, and glorified the Lord on our Behalf, and, like the Queen of the East, to have admired the glory and beauty of the Church of God. But instead thereof, the tender seed in the honest-hearted is under suffering to see both Elders and Ministers, as it were, Cloathed with it, and their Offspring after them, filling up the measure of their Parents Iniquity; which may be suffered till such Time, that Recompence from Him that is just to all His creatures, opens that Eye, the god of this world has blinded. I have not so learned Christ, as to think, much less to believe, that the Eternal Love of the Father, in him that suffered the ignominious death of the Cross for the redemption of the whole Creation, should allow his followers, in the most arbitrary and tyrannical oppression that hell has invented on this globe, which wonld better become the Religion of Mahomet, which was introduced by human force, than for the Ministers of the Prince of Peace. He desires each to query, whether the "Riches and Estates founded on oppression will answer to the loss of Eternal riches to thy soul, which cost the blood of thy Redeemer;—Under the sense of which am I thus drawn forth unto thee, that if it should please the Lord, I might be of service but to *one* soul, I should be sufficiently recompensed for my exposing myself to the censures of men; and for this Labour of Love, and the groans and supplications that have

een offered up unto the Lord night and day, iat this Trade, with the whole train of in- uity attending it, might be swept out of all nurches that make mention of Thy Name; iat the knowledge of Thee, the Lord, might ›read over the Universe, whom to know is ife Eternal, and that all oppression and iolence, that has hindered the progress of hy Truth, may be centered with the author iereof, to the pit that is bottomless."

When but thirty years of age, Sandiford ublished his little book, in which he com- ated some of the erroneous but popular no- ions touching the inferiority of the negro, nd that his unwilling servitude was in ac- ordance with the teachings of the Scripture.

Sandiford shows the fallacy of these Bible rguments; a specimen of his reasoning we ive below. He says the Negro cannot be roved, "by any genealogy, the seed of Ham, hom Noah cursed not, saith Josephus, as eing too nigh of Blood. But Noah's curse n Canaan, the youngest son of Ham, is nought a suitable original for the Negroe rade. But the curse is not so extensive as ou would have it, but is thus expressed: Cursed be Canaan, a servant of servants hall he be *unto his brethren.*' So that he was › serve the meanest of the offspring of Shem nd Japheth; but the time came, that the anaanites were destroyed with a mighty De- ruction, according to the promise of the ord, and their land given unto the seed of braham, as the Lord showed him in a vis- n, when he sojourned therein, amongst the anaanites that then had possession of it. eborah in her song, rejoices that the very ars in their courses fought against Sisera, hich is more fully expressed by Josephus— at the Lord fought against the Canaanites, th hosts of judgments, until they were de- royed. So that their race is ended, as well that Dispensation. How, then, ean these egroes or Indians be slaves to Christians, ho are the Lord's Freemen? But if these egroes are *Slaves of Slaves*, acccording to e *curse, whose Slaves then must their Mas- s be?*

This book opens with the following appeal. My Friend whomsoever thou art that deals slaves, or hath had any fellowship there- h, in the love of God, that desires the ace and the Restoration of the whole crea- n, do I now salute thee, that thou mayest sider that principle and foundation on ich this Practice stands; since for every e word we must give an Account, and on our Actions are established an Eternity; l whomsoever we yield ourselves to obey is Servants we are—whether of Sin unto ath, or of Obedience unto Life." He con- des his treatise in this solemn manner And in the same Love that desires the welfare of both (church and state) is this freely given, that it may be spread by the readers, amongst such as are concerned in the Trade or otherwise, as you may see its service in Righteousness without striking at any *creature*, but at the *Evil* in all, that the cause may be removed, that the creation may be governed by Love, and this practice disowned by all Mankind; and especially by all that Name the Name of Jesus, that every creature under the whole Heavens may be delivered from oppression, as well as—Ralph Sandiford."

The reading of this work had the effect of multiplying his enemies, by its exposure of their evil practices. Under the pressure of the hostility thus awakened against him, which was manifested even by his brethren of the same "household of faith," his mental and bodily powers became impaired. Leaving Philadelphia, he purchased a farm near Bustleton, Penna. Here he erected a log-house, adapted to his simple wants, and in the retirement which this rural home afforded, he sought

"To keep the flame from wasting, by repose."

But his mission was almost ended; his work accomplished; and in two short years after his removal from the city of his adoption, he dled "the death of the righteous."

Having been blessed with considerable property, and being a bachelor, the last act of his life was to dispose of it by will dated 3mo. 7, 1733. This document commences as follows: "Be it remembered that I, Ralph Sandiford of Lower Dublin, in the county of Phila., merchant, being sick in body, but of sound mind and memory [praised be the Lord] do make this my last will and testament, in manner following:—First, I commit my soul into the hands of Almighty God, my maker, hoping, through the meritorious death and passion of Jesus Christ, my only Saviour and Redeemer, to be everlastingly Saved. Also, I commit my body to the earth, to be therein decently buried, at the discretion of my executors, hereinafter nominated. And as to what worldly effects it hath pleased the Lord to bestow upon me, after my just debts and funeral expenses are duly paid and discharged, I dispose thereof as followeth:—— He leaves ten pounds each to the men's and women's meeting of Friends at Philadelphia, for the benefit of the poor; a similar donation to the Episcopalians, and after a few legacies to friends and relatives, gives to his housekeeper, and a faithful female servant, a life-estate in his two farms, [one located at Cheltenham, and the other near Bustleton, on which he lived] these properties to be sold after their death, and the proceeds distributed

equally among his sisters, or their legal representatives in England.

On the 28th of 3d month, 1733, just three weeks after the execution of this important document, Ralph Sandiford departed this life, in the fortieth year of his age. His remains were buried in a field on his farm, and the grave was enclosed with a fence. The executors of his will placed a stone at the head of the grave with the following inscription:

> "In Memory of
> Ralph Sandiford,
> Son of John Sandiford,
> Of Liverpool; he bore
> A Testimony against the
> Negro Trade, & dyed
> Ye 28th day of ye 3d month
> 1783. Aged 40 years."

After the death of the housekeeper and servant (who were buried in the same field), the farm became the property of those who seem to have had but little respect for its original proprietor, for the fence surrounding the grave of Sandiford was removed; even the mound which marked the spot where rested his body, was levelled and the stone destroyed, so that no one can now point to the place they laid him.

His friend Benj. Lay tells us that Ralph Sandiford "was in great perplexity of mind; and having oppression which makes a wise man mad, by which he was brought very low, with many bodily infirmities, long before he died, his Book largely set out. Read it without partiality or prejudice (which is always blind), and you may excellent, weighty matters find in it. He was a very tender-hearted man, before he came amongst Friends, as well as after, as I have heard from many honest Friends that had much dealing and intimate conversation with him for many years, which are now living. But before he died, by reason of his sore affliction of mind concerning slave-keeping, as in his Book largely appears, and infirmity of Body—he fell into a sort of delirium. However, I do believe if he had lived, he would have overcome it; for I went to see him several times a little before he died. I am not ashamed, nor afraid to write it, altho' I be censured for it, as I *have been with some others, for going to see him*, altho' in Affliction—the only time for visiting as I humbly conceive, if we go in a right minde."

His biographer describes Sandiford as small in stature with strongly marked features, expressive of benignity and intelligence; his habits were frugal, but he was hospitable to visitors and kind to the poor. "His clothing was made in the most simple manner, and was of the natural color of the material of which it was composed." This singularity of dress manifested his eccentricity, but there no evidence of insanity that we notice eithe in his conduct or his writings. The deliriu described above by his friend Lay, probabl preceded his death, as is frequently the cas in certain fevers, but that it was not of lon continuance we know; for three weeks b fore his death, he made his will, being the of sound mind and memory. It was to th interest of those whose practices he denounce to spread the report of his insanity, but w think no unbiased reader of his book can b lieve that its arguments were penned by person of unsound mind. The great princ ples which he first avowed and advocated i this country have become as *popular now* a they were *unpopular then*, and his nam should ever be held in grateful remembranc especially by the descendants of those fo whom he so zealously labored.

(To be continued.)

The true worshippers shall worship th Father in spirit and in truth: for the Fathe seeketh such to worship him.—JOHN iv. 23.

THE USE OF THE TALENT.

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

We are stewards or ministers of whateve talents are entrusted to us. Is it not a strang thing, that while we more or less accept th meaning of that saying, so long as it is co sidered metaphorical, we never accept it meaning in its own terms? You know th lesson is given us under the form of a stor about money. Money was given to the se vants to make use of; the unprofitable se vant dug in the earth and hid his Lord money. Well, we, in our poetical and spiri ual application of this, say, that of cours money does not mean money, it means wi it means intellect, it means influence in hig quarters, it means everything in the worl except itself. And do you not see what pretty and pleasant come-off there is for mo of us in the spiritual application? Of cours if we had wit, we would use it for the good o our fellow-creatures. But we have not wi Of course, if we had influence we would us it for the good of the Church; but we hav not any influence. Of course if we had po litical power, we would use it for the good o the nation; but we have no political power we have no talents entrusted to *us* of any so or kind. It is true we have a little money but the parable cannot possibly mean any thing so vulgar as money; our money is ou own.

I believe, if you think seriously of this ma ter, you will feel that the first and most litera application is just as necessary a one as an other — that the story does very speciall

mean what it says—plain money; and that the reason we do not at once believe it does so, is a sort of tacit idea that while thought, wit and intellect, and all power of birth and position are indeed *given* to us, and, therefore, to be laid out for the Giver,—our wealth has not been given to us; but we have worked for it, and have a right to spend it as we choose. I think you will find that is the real substance of our understanding in this matter. Beauty, we say, is given by God—it is a talent; strength is given by God—it is a talent; position is given by God—it is a talent; but money is proper wages for our day's work—it is not a talent, it is a due. We may justly spend it on ourselves, if we have worked for it. And there would be some shadow of excuse for this, were it not that the very power of making the money is itself only one of the applications of that intellect or strength which we confess to be talents. Why is one man richer than another? Because he is more industrious, more persevering and more sagacious. Well, who made him more persevering and more sagacious than others? That power of endurance, that quickness of apprehension, that calmness of judgment, which enable him to seize the opportunities that others lose, and persist in the lines of conduct in which others fail—are these not talents? —are they not, in the present state of the world, among the most distinguished and influential of mental gifts? And is it not wonderful, that while we should be utterly ashamed to use a superiority of body, in order to thrust our weaker companions aside from some place of advantage, we unhestatingly use our superiorities of mind to thrust them back from whatever good that strength of mind can attain. You would be indignant if you saw a strong man walk into a theatre or a lecture-room, and calmly choosing the best place, take his feeble neighbor by the shoulder, and turn him out of it into the back seats, or the street. You would be equally indignant if you saw a stout fellow thrust himself up to a table where some hungry children were being fed, and reach his arm over their heads and take their bread from them. But you are not the least indignant if when a man has stoutness of thought and swiftness of capacity, and, instead of being long-armed only, has the much greater gift of being long-headed—you think it perfectly just that he should use his intellect to take the bread out of the mouths of all the other men in the town who are of the same trade with him, or use his breadth and sweep of sight to gather some branch of the commerce of the country into one great cobweb, of which he is himself to be the central spider, making every thread vibrate with the joints of his claims, and commanding every avenue with the facets of his eyes. You see no injustice in this. But there is injustice; and, let us trust, one of which honorable men will at no distant period disdain to be guilty. In some degree, however, it is indeed not unjust; in some degree it is necessary and intended. It is asssuredly just that idleness should be surpassed by energy; that the widest influence should be possessed by those who are best able to wield it; and that a wise man, at the end of his career, should be better off than a fool. But for that reason, is the fool to be wretched, utterly crushed down, and left in all the suffering which his conduct and capacity naturally inflict? Not so. What do you suppose fools were made for? That you might tread upon them, and starve them, and get the better of them in every possible way? By no means. They were made that wise people might take care of them. That is the true and plain fact concerning the relation of every strong and wise man to the world about him. He has his strength given him not that he may crush the weak, but that he may support and guide them. In his own household he is to be the guide and the support of his children; out of his household he is still to be the father, that is, the guide and support of the weak and the poor; not merely of the meritoriously weak and the innocently poor, but of the guiltily and punishably poor; of the men who ought to have known better—of the poor who ought to be ashamed of themselves. It is nothing to give pension and cottage to the widow who has lost her son; it is nothing to give food and medicine to the workman who has broken his arm, or the decrepid woman wasting in sickness. But it is something to use your time and strength to war with the waywardness and thoughtlessness of mankind; to keep the erring workman in your service until you have made him an unerring one; and to direct your fellow-merchant to the opportunity which his dullness would have lost. This is much; but it is yet more, when you have fully achieved the superiority which is due to you, and acquired the wealth which is the fitting reward of your sagacity, if you solemnly accept the responsibility of it, as it is the helm and guide of labor far and near. For you who have it in your hands are in reality the pilots of the power and effort of the State. It is entrusted to you as an authority to be used for good or evil, just as completely as kingly authority was ever given to a prince. . . . I trust that in a little while there will be few of our rich men who, through carelessness or covetousness, thus forfeit the glorious office which is intended for their hands. I said just now, that wealth ill-used was as the net of the spider, entangling and destroying;

but wealth well used, is as the net of the sacred fisher who gathers souls of men out of the deep. A time will come—I do not think even now it is far from us—when this golden net of the world's wealth will be spread abroad as the flaming meshes of morning cloud are over the sky; bearing with them the joy of light and the dew of the morning, as well as the summons to honorable and peaceful toil.

EXTREMES.

Extremes lose the characters of their originals, trench upon other duties, and thus become vicious. A few obvious examples may suffice. Thus, in its excess, even charity, as alms-giving, becomes prodigality and an encouragement of imposition; as religious toleration and forbearance, it may lead to lukewarmness, and neglect of zeal. Economy may be carried to penuriousness; diligence in business, to the worship of mammon. Liberty overstrained is licentiousness; good government, despotism and tyranny. Courage may grow to rashness; caution to unprofitable timidity. Plainness may degenerate into an affectation of singularity or coarseness; neatness may be encouraged to gayety, or even till it verge upon idolatry. Justice and good discipline may be extended to severity and cruelty; mercy, to an encouragement of aggression and crime. The extreme of faith is superstition and credulity; that of its contrary is proud infidelity. Courtesy in excess is complement, adulation and deceit; simplicity of manners overwrought becomes repulsive bluntness. Religious zeal may be pursued to party spirit and rancour; moderation itself to culpable indifference.

Perhaps soundness of mind may be defined to be such a proper estimate of the various duties as will retain them all in their just and harmonious proportions. Surely the spirit of Truth must be humbly and watchfully sought for, as alone able to confer this great attainment, and to guard against the approaches of evil on every hand.

It must not, however, be supposed that, by thus commending moderation, it is designed to plead for a middle course, if such were possible, between good and evil, truth and error, light and darkness. The path of the Christian will ever be a decided one, and the revealed will of the Lord must be his guide, teaching him to combine decision with moderation, and to pursue a straight-forward and consistent course, equally removed from all dangerous extremes.

A slight acquaintance with human nature may suffice to demonstrate that, too urgent efforts to enforce on others any particular impression, especially if not very evident or agreeable, often tend, not only to be unsuccessful, but to produce, sooner or later, inclinations and resolutions the very opposite to those desired. A spirit of resistance is excited by the urgency employed, especially when it comes with the tone of authority. Hence the ill success, in many instances, of the earnest endeavors of parents with their children. And to the same cause we must attribute the effect of any strong and extreme enforcement of doctrine or practice, in producing another directly the contrary.—*Ex. Paper.*

WOMEN'S MEETINGS.

The first meeting of women Friends in London appears to have been one held every two weeks for the help of the poor, "to visit the sick and to search out the necessities of the poor weak widows and aged." Gilbert Latey, in an epistle printed in his memoirs, gives some account of their origin. "He takes us back to the 'early days three or four years after the settlement of the men's meeting, when, on one occasion, some fifteen men Friends were met in their usual fortnightly gathering in an upper room at the Bull and Mouth, there providing for the things concerning the church, when," says Latey, "our hearts were opened, and we enlightened so as to see we wanted helpmeets for carrying on the service;" and they saw clearly "that the women being added to us as helpmeets would answer, for we could no longer do without their help and assistance." So it was agreed two of their number should go off to the house of Gerrard Roberts, where they knew some ministering Friends were assembled, and open up to them this new idea. There they found George Fox with Edward Burrough, Francis Howgill and Richard Hubberthorne, who on hearing the proposal "very well approved and fatherly consented." Forthwith names were taken down of all women Friends thought suitable, embracing "some from every quarter;" and thus, as supposed, the women's Two Weeks' Meeting was formed, the special business being to look after and visit the sick poor, also the general poor of their own sex; to which was subsequently added a care over marriages, so far as for the parties intending to live together as man and wife to come and declare their intentions before them; but no record was made, that being left to the men's meeting.

Another meeting is mentioned having similar objects, but assembling every week, the origin of which is thus described:

"George Fox had been sent for, during one of his visits to London, to see a woman and child in 'Whittchappel' that were both thought to be dying; and though it was as unseasonable a hour as three o'clock in the

morning when thus summoned, he immediately went, and records with thankfulness how both mother and infant recovered under his gospel ministrations. Returning from this early service of love, he had no sooner reentered Gerrard Robert's house, where he was staying as a guest, than one of the leading women Friends of London, Sarah Blackberry, came in about 8 o'clock to desire his attention, not to any one particular case, but to "complain of the poor and how many poor Friends were in want;" "and the Lord had showed me," proceeds G. F., "what I should do in His eternal power and wisdom; so I spake to her to bid about sixty women to meet me about the first hour in the afternoon at the sign of the Helmet, at a Friend's house (Samuel Vasses, Basinghall St.,) and they did so accordingly, such as were sensible women of the Lord's truth and fearing God. And what the Lord had opened unto me I declared unto them, concerning their having a meeting once a week, every Second-day, that they might see and inquire into the necessity of all poor Friends who were sick and weak, and were in want, or widows and fatherless, in the city and suburbs; and this brought them into the practice of the pure religion, and to visit the sick, and for the relief of the fatherless and the widow, and to see that nothing was lacking among them."

This last meeting became familiarly known as the *Box Meeting*, from the circumstance of a charity box being kept, into which the women Friends dropped their contributions when they assembled. It appears that both these meetings were maintained until 1790, when there was a joint meeting of "a woman's Two Weeks and Box Meetimg," and they agreed to meet only once a month,—the first Second-day in every month,—and to try for a more general and regular attendance.

In the monthly meetings for discipline it appears in early time to have been the practice for the women Friends to meet with the men, and share in the proceedings. This continued until about 1753, when women's monthly meetings commenced to be established in London.—*The London Friends' Meetings and their Associations.*

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

When the call of the Master is heard, "enter into my vineyard and labor;" we have no right to stand parleying, or reasoning upon our fitness for the work He may assign us. So doing has a hurtful tendency. It weakens our confidence in the wisdom of Him who calls to service, and leads us to doubt the sufficiency of His power, and the fulfillment of His promises. He hath said, "I will not send my servant whither I will not myself come." When we distrust our ability for the performance of any work unto which we are called, we forget, for the time, that the power is not ours. It is wise in us not to indulge such thoughts, lest discouragement prevail, and eventually disqualify us for the fulfilment of the work of the day. Simple obedience to divine requirements is consistent with Christian dignity, and displays the power of that internal principle of light and life which is with us all an ever present Helper.

. . . I have been wanting to convey the expression of my tender sympathy for thee, whose suffering under bereavement I measurably understand. It has been the rending of more than a common tie, and while we ought not, and cannot mourn for the blissful exchange that comes to those we so fondly love, yet nature must weep for the sad void created in our hearts and our homes. Our dear sainted friend was one I loved with a sense of gratefulness, for her sisterly kindness and sympathy toward my own dear parent, when he and thine were so closely united in sweet and brotherly friendship. I love to think of those days when I too was a sharer of their brotherly and sisterly intercourse. Now they are taken from us—gathered to their eternal rest—and can we, *may* we think of them as enjoying a blissful re-union of Spirit? That is a question my feeble powers cannot solve. Enough to feel that beloved ones, loosed from the bonds of this lower life, are centered in a state of joy unspeakable and full of glory, and if to the same *we* can attain, what more need we hope for or desire?

At a youth's meeting, held at Abington, after James Simpson had just appeared in a short, lively testimony, Nicholas Waln arose, and preached a powerful and very impressive sermon, and then kneeled in supplication. The assembly seemed to be baptized together, and so covered with solemnity that, when Friends shook hands to break up the meeting, no one rose. After a pause, Nicholas Waln remarked that "under the solemn covering with which they were then favored, the meeting had better separate." A few young men near the door then rose, but finding the solemnity was unbroken, resumed their seats, and the assembly continued to sit in silence some time longer, until Richard Jordan arose and said "Hosanna, blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord." After which they again shook hands, and the meeting separated. A friend who

was present remarked that no one wished to enter into conversation.

I do not often feel inclined to say, "Oh! that the present were as the former days," but on recurring to the occasion here mentioned, the acknowledgement must be, that there is not now often witnessed such seasons of favor, and the inquiry arises, why not? Surely the Power which overshadowed that assembly is with us, and as ready to bless now as then. If so, may not the inquiry profitably be made, are we in a state prepared to receive the blessing?

I desire that this enquiry may quicken our spiritual energies and cause us to be among those who are found watching for the coming of their Lord.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 8, 1870.

The Memoir of John Roberts, written in the year 1725 by his son Daniel, has been republished by T. W. Stuckey. It forms a neat little book of 86 pages, and is for sale at No. 403 North Sixth St.

We learn by the Memoir that it was through the instrumentality of Richard Farnsworth, then a prisoner in Banbury jail for conscience' sake, that J. Roberts was led to unite with the Friends. Through the grate of a prison he received the testimony which opened his understanding and proved to him that immediate revelation had not ceased.

He became a bold advocate of the Truth, apparently regardless of the physical suffering to which his freedom of speech often subjected him.

His wife appears to have adhered firmly to the principles of Friends, of which she had also been convinced. On one occasion, when the faith of her husband was closely tried, she said, "If thou art fully persuaded the Lord requires it of thee, I would not have thee disobey Him, for He will require nothing of us but what he will enable us to go through; therefore we have good cause to trust in Him."

With the first number of Vol. 5th, the "Children's Friend" has assumed a new garb, and has added to its pages a "Drawing Department," admirably adapted to benefit children having an artistic taste.

We have noticed with pleasure the improvement in this valuable periodical from time to time, and hope that the expenditure both in time and money which the Editor has so generously bestowed in order to make it attractive as well as useful, may be remunerated by the patronage of Friends.

For the encouragement of children and others to get *new* subscribers, the Editor publishes a list of premiums. This catalogue contains a number of interesting and valuable books. But for further particulars we refer to the work itself; those wishing to subscribe will address,

E. K. Smedley, West Chester, Pa.

The "Scattered Seeds," another Monthly paper, is also published at West Chester by an association of Friends. It is not so large as the Children's Friend, and is devoted principally to the interests of First-day schools, though not confined to them. There is ample room for both of these friendly papers. Under the present arrangement, one could not be substituted for the other; and we would encourage the publishers to persevere in their respective spheres of labor. And may they keep in view the primary concern which we believe to have been in both instances, a wish to advance the best welfare of the lambs of the flock—to furnish them with nutritious mental food, which will strengthen them to climb the hill of life, and create a desire for the pure and useful streams of knowledge that are to be found by the way-side.

Articles intended for insertion in the "Scattered Seeds," and orders for the paper, should be addressed to,

L. H. Hall, Box 681, West Chester, Pa.

MARRIED.

JOHNSON—HARLAN.—By Friends' ceremony, in the city of Philadelphia, on the 28th of Twelfth month, 1869, Joseph H. Johnson, of Chester Co., Pa., to Laura A. Harlan, of Harford Co., Md.

HANCOCK — BASSETT. — On the evening of Twelfth month 30th, 1869, with the approbation of Salem Monthly Meeting, at the residence of the bride's parents, Henry W. Hancock, of Philadelphia, and Mary E., daughter of David and Mary T. Bassett, of Salem, N. J.

DIED.

EVES.—On the 16th of Twelfth mo., 1869, Louisa, wife of George F. Eves, an elder of Fishing Creek Monthly Meeting of Friends, held at Millville, Columbia Co., Pa., aged about 61 years.

LUKENS.—On the 16th of Twelfth mo., 1869, in the 77th year of his age, Daniel Lukens, of London Grove township, Chester Co., Pa. During his short illness of palsy, his meek and patient spirit left the consoling evidence that he received the welcome sentence, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM COLORED PERSONS, 340 *S. Front St., Philadelphia.*

This Institution, to which many Friends are contributors, will hold its Annual Meeting on Fifth-day evening next, First mo. 13th, at the Franklin Institute, Seventh below Market. All who feel interested are invited.

Twenty-five colored women, whose ages range from near 70 to 99 years, are now cared for in the institution, and have, during the past year, been so favored with health that not a death has occurred.

The large number of applicants awaiting admission makes it very desirable that enlarged accommodations should be secured, and any who feel like aiding in this good work can forward their contributions to the President, DILLWYN PARRISH, 1017 Cherry St., or to the Treasurer, SAMUEL R. SHIPLEY, 111 S. Fourth St.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

"The Association of Friends for the promotion of First-day Schools within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting" will hold its next Quarterly Meeting in Friends' Meeting-house, Moorestown, N. J., Seventh-day morning, First mo. 15th, 1870, at 11 o'clock. Reports from all First-day schools, Bible Classes, Reading Associations, &c., are requested to be forwarded prior to the meeting, (including names of delegates appointed,) to 717 Willow St., Philada. All interested are invited to attend and participate. Passengers leave upper side of Market Street at 7 and 10 A.M., return trains from Moorestown, 2.10, 5.14 and 8.38 P.M.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, } *Clerks.*
EMMA WORRELL, }

The Executive Committee will meet on Sixth-day evening 14th inst., at 7½ o'clock, in Race Street Mo. Meeting Room, Philadelphia. 2t

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

First mo. 9th, 1870, Ailoway's Creek, N.J., 2½ P.M.

NOTICE.

At the last annual meeting of the Stockholders of Swarthmore College, information was given that it was necessary to furnish rooms to accommodate one hundred additional pupils. The funds being exhausted, the Women's Furnishing Committee was continued. They will hold their next meeting on Third-day, First mo. 11th, at 3½ o'clock, in the Monthly Meeting Room, Race St. Those interested are invited to attend and use their efforts to raise the amount required.

ANNIE COOPER, *Sec.*

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

Those desiring to enter students on the opening of the second term, will please address the undersigned at once, as the number to be received is limited. In order to be properly classified, students should be at the College punctually on the morning of Third-day, 1st of Second month.

EDWARD PARRISH, Oakdale, Pa.
Swarthmore College, 12th mo. 30th, 1869.

A DESCRIPTIVE LETTER FROM A PHILADELPHIAN.

MADRID, SPAIN, Nov. 24, 1869.

Since we came here, the high winds (for which the place is somewhat notorious) have fortunately absented themselves, and we have been favored with a delightfully cool and calm atmosphere, which, at an elevation of 2300 feet, is a very acceptable and gratifying exchange for the blasts that often howl through the streets. Thin ice forms at night, but quickly melts when touched by the sun. We are disappointed in Madrid. Instead of a great and handsome city, we find a large provincial town, extended in its area and with a population of 320,000 people. Some fine palaces and a few fine public buildings adorn its streets, but the evidences of high civilization and improvement are wanting. Small stores with poor fronts and inferior displays of goods line the principal streets. By night they are brilliant with gas, but by day they are by no means attractive. The street pavements are of square stones, laid rather roughly, with sidewalks of larger stones. The markets are out of doors, either in the squares, or filling some of the smaller streets, with their supplies of fruits,—pears, apples and grapes at present forming the staple supply. All of these are brought from places farther south, where both climate and soil are more favorable for their growth than the elevated table land and high hills surrounding this city. Water is very scarce. The Manganara, a so-called river passing here, is almost dry, and in summer has probably a still more limited supply. The city is furnished from the hills, forty or fifty miles distant, and seems to have an abundant stock. The best houses are supplied by pipes, while the poorer classes receive daily, or oftener, their desired amount from the water-bearers, who carry upon their shoulders or on donkeys small kegs which they fill at fountains arranged expressly for their convenience. The country around Madrid is almost a desert, more nearly resembling in its barren and arid hills the region about Jerusalem than any section we have visited. Valleys that would be luxuriant and productive seem to be mere wastes, for not a drop of water to irrigate them can be seen, and scarcely a green leaf save those of the olive can be found to break the monotony of the scene. Madrid was founded in this place for the purpose of centralizing the power of the kingdom, and of having its capital as near the geographical centre as was possible; but it seems doubtful if this object deserved so much sacrifice of comfort and the absence of so many advantages as resulted from this selection.

The royal palace is a fine building, and has

many large and richly-furnished rooms. The throne room is the handsomest, and contains a very large number of objects of art, mostly antiques in statuary and bronze. We visited what were the private apartments of Queen Isabella. They were richly and comfortably furnished with silks and satins on the walls, chairs and sofas, while many little articles of virtú decorated the tables. The ex-queen was an artist. Some of her paintings are hung upon the walls, and, though copies, do her credit. She was at San Sebastian, a sea-bathing town on the Bay of Biscay, when the news of a successful rovolution in the south of Spain caused her hasty flight into France, and put an end at the same time to her cruelties and to her professions of deep religious interest which were so well known. Every Saturday she attended mass at a church on the edge of the city, where a *black* virgin of miraculous powers became the object of her especial veneration and most lavish munificence. Jewels and precious metals, worth £100,000, were seized by the Government after the Queen's flight, and you see to-day, in the wardrobe of the church, mantles enough to cover the virgin afresh every day for a month. These vestments of richest silks and satins are decorated in the most costly style with gold and silver lace, and other equally fine materials. According to our cicerone, they were the wedding garments of the royalty who had passed away while this famous virgin had held her most royal court, and were gifts sent to her by the happy bride to secure interposition and aid in the uncertain future. We could of course do no less homage to so great a power than to mount the high altar, some twenty feet, to the pinnacle on which she has been perched, and thus lay our homage at her feet. If that were not our object, it may have been our wish to get nearer her *sability*, so as to see the face that had won such trophies. The queen used, *occasionally*, to wash the feet of the poor at this chapel (atocha,) but I suspect the opportunities were very far apart.

The naval and artillery museums are very interesting. The armor shown at the armory (said to be the finest in Europe) is very rich in gold inlaid suits, once worn by the great kings of Spain and her renowned chieftains. A suit of Christopher Columbus attracted our notice, and with particular interest. The museum of paintings we are glad to have seen, after visits to all the most celebrated in Europe. Such a collection of gems as are seen here from the pencil of Murillo alone, surpasses anything of the kind which we have seen.

The Escurial, a palace, church and convent in one building, covers a space about as large as a public square in Philadelphia. It was built by Philip II., (son of Charles V.,) who was of a devotional turn, partly in respect to his father's wish to establish a family mausoleum, and partly that he might indulge his religious feelings by having palace, church, monastery and mausoleum under the same roof. He selected this spot some thirty miles from here,—and in, if possible, a still bleaker region,—and between the years 1563 and 1586 built and dedicated to his patron St. Lawrence what the Spaniards call the eighth wonder of the world. The ground-plan resembles somewhat the household article upon which his patron saint suffered martyrdom, and is said by some to have been selected by the king on that account, as an additional evidence of his active superintendence.

The palace of the Escurial contains a vast number of rooms hung with Spanish and other tapestries of wonderful colors, and of a class of designs much more pleasing to the eye than are generally found in work of this kind. It was the most interesting collection we had ever seen.

The king's bedroom adjoined the high altar of the church, and communicated by a door, through which his majesty witnessed mass from his bed, when too sick to attend the service as usual.

Immediately beneath this high altar is the mausoleum where are placed in metallic coffins, in recesses around the walls, the bodies of all the kings and queens of Spain who have died since Charles V.; the men on one and the women on the other side. A number of empty cases await their future occupants when their turns shall come to rest in this solemn chamber. Queen Isabella was accustomed to hear midnight mass in this gloomy spot during her summer visits to the Escurial. Her devotion to the church, and her lavish presents to various altars, have no doubt gone far with many of her country people to expiate her worldly failings. The church is a most impressive and grand building, second only to St. Peters in religious effect and grandeur, though quite deficient in ornament and richness. There are many paintings by the early Spanish artists, and a host of relics which often constitute the wealth of a church.

A curious palace in miniature, built for Charles IV., is shown. It contains some exquisitely painted ceilings, which for beauty of design and quality of execution we have not seen equalled. The rooms are small, but redundant with beautiful objects of art, small carvings of ivory, exquisite pieces of porcelain, fine silk and satin covered furniture, and such other curious and beautiful things of a corresponding nature as would be likely to

attract the notice of so refined a taste. Things were in miniature in some respects, but what was made to use was large enough to be serviceable.

One of the principal promenades of Madrid is a wide street with six or eight rows of trees, several nice avenues for foot-passengers, one for horsemen, and one in the centre for carriages, wide enough for three or four rows of vehicles going in opposite directions to pass without difficulty. The scene on a summer afternoon is said to be very gay; even now, near the close of November, it is quite animated, lacking only the crowd of foot-passengers and sitters which a warm season invites into the fresh air. Although less brilliant than the Champs Elysees, the scene is very similar, and reminded us strongly of the gay French capital. The beautiful weather, much like our home Indian summers, continues, and were we not busied with our visits to the galleries, would tempt us to enjoy more of it than we can at present.

Political affairs seem to have quieted for a time, but there is small prospect of a permanent peace being established in this unhappy country, which seems to be going begging over Europe for a King to take a throne, not a bed of roses, but much better likened to a crown of thorns. There is much to admire in the character of the people of Spain; but unfortunately they have been for so long a time governed by a family whose faith in the priesthood and confidence in their almost divine authority, has given the education of the people into the hands of their worst enemies, that the most deplorable ignorance exists throughout the land. At present they are unfit to be republicans, because they are too ignorant to govern themselves. An enlightened, but a strong head and hand, is needed to govern, guide and educate them. In the future we may hope for such improvement as will qualify them for self-government, but the experiment made now would most probably end in a short time by a transfer of power to some leading spirit, and the failure of a republic would rivet the chain to another despotism as that of the Bourbons. There does not appear any prospect of disturbance, though a revolution may occur at any moment. The Duke of Genoa is unpopular, from his youth, sixteen, and because some think that he is wanted as a cover for the ambition of a regent. No other prominent name is given to the public, and this uncertainty keeps restless spirits active in their efforts to make a change. We do not anticipate any trouble in our travels, and are warmly encouraged by natives and others to continue them without fear.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

ITEM.

Among the events of the week just closed, may be numbered the formation of a Woman's Suffrage Association for the State of Pennsylvania, designed to be auxiliary to a National Society formed at Cleveland, Ohio, in the Eleventh month last. This new movement will, no doubt, be looked upon with distrust by many thinking minds. Others there are who (if the object is attained) think they see in it a means of correcting some of the abuses of society, now shielded by corrupt political influence. Many of these evils materially affect the welfare of woman, and her co-operation is desired to aid in their removal. Again, it is urged that as the associated labor of both sexes is needed in the family and the church, it will be equally available in the civil legislation of the country. Intemperance and crime have so appallingly increased, and the proper remedy seems so obscure, that they are induced to believe, if it were possible to apply the force of minds differently organized, a clearer insight may be obtained. This, however, is only one of the arguments adduced. The *Press* of the 23d ultimo published the proceedings of this meeting, therefore further comment is unnecessary. E.

Twelfth month 29, 1869.

HARDSHIPS OF OUR LOT.

How frequently do we hear men complain of the hardship of their lot, and lament that they were not born to a more fortunate position, or have not been as successful in business as some others whose circumstances they envy. We are all too apt to mark the dark features in our own destiny, and, setting them in opposition to bright ones of our neighbor's, arraign Providence, and murmur our complaints against the unequal allotment. We set up our low pecuniary position against our neighbor's lofty one, but forget, at the same time, to throw into the balances our own and our family's florid health against his feebleness and disease; we observe with sickness of heart the honors heaped upon him, while we plod on in a humble and obscure pathway, but we leave out of sight the hollow-hearted mockery of too many of these honors, which will be torn from his brow by the very hands that placed them there, just when their possession begins to be necessary to his happiness. We see another's children decked out in finery and riding in a carriage, while ours are dressed in humble garb and go on foot; and we mourn in love of our own dear offspring, that they too cannot be in like manner gratified; but we overlook the fact that perhaps the former is a broken band, and that death is even now waiting for others, while ours are

spared to us by that very Providence for whose mercies we are so ungrateful.

We have in our mind a really excellent friend, and one usually reasonable in the affairs of life, but who occasionally looks upon the dark side of his own fortune, and laments over imaginary hardships. He is not blessed with wealth, it is true, but he has a home replete with eternal comfort, a kind and gentle wife, and three young buds of promise springing up around his hearth-stone. He asserts with all sincerity that a babe in a house is a wellspring of pleasure, but he sometimes thinks material blessings are not showered upon him quite sufficiently in addition.

One evening, after indulging in a mood of unreasonable melancholy, he sat before his own cheerful grate, while his wife was busy plying her needle, and the children were prattling at his f et. A messenger came in from the telegraph office with a despatch, which announced to him the fearful intelligence that a dear friend about his own age, but whose pecuniary and social position he had envied, had been accidentally killed. The unfortunate man was on board a train of cars that met with a collision, and, without a moment's warning, he was deprived of life. He left a family to mourn a husband and father's untimely end. Need we say that, in view of such a calamity, our friend gathered his own little flock around him, and felt as if the fearful message was a just rebuke to him for his unreasonable complaining! At another time, his friends had put him in nomination for a political office and one of trust and profit, with a reasonable prospect of his success; but just at the moment of election, by some jugglery of parties, he lost the place by a few votes. Greatly chagrined at the result, he went home, on the evening his defeat was made certain, in one of his fits of melancholy and discontent. As he entered his house with a careless slam of the door, his wife met him with an anxious expression of countenance and a caution to be quiet, as the youngest boy, a bright little fellow of two years, after a feverish day, had just sunk into an uneasy slumber, and was then moaning and tossiug in his sleep. The illness increased until the next morning, when a physician was called, who pronounced it a dangerous case of scarlet fever.

Day and night, both the father and the mother watched beside the poor boy's little bed, while he lay at death's door; and when the fever at length took a favorable turn, need we add the hearts of both parents went out in gratitude to God for his mercy? How mean and pitiful did the late disappointment in his political aspirations appear in the eyes of the father, compared with the joy he experienced when he became assured that the youngest lamb of his flock was yet spared to them by the Good Shepherd.—*Rural New-Yorker.*

A BOLD STEP FORWARD.

The government of the United States is already identified in history with a large number of the most important advances ever made in international law. Its earnest effort to do away with all plunder at sea by establishing the broad principle that private property shall be respected in war as in peace, has made a deep impression in Europe, and the time is probably not distant when it will succeed. Without waiting for that, however, President Grant and Secretary Fish have taken advantage of the sudden prominence which ocean telegraphs are now assuming among the communications of the world, to propose a convention among all civilized nations, by which those cables shall be protected from injury, in war as in peace; and all wilful destruction of them shall be treated as piracy.

A form of convention for this purpose, prepared by our Department of State, was sent, under date of November 18, to all our Ministers near foreign courts, with instructions to ask that the representatives of those powers at Washington be authorized to enter jointly into negotiations with the United States upon this basis. Several answers, it is said, have already been received: all of them favorable to the general principles of the convention. Its objects are to secure the co-operation of all the powers in recognising and enforcing the neutrality of the cables; in encouraging the construction of new lines; and in exempting messages from scrutiny by agents of any government.

If these objects can be attained, and these rules established as a part of international law, it is scarcely too much to say that more will thus be done to prevent war than by all the work of all the peace societies of this century. Indeed, it can only be attained by admitting principles which, if carried out to their logical results, would make war almost impossible. For there is nothing in an ocean cable, except the incidental fact that it is harder to repair or restore it, to distinguish it from other telegraph lines, or, indeed, from other means of communication between nations. Let it once be understood that the free interchange of knowledge and ideas between peoples is not to be interrupted because of war between their rulers; and the free interchange of other things could not long be prevented. Not only half the misery and evil of war will disappear, but more than half of the means and the motives for carrying it on. The next

step would seem to be, not so much the partial disarmament of which there have been so many rumors in Europe this year, but the disbanding of all soldiers; the declaration that war itself shall be piracy; and the establishment of some method for settling international differences by law instead of force.

The more complete and beneficial the results which seem to be implied in an agreement like this, the less reason there is to be sanguine of its speedy accomplishment. Yet it is safe to say that if the people of Christendom could decide such a question without dictation from rulers whose interests are not theirs, it would be decided at once, and on the side of undisturbed trade and permanent peace. The military monarchs of Europe, whose power is bound up with the existence of vast armies, are felt every day more and more to be a mere incubus on civilization, a barrier to the true progress of men; and the present rapid decline of personal government in France, the most advanced nation of them all, can scarcely fail to be regarded as a plain notice to military despots elsewhere, that they will soon have to yield much to advancing freedom and peace, or to give way before them.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

For the Children.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

From "Scattered Seeds."

"Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure or whether it be right."—Prov. xx. 11.

Another year is over, e'en its brightness could not last,
And its months so quickly fleeting, now are numbered with the past.
Have we noted all the blessings scattered freely in its course?
Are we joyfully confessing Our Father as their Source?
Every day His love has followed all His little children here,
And He wishes them to serve Him in this bright and happy year.
We are known by all our doings—
If the work be pure and right,
Showing we are *good* pursuing,
'Twill be pleasant in His sight.

Another year is over and another year begun,
To us each some work was given; can we say that it is done?
There is work for us at present; work for every one *to-day;*
Work to make the pathway pleasant, make each heart more light and gay;
Gentle words and loving actions, helping others as we go;
These are good and precious offerings, that the smallest child can show.
We are known by all our doings—
If the work be pure and right,
Showing we are *good* pursuing,
'Twill be pleasant in His sight.

Another year beginning, while we thank Him for the past,
Let's resolve to please Him better in this one than the last.
Though the future lies before us where we cannot see the way,
Yet we know He's watching o'er us, and will guide us day by day;
Seeking then to do His bidding, let us ask Him to be near,
Making this the glad beginning of a richer, better year.
We are known by all our doings—
If the work be pure and right,
Showing we are *good* pursuing,
'Twill be pleasant in His sight.

LITTLE MOMENTS.

Little moments, how they fly,
Golden winged, flitting by,
Bearing many things for me
Into vast eternity!

Never do they wait to ask,
If completed is my task,
Whether gath'ring grain or weeds,
Doing good or evil deeds;
Onward haste they evermore,
Adding all unto their store!

And the little moments keep
Record if we wake or sleep,
Of our every thought and deed,
For us all sometime to read.

Artists are the moments too,
Ever painting something new,
On the walls and in the air,
Painting pictures every where!

If we smile or if we frown,
Little moments put it down,
And the angel, Memory,
Guards the whole eternally!

Let us then *so* careful be,
That they bear for you and me,
On their little noiseless wings
Only good and pleasant things;
And that pictures which they paint
Have no back-ground of complaint,
So the angel, Memory,
May not blush for you and me!

—*Anti-slavery Standard.*

"Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed.
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed."

Those who, through grace, are called out of darkness into a marvellous light, have cause to be cheerful, and should have hearts to be so. *Arise, shine, for thy light is come.*" Is the Sun of Righteousness risen upon us? Let us arise and look forth as the morning. That comfort which Christ directs to our souls, let us reflect back upon others. Art thou loosed from the bands of thy neck? Awake, and put on thy beautiful garment. Let the joy of the Lord, which has infused itself into our hearts, diffuse itself into all our converse. —*M. Henry.*

STRUCTURE AND CARE OF THE EAR.

(Concluded from page 703.)

Among the causes of injury to the ear must unfortunately be reckoned bathing. Not that this most healthful and important pleasure need therefore be in the least discouraged; but it should be wisely regulated. Staying too long in the water certainly tends to produce deafness as well as other evils; and it is a practice against which young persons of both sexes should be carefully on their guard. But independently of this, swimming and floating are attended with a certain danger from the difficulty of preventing the entrance of water into the ear in those positions. Now no *cold* fluid should ever enter the ear; cold water is always more or less irritating, and if used for syringing rapidly, produces extreme giddiness. In the case of warm water its entrance into the ear is less objectionable, but even this is not free from disadvantage. Often the water lodges in the ears and produces an uncomfortable sensation till it is removed; this should always be taken as a sign of danger. That the risk to hearing from unwise bathing is not a fancy, is proved by the fact, well known to lovers of dogs, that those animals, if in the habit of jumping or being thrown into the water, so that their heads are covered, frequently become deaf. A knowledge of the danger is a sufficient guard. To be safe it is only necessary to keep the water from entering the ear. If this cannot be accomplished otherwise, the head may be covered. It should be added, however, that *wet hair*, whether from bathing or washing, may be a cause of deafness if it be suffered to dry by itself. Whenever wetted, the hair should be wiped till it is fairly dry. Nor ought the practice of moistening the hair with water to make it curl, to pass without remonstrance. To leave wet hair about the ears is to run great risk of injuring them. In the washing of children, too, care should be taken that all the little folds of the outer ear are carefully dried, and gently, with a soft towel.

Improper Methods of Cleansing the Ear.—But I come now to what is probably the most frequent way in which the ear is impaired: that is, by the attempt to clean them. It ought to be understood that the passage of the ear does not require cleansing by us. Nature undertakes that task, and in the healthy state fulfils it perfectly. Her means for cleansing the ear is *the wax*. Perhaps the reader has never wondered what becomes o the ear-wax. I will tell him. It dries up into thin, fine scales, and these peel off one by one from the surface of the passage, and fall out imperceptibly, leaving behind them a perfectly clean, smooth surface. In health the passage of the ear is never dirty; but if we attempt to clean it, we infallibly make it so. Here—by a strange lack of justice, as it would seem, which, however, has no doubt a deep justice at the bottom—the best people, those who love cleanliness, suffer most, and good and careful nurses do a mischief negligent ones avoid. Washing the ear out with soap and water is bad; it keeps the wax moist when it ought to become dry and scaly, increases its quantity unduly, and makes it absorb the dust with which the air always abounds. But the most hurtful thing is introducing the corner of the towel screwed up, and twisting it round. This does more harm to ears than all other mistakes together. It drives down the wax upon the membrane much more than it gets it out. Let any one who doubts this make a tube like the passage, especially with the curves which it possesses; let him put a thin membrane at one end, smear its inner surface with a substance like the ear-wax, and then try to get it out so by a towel! But this plan does much more mischief than merely pressing down the wax. It irritates the passage, and makes it cast off small flakes of skin, which dry up, and become extremely hard, and these also are pressed down upon the membrane. Often it is not only deafness which ensues, but pain and inflammation, and then matter is formed which the hard mass prevents from escaping, and the membrane becomes diseased, and worse may follow. *The ear should never be cleaned out with the screwed-up corner of a towel.* Washing should extend only to the outer surface, as far as the finger can reach.

Ear-picks, again, are bad. If there is any desire to use them, it shows that the ear is unhealthy; and it wants soothing, not picking. And there is another danger from introducing any solid thing into the ear. The hand may get a push, and it may go too far. Many is the membrane that has thus been broken by a bodkin. Sportsmen sometimes have their membrane pierced by turning suddenly while getting through a hedge; and it even happens that a boy at school may put a pen close to another's ear, in play, and call to him to make him turn his head, and the pen pierces the membrane. Very loud sounds may cause deafness, too. Artillerymen, and also eager sportsmen, and very zealous volunteers, incur a danger from this cause. It is well to stop the ears when exposed to loud sounds, if possible; also to avoid belfries when the bells are about to ring. A man who was once shut up in one became stone deaf before the peal was done. The sound of guns is more injurious to those who are in a confined space with them, and also if the mouth be open. Injury from loud sounds, also, is much more likely to occur if they are unexpected; for if they are antici-

ated, the membrane is prepared for them, ithout our knowledge, by its muscles. At ertain points on the Rhine, it is, or was, the ustom of the captain of the steamboat to fire small cannon, to exhibit the echo. When his has been done without due warning, it as proved more than once a cause of lasting eafness. Sometimes these loud sounds rupure the membrane; sometimes they deaden he nerve; the former is the least evil.

It is a bad practice, also, to put cotton-vool soaked in laudanum or chloroform into he ear for the relief of toothache. It may e sometimes effectual, for the nervous conection between the teeth and the ear is very lose. But the ear is far too delicate and aluable an organ to be used as a medium for he application of strong remedies for disorders of other and less important parts, and audanum, and more especially chloroform, are powerful irritants. The teeth should be ooked after in and for themselves, and if oothache spreads to the ear, that is the more eason for taking them thoroughly in hand; or prolonged pain in the head, arising from he teeth, may itself injure the hearing. When a child's ear becomes painful, as it so often does, everything should be done to soothe it, and all strong, irritating applications should be avoided. Pieces of hot fig or onion should not be put in; but warm flannels should be applied, with poppy fomentation if the pain does not soon subside. How much children suffer from their ears, unpitied because unknown, it would probably wring the hearts of those who love them, suddenly to discover. It is often very hard, even for medical men, to ascertain that the cause of a young child's distress is seated in the ear, and frequently a sudden discharge from it with a cessation of pain, first reveals the secret of a mysterious attack which has really been an inflammation of the drum. The watchfulness of a parent, however, would probably suffice to detect the cause of suffering *if directed to this point*, as well as to others. If children cry habitually when their ears are washed, that should not be neglected; there is, most likely, some cause of pain. Many membranes are destroyed from discharges which take place during "teething." Whenever there is a discharge of matter from the ear, it would be right to pour in warm water night and morning, and so at least to try to keep it clean. But into the treatment of diseases of the ear it would not be suitable to enter here.

REMARKABLE ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES.

Human Bodies, Drinking Cups and other Relics of the Ancient Britons.

The London *Times* of November 27 says:—"The Rev. Canon Greenwell, of Durham, and several other gentlemen, have spent a fortnight in the examination of two very large round tumuli on the Rudstone estate of Sir Henry Boynton, which have yielded results of a surprising nature and of surpassing archæological interest. Rudstone is the place where the only known megalithic monument in the East Riding is—the famous example of the Celtic 'meenhir' (long stone) in the church-yard. From this unique relic the Saxons are supposed to have named the village (Rude Steen—Redstone). The barrows are in the immediate neighborhood, and form a portion of a group of seven, in which others, when removed many years ago, many remains of burials and burial accompaniments were found. The barrows just opened were full of secondary burials, both burnt and unburnt; but in both cases the primary interments in the mounds had been destroyed by the insertion of the remarkable burials in deep graves, dug into the chalk rock which formed the chief interest of the present openings.

"In the centre of both barrows cylindrical-shaped graves had been dug, destroying whatever else had been previously interred. In one tumulus an opening of a very large size, going eleven feet into the rock, had been made, and in it a double cist was formed of enormous stones of oolitic sandstone from Filey Brigg, twelve miles distant. Many of the stones forming this wonderful monument were of immense size, some weighing a ton or more, and marking the burials as of first importance. With the bodies, both burnt and unburnt, were found very grand specimens of pottery and stone implements, so remarkable that Canon Greenwell departed from his usual custom and permitted photographs to be made. The find of bodies, implements, weapons, ornaments, pottery, &c., is rich in the extreme.

"In the 'filling in,' at a point three feet above the line of the natural surface, was a layer or cap of burnt earth and charcoal, five inches in thickness. Six inches below, and at the east side of the circle, was the body of a very young child, on the left side, contracted, the head E. by S.; and six inches below it was the body of a woman, on the left side, contracted, the head E. N. E., the right hand across the chest just under the chin, left hand on the knee. Before the chest was a flint knife, which had been newly made for the interment, and below the knife was a bronze drill, having a square centre and both ends pointed. Behind the pelvis was a bronze awl and a flint flake, and close by a beautiful 'drinking cup' of very unusual pattern, the outline presenting a waved contour, being alternating sinuses and prominences encircling

the vessel. The cup was eight inches high, and a charming novelty. The burial of this woman had disturbed that of a man, whose head was to the southeast, and portions of the other bones were undisturbed. This burial had been contracted, and on the left side, and possibly the bronze awl might have belonged to it. Still descending, and at the line of the natural surface, was the body of a young woman, under twenty years, contracted, on the left side, head to the east, and both hands in front of chest. Behind the skull was a drinking cup, six and a half inches high, ornamented over the whole surface with horizontal, vertical, zig zag and chevron lines, made by a peculiar implement of bone or wood, toothed, and the apices of the teeth squared off, thus making angular grooves in the clay. All the different patterns of ornamentation were by the same implement, and altogether unusual. The body was laid on a bed of charcoal, and under the feet was a flint knife. Conterminous with the upper cutting and its varied burials, was the grave in the rock, which proved to be filled in carefully with mould only.

"In the corresponding corner to cist No. 1 was another and still more perfect and beautiful drinking cup, nine and a half inches high. This specimen is covered with varied patterns. Both cups contained at the bottom some dark-colored matter, remains of the burial contents, doubtless, the nature of which it remains for analysis to settle.

"The finding of drinking cups with burnt interments is exceedingly rare. They are almost invariably accompaniments of inhumation. Bateman, it may be mentioned, assigned to the drinking cup a period anterior to the time of metal. This Canon Greenwell disproves now, having two instances of drinking cups associated with articles of bronze. Throughout the cutting above the grave, and also in the grave itself, were found remains of disturbed bodies, several fragments of drinking cups and a bone pin. These were, doubtless, associated with some of the bodies disturbed in making the secondary circular cutting, for which purpose an earlier tumulus had clearly been made use of.

"Mixed with the material forming the hill were some animal bones, all broken for marrow, a very large quantity of chips, cores, &c., of flint, ten round flint scrapers (one most beautiful in work, and another smoothed by long use), four saws, two drills (one curved), three knives and a chipped knife, or spear point, all of flint; three stone pounders, one small pierced hammer stone (used), and a beautiful jet armlet, two and a quarter inches in diameter. The skulls from the several finds, with the exception of two, which are decidedly brachy-cephalic, are all of a type partaking of the characteristic features of both races of Britons."

ITEMS.

Dr. David Livingstone.—The last foreign mail brings a letter from Dr. Livingstone, dated Ujiji, 5th mo. 30, 1869, and received by Dr Kirk, the English Consul at Zanzibar, on 10th mo. 2 It was published in the Bombay Gazette of 11th mo. 20, and thence transferred to the English journals. Livingstone says that the work remaining to be accomplished by him is to connect the sources of the Nile discovered by himself and the Nile of Speke and Baker, which is from 500 to 700 miles north of Ujiji. The volume of water which flows north from latitude 12° south is so large, that Livingstone suspects he has discovered the sources of the Congo as well as the Nile. He has to follow the eastern line of drainage down to Baker's turning point. Tanganyika and Baker's Nyige Chowambe are the same water, and the head of it is 300 miles south of Ujiji. The western and central lines of drainage converge into an unvisited lake, west or southwest of Ujiji; and Livingstone has to ascertain whether its outflow is to the Congo or the Nile. The people of the region mentioned are called Manyoma, and are reported to be cannibals. Livingstone says if he comes out uneaten, and is joined by the new squad from Zanzibar, he will proceed in his explorations.

The severest earthquake ever known in Eastern California and Nevada occurred on the 26th ult. The shock was felt at Sacramento, Marysville, Virginia City and other towns. No serious damage, however, is reported. An express train was detained near Reno by rocks and earth thrown upon the track.

The Colored Schools of every description in the Southern States number 5454, with 9503 teachers and 256,353 scholars. Of these, 3314 schools report their operations regularly, and are attended by 204,253 scholars, of whom 192,227 were slaves. The colored people sustain wholly or in part, 1581 schools, own 759 buildings themselves, and are furnished 772 buildings by the Bureau. In the last year Virginia has gained 50 schools; North Carolina 83 schools, with 3209 pupils; Georgia 105 schools, with 4527 pupils; Mississippi 67 schools, with 2973 pupils, and Tennessee 95 schools, with 4343 pupils. The other Southern States show increase, but not so much. Alabama exhibits less progress than any other State.

Tea was discovered by the Chinese about A. D. 315: it was introduced to the people of the West about two centuries ago as an uncertain venture. The elegant ware in which our tea is served preserves in its name the evidences of its Chinese origin. "China ware" came originally from China, and the name "Porcelain" given to it by the early Portugese merchants, may be taken as proof that nothing of the kind was at that time manufactured in Europe. They called it *porcellana*, because they supposed it to be a composition of egg shells, fish-glue and scales.

Large beds of rock salt have recently been found on the North Shore of Lake Huron, in Canada. The deposit is said to be immense, running north forty or fifty miles. Its extent east and west is not known. The brine improves as you descend into the bed; and the salt made from it is of the best quality. This will be easily sent through the lakes into the north-western States and supply their market at much cheaper rates than from New York.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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The present (26th vol.) will close on the 26th of Second mo., and vol. 27 h will commence Third mo. 5th, 1870.

AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn. N Y.*
Benj. Strattan, *Richmond. Ind.*
Wm. H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
T Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

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SKETCHES OF FRIENDS.

Historical, Biographical and Anecdotal.

(Continued from page 708)

Benjamin Lay, the friend, we had almost said the *only friend*, of Ralph Sandiford, was born at Colchester, Great Britain, A.D. 1677. He was certainly one of the most eccentric individuals in appearance and action of whom we have any account, and as we look upon his picture, we are reminded of the description Richard III. gives of himself, which applies in some respects to Benjamin Lay, for truly was he

"Deformed, disfigured; sent into this breathing world scarce half made up."

A dwarf in stature, with a hunch back and projecting chest; a disproportionately large head; an exceedingly homely face, almost covered by a snow-white bushy beard, which hung profusely on his breast; a slender body, supported by ridiculously thin legs; bony arms of extraordinary length; these were some of the physical characteristics of this singular man. His dress, which was made of flax or tow, (because he was opposed to robbing animals of their natural covering), consisted of home-made light grey knee breeches; coat and vest of similar material and color, cut in the plainest manner; a slouched or cocked hat; long stockings and half boots. On his extensive pedestrian journeys, (for he never would ride if he could avoid it), he usually carried a heavy cane.

Although "cheated of feature by dissembling nature," this curious specimen of humanity was endowed with excellent good sense and strong natural abilities. His determination and energy of character were truly remarkable, and enabled him to push forward his favorite opinions, (in season and out of season), with a persistence which opposition seemed but to encourage. His temper was violent, but

"he bore his anger as the flint bears fire."

He was severe in his rebukes to the *oppressor*, but was ever the friend and champion of the *oppressed*. A Quaker by birth and education, he early manifested an erratic disposition, not in keeping with the staid sobriety which "becometh a Friend." He actively participated in public affairs during his residence in England, for which cause he was "dealt with" by the Society; nevertheless, he continued to visit their meetings, and was identified with Friends during his long and useful life.

When a boy, he was apprenticed to a glove maker, but soon tiring of the business, he became an assistant to his brother on a farm. This also becoming irksome, he resolved to "follow the sea," an employment for which he had a natural inclination. From 1698 to 1710, he led the life of a sailor, during which time he saw much of the world. In the latter year, he returned to his native town, and married one of his countrywomen, who was

an approved minister among Friends. Her physical conformation, strange to say, resembled his own in some striking respects. She was hunch-backed and otherwise deformed, and was about his size; so that this odd couple was sometimes taken for brother and sister. She was intelligent, also, and sympathized with her husband in some of his peculiar views, and they appear to have lived together in much harmony until her death, which occurred in the year 1741–2.

Lay was not a man who could long remain inactive, and it was while he was at home after his marriage that he identified himself with public affairs. He took strong ground against the imposition of tithes, and succeeded in obtaining an audience with the King, on which occasion he presented his majesty with John Milton's pamphlet on the removal of hirelings out of the church. In 1718, with his wife, (Sarah), he removed to the Island of Barbadoes, where he successfully prosecuted mercantile business. Here, as in Sandiford's case, he became an eye-witness to the *horrors* of slavery. Although he informs us, in the preface to his book, that "the Lord, by his spirit, manifested the Evil to me before I was twelve years of age, and since, from time to time, I have drawings in mind to reprove and testify against it,"—nevertheless, it was at Barbadoes that he dedicated himself anew to the spread of anti-slavery principles. He preached so continually, *at* the slaveholders on the Island, and *to* the slaves, that the former became incensed, and threatened him with violence if he remained among them. Yet he continued to reside there for several years afterwards, and until that "Dear creature," (his wife), "seeing the evil and the danger, was willing and desirous to leave the Island;" not so much, however, from fear of personal injury, but because "of being leavened into the very nature of the inhabitants' pride and oppression."

In 1731, this loving couple removed to Philadelphia, and soon thereafter Lay commenced his labors among Friends, and lived to see the Society which he loved protest as a body against the iniquity of slaveholding, by making all participation therein by any of its members a disownable offence.

In his book subsequently published, he thus alludes to the experience of himself and wife with the slaves in Barbadoes.

"The poor blacks would come to our shop and store, Hunger Starved, almost ready to perish with Hunger and sickness; great numbers of them would come to trade with us, for they seemed to love and admire us, we being pretty much alike in stature and otherways; and my Dear Wife would often be giving them something for the Mouth, which was very engaging, you that read this may be sure, in their deplorable condition. . . . These wretches being in Town in this miserable condition, with but a crum of good or bad to put into their mouths, ready to drop, as they walked or crawled along the streets, many of them, hearing of us, (for we were very much known amongst them), they would come to our door, if they came before we were gone to Meeting, and there they would stand as thick as Bees, but much more like Pharoah's lean Kine; and I may say their appearance was dismal enough to move a very hard heart. So we used to give them a little something at Times, as we found some Freedom, considering our Circumstances. But if we gave to some and did not to all, as to be sure we could not, O! how the poor creatures would look. I say many hundreds would come and flock about us; and them that received, O! how thankful with bended knees; but them that did not, what words can set forth the dejected sinking looks that appeared in their countenances—Shall I ever forget them?"

In the contemplation of this evil, as practiced by the Society of Friends, Lay relieves his burdened heart in the following earnest petition. "O Lord God Almighty, where will this practice lead us, that are called thy people, Dearest God, and make so great a profession of being led and guided by Thy Eternal Spirit, which is the glorious Truth, unchangeable and precious and without end. But I trust, Dearest One, thou will be pleased to stop and end this practice, that is more like Hell than Heaven, to be sure."

It was after his removal to Philadelphia that Lay read Sandiford's anti-slavery book. Sandiford at this time was broken in health, and had sought an asylum in his country home. Lay took up the work so nobly begun by his predecessor, and, with characteristic earnestness, dealt hard blows at the giant evil. He says of himself, "I never was owner of a slave, and all Friends in Barbadoes could never persuade me to purchase one," so that he could consistently denounce the practice.

By his eccentricity, as well as by his preaching and writing, he sought to influence others, as the following anecdote will show. On one occasion he visited Burlington Yearly Meeting, having cencealed beneath his coat a bladder filled with blood, or something resembling it in color; and a sword. After relieving his mind to those assembled, he drew his sword in that peaceful congregation, pierced the bladder with it, and sprinkled its contents over those who were near him, prophetically remarking: "Thus shall *God* shed the blood of those persons who enslave their fellow

reatures." One cold winter day, he stood t the gate of a meeting house, with one leg nd foot bare. Some Friends expressed their ears of the consequences attending this unecessary exposure, to whom he replied: 'You pretend compassion for me, but you lon't feel for the poor slaves in your fields, vho go all winter only half clad." Lay sereted the child of one of his neighbors, who vas the owner of a young colored girl, that iis neighbor might realize, somewhat, the nguish the parents of his slave must have elt when she was torn from them and sold. He was invited to partake of a meal at the ouse of a friend, but discovering a black atendant at the table, he inquired: "Is this nan a slave?" An affirmative answer being iven, he immediately left the house, remarkng to the friend, "Then I will not share with hee the fruits of unrighteousness."

Lay does not seem to have devoted himself ntirely to attacks upon slavery. He denounced the extravagances of his day whenver opportunity offered. By way of illusration, we copy the following from the *Gazette* of March 25, 1742:

"On Monday, about noon, being in the ime of the general meeting of Friends, Benj. Lay, the Pythagorian Cynical philosopher, bore a public testimony against the vanity of *Tea Drinking*, by devoting to destruction, in he market place, a large parcel of valuable hina, &c., belonging to his deceased wife. He mounted a stall, on which he had placed the box of ware, and when the people were gathered around him, he began to break it peaceneal, with a hammer. He was interrupted by the populace, who threw him and his box o the ground, and scrambling for the sacrifice, carryed off as much of it as they could et. Several would have purchased the china f him, before he attempted to destroy it, but e refused to take any price for it."

From principle, Lay drank nothing but vater or milk, and was strictly a vegetarian n diet. Hence his opposition to the *then* uxury of Tea Drinking. It is, however, as n opposer of the system of slavery that we re to consider him. His chief business eems to have been to carry forward the work vhich Sandiford had left unfinished, and the eld of his labor was, for the most part, in he Society of Friends, whose principles he vowed. With a license, which his conection with that people permitted, he spoke everely against the evils which he saw impeded their spiritual progress, but he was cruel only to be kind." His attention, owever, was not exclusively confined to Friends.

He was in the habit of visiting the various hurches in and around Philadelphia, and speaking on his favorite theme after the service was over. He once attended the church at Oxford, Penna., clothed in sack-cloth; and, when the sermon was concluded, he remarked: "I don't approve of all your minister has said; but I am not here to find fault with his preaching; I came here to cry aloud against your practice of slaveholding." His addresses on such occasions, were usually unwelcome, and he was not unfrequently ejected from meeting-houses. This course was sometimes adopted even by the peaceable Friends. He did not resist any such attempt, but it never prevented his attendance at meetings whenever he felt prompted to go. He frequently declared against such unchristian conduct, (for such he esteemed it to be), and sometimes in severe language, as will appear by the following: "Upon a time, when I was reasoning with an eminent preacher, (R. J.), at his house in Philada., concerning that great *Goliah*, Negro or Slave Keeping, which hath defied the little army of the living God so many years, and still continues so to do, he, the said R. J., was pleased, then and there, to tell me that I loved the Negroes better than I did my friends; and accused me, at Stephen Jenkin's house, before many witnesses, of being the death of my Dear Wife, and a Persecutor of the Church; but before that, I charged him with being instrumental in separating my Dear Wife from me, by Death, in writing for a separate Certificate for my Wife, to a meeting to which we never did belong, as if he, and two or three more, had a mind to separate us, which is now brought to pass. I shall leave them to the great Judge of Heaven and Earth. If He will be pleased to forgive them, I hope I shall in time. But these things must be borne with, I suppose, and more. When I have said to some Friends, Negro Keepers, and their adherents, that it seemed a little strange or novel, that a *friend* should be hurried out of Meetings so constantly and roughly before he be disowned or some way dealt with, for some disorder or other, contrary to the known and acknowledged Discipline of Friends as a People. If thy Brother is overtaken in a fault, go to him, and tell him his fault between him and thee. If he hears thee, thou hast gained thy Brother. If he will not hear thee, then take two or three with thee. If he will not hear them, then take him to the church; and if he will not hear the church, *then, not till then*, cast him forth. My Dear Friends have any of these things been done to Benj. Lay? And yet still continue to cast him out, *cast him out, cast him out*, he is a troublesome fellow, and has been so for many years. What do you think of these things, you brave *Gospel Min-*

isters that keep your slaves to work for you, to maintain you and yours in PRIDE. Pride and much Idleness and Laziness, and fulness of Bread—the sins of Sodom? How do these things become your *plain dress, demure countenance, feigned Humility*, all but Hypocricy, which, according to Truth's testimony, must have the hottest place in Hell? O! that no Preacher might be suffered to appear in our meetings, but such as were clear of this sinful practice, Slave Keeping, as well as all others. Then, we should have but a few Preachers for a time, I think, but much better preaching. I can truly say, with great sincerity, I write not these things to offend, but to inform, caution and advise them that are concerned, to pray to the Lord for Wisdom and strength of Faith, to quit their hands of them before it is too late. A day of Vengeance will come. O! O! that my soul could find some relief for the distress that it hath been in for seventeen years and more, at times, on this sad account; but if Friends will not hear, O! believe me, mine eyes shall weep sore in secret."

Although a preacher himself, Lay felt called upon to declaim against some of the faults of Ministers in his Society. He says: "It seems as if some of our Ministers, (I was going to say many), have forgot the great Benefits of *Silent Meetings*, if ever they rightly knew it, that they are so restless in them, and must be hammering and hammering. The noise of the Workman's tool was not to be heard in Building the outward temple; and much less the inward, which is the work of God himself. . . . When our Meetings on first days, or other days, are a little settled in Silence, and the Children in the Kingdom in their heavenly places, and their Father begins to feed them, up stands, maybe, a *crackt Trumpet* with an uncertain sound; or, peradventure, an old broken Cistern, with a little thick muddy water at bottom, kept in for the Meeting, and there thrown out among the Children, when in Truth it is hardly fit for swine. Now if such stuff be countenanced, encouraged and commended by our Elders and Ministers, some of them, what a condition is the church in which should be without spot or wrinkle?" Much more might be quoted from Benj. Lay's writings to illustrate the character of the man, but the above must suffice, at least for the present.

Although this singular being was almost continually laboring among his fellows, visiting churches, meeting-houses and other places of public resort, travelling great distances on foot, to plead with men of influence, some of whom became his personal friends, in behalf of the oppressed, yet he loved retirement. He preferred the quiet of the country to the bustle of the city, and in 1732 he removed to cave, which he had built on the old Yo Road, some six miles north of Philada. this humble home he and his wife resided f more than nine years. It was here that prepared his Book for the press, which published in 1737. Almost daily he visit the "busy haunts of men" to disseminate h principles, and was sometimes honored wi distinguished guests, whose curiosity, doub less, led them to his cave. It is related th Governor Richard Penn and Dr. Frankli once dined with him in this strange abod His table was bountifully spread with veget bles and fruit, and they were invited to he themselves, Lay remarking: "This is not t kind of fare you have at home, but it is goo enough for *you* or *me*, and such as it is, yo are welcome to eat of it." It was during t year 1737 that Lay conceived it to be h duty to fast. He attempted to abstain fro food for forty days, in imitation of the S viour, and persisted in his efforts for a perio of three weeks. His strength after the nint day began to fail, and he was compelled lie in bed. A loaf of bread was, at his r quest, placed near him on a table, upon whic he often looked, remarking to himself: "Be jamin, thou seest it, but thou must not eat it. In vain did his wife urge him to partake food. He would allow nothing but water pass his lips. Finally, as his system gre weaker, his mind began to wander, whic being perceived, suitable food was admini tered, and he soon rallied.

In 1741–2, to relieve his dear Sarah fro the responsibility of cave-keeping, or, as w moderns would say, house-keeping, they foun a home in the family of John Phipps, nea Abington Meeting-house; but soon after th change of residence, his loving partner sic ened and died. After her death, Benjami Lay was left almost alone in the worl They had not been blessed with children; a his relatives were deceased, and, perhaps, ou side of the kind family with whom he live there was none to sympathize with him in h sorrow. The infirmities of age, coupled wit his sore affliction, he regarded, in a philos phical Christian spirit, as being a portion those "ills which flesh is heir to," and pu sued his labors with unfaltering energy. La devoted a portion of his time to visitin schools, and sought to impress the minds the children with the iniquity of slavery. I the spirit of an universal philanthropy, h was the first to suggest an improvement i the penal code of Pennsylvania, which wa subsequently adopted; viz.: to punish th criminal by imprisonment, at hard labo rather than deprive him of life for trivial o fences. There is but one crime now on ou

tatute books which is punishable by death, nd may we not look forward to the time vhen even the murderer shall be spared the gnominious death of the gallows; when the noral sense of the community shall protest gainst this relic of barbarism, and suggest ome effective and Christian plan alike for he protection of the community, and the re-ormation of the criminal. Thankful for the rogress we have already made, we should re-nember that Benjamin Lay first aroused pub-ic sentiment on this question, and thus laid he foundation for all subsequent improve-nent.

He, also, was among the first who prophe-ied the pernicious consequences which have nce been realized, resulting from the too ree importation of spirituous liquors into ur country. During the last year of his fe, he tried to induce a Friend to promise im that his body, after his death, should be urned, and the ashes thrown into the sea. Ie gave no reason for this strange request, ut offered the person one hundred pounds if e would attend to it. The offer was declined, nd the subject was not again alluded to. It as about this time he was made acquainted ith the fact that the Society of Friends had etermined to make slaveholding a disown-ble offence. The old man listened atten-vely and with joyous heart to the intelligence ius communicated, and, rising from his chair, evoutly remarked: "Thanksgiving and praise e rendered unto the Lord God—I can now e in peace."

Not many days after, whilst absent from ome, he was taken suddenly ill, and at his vn request was conveyed to the residence of friend. Here he remained about two eeks, and thence peacefully departed this fe on the 3d of the 2d month, (February), 59, aged 82. He was buried at Abington, the ground attached to Friends' meeting-ouse.

Thus lived and died one of the most ec-ntric men of whom we have any record. or nearly half a century he bore his testi-ony against slavery. Twenty-eight years of s life were passed in Pennsylvania, and be-use of his singular appearance, and per-tent labors among all classes of people, in wn and country, it is probable that nearly ery man and woman, and almost every ild in the State, was familiar with Benjamin ay, the friend and protector of the despised d oppressed.

It is related that the question was once untingly put to him: "Mr. Lay, what is the ortest way to Heaven?" His prompt re-y was, "Do justly, love mercy and walk mbly with thy God." We doubt not but at amid all his eccentricities he endeavored to square his actions by this Christian rule, and that when summoned to leave the world, he realized that faithfulnesss thereto was a passport into the mansions of the blessed.

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REFLECTIONS.

Another epoch in the History of Time! And as these successive periods recur, the mind involuntarily takes a retrospect of the past and paints in imagination a picture of the future. But how closely are they united! Who can distinguish the connecting link, formed of the instant-present, which, no sooner here, than it too is gone?

But what of the year that has just departed? "Its work is done, its account made up;" and though we might find cause of alarm and discouragement were we to consult the Calendar of Crime for the year,—dwell upon the many deeds committed, the firesides made desolate and the hearts wounded by poignant grief—yet we would pause here only long enough to derive this lesson of instruction, "Avoid all approaches to evil;" remembering,

> "Vice is a monster of so foul a mien,
> That to be hated, needs but to be seen;
> Yet seen too oft, familiar with its face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

In contrast then with the dark side of the picture, let us turn to the brighter and see if the record stands not in favor of the right and good. Could every heart that has been comforted by the sweet sympathy of a loving friend, proclaim it to the public ear, how far would they outnumber the former class! Many have been the calls for aid to suffering humanity; one rapidly succeeding another, and yet none have been made in vain. The heart is touched, the hand responds, the purse is opened and relief given; blessing not only the recipient but the giver, who may hear the beautiful language, "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these, ye did it unto me." A blessed and full reccompense!

Again: For every temptation to which the erring has yielded, how many aspirations have arisen for strength to stand firmly for the right! And while some may not have fully realized the answer to their petitions, many, we trust, have known their strength and confidence renewed; their foundation made more sure. Therefore let us not take too sad a leave of the past, but rather see if there is not cause of thankfulness for the progress made. Is there not an awakening in the religious world? an acknowledgment of the need of greater spirituality to correspond with our profession? Is not the world almost ready for the rising up of a George

Fox, a John Wesley or a Martin Luther? They may be now under the preparing Hand.

Neither is the political world all darkness. Though many in our Legislative Halls may be influenced by self-aggrandizement or party-spirit as a motive power, there are others laboring conscientiously for the promotion of justice and the welfare of the country. Many noble and true have been removed from their labors within the past year, yet the work still goes on, proving that He by whose power the world exists, entrusts no great movement to one man alone, but continues to raise up and qualify successors to carry on the work. So we may enter hopefully and trustfully upon the New Year, fearing not the sword will be again unsheathed for a savage warfare, but rather that civilization and Christianity will go hand in hand, and the Golden Rule be more strictly observed.

Science, too, is rapidly advancing, dispeling bigotry and superstition, and disclosing the beauty and harmony of creation; thus leading the mind up to creation's God.

A SUBSCRIBER.

First mo. 1st, 1870.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

SOUTHERN QUARTERLY MEETING.

Being privileged to meet with Friends of the Southern Quarterly Meeting, held on the First day of the Twelfth month last, I thought a short account of it might be suitable for the Intelligencer. The Meeting was held at Camden, Del., having been adjourned to that place in the Eighth month last. Heretofore it had been held twice in the year at Little Creek, and twice at Third Haven. But on account of removals by death and otherwise of Friends at Little Creek, the Meeting there has become so reduced as to be no longer held; and the ancient house, in good repair, now stands closed. And it was concluded to hold the Quarterly Meeting at Camden, that being more central and of easy access: many families of Friends continuing to reside there.

The Select Meeting was held in the afternoon of the day preceding the Quarter, and was said to be about as large as usual, with the addition of two ministering Friends from Baltimore, and two from a neighboring Quarterly Meeting. The opportunity was in a good degree refreshing. Twelfth month 1st, fourth day of the week, the Quarterly Meeting convened at the eleventh hour, and although not large, yet the punctuality in time of gathering, and the feeling of reverence which prevailed throughout, during which much good counsel was handed forth, impressed us, and at the close of the first meeting we felt that we had been blessed together. The business meeting following was marked wit much harmony and condescension, with earne desires for a deeper growth in religiou knowledge.

On Fifth-day, a public meeting for worshi in the usual course was held, and attende quite largely by Friends and others, man of whom were young people. The refreshin stream of the gospel of peace flowed freely t the strengthening of the exercised mind, an the comforting of mourners in Zion. Th meeting closed in a sweet feeling of devotion and Friends retired to their respective home with thankful hearts for the favor. Th colored people shared also in the concern o the ministers from abroad; meetings bein held among them at two of their meeting houses, to general satisfaction. The widel scattered meetings of Friends, within th Quarter, claimed the attention of Friend travelling with minutes, and the way appear ing clear, appointments were made to attenc them.

W. H.

Upper Greenwich, N. J., First month 1, 1870.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

CHRISTMAS DAY ON THE PRAIRIES.

This is Christmas day, 1869. I write it down, not that it will soon be forgotten for it has been a day of events calculated to impress both the heart and memory. How fast the year has gone, and what a short time it seems since this day one year ago, and yet much has been crowded upon the pages of life's history. I turn the leaves back one by one with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow. It is better to be so, better far that the sun is sometimes hidden by the clouds, even though they be dark and lowering; we enjoy the brightness more when they will have passed away.

How short-sighted we are, and what vain attempts we make to lift the veil which hangs suspended between us and the great *to come*. Little did I dream, this time last year, that my Christmas to day would be spent upon the Prairies of Nebraska, yet I many times feel thankful that Destiny has shaped my course in this direction.

This morning I sat at the window of our cheerful little parlor, looking upon the outer world. The sun seemed to shine with unusual brightness to-day, making the many little diamonds sparkle upon the pane of glass, where the frost-king scattered them last night.

The air is keen and clear and cold, and the life-giving elixer sends the blood coursing through the veins, making the step elastic, and glowing upon the cheek with the ruddy hue of health.

The soft purple haze of Indian summer has disappeared long ago, and away off in the

distance the cerulean blue of Heaven is bending down to meet and kiss the snow-capped tops of a thousand little hills.

I wonder if the beautiful snow is lying on the hills and in the valleys afar in the East, and if it covers a lonely little grave made when the flowers were first blooming in the early spring? I wonder if the wreath is there still, and the bouquet placed by loving hearts and hands? I know the bloom and beauty are gone, but the fragrance may still linger around the faded and withered leaves and stems.

This seemed a day to stir up the thoughts and send them drifting back to the past, and I felt a shadow creeping slowly over the sunny path ahead; then I remembered, that to keep the mind and hands busily employed, was the best remedy for feelings of sadness or gloom, and I soon banished them, for there was plenty for me, and the dear parents, too, to do: plenty indeed to do; and I think now that the pleasure has been far greater to-day, than feasting and merry-making even with the dear people at home. And as I write to-night, though a little weary, I cannot but feel that our efforts have been crowned with a blessing which sweetens all toil.

Last night while Santa Claus was filling the stockings of thousands of little ones in the more civilized world, He who clothes the lillies of the field, remembered the dependant children of the forest; and his devoted laborers in the broad field of charity—they whose tender hearts are ever alive to the sufferings of indigent and unfortunate humanity, they whose hands are ready and willing to act in concert with these promptings of their better nature—were led into this new field where charity and benevolence will surely reap a reward both here and in Heaven.

To these sources, then, do we look with feelings of more than common gratitude. Thirteen hundred dollars' worth of warm, comfortable, home-made clothing, and many things sorely needed beside, came from the kind Friends of Richmond, Indiana.

We felt, indeed, that we were going on an errand of mercy, as we bounded over the wide waste of prairie, wrapped up and snugly tucked in with plenty of robes, in the great roomy Bob-sleigh.

Many little fingers and toes, pinched by the cold, were made warm as a toast to-day. Many shivering, half naked forms have been clad in thick linsey dresses, and soft woolen hoods have covered heads that have depended upon the long jetty locks to protect them.

Bright black eyes peeped at us, and little rows of pearls, shining from happy faces, betokened hearts beating beneath the new garb —made glad and joyous.

Old warriors, too, and braves whose long locks were streaked with silver, and whose weather-beaten brows and scarred visages betrayed a severe combat with life and its besetting foes, threw aside their gay blankets or old robes which alone lay between the dark "broadcloth" which Nature gave them and the winds of winter, and stepped into their unaccustomed garments with an awkwardness and lack of grace, then sat them down by the log fire in the old mud wigwam, feeling good and warm, and a smile of quiet satisfaction and contentment hitherto unknown rested upon their faces; and as we lifted the old half-worn buffalo robe, and crept through the small opening into daylight and pure air again, we were assured that even the poor untutored savage was remembered and kindly cared for, and made acquainted with comforts and blessings which we many times thanklessly enjoy.

Christmas day is nearly over now, and the hands of the clock are pointing to hours suggestive of sleep. May we all live to enjoy many another happy Christmas. EMILIE.

Omaha Agency, Nebraska.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I believe I can fully enter into sympathy with any one who has been called to pass through a trial like thine. To know the joy taken out of our life-path, is indeed a sorrow, which the poor human heart is prone to shrink from and rebel against; but I have learned to believe this blow is oft in tenderest mercy sent, and my desire is that all may bow under it, until it has worked out for us the redeeming good that Infinite Wisdom designed it should; and my experience has been, that when we have none on earth to lean upon, we realize the Scripture promise fulfilled, "Thy Maker is thy husband; the Lord of hosts is his name; and thy Redeemer the holy one of Israel; the God of the whole earth shall he be called."

My judgment so fully accords with the remarks of H. M., that I am induced to send them to thee for insertion among your "Scraps from unpublished letters." The want of kind firmness in parents when their little ones ask for improper indulgences, may indeed be considered a great evil. It is well sometimes to place the responsibility of decision upon the children, but it is truly unwise to do this before the child is old enough to bear this responsibility; neither have the parents a right to throw their duties from their own shoul-

ders upon those unprepared to receive them—when there is failure in such cases, the accountability is with the parent.

"*A Word to Parents.*—One of the crying sins of the present day is the want of parental authority. Few children show reverence and implicit obedience to just authority. The parent asks and reasons, the child refuses, and the matter ends. It is even made worse often by the parent closing the controversy by saying, perhaps in the presence of a visitor, 'I can do nothing with that boy.' Parents should utter few commands, but when they do, should enforce instant and unquestioning obedience. They must not, in many cases, labor to convince the child that he *ought* to do or discontinue this or that, and when they do, if they fail to convince, they must compel. God makes the parent responsible, and it is foolish, wicked and impracticable to devolve that responsibility on the child.

"Bringing little children forward to display themselves at exhibitions, anniversaries, picnics, etc., is disastrous in every respect, and especially promotes vanity, pride and love of admiration. It may amuse the audience, but it is destructive to the child's best characteristics." H. M.

When convinced I was required to make some change in my dress, I thought it *too little* a thing, not worthy of being called a sacrifice or trial, as it would be undoubtedly to a person not in membership with a Society which enjoins plainness of apparel; but the case with me would be different indeed, and compliance be made easy. But then I remembered the opinions I had heard expressed by this, that and the other of my friends, and what I had myself declared of the "irrationality of the Quaker bonnet, which was neither so simple nor useful as *straw*, nor so pleasant;" and now I should be considered a fool by these, and without doubt harassed with questions or shunned. With these views and expectations I left home, prepared, as I thought, and willing to encounter opposition and difficulty. But nothing of this kind was experienced. I felt peace, for having done, in this instance, what I thought was my duty, and my heart swelled at every expression of love and sympathy from my friends, particularly from those I had prejudged as cold and distant.

How often do we magnify anticipated difficulties, and sometimes even suffer them to stand in the way of a full submission to the behests of Him, who knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust, and who will not lay upon our feeble shoulders any greater burden than we can bear. Surely my experience during my late visit to you, as well as my previous shrinking from it, should teach me to trust in His wisdom and love. I desire to learn this lesson more perfectly than I have yet done.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 15, 1870.

MIND THE LIGHT.—This comprehensive exhortation appears to have first found expression through George Fox, who is called the Founder of the Society of Friends. It points to the substance of that faith, which he felt called upon to profess, when he stood alone in the Christian World, as a promulgator of the great Truth that the Lord is the teacher of his people, through the immediate inspiration of his Spirit.

If we would attempt to examine the application of this exhortation in its full scope, we must recognize this Light as an emanation from the great Source of light, life, wisdom, power and love; in all which manifestations it is spoken of in Scripture. "It was the true *Light*, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," (John i. 9)—"and the *life* was the light of men." John i. 4.—"To one is given by the Spirit the word of *wisdom*." 1 Cor. xii. 8.—"He giveth *power* to his people." Ps. lxviii. 35.—"Not given the spirit of fear but of *love*." 2 Tim. i. 7.—We also recognize it as "Christ within our hope of glory"—The alone saving power—The Life of God in the soul of man—The witness for Truth—The anointing—The "unspeakable Gift." Through all these different manifestations our various wants are met. We need not walk in darkness, for we have the Light of life. Are we lacking in wisdom? A supply from the Fountain is ever ready. Are we weak? Here is the fulness of Strength. And if in our intercourse with others we meet with those "whose teeth are spears and arrows," (Psalm lvii. 4,) our armor of defence is nigh at hand. Heavenly Love will preserve in this hour of trial, and shield us when dangers lie thickly scattered along our paths.

The exhortation, "Mind the Light," comes home to every man. It is of personal value to every rational being, and it is greatly important that we receive it compliantly.

This Light maketh all things manifest. If

it be heeded, it will show each one what to do, and what to leave undone. It will reveal the duties of the day, and so illuminate our paths that we can walk therein and not stumble; and through the equally glorious manifestation of Power, the same life-giving Spirit is to us strength adequate to every duty.

When we thus view the "unspeakable Gift" in its several important offices, and see its close connection with our best interests, our right doing in this state of being and our eternal welfare, well may we marvel that any of the rational family should disregard or hold in light esteem so great a treasure. But when this neglect is chargeable to ourselves, who profess the inshining of Divine Light to be our fundamental doctrine, and who have measurably realized its vitality, then indeed may our language be that of one formerly, "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph."

If there be cause for fear that this shield of defence has been carelessly cast away by any under our name, cannot the commencement of a new year be made an era of a new hope, even a renewal of covenant? Let us, at least, each one afresh examine our standing and see if it accords with our profession. Let us see if our feet are firmly planted upon that ground which sustained George Fox when he stood alone in the midst of fierce and unyielding persecutions, or whether, during a long season of tranquility, we have, through unwatchfulness, lost our footing, so that we *feel not* the everlasting Rock to be underneath.

The commencement of a new year also affords a fitting opportunity for a close examination of the ground upon which we stand, so that when asked to give a reason for the hope that is in us, we be not taken unawares, but rather, knowing in whom we have believed, having proven the sufficiency of the indwelling Word of life and power, and chosen it for our Counsellor and our King, we shall be able to say unto others, as one formerly said, "Come see a man that has told me all things whatsoever I did, is not this the Christ."

THE CHRISTIAN PATHWAY.—The communication from "L" has been received, and we have unity with the concern expressed for "the young and inexperienced," lest "the practice of representing the Christian path as a tribulated one" should have a discouraging effect upon them.

We believe that, undesignedly, an "evil report of the good land" is not untrequently made, through demeanor as well as word, by those whose peculiar mental organization invests them with gloom which casts a shadow where there should be a beam of light, and creates distrust where there should be no doubt. "Wash and anoint" was the command given to the disciples, that they might "not appear unto men to fast." The yoke of Christ is easy and the burden light to the willing mind. Though the Christian is not exempt from the vicissitudes incident to mortality, yet afflictions cheerfully endured work out, as said the Apostle, "an exceeding weight of glory."

There is still given "the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." A cheerful giver the Lord loveth, and upon the faithful child are bestowed His choicest gifts—peace and joy in the Holy Spirit. Let none then believe Him to be "a hard Master," but rather believe the Scripture testimony that "He afflicts not willingly,"—that His "people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places."—Isa. xxxii. 18.

With our friend we would earnestly invite the beloved youth to try for themselves the excellency of the pathway, which not only *leads* to the kingdom of peace, is not only crowned with *future* bliss, but for those who walk therein there is a *present* joy,—a realization of that happiness which is ever the reward of well-doing.

THE CHRISTIANITY OF THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.—A Lecture by Dean Alford, on this subject, delivered before the Leeds "Young Men's Christian Association," reported in the British Friend of Twelfth mo., interested us as proceeding from one holding a high position in the established Church, and whose influence must necessarily be extended. We regard the sentiments in relation to charity for the religious faith of oth-

ers as worthy of all acceptation. He assumed the ground that Christianity was one thing, and the Gospel, or the Christian revelation, was another. And in this sense Christianity was not always the same, but the Gospel remained unchanged. It (the Gospel) was "Jesus Christ himself, other foundation than whom no man could lay."

Christianity was the building resting upon this foundation, and this might be, and indeed must be, variously constructed. Not only would it vary in worth of material, and in power of endurance, according to St. Paul's well-known similitude, but it also would, and must, vary according to differences of time, climates, national temperament, the habits of classes and situations of men; nor less so according to the prevalence at this or that time of certain currents of thought and inquiry. Christ was one, and true, and unchangeable; but a man's Christianity, a family's Christianity, a nation's Christianity,—nay, the whole world's Christianity,—at any given time might be inconsistent and untrue, and liable to and needing change.

By Christianity then he understood a man's fashion of following Christ, and as each age and country had its own fashion, he should presume to inquire whether the present fashion in this land was right; whether it was calculated to meet the demands which our age and habits of thought were making; and in so far as it might be thought that it failed in these points, what change it needed in order to correct that failure and enable it to hold its place as the Christianity of the future."

Doubtless the response to this inquiry of the Lecturer would be as varied as individual experience; but we deem it a subject worthy the most serious thought for all, how far *we*, by acting out our highest sense of Divine requirement, are contributing to the realization of the millenial day when the love of God will be proved by walking in conformity with the law written upon the heart when the professors of Christianity shall be like-minded with Christ Jesus, whose meat and drink consisted in doing the will of his Father in Heaven.

Dean Alford "conceived that the person of the Lord Jesus Christ was meant to be the centre of the whole system; that Christian belief rested in that one person with reverent affection, recognized Him as its object, and in humble obedience followed Him as its Master. It was, of course, a very different thing for all this to be professed, and for it really to be so. He supposed that there was no body of Christians who did not claim to fulfill this requsite, who could not point to their formularies and other official practices to show that they did so; and yet he did not hesitate to say that a neglect of this essential matter was one of the chief faults of the Christianity of the present time. The great object of an ordinary Englishman's faith in these days, was not so much to glorify the Lord in heaven, as his own Christianity."

He thought that "the Christian body to which he himself belonged had stronger faith in their church system, in their creeds and formularies and sacraments—yea, and in their written word—than in the living present person of their Divine Master." He wished not to be misunderstood. "Everything that he might say now, or at any other time, on the subject of the Holy Scriptures, was said with a view to enhance their authority and to further the influence among men which their Divine Author destined for them. But this could not be done by resting in them, and falling short of Him whom they revealed to us. Let them stand in the very first rank among the means of grace and the ordinances of God, but in that rank let us keep them. They were not the end of faith, but the means to that end."

In regard to doctrine, it was his view that in proportion as we set store by our doctrinal confession, so ought we to remember our neighbor did the same by his, and as long as a trace remained among us of persecution or exclusion on account of doctrinal persuasion, so long our Christianity was defective. He would have each Christian body maintain and propagate by lawful means its own doctrines, for these never could be insignificant to him who held them aright, and he would have each Christian body "fence about its position so as to keep itself pure according to its own doctrinal views." . . . . "We had absolutely

no right to judge our neighbor. It was one of the fundamental principles of the Reformation that God alone was Lord of conscience. Did our neighbor believe in Christ? Did he profess and call himself a Christian? Did he call Christ his Lord and Master? Then was he within the pale of our common Christianity, and ought to be treated as a Christian brother."

The above opinions with those which follow in reference to the ceremonies of the Church, while not entirely in accordance with our own, yet are interesting and encouraging as another evidence that the *spirituality* of the Christian religion is being more and more acknowledged by an influential class in the community. If "the leaders of the people" can "cause them to err," may we not with equal reason look for *good* fruit when these leaders are under the influence of a wisdom which gives a right understanding of the path which leads to "that City which hath foundation, whose Builder and Maker is God."

Touching upon ceremonies, he (the Dean) said that though the ordinance of the Lord's, Supper, as defined by the Church of England was so simple that most bodies of Christians were ready to accept it, yet how little of that ordinance could be traced up to our Lord's authority. At first the ordinance was simply a breaking of bread and a social partaking. We failed to trace any act of consecration as we now professed it. When St. Paul spoke of the bread which "we" break and of the cup of blessing which "we" bless, he did not refer to any special class like the clergy; in the original the pronoun was not absolutely unemphatic. But a mere social partaking gave opportunity for habits of disorder; therefore a more formal and more strictly regulated administration became necessary. But St. Paul gave no directions for alteration in any such sense as to make the ordinance in form what it now is. Did he therefore reject that form or think it undesirable? Far from it; but here was his point, that we had absolutely no right to require of any member of a religious body that he should conform to that particular mode of fulfilling his Lord's command. What the Lord ordained bound a Christian man and nothing else. It was a charge of want of unity which had to be made against the Christianity of the present day. Much had been said and written lately about unity. Men had banded themselves together to promote the unity of Christendom, and churches far and wide had been solicited by overt acts of communion to display this unity, but there had been immense confusion in understanding this term "unity." As long as any outward conformity whatever was retained as its condition it was misunderstood. The only union of the Church Catholic consisted in its being one body under one head —the members acknowledging and not repudiating one another. Alluding to the supposed conflict between the discoveries of science and a belief in the literal inspiration of Scripture, the lecturer remarked that science and Scripture properly understood were perfectly safe together. Surely it was not an attitude befitting one ready to be taught of God to tremble and shrink from the possible result of scientific inquiry, and to be evermore crying out that the Scriptures are in danger. Did they think that we had so completely mastered the science of Scripture that we had nothing more to learn about its interpretation? Did they suppose that the Holy Spirit, who taught mankind of old, was teaching us nothing now?—because both these presumptions seemed to be involved in what some of our teachers were now telling us. When we were informed that in the present day the direct tendency of knowledge and science was the perversion and distraction of God's truth, to say nothing of the contradiction involved in the terms themselves, we at once suspected that God's truth in the mind of the speaker must mean not that truth which was revealed in proportion as it was humbly sought, but simply his own interpretation of the letter of Scripture. Sayings like this served to exemplify the rashness which must be avoided in dealing with this subject, and moreover to show also what the Christianity of the present wanted, if it meant to have a share in the Christianity of the future. It wanted an attitude of faithful courage and humble self-distrust towards scientific inquiry. So far from decrying the researches of men like Darwin and Huxley, we might depend upon it that some of the greatest eclipses truth had ever suffered had been owing to men gathering round it and nursing it instead of giving it free course. He was persuaded that such procedure was simply suicidal, and if the Christianity of the present perished in it, we should have the future trying to do without Christianity at all; for we could not crush out truth—we could not forbid research. These would go on as earnestly, as fruitfully as they were going on now; and if we proclaimed them as we had done, as hostile to Christianity, if we made an enemy of that which ought to be our chief friend, we should find the advance of scientific discovery too strong for all merely artifical and conventional religion.

The Dean then referred to another matter, in which he ventured to think the Christianity of the present was hardly making due preparation to become the Christianity of the future, viz., the necessity for a revision of the authorized version of the Scriptures. Every scholar, who regarded truth rather than ability, was constrained to confess that this version, excellent as it was, did not represent what we now know to be the exact meaning of the text of Holy Scripture. He had advocated a revision of the text over and over again, without meeting with support where he might reasonably have expected it. Men opposed any "tampering," as it was called, with the sacred text; others doubted the good effect it would have. It had been said that all the alterations that could properly be made would not effect a single doctrine, or touch one article of the Christian faith. This he believed to be perfectly true, but it had nothing exactly to do with the matter. If we were conscious we were sending forth to our people an inaccurate representation of the revelation of God to man, it was our bounden duty to correct that inaccuracy, let the results be small or great. It was also said that if any alteration was made the reliance of the English mind in the English Bible would be shaken. He ventured to say the very opposite would be the case. Englishmen would see by a reference to what had been already done in this respect—first how little in amount was that which needed change, and next how much sense and clearness the text had gained by the change. Had the various alterations made from the earliest translation down to the time of James I., altered the English belief in and love and reverence for the Scriptures? No! They had rather strengthened it. He believed the time was now come when public opinion should express itself upon this matter, and when a public organization should be made, so it might not be lost sight of. At present we were laboring under a disadvantage in the controversy with impugners of the Scriptures. If English Christianity was to become the Christianity of the future, a more true and perfect knowledge of the Scriptures must be one of the weapons not to be overlooked.

Then there was the work of women in the church, one of the most pressing questions of all, a question demanding the exercise of much good sense and mutual forbearance, and the curbing of childish fancies, but not to be, on account of its difficulties, put off to some more convenient season. Now let there be no mistake as to what had been the spirit and tendency of his remarks. The Christianity of this country was at the present moment on its trial. We have passed the days of mere thoughts and books. We stand on the border of time and action. What shall that action be? It depends upon the Church of Christ in England to answer that question. God has given us Christianity not to be worn out and put by before the world was at an end, but for all nations, all classes, all parties, all modes of thought. Should this Christianity fulfil its function over our land in the age now coming? Mark well the situation in which we found ourselves. Christianity could not coerce, could not persecute; that weapon of her sovereignty was taken from her by the law of the land; she could not prevail by railing, storming, anathematizing; those weapons had been taken from her, thank God, by the growth of common sense. Persuasion was her only weapon left, and here again she was limited. We were more and more coming to days when persuasion must be sound persuasion. Time was when a well-quoted bit of Latin verse could decide a weighty matter lying altogether beside it. Nor was the day quite gone when a well-planted bit of banter sold at a premium which seriously disturbed the market. But it was passing by—the great master of the art of banter was still going up and down amongst us, but they were not belived in as they used to be. Men laughed and went on their way, but they were beginning to laugh less with, and more at, the scorner. Still less could Christianity expect to prevail in this and the coming time with the weapons now so largely used by a portion of the self-styled religious press—those of personal abuse and slander. Christianity will do well in all these matters to leave off going down to the Philistines to sharpen her defensive weapons. If she was to prevail it must be by love of truth for truth's sake; by transparent simplicity; by self-distrust and self-denial; by walking humbly, and sympathizing generously; by large allowances and boundless forgiveness; by putting off the spirit of the world, and putting on the spirit of Christ.

MARRIED.

HOPKINS—DIXON.—On the 21st of Twelfth mo., 1869, by Friends' ceremony, at the residence of Jas. Dixon, Talbot Co., Md., Isaac F. Hopkins, of Philadelphia, to Elizabeth A. Dixon, daughter of the late Robert Dixon, of Baltimore.

DIED.

THOMAS.—At her residence in Springboro', Ohio, on the 21st of Twelfth mo., 1869, Hannah Thomas, aged 48 years, daughter of Josiah D. and Elizabeth Thomas, both deceased.

WILSON.—On the 3d of Twelfth month, 1869, at the residence of her brother-in-law Isaac Hoopes, New Garden, Chester Co., Penna., Phebe Wilson, widow of David Wilson, aged 69 years. She was a member of Centre Monthly Meeting, and for many years an acknowledged minister of the Society of

Friends, but for more than three years was incapacitated for the attendance of religious meetings and the exercise of her gift, by a severe paralytic stroke, of which she finally died. E. M.

WILLETTS.—On the 17th of Twelfth mo., 1869, at his residence in Westbury, L. I., Edward S. Willets, in the 67th year of his age. His mother dying when he was a child, he was placed under the care of his grandfather Gideon Seaman, who trained him in the way he should go, which, when he arrived at mature age, his judgment and conscience approved. He was through life a consistent and useful member of our Society, by example and precept supporting its various testimonies and principles. Until near his close he was a steady attender of all our religious meetings, for many years filling the station of an elder and other offices in Westbury Monthly Meeting. It is evident that his day's work was done in the daytime, and when prostrated on a bed of lingering sickness, he had little to do but quietly to wait for the solemn close. Although a great sufferer, not a word of complaint or murmur was heard by his attendants, and that we doubt not his immortal spirit has entered into eternal rest with the redeemed. R. H.

NOTICE.

The meetings of the Executive Committee and the General Conference of the First-day School Association of New York, also the Managers and friends of Swarthmore College, will take place on the 27th and 28th of First month, instead of 20th and 21st, as noticed in the Intelligencer; No. 43.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

Farmington, N. Y., 1st mo. 23d, 11 A. M.

FRIENDS' FREEDMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

Friends' Associction for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen will meet on Fourth day evening, First mo. 19th, at 7½ o'clock, at Race St. Monthly Meeting Room.

The attendance of Friends interested is urged, and contributions particularly requested, in order to prevent the necessity of early closing of the schools.

JACOB M. ELLIS, ANNE COOPER, } *Clerks.*

LETTER FROM AN INDIAN AGENT.

Inquiries are often made in relation to the progress of the work among the Indians under the care of Friends. The following letter has been handed us for publication, and we shall, from time to time, publish extracts from others:

NOHART, NEBRASKA, Twelfth mo. 24th, 1869.

To —— ——:

Esteemed Friend:—Thy letter dated Twelfth month 18th, inclosing check, has just been received. The sum of forty-five dollars, designed for the benefit of the sick and infirm, will do much towards relieving the sufferings and necessities of that class. I have, heretofore, painfully felt my inability to relieve many cases of destitution and wretched want that have forced themselves upon my notice; and I can assure thee that the donation contained in thy letter was indeed opportune. During the past few months, I have spent a large portion of my time in visiting and attending to the wants of the sick. Owing to the fact that my red children have not yet returned from their winter hunt, I can now do but little towards relieving their sufferings and wants. I feel grateful to Friends of London Grove and others for their generous donation, and can wish them no better reward for their generosity than to behold the amount of good it is capable of accomplishing, and to know that a patiently suffering people will look to them with feelings of thankfulness, and in a strange tongue will call them blessed. None of the boxes, mentioned in thy letter as having been sent, have yet arrived.

Thy friend, ALBERT L. GREEN.

A Letter from "The Brooklyn Social Union" to SAMUEL M. JANNEY, *and his reply.*

To Samuel M. Janney, Superintendent, and Dr. Edward Painter and the other agents of the Indians under the care of Friends in the Northern Superintendency, State of Nebraska.

Dear friends:—At a meeting of "The Brooklyn Social Union," (a company of Friends and friendly people, numbering about one hundred, who meet on Fourth-day evenings to listen to readings and discussions upon religious, moral and miscellaneous subjects, and to indulge in social intercourse,) held at Friends' Meeting-house on Schermerhorn Street, in the City of Brooklyn, on the 8th day of the 12th month, 1869, the following minute was unanimously adopted, and the Presiding officer and Secretary of the Social Union were directed to sign the same and forward it to you.

On last Fourth-day evening we listened to the concluding reading of the "Report of the Joint Delegation appointed by the Committees on the Indian Concern of the Yearly Meetings of Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, respectively, composed of Benjamin Hallowell, of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, Franklin Haines, of New York Yearly Meeting, and John H. Dudley and Joseph Powell, of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, to visit the Indians under the care of Friends, in the Northern Superintendency, State of Nebraska, Seventh and Eighth months, 1869."

This full and satisfactory report, to all of which we have listened, has greatly interested and instructed us. We have thus obtained a clearer insight than we had before into the nature of the work upon which you have entered, the difficulties which you have to encounter and overcome, the necessity that exists for the labor in Christian love and fidelity which you are exercising, the deprivations to which you so willingly submit, and the hopes of benefiting the long outraged and suffering red men which animate and inspire your ef-

forts. We feel deeply sensible that the work of redeeming the Indians from their wild and savage condition with all its attendant miseries, and elevating them to a state of civilization with all its accompanying blessings, and, at the same time, protecting them from the many wrongs which white men have imposed upon them from the day they welcomed white men to their shores down to the day in which we live, is indeed a work of no ordinary magnitude. We are alive to the responsibility which Friends have assumed in this matter, and which rests so heavily upon you. But we feel that our Heavenly Father, who "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth," has already blessed you and the good work in which you are engaged, and our faith is that He will continue to bless you and it.

We desire to encourage you, and to let you know that we are in close sympathy with you in all your endeavors and trials. It is our humble prayer that God will give you constant patience, wisdom and strength, and will crown your labors in this righteous cause with complete success.

Signed by direction and on behalf of the Brooklyn Social Union,

JOSEPH WILLETS, Presiding officer,
JOSIAH T. TUBBY, Secretary.

Brooklyn, 12th mo. 8th, 1869.

OMAHA, NEB., 12th mo. 23d, 1869.

JOSEPH WILLETS, JOSIAH T. TUBBY:

Esteemed friends:—Your kind letter of 10th inst., together with the memento addressed to superintendent and agents in Northern Superintendency, came to hand a few days since.

It is encouraging to be assured that our Friends in the East remember us with affectionate interest, and that their sympathies for the objects of our care,—"the long outraged and suffering red man"—have prompted them to come forward with words of cheer and deeds of love.

I have full faith that the efforts of Friends in this field of labor will not be fruitless, if we continue faithful to our trust and place our reliance upon the arm of Divine Power.

There has been great prejudice and much hostile feeling towards the Indians in this section of country, but we have reason to believe some reaction in their favor has taken place in the public mind.

If peaceable relations with most of the Indian tribes can be maintained for a few years, and the friendly tribes on the reservations induced to become tillers of the soil, which we are endeavoring to effect, the way will be opened for a gradual and general amelioration of their condition.

It is the policy of the Government now to allot their lands in severalty to the Indians settled on reservations as fast as they are prepared for it, in order to induce them to form habits of industry and to adopt the customs of civilized life. With this view, surveys have just been completed on the Omaha Reservation, and have been commenced on the Winnebago and Santee Reservations.

This measure gives great satisfaction to the Indians, and many of them have expressed an earnest desire to have houses, live stock and farming implements, in order that they may live like white people.

To supply all these new wants, which are incident to their transition from savage to civilized life, will require a large amount of funds, for which we must depend on the liberality of Congress.

The contributions made by Friends for supplying comfortable clothing and suitable food for the sick and infirm among the Indians have been liberal, evincing a deep interest in their welfare throughout our religious Society. I desire to be affectionately remembered to the members of the Brooklyn Social Union, and to express my acknowledgments for their kind memento.

Your cordial friend,
(Signed) SAMUEL M. JANNEY.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"The indigent world might be clothed from the trimmings of the vain."—GOLDSMITH.

"IS IT I?"

Sister, mother, wife, or maid,
Hast thou e'er the value weighed
Of the decorative care
Spent to make thy person fair?
Thou, that call'st thyself a child
Of the Saviour meek and mild,
Think'st thou how His poor might be
Comforted and blest by thee,
Would thy self-indulgent heart
Choose the self-denying part,
On the garniture of *Dress*
Lavishing a little less?

"Oh! but this is hard," you say,
Things like these to cast away!
If *the heart* be all my care,
Can it matter what I wear?

Yes: for if with earnest mind,
Purpose true, and feelings kind,
Something thou would'st spare and gain
From "the trimmings of the vain,"
Gath'ring round thy form and face
Less of bugle, bead, and lace,
Ah! what precious store might rise
E'en from *this* small sacrifice!
That which scarcely counts on such,
Given to Charity, were much:
It might make the suffering glad,
Send them from thee warm'd and clad:
While there's nothing lost to *thee*,
Save a little vanity!
Form and color, true, are nought:
But the time, the pains, the thought,
And the money thou dost spend,

All for an unworthy end,
If the heart *were* "all thy care,"
Conscience surely could not bear.
Which is nobler then? to take
Christian ground for conscience' sake,
Or to tread the beaten way,
Decking this poor earthly clay
All in Fashion's frippery,—
Lest thou should'st "*peculiar*" be?

As my heart within me burned,
Thus to speak my spirit yearned:
Hap'ly, had I silent been,
Utter silence had been sin. A. W. M.

Salem, N. J., Nov. 8, 1869.

THANKSGIVING FOR SORROWS.

(*From the German of Leopold Schefer.*)

To care for others, that they may not suffer
What we have suffered, is divine well-doing—
The noblest vote of thanks for all our sorrows!
And daily thus the good man giveth thanks
To God, and also to humanity,
Which hourly is in need of aid and guidance.
And who has not known misery? Dear soul!
Who would not thank God for his sorrows all,
When in their working they become so sweet!
Good for ourselves and for humanity!
'Tis thus the roots of the aloe-tree are bitter,
But cast upon the glowing coals, how sweet,
How lasting and diffusive is their fragrance!
Yea, I have seen a lame and halting child
Prop up most tenderly a broken plant;
And a poor mother, whose own child was burnt,
Snatch from the flame the children of another.
So generous man, return thou constant thanks
For all thy griefs to God and to mankind,
And ending grief will make unending joy!
Or, if it end not, it will be pure blessing
While in the trying furnace thou dost good.
And if from wo released, and happy, spread
Thy happiness all round thee. So doth God.
Suffering or happy, man, be always thankful!

EDUCATION OF WOMEN IN INDIA.

Another effort is in progress to secure a higher education of Indian women. Dr. Burzorjee, a Parsee physician, has lived in England for ten years past, with his wife and two daughters, in the hope that through them he might do something to introduce a higher culture among his countrywomen. He is now ready (says the London *News*) to return to Bombay, and the ladies of his family are willing to give their whole time and effort to the superintendence of a school in that city for native girls. There are no accomplished Indian women to keep schools, and as girls are therefore all taught by men, they leave school at ten or eleven, when the custom of the country withdraws them into the seclusion of the zenana. Dr. Burzorjee therefore proposes that the new school, to be conducted by Mrs. Burzorjee and her daughters should receive girls at ten years old, and give them the usual routine of a finished western education without interfering with their religious scruples or their social prejudices.

Dr. Burzorjee and his family offer their services gratuitously, and it is proposed to raise subscriptions to start the school, with every necessary appliance of an Indian boarding and day school. It is proposed that the school fees shall be low, and that an Endowment Fund shall be raised for free education, donors of £250 to have the privilege of nominating a free boarder, donors of £100 that of nominating a free day scholar. It is also proposed to found scholarships and prize funds, and especially a Teachership Fund, to encourage native ladies to become teachers of girls' schools. The scheme necessarily needs this support at first, owing to the apathy which exists in India as to female education. —*N. Y. Evening Post.*

PHOTOGRAPHY — "SELF-PRINTS FROM NATURE."

At the last meeting of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Thomas Gaffield exhibited illustrations of what he calls "photographic self-prints from nature." While on a visit to the country, having with him his pressure frames and sensitive paper, it occurred to him that the colored autumn leaves might produce varied effects, just as the colored glasses did, on the sensitive paper exposed beneath them. He exhibited various groups of colored leaves taken in this way; the red leaves generally cut off a very large amount of the actinic rays, while the other colors passed a considerable amount; the thickness of the leaves, their dryness from age and the hardness of the veins and ribs, are elements which determine the amount of chemical effect upon the paper. From wreaths of leaves he went to ferns, arranged in various artistic forms, and as mottoes. By a singular coincidence, the first motto thus printed was "God is love," and he was thus able to make nature herself proclaim, in letters of light, by the voice of the humble ferns, and in the language of flowers, the essential principle of Christianity.

The work is done as follows: Having procured your design, place it under the glass of your pressure frame; if a motto, it must be written backwards. Place your ferns, with mucilage, upon the glass within the lines of your design; put your sensitive paper on the glass, press the backboard down, and expose to the sunlight until you get a dark impression. Have this print washed, toned, fixed and mounted by some photographic friend, if you have not a workroom for the purpose at home. The time of exposure varies with the seasons, the hour of the day and the state of the sunlight. In five or ten minutes, in a bright summer day, he has obtained a good impression. This dark background print, No. 1, is used as a negative to produce No. 2,

or a print with a white background, and in which all the lights and shades of No. 1 are reversed; from No. 2, used as a negative, No. 1 can be reproduced, although the lines are not quite so sharp nor the effect so good as in the print taken directly from the ferns. By the aid of a camera any of these interesting pictures may be reproduced of any required size. Many of these were exhibited.

From leaves and ferns, he successfully experimented with delicate algæ from the shore, the bright feathers of birds, and brilliant wings of insects; making thus the sun portray, with its powerful pencil, some of the most beautiful objects of the land, and sea, and air. These designs were of singular delicacy and beauty. What he had thus been able to accomplish in the midst of a busy life, he believed was sufficient to show that very important results might be expected from the further development of this process, especially in the illustration of the works of nature, by the most ethereal and at the same time most powerful agency of sunlight.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

"Mute Mourners" are still engaged at funerals in England, and do a very lucrative business. American readers will be surprised to learn that they were hired to attend Mr. Peabody's funeral in Westminster Abbey. The correspondent of the New York *Tribune* thus describes their ludicrous appearance on that occasion:

Old things die hard in England, yet they die. The other day, when the Queen entered London to open the viaduct, the crowd so chaffed the liveried footmen that the latter presently gave signs that under their plush and powder they actually had some of the sensibilities of men. On Lord Mayor's day the most antique features of the show were all left out. But here at Mr. Peabody's funeral—though it was by far the simplest I ever saw in the Abbey—there was preserved the mutes, and the wretched individual who is employed by the undertaker to bear on his head the black board with huge black plumes, exactly as Italian sellers of plaster casts convey their goods. When this person came with his load of funeral feathers nearly everybody smiled; some of the young were even surprised into a laugh; and when the insignia of magnificent mourning excite the risibles, one would say it is about time for them to disappear.—*Boston Transcript.*

ITEMS.

A Brilliant Aurora Borealis was witnessed in this city, at 5 o'clock on the morning of 3d inst., but was not observed by many persons. In Baltimore, however, attention was more particularly directed to the phenomenon. A correspondent of the "Sun" writes that at a quarter to five, the whole northeastern sky was flooded with a lurid mass of quivering, sifting cloud. In this red back ground, tongues of yellow light darted up towards the zenith, while over all these flowed waves of mellow light, rippling gently or breaking in masses like the surges of a heavy sea. At one time the red clouds were clearly defined in the northeastern sky by a distinctly marked boundary line of flaming color, reaching to the zenith, and farther to the east, in the blue sky, faint flashes of yellow could be distinguished. The aurora extended from the northeast to the northwest points of the horizon, and sent tongues of flame upward until they met in the zenith, forming a crown, and still higher, fantastic wreaths of light could be seen. The stars were visible through the densest clouds of the aurora. The same phenomenon was observed at Fortress Monroe, between 3 and 5 A. M. It may here be mentioned that auroras are frequently seen after a severe easterly rain storm, where the weather clears up with strong winds and cold.

The planet Jupiter has been for three months presenting a spectacle of singular beauty. The equatorial belt, which has for years been the brightest, is now not nearly so bright as the light belts to the north and south, which are of a pearly white. The central belt is of a rich golden yellow, instead of the white which it has shown for years. The dark bands between them are coppery red, while the poles and the belts near them are ashen blue. It is suspected that Jupiter has not so far cooled down as to have ceased to be partially self-luminous.

A singular method of making butter has lately come into quite extensive use in France, based upon the observed fact that cream is changed into butter by being simply buried in the earth. The theory of this result is not very intelligible, though the fact is stated to be beyond question; and in Normandy and other parts of France, butter is actually prepared on a large scale in this way. The process consists in placing the cream in a linen bag of moderate thickness, which is carefully closed; then burying the bag about a foot and a half deep in the earth, and allowing it to remain from twenty-four to twenty-five hours. After the expiration of this period, the cream is found to have become hard, and it is then broken up, by means of a wooden beater, into small pieces, and enough water poured upon it to wash out the buttermilk. To prevent any mixture of earth, it is advisable to enclose the bag in a second one of larger size and coarser quality. This method of making butter saves a great deal of labor, and separates the butter more perfectly than the ordinary process; and we are assured that butter thus prepared is of most excellent quality.—*The Methodist.*

The Bay of Samana, in St. Domingo, with a coast line of little less than one hundred miles, and such numerous coves adjacent to coal and timber supplies as make it advantageous to shipping, enjoys a capacity for harboring all the fleets of the world. These merits, it is said, have induced our Government to formally plant our flag on the soil of St. Domingo, and paid $150,000 in gold as the first installment of a fifty years' lease of Samana Bay for that sum annually. Cogent objections have been made to the lease of a doubtful title for so large a sum; and we have yet to hear the official and unquestionable statement of our Dominican transactions which is due to Congress, and which soon will be given.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXVI. PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 22, 1870. No. 47.

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The present (26th vol.) will close on the 26th of Second mo., and vol. 27th will commence Third mo. 5th, 1870.

AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
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SKETCHES OF FRIENDS.

Historical, Biographical and Anecdotal.

(Continued from page 725)

We have alluded to John Woolman in these sketches as one of the early apostles of Freedom in this country; and although many of our readers are doubtless familiar with the main facts of his life, we think he deserves more than a passing notice. If we fail to say anything *new* of this good man, we shall at least have contributed our mite towards keeping his memory green among us.

The names of Sandiford, Lay and Woolman should not be allowed to perish from the earth. They form a Trinity in Unity; three individuals, in purpose, one. Each, in his own characteristic way, went forth, like David of old, armed with the weapon of Truth, and trusting in God to attack the Goliah of Slavery. Evil. Bravely did they confront the Giant Evil, and effective were the blows they administered. When Sandiford, bruised and wounded in the conflict, laid down his armor with his life, Lay took the field; and Woolman was but in the strength of his manhood when Lay was called to his everlasting rest. Ere Woolman died, a little army composed almost entirely of Friends, rallied around the standard, which these worthies had held aloft for so many years; and thus the contest went on. As one by one the veterans fell in the ranks, volunteers were ready to fill their places; and we have lived to see the battle won—the enemy conquered. Who among us, in tracing the progress of this movement, can fail to recognize an overruling Providence through it all; or who will forget the first three anti-slavery authors in the Society of Friends, to whose faithfulness and zeal is to be largely attributed the success which is ours. Woolman foresaw the result, and predicted it nearly a century before its accomplishment.

On the fourth day of the First month, 1770, about five o'clock in the morning, he had a vision, which is thus recorded: "I have seen, in the Light of the Lord, that the day is approaching when the man that is most wise in human policy shall be the greatest fool, and the arm that is mighty to support injustice shall be broken to pieces. The enemies of righteousness shall make a terrible rattle, and shall mightily torment one another; for He that is Omnipotent, is rising up to judgment, and will plead the cause of the oppressed; and He commanded me to open this vision." Have *we* not seen the fulfilment of the above? Human policy, as we all know, proved unavailing. The combined wisdom of our statesmen failed to suggest any practical solution of the Slavery question. Compromise but delayed the inevitable doom of oppression, and finally the arm that was mighty to support injustice was broken in pieces.

The gentle "Elia," in his enthusiastic ad-

miration of this good man, tells us to "get the writings of John Woolman by heart, and love the early Quakers." While we are not inclined to place a *literal* construction on this advice, we would recommend those who love purity of style in composition, and who can appreciate the union of a childlike simplicity with mature mental vigor, to read Woolman's Journal. There, particularly, is the *character* of the man clearly seen, affording a striking illustration of how that which is truly manly may be coupled with almost womanly tenderness of feeling. This happy marriage of masculine and feminine attributes is, in our view, one of the glories of a perfect manhood.

John Woolman was born in Northampton, Burlington Co., N. J., in the 8th mo., A. D., 1720. His parents being consistent members of the Religious Society of Friends, he was early educated in the principles and doctrines held by that people, and as a child, manifested a devotion to the right, and an almost morbid conscientiousness, which continued with him through life. Who has not read his story of the robin which he killed while attending her young, and the horror which seized his mind, in reflecting upon the deed, so that, after much painful consideration, he finally climbed the tree and killed the young birds, "supposing this better than to leave them to pine away and die miserably." He remained upon his father's farm until about 21 years of age, when he removed to Mount Holly, and hired with "a man in much business at shop-keeping and baking, to tend shop and keep books." In 1741 he appeared in the ministry, and the same year, being requested, by his employer, to make out a bill of sale for a negro, the fact that Slavery was incompatible with Christianity seems first to have dawned upon his mind. He, however, wrote a bill of sale, and afterwards felt great sorrow for the act, and so expressed himself to both seller and purchaser of the slave, the latter being a Friend. This was the first and last document of the kind which he ever penned.

In the fall of 1743, he made a religious visit to Friends in East Jersey, being the first of a series of almost annual gospel missions to various parts of this country and England during the remainder of his life. On his return from this service, he learned the tailoring business, as he perceived "Merchandizing to be attended with much cumber in the way of trading in these parts." He also saw "that a humble man, with the blessing of the Lord, might live on a little, and that where the heart was set on greatness, success in business did not satisfy the craving; but that commonly with an increase of wealth, the *desire* of wealth increased." He several times opened a school at Mount Holly, for the free education of poor children, and, when at home, gave his services as teacher, as he could afford the time from other duties.

In 1741, he visited in Gospel love Friends in Maryland and Virginia, where his convictions concerning the iniquity of slavery were deepened. He thus alludes to his experience whilst on this mission: "Two things were remarkable to me in this journey. First, in regard to my entertainment. When I ate, drank and lodged, free cost, with people who lived in ease on the hard labor of their slaves, I felt uneasy; and as my mind was inward to the Lord, I found, from place to place, this uneasiness return upon me at times through the whole visit. Where the master bore a good share of the burden, and lived frugally, so that their servants were well provided for, and their labor moderated, I felt more easy; but, where they lived in a costly way, and laid heavy burdens on their slaves, my exercise was often great, and I frequently had conversation with them in private concerning it. Secondly, the trade of importing slaves from their native country being much encouraged amongst them, and the white people and their children so generally living without much labour, was frequently the subject of my serious thoughts; and I saw in these Southern provinces so many vices and corruptions increased by this trade and this way of life, that it appeared to me as a dark gloominess hanging over the land; and though now many willingly run into it, *yet in the future, the consequences will be grievous to posterity.* I express it as it hath appeared unto me; not at once, nor twice, but as a matter fixed on my mind."

Soon after John Woolman commenced business as a tailor, he felt that it was probable he should never marry; but he subsequently says in his Journal: "About this time, believing it good for me to settle, and thinking seriously about a companion, my heart was turned to the Lord, with desires that he would give me wisdom to proceed therein, agreeable to his will; and he was pleased to give me a well-inclined damsel, Sarah Ellis, to whom I was married the 18th day of the 8th month, 1749." During this year he commenced his book entitled "Some considerations on the keeping of Negroes, Recommended to the Professors of Christianity of every Denomination." The MSS. of this work was shown to his father, who suggested some verbal alterations, after which it was handed to the overseers of the Press among Friends, who had an edition printed in 1754, at the expense of the Society, and

which was distributed gratuitously. It will be observed that this anti-slavery treatise was issued by authority of Friends, while Sandiford and Lay paid for and circulated *their* books against the wishes of the Society. This recognition of Woolman's book by the meeting, shows that the good seed sown by his predecessors had taken root and brought forth fruit.

In the preface, he says: "What I write on this subject is with reluctance, and the hints given are in as general terms as my concern would allow. I know it is a point about which, in all its branches, men that appear to aim well, are not generally agreed, and for that reason I chose to avoid being very particular. If I may happily have let drop anything that may excite such as are concerned in the practice to thinking on the subject treated of, the candid amongst them may easily do the subject such further justice as on an impartial enquiry it may appear to deserve; and such an enquiry "I would earnestly recommend." This book contains clear and sound arguments against slavery—so written as not to offend or strike too hard at any one; but calculated to convince of the wickedness of the traffic in human flesh, all those who were disposed to give it an unprejudiced reading. The work was well received, extensively read, and was influential for good. In addition to thus expressing himself on this momentous question, Woolman felt called upon to visit slave-holders among Friends, and by direct appeals, sought to induce them to liberate their negroes. Being a ready penman, he was frequently solicited to write the wills of persons advanced in life, or who felt themselves rapidly hastening to the tomb; but he invariably refused so to do where slaves were to be disposed of, and in several instances, which he relates, induced persons thus applying to him to manumit their negroes. Thus quietly, but effectively, he labored, and was clothed with so gentle a spirit, that no offence could be taken at what he said or did.

When his mind became exercised on the subject of slavery, he found it his place to speak of its enormities in the Yearly Meeting, when but few Friends were prepared to receive his testimony, and he was sometimes publicly opposed. When this was the case, he would often sit down and weep, without attempting any justification. In the course of a few years, this concern found a lodgment in the minds of his friends generally, and the Society was enabled to wash its skirts from the guilt of slavery.

Once, when officiating as Clerk of "Burlington Quarter," the meeting directed a minute to be prepared, which he was not easy to make. He signified his wish to be excused from it, and said he would leave the table, that some other Friend might do it. Some one hastily remarked: "The clerk need not fly from the table;" whereupon John Woolman quietly rejoined: "The clerk has no wings." In this meek way he bore his testimony against whatever seemed to him opposed to the truth.

It is stated concerning Woolman, that whatever he said was strictly and literally *true*, and that he was accustomed gently to rebuke a tendency to exaggeration in others.

In walking through his orchard with a friend, his companion pointed to a tree, remarking: "That tree is full of caterpillars." Woolman examined it, and said reprovingly: "Not quite full." After this the friend endeavored to discover some inaccuracy of expression in this man of truth, but during an intimacy of some years he was unable to do so.

His truthfulness was once put to a severe test by two young men, whom we will designate as A. and B. The former called upon Woolman socially, and whilst he was being entertained in the parlor, B. hastily knocked at the front door. Excusing himself for a few moments, John Woolman left A. to admit B. As was agreed upon between the young men, A. quietly slipped into an adjoining room as Woolman left the parlor. The front door being opened by Woolman, B. quickly, and with apparent alarm, inquired of him, "Is my friend A. in thy parlor?" Perhaps ninety-nine persons out of one hundred would have given a prompt affirmative answer, under the circumstances, but not so the truthful Quaker, who replied: "I *left* him there; come in and see."

As is manifest to the reader of these anecdotes, John Woolman was a man of few words. His sermons were short, and to the point, being uttered in a peculiarly melodious voice. He was skilful in reconciling differences, and in his neighborhood was recognized as the "Peace-maker." He was not easy to go into meetings, either before or after the time, but strictly observed the hour for assembling, and would frequently wait outside the meeting-house alone, on the horse block, until the time arrived for Friends to collect. As an illustration of his economical habits, it may be remarked that his letters were commonly written on scraps of paper. He was once taken to task whilst clerk of Burlington Monthly Meeting, for preparing a certificate of removal on a smaller piece of paper than was generally used for such purposes. He said in justification of his conduct: "I have never found any better rule than *enough*."

In person, Woolman was tall and slender, and always wore light-colored clothes and a white hat. He thus alludes to his dress in the Journal: "I thought of getting a hat the natural color of the fur; but the appearance of being looked upon as one affecting singularity felt uneasy to me; and here I had occasion to consider that things, though small in themselves, being clearly enjoined by Divine Authority, become great things to us; and I trusted that the Lord would support me in the trials that might attend singularity, while that singularity was only for his sake, and I was made willing to submit to what I apprehended was required of me. I had several dyed garments fit for use, which I believed it best to wear till I had occasion of new ones." His style of dress produced some "shyness" on the part of a few Friends, who knew not the motives which thus influenced him; and because of this, his way, for a time, was shut up in the exercise "of the Ministry." Nevertheless, he "felt an individual consolation which was very precious under those difficulties."

It is refreshing in these busy, money-making times, to read the following from his Journal: "Until the year 1756, I continued to retail goods, besides following my trade as a tailor; about which time I grew uneasy, on account of my business growing too cumbersome. I had began with selling trimmings for garments, and from thence proceeded to sell cloths and linens: and at length, having got a considerable shop of goods, my trade increased every year, and the road to large business appeared open. Through the mercies of the Almighty, I had, in a good degree, learned to be content with a plain way of living; I had but a small family, and, on serious consideration, I believed Truth did not require me to engage in much cumbering affairs. It had been my general practice to buy and sell things really useful. Things that served chiefly to please the vain mind in people, I was not easy to trade in—seldom did it—and whenever I did, I found it weakened me as a Christian. The increase of business became my burthen, for, though my natural inclination was towards merchandize, yet I believed Truth required me to live more free from outward cumbers, and there was now a strife in my mind between the two; and in this exercise, my prayers were put up to the Lord, who graciously heard me, and who gave me a heart resigned to His Holy Will. Then I lessened my outward business, and as I had opportunity, told my customers of my intentions, that they might consider what shop to turn to; and in a while wholly laid down merchandizing, following my trade as a tailor, myself only, having no apprentice. I also had a nursery of apple trees, in which I employed some of my time in hoeing, grafting, trimming and inoculating." Thus, in all things, whether secular or religious, John Woolman seems to have been guided by the principle of Truth in his mind.

In 1756, he commenced his Journal, which was published in 1774, two years after his death.

In 1772, whilst at Burlington Monthly Meeting, he made known to Friends his desire to visit the brethren in Great Britain, in the love of the gospel. This met with the approval of those assembled; and was united with, also, by the Quarterly Meeting, so that a cerlificate of Unity, addressed to transatlantic Friends, was prepared, and he left at liberty to attend to his feelings in the matter. Accordingly, he left his home at Mt. Holly, and journeyed to Philada. to look at the ship in which he proposed to embark for Europe. After an inspection of the vessel, a religious opportunity was had with the captain and crew, and several Friends, who accompanied him on board. He then engaged passage in the steerage, upon condition that if when he reached home, he should see his "way clear," he should return to the city in time to go in her. He spent that night in Philadelphia, his mind being under a deep exercise before the Lord," and the next day he departed for home. On the morning after his return home, his wife missed Johnny, as she lovingly called him, from her side, and supposing he was making ready to depart, she went down stairs, but not finding him in the house, she walked into the road in search of him, and there learned from one of the neighbors, that about daybreak her husband had departed with a bundle under his arm, to walk to Philadelphia. She never saw him again on earth, for he sailed in the vessel, and soon after his arrival in England, departed this life. This unceremonious departure from home affords another illustration of his sensitive nature. He could not bear the pang of a mutual parting from those whom he loved.

Arrived in England, he at once repaired to the Yearly Meeting, then being held at London, and commenced the work he felt called upon to perform, visiting the families and meetings of Friends. In his Journal he gives us an evidence of his extreme conscientiousness in the following: "As my journey hath been without a horse, I have had several offers of being assisted on my way by the stage-coaches, but have not been in them; nor have I had freedom to *send letters* by these posts, in the present way of riding, the stages being so fixed, and one boy dependant on another, as to time, that they com-

monly go upwards of 100 miles in 24 hours, and in the cold winter nights the poor boys suffer much. I heard in America of the way of these posts, and cautioned Friends in the general meeting of ministers and elders, at Philadelphia, and in the Yearly Meeting at London, not to send letters to me on any common occasion by post. And though, on this account, I may be likely to hear seldomer from my family left behind, yet, for Righteousness' sake, I am, through Divine favour, made content."

About three months from the time of his landing in England, he was taken ill of the small-pox, at the house of his friend Thomas Priestman, in the city of York, and, after an illness of nine days, he departed this life on the 7th of Tenth month, 1772, in the 53d year of his age; and was buried in the ground connected with Friends' meeting-house, in that city.

Esther Tuke, herself a minister among Friends, remained with him during his illness, having been requested by John Woolman not to sleep out of the house until she saw an "alteration" in him. He declined the services of a physician, "having no will either to live or die," but "found a freedom to confer with an apothecary," who came unasked to minister unto him. Woolman expressed a willingness to partake of such remedies or palliatives as were suggested, provided they "did not come through defiled channels or oppressive hands." Esther Tuke, in a letter to a friend, thus expresses herself concerning John Woolman: "I am far from mourning that he is gone, believing his day's work is finished, and his measure of sufferings filled up; and I scarce have expected his recovery during his sickness, though there were many favorable symptoms; for on looking at the path, the unspeakable difficulties that would attend his travelling, &c., it seemed often clear to me that he would be delivered from it by death, or have more liberty in his mind respecting the use of some things. I have sometimes thought there might be a Providential hand in his taking and dying with the small-pox, for, if he had gone off in almost any other disorder, one might have feared his manner of living, and the hardships he was exposed to, had occasioned it, but in this his manner of living might seem a fit preparation; and the Apothecary, so skilful in it, said, before he saw him, that no person, living as he had understood *he* had, could be much afflicted by small-pox; but he found his mistake, and diligently attended him, expressing an anxious solicitude for his recovery; and at divers times, with tears in his eyes, expressed his astonishment to see, as he said, such a *perfect and upright man upon earth.* John Woolman frequently conversed with him with great openness. He attended his funeral, and said afterwards he could scarce forbear giving his testimony concerning him to the audience; but forbore, knowing it would be an intrusion upon us. Indeed a Methodist preacher *did*, in a few words at the grave side, with which divers of us were well satisfied, though not prudent to tell him so." Woolman had serious doubts of his recovery when first taken ill, and was unwilling that his friends should be at the expense of his funeral. He therefore dictated to Wm. Tuke the following directions, which he signed on the 29th of 9th month. "An ash coffin made plain, without any manner of superfluities; the corpse to be wrapped in cheap flannel, the expense of which I leave my wearing clothes to defray, as also the digging of the grave; and I desire that Wm. Tuke may take my clothes after my decease, and apply them accordingly."

As the undertaker preferred money to clothing, the latter was sent to America, but the grave-digger took his shoes in payment for his work.

The "Leeds Mercury," in its issue of October 13th, 1722, pays the following just tribute to Woolman. "Died on Wednesday last, at York, of the small-pox, John Woolman, of New Jersey, in North America, an eminent preacher amongst the people called Quakers. His life exhibited a very singular and striking example of self-denial, adorned with an amiable sweetness of disposition and affectionate good-will to mankind universally. His feelings for the bondage and oppression of the poor enslaved negroes were so exquisite, that he conscientously refused every accommodation, both in diet and apparel, which was produced by their labour. He was upon a religious visit to his Friends in this nation, and has left a wife and family in America."

In addition to his work on Slavery, which was first printed in 1754, and a 2d edition in 1762, he was the author of the following:

"Considerations on pure Wisdom and Human Policy; on Labour; on Schools; and on the right use of the Lord's outward gifts. Printed in 1758."

"Considerations on the True Harmony of Mankind, and how it is to be maintained, 1770."

"An Epistle to the Quarterly and Monthly Meetings of Friends, 1772."

"Serious considerations on various subjects of importance, 1773."

"A first book for children, A B C D &c., much useful reading, being sullied and torn by children in schools, before they can read, this book is intended to save unnecessary ex-

pense. 3 editions; the last printed about the year 1774."

"A journal of the Life, Gospel Labours and Christian experience of that faithful minister of Jesus Christ, John Woolman, 1774, 1775, 1776, 1778, 1794, 1800, 1824, 1832, 1833, 1837, 1840, 1845, 1847, 1857. It was translated into German in 1852."

"A word of Remembrance and caution to the Rich, 1793, 1794. Translated into French."

"On loving our neighbor as ourselves, 1807."

A life of this worthy man, taken principally from his Journal, was translated into French, and published at Paris in 1819.

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

ON FAIRS.

An extract from the "Public Ledger," in the Intelligencer of the 1st inst., mentions a number of the objectionable features of *Fairs*. All are doubtless true; and in addition I would mention another, which has impressed me as needing serious attention. I allude to the practice of "raffling," which has become so closely associated with Fairs, that articles are almost always sent by friends and "promoters of the cause," &c., for the "raffles," and not to be legimately sold. No doubt this practice engenders evil in many ways.

We find the custom prevailing everywhere. The *children* get up a Fair, and their greatest delight is around the raffling table. Each child gives a few cents for the "*chance*" of an article set up, and when the announcement is made to whom the "drawn lot" gives it, the excitement of doubt among the children is succeeded by surprise that so small a venture should bring such a rich possession to *any* one. Disappointment is of course the "lot" drawn by all the rest;—a spirit of envy and jealousy is thus aroused which poisons the joy of the *hour* at least.

Worse than all,—and here I imagine lies the most serious objection,—it very often incites the young mind to risk again and again, larger and still larger sums, with the hope of drawing the desired lot; and in this manner the love of *gambling* is cultivated, which may in later years wreck happiness and ruin the character.

Among older persons, who hold their Fairs for purposes of benevolence and philanthropy, it would seem as if they considered the end as a warrant for *unfair* means. Young men are often inveigled into purchases, useless, and exorbitant in price, by the entreaties of the seller, and frequently leave the room or hall with chagrin for their folly, and extravagance and disgust for the institution of Fairs generally. Here, too, the "raffle" is wastingly indulged in, and an article worth fifty or one hundred dollars "drawn" by some "hand" for the paltry sum of fifty cents or a dollar. It is a lottery degrading to those who countenance it. The evil spreads through all classes. The lower classes,—the ignorant and unthinking,—seeing these results, and hearing the expressions of excited "lucky persons," catch the contagion, and in Fairs for their churches, for the sick &c., adopt the same plan with the same tendencies to evil; which, feeding the lower intellect with undue excitement, drags down the moral tone, while the devotees point to the *higher classes* as their exemplars.

The system is now so general—so much enjoyed—so popular,—that but few probably would think of holding a successful Fair without pandering to this low taste, with many perhaps the first stepping-stone to one of the greatest evils in the world. S. H. B.

New York, 1st mo. 10th, 1870.

Excellence is never granted to man but as the reward of labor. It argues no small strength of mind to persevere in the habits of industry, without the pleasure of perceiving those advantages, which, like the hands of a clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation.—*Joshua Reynolds.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

COMMUNICATION.

"Oh! that the present were as former days." In looking over "Scraps from unpublished letters," in No. 45 of the *Intelligencer*, the last extract revived in my mind the feeling that has frequently of late pressed for recognition, and that is, that we have no right to confine within our own breasts, or within a limited sphere, anything that more widely known will tend to encourage the wavering, strengthen the weak, cheer the weary watcher or laborer in the Vineyard, or in any way aid the Master's cause in the earth. As the laborers in any material or earthly work are encouraged and strengthened by hearing frequently from one another as to the progress of the work in the different parts of the field, so have the laborers in the cause of righteousness ever found strength in hearing from each other regarding the work committed to their care, and of the merciful dealings of the Master with his seeking servants.

In this belief I desire to say to this correspondent, and to your readers generally, that the instance related of the great hesitancy to leave the solemn convening of the Youth's Meeting at Abington, where James Simpson and Nicholas Waln were favored to speak to the humbling of hearts, is not an unusual in-

cident in our Evening Meetings.* It is our aim to close these meetings at 9 o'clock, if possible, finding advantage in closing in the life, as well as at a seasonable hour; but quite frequently, when all the forms of closing have been gone through with, such as announcing the hour and termination of the Meeting, shaking hands, &c., there is such a covering over us, that all retain their seats in silence, or until some one or more find utterance for their overflowing hearts, and very often our most precious and strengthening moments are after an attempt to close the sitting.

The fact that we are about to leave the sweet communion of hearts, joined in worship to our Father, causes a concentration of prayer and feeling that brings tears of joy and words of power. At such times particularly, and generally when these evening meetings close, there is a subdued and quiet joy in so many hearts, that there is no inclination to indulge in conversation. The tongue cannot then add to, but must detract from the fulness of peace, that so fills the hearts of those assembled.

We would that Friends everywhere would realize what our principles and profession assert, that God is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, and that the fault is *ours* if the present are not favored as former days.

Wherever there are those who sincerely mourn over the decline in spiritual life in our Society, and who find themselves too weak to overcome what they feel to be the oppression of lukewarmness and lethargy in our established meetings, let them gather together in private sittings, old and young, men and women, to wait upon the Lord, where *all* will be of one mind; and as you so wait in earnest humility and faith, rest assured He will acknowledge these efforts to serve him, and will draw you into greater love for one another, and cause you to cling more closely to the regular meetings, and to the Truth in which they were originally founded. P.

Richmond, Ind., First mo. 9th, 1870.

Let us, that profess religion, study to make it more and more pleasant to ourselves. We see how much is done to make it so; let us not receive the grace of God herein in vain. Let them that walk in Wisdom's ways taste the sweetness of them, and relish it. Christ's service is perfect freedom; let us not make a drudgery of it, nor a toil of such a pleasure. We should not only be reconciled to our duty, but sing at our work.—*P. Henry.*

* This mention of Evening Meetings alludes to the little company of Friends at Richmond, Ind., who are in the habit of meeting for mutual strength and encouragement twice in the week.—Eds.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

My mind has been very affectionately interested for thee, with renewed and peculiar desires that thou might be immediately and entirely faithful to whatever thy heavenly Father requires at thy hands. As thou hast received light and obeyed it, I look with great hope and solicitude—*a trembling solicitude*—for thee to yield up all devotedly and unreservedly; for great even in this life is the recompense of reward, and exactly in proportion to our reserve is forfeiture certain. "He that saveth his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life for my sake and the gospel, (says the Christian lawgiver) the same shall save it."

These things I have learned in the school of experience. Had I continued to mind the least things required as being really the greatest, I should not have felt this lamentation applicable: "Oh that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments; then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea."

My health has suffered, and I feel weak today, and not very able to guide the pen. But time once more appears in something of its real value. The small intimations of duty, such as this to thee, which I have been accustomed to receive with intentions that were compliant, now demand immediate fulfilment. I feel that *now* is the accepted time, that *now* is the day of salvation to myself and others. A forcible writer, speaking of the importance of time, says, "Take care of the minutes—the hours will take care of themselves." Take care to perform the least duties of self denial, and the great duties of the Christian's life will necessarily follow. I have seen, my dear ——, that in this day of luxury and corruption—of declension from the principle or the Cross in its inward power—it is necessary, I would say peculiarly—but it always was and will ever be necessary—to bear an *unequivocal testimony* to the truth that we must not receive honor of men—we must not receive honor one of another; and this will prevent us from calling away the minds of our friends and those with whom we associate from devotion to the Most High, by attracting their worship to our persons, talents, rank or influence in any way. We should therefore keep, as Wm. Penn says to his children, in that holy, plain way in which the apostles and all good men in all ages have walked. I have felt formerly much concern for those who are out of the right way, in the grosser evils of

the world, suffering the penalties of such disobedience. Now I feel most for those on whom the anointing oil has been poured, that they may become priests and kings unto God and Saviours on Mt. Zion, believing that if they, the salt of the earth, retain their savour, the rest will follow in the path of virtue and holiness. It is the professors of Christianity who betray it. It is the friends of Christ who salute him with a kiss that inflict the deepest wound on his cause and testimony. Let us take heed to the words, "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord. For Zion shall be redeemed with judgment, and her converts with righteousness." Excuse me for this freedom, but as an elder sister I most ardently desire that thy example may be not merely amiable and good in a limited sense, but holy; then will it be, as I have no doubt it has already been in a great measure, efficient—effectual. "Ask of me, and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." Let us ask little of this world's honor or accommodations, but much in the wisdom and power of truth. Let us ask that the Most High will yet more and more bring sons from far and daughters as from the ends of the earth; that this world may cease to be a theatre of wrong and oppression, and become the cradle of all those virtues that bloom in Paradise, and are to flourish without decay.

Be faithful, be strong, be vigilant in the work that is dignified with immortality and crowned with eternal life, and which alone has the promise of the life that *now is* as well as of that which is to come.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 22, 1870.

DAY BY DAY.—This is the title of a neat octavo volume of 400 pages, "Being a compilation from the writings of Ancient and Modern Friends, by WM. HENRY CHASE."

We have been requested to notice this work, which we could do more commendatory did we believe it to be a fair exhibit of the sentiments of the Society as a whole. In looking through it, we have found much that was interesting and with which we could unite; but find, too, that many of the extracts from "Modern" writers contain sentiments at variance with the simplicity of the Truth. Had W. H. C., in gathering up "the precious gems of thought" from the writings of a Fox, a Barclay, a Grellet, and a Gurney, extended his search to those of S. M. Janney and other kindred minds, in our opinion the collection would have been enriched. It was natural for the compiler to select views consonant with his own, but in so doing we think injustice has been done to a large body, *equally* entitled to the appellation of Friends, in passing by and ignoring their writings altogether. Of this, however, we do not complain; but when asked to notice this book in order to extend its circulation, we may be excused for pointing out what we consider inconsistent with the broad principle of charity, which "never faileth."

For two hundred years the Society of Friends has been considered *heretical* by the so-called evangelical professors. A goodly number continue to rest under this censure, and view with no ordinary interest the wide departures, as they esteem them in the present day, from the original simple ground of Quakerism. And it is with feelings of deep regret they sometimes observe the apostolic language, "Christ being made sin for us," (2 Cor. v. 21,) as used by George Fox, interpreted *literally*, whereas it is evident from his frequent allusions to the all-sufficiency of Divine Grace to effect salvation, that he placed a spiritual meaning upon this text. He wrote, "I say none know Him (Christ) as a mediator and a lawgiver, nor an offering, nor His blood that cleanseth them, but as they know Him working in them, and they be in the sophistry of their divinity, that know not the glory of the grace of Christ working in them." And R. Barclay says, "Though Christ bore our sins and suffered for us, and was among men accounted a sinner and numbered among transgressors, yet that God reputed him a sinner is nowhere proved." "Neither did he ever die that we should be *reputed righteous*."

But we need not go back to these ancient worthies for a knowledge of the Truth, for it is to be obtained through the same Medium by which they were "made wise unto salvation." If we love the Lord and do His bidding, we shall know whether the doctrine presented for our acceptance be from "the Father" or from man. The voice of the unerring Instructor still speaks within, and when we become *still* enough it is readily dis-

cerned. It was to this voice of the Spirit or light of Christ that George Fox invariably directed his hearers, that they might be taught as he had been, by its inward revealings. If we follow its leadings, we shall certainly find the path which is so beautifully described by the prophet, as that which no fowl knoweth, neither has the lion's whelp trodden it.

We fully unite with the Compiler in the desire expressed in the preface, "That the Redeemer's Kingdom on earth may more widely spread and prevail, and that we may beware of innovations which truth does not dictate."

MARRIED.

GOURLEY—BEANS.—On the 6th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, and under the care of Little Falls Mo. Meeting, Md., Edward Gourley, of Horsham, Montgomery Co., Pa., to Mary Beans, of Harford Co., Md.

COALE—MOORE.—On the 15th of Twelfth mo., 1869, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the approbation of Benjaminville Monthly Meeting of Friends, Griffith E. Coale to Mary E., daughter of Abner Moore, all of Benjaminville, McLean Co., Illinois.

WARD—SELOVER.—On the 5th inst., by Friends' Ceremony, at the residence of the bride's mother, Winfield S. Ward, of Bucks Co., Penna., to Ella O. Selover, of Cayuga Co., N. Y.

DIED.

MATTERN.—In Halfmoon Township, Centre Co., Pa., on the 30th of Twelfth month; 1869, Mary M., wife of David Mattern, and daughter of John and Mary Way; a useful and consistent member of Centre Monthly and Particular Meeting. She bore her sufferings with patience, and her end was peace.

EVES.—In Halfmoon Township, Centre Co., Pa., on the 18th of 2d month, 1869, Reuben W. Eves, son of Joseph and Hannah M. Eves, in the 14th year of his age.

PRICE.—On the 18th of Tenth month, 1869, at her residence in Baltimore Co., Md., Ann S. Price, in the 85th year of her age. She was a member of Gunpowder Monthly Meeting. An invalid for more than twenty years, she was an example of patience and humility. She remarked to her children a few days before her death that she had reviewed her whole life from youth to old age, and found nothing in her way.

HOOPES.—On the 23d of 10th mo., 1869, Abigail Hoopes, wife of Joseph Hoopes, of Morgan Co., Ohio, in the 71st year of her age.

COPE.—On the 26th of Twelfth mo., 1869, at the house of John Rennard, in Martinsville, Belmont Co., Ohio, Jane Cope, in the 69th year of her age.

Friends in New York are becoming very much interested in their Social Union. Their large parlor in 27th Street meeting-house is filled every Fifth-day evening with members of all ages; and arrangements have been made, in connection with the Union, to have T. Clarkson Taylor deliver his lecture on the Yosemite Valley, at Lyric Hall, 721 Sixth Avenue, on Sixth-day evening, the 28th of this month, the net proceeds to be devoted to Swarthmore College.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

1st mo. 23d,	Farmington, N. Y.,	11 A. M.
do 30th,	Hopewell, Va.,	11 A. M.
do 30th,	Centre, Va.,	3½ P. M.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

VENTILATION.

The importance of this subject is increasing in public estimation, but efforts towards improvement have, to a great extent, been erroneously directed. The theory generally adopted is, that air, vitiated by respiration, ascends, and should be permitted to escape through openings in the upper portion of the apartment; whereas, it will be herein shown that air devitalized by passing through the lungs, and also by exhalations from our bodies, does not become lighter and ascend, but actually acquires a specific gravity greater than common air, and therefore instead of ascending it necessarily descends.

The correctness of my theory, in this respect, will, in the first place, be demonstrated argumentatively; and secondly, it will be substantiated by evidences based upon actual experience.

In regard to the argument of the question, it may with safety be assumed that the principal causes of impure air, in occupied apartments, are the perspirable matter exhaled through the pores of the skin; also the carbonic acid gas and moist atomic matter which continually expire from the lungs during the process of respiration.

In regard to these several agents in the production of foul air, and in their tendency downwards rather than upwards, it may be remarked that carbonic acid gas is fifty per cent. heavier than common air, and that the impure air expired by the lungs, loaded as it is with moisture and animal impurities, is probably not less heavy than carbonic acid gas. We may therefore perceive that these impurities, when expired from the lungs and exhaled from the surface, must by mere gravitation tend towards the floor, and if no opportunity presents for an escape, those who occupy seats at the usual distance from the floor necessarily become immersed in a medium of deleterious matter.

Let us next consider what are the ventilating agents now generally relied upon. As far as I know, they are openings at or near the top of the apartment. But if my theory is correct, that the impurities recited are heavier than the atmosphere, and descend instead of ascending, then is it not evident that elevated air-flues can furnish but imperfect ventilation?

Experience, however, will determine whether my hypothesis is supported by facts. When the New York Legislature has been in session, I have sometimes noticed the air to be offen-

sively impure, and in accordance with the popular theory that impure air ascends, I supposed the atmosphere in the galleries would be unsuitable for respiration; but having occasion to take a seat there, I was agreeably surprised to find a condition entirely the reverse.

Again, a reliable person who had the care of a spacious edifice in which occasionally assembled a large concourse of people in apartments one over the other, informed me that when both rooms were occupied at one time during protracted sittings, that the foul air which descended from the upper room through crevices around the stove-pipe, was at times so oppressive that persons sitting near in the lower apartment found it necessary to change their places.

A somewhat similar instance was realized in my own experience, when, during a crowded meeting on a warm day, having occasion to ascend to the highest seat in the youths' gallery, I found the air buoyant and comparatively free from the oppressiveness experienced on the lower floor.

Additional evidence equally remarkable as the foregoing, and corroborative of the theory that impure air from the causes stated more naturally descends than ascends, is furnished by the recorded incident that even in the open air, when a large concourse of people were closely standing, an oppressiveness was realized similar to what is frequently experienced in a crowded hall, evincing that even a very high ceiling would not necessarily be a corrective of a vitiated atmosphere.

If the theory herein propounded is correct, it necessarily follows that openings for ventilation should be made upon, or near, a level with the floor, not however to the exclusion of such other devices for the encouragement of air-currents as may be deemed beneficial.

GIDEON FROST.

Greenvale, Long Island, Twelfth mo., 1869.

Set a guard upon thy senses. How often are poor Christians in danger of losing the eyes of their mind by those of their body. This may serve to expound that mystical Arabian proverb—"Shut the windows, that the house may be light." Beg of God *a mortified fancy.* The fancy is a power of the soul placed between the senses and the understanding; it is that which first stirs itself in the soul, and by its motion other powers are stirred; it is the common shop where thoughts are first forged and framed, and as this is, so are they; if imaginations be not first cast down, it is impossible that every thought of the heart should be brought into obedience to Christ. The fancy is the most untameable power of the soul.—*Flavel.*

From "In the School-room."

THE POWER OF WORDS.

BY PROF. J. S. HART.

Words govern the world. Let any one who doubts it, canvass the motives by which his own action is decided. Considerations are presented to his mind, showing him that a certain course of conduct is right, or good, or expedient, or pleasant, and he adopts it. The considerations presented to his mind decide his action. But those considerations are in the form of arguments, and those arguments exist in words. The true original power, indeed, is in the thought. It is the thinker who generates the steam. But thought unexpressed accomplishes nothing. The writer and the speaker engineer it into action.

Thought, indeed, even in the mind of its originator, exists in words. For we really think only in words. Much more, then, must the thought have some verbal expression, written or spoken, before it can influence the opinions or the actions of others. A man may have all the wisdom of Solomon, yet will he exercise no influence upon human affairs unless he gives his wisdom utterance. Profound thinkers sometimes, indeed, utter very little. But they must utter something. They originate and give forth a few thoughts or discoveries, which minds of a different order, writers and talkers, pick up, reproduce, multiply, and disseminate all over the surface of society. When a man unites these two functions, being both an original thinker and a skilful and industrious writer, the influence which he may exert upon his race is prodigious. If any one, for instance, would take the pains to trace the influences which have sprung from such a man as Plato, he would have an illustration of what is meant. Plato, while living, had no wealth, rank, or position of any kind, to add force to what he said or did. Whatever he has done in the world, he has done simply by his power as a thinker and a writer. There were many Grecians quite as subtle and acute in reasoning as he. But their thoughts died with them. Plato, on the other hand, was an indefatigable writer, as well as an acute and profound thinker. He gave utterance to his ideas in words which, even in a dead language, have to this day a living power. When Plato was dead, there remained his written words. They remain still. They have entered successively into the philosophies, the creeds, and the practical codes, of the Grecian world, the Roman, the Saracen, and the Christian. At this very hour hundreds of millions of human beings unconsciously hold opinions which the words of that wise old Greek have helped to mould. The mere brute force of a military conquer-

or may make arbitary changes in the current of human affairs. But no permanent change is ever made except by the force of opinion. The words of Plato have done more to influence the destinies of men than have a hundred such men as Genghis Khan or Tamerlane. Four hundred millions of Chinese, in half the actions which go to make up their lives, are now governed by maxims and opinions which have come down to them from remote antiquity, from a man whose very existence is almost a myth. Those military heroes whose influence on society has been permanent have been propagandists as well as warriors. Opinions and codes have gone with, and survived, their conquering armies. The armies of the elder Napoleon were routed at Waterloo. But the Napoleonic ideas survived the shock, and they are at this day a part of the governing power of the world. It was the Koran—the words, and the creed of Mahomet—that gave to the Mahometan conquest its permanent hold upon the nations.

Spoken words have in themselves greater power than merely written ones. There is a wonderful influence in the living voice to give force and emphasis to what is uttered. But the written word remains. What is lost in immediate effect, is more than gained in the permanent result. The successful writer has an audience for all time. He being dead still speaks. Men are speaking now, who have gone to their final account twenty centuries ago. Paul possibly may not have had the same influence with a popular assembly as the more eloquent Apollos. But Paul is speaking still through his ever-living Epistles. He is speaking daily to more than a hundred millions of human beings. He is exerting through his writings a power incomparably greater than that even which he exercised as a living speaker.

All men have not the commanding gifts of the apostle Paul. Yet after all, the main difference between ordinary men and men of the Pauline stamp, is not so much in their natural powers, as in the spirit and temper of the men, in that entire consecration to the service of Christ which Paul had, and which they have not. It is wonderful to see how much may be accomplished even by men of ordinary talents, when they have that zeal and single-mindedness which may be attained by one as well as by another. We are accountable for the talents which we have, not for what we have not. But let each man see to it that he uses to the utmost every talent which his Lord has committed to his trust.

How much, for instance, may be accomplished by a man who has a gift for addressing a popular assembly! Such a man by a few wise words, spoken at the right time and place, may do as much in five minutes, in pushing forward a general cause, as another man can do by the laborious drudgery of years. The words of the speaker touch the secret springs of action in a thousand breasts. He sends away a thousand men and women animated with a new impulse to duty, and that impulse is propagated and reproduced through hundreds of channels for long years to come.

Words are never entirely idle. They have at times a power like that of the electric bolt. They may sting like a serpent, and bite like an adder. In the ordinary intercourse of society, a man of good conversational powers may, even in discharging the customary civilities of life, put forth a large influence. The words dropped from minute to minute, throughout the day, in the millions of little transactions all the while going on between man and man, have an incalculable power in the general aggregate of the forces which keep society in motion.

As with spoken, so with written words. The man who knows how to weave them into combinations which shall gain the popular ear, and sink into the popular heart, has a mighty gift for good or evil. The self denying and almost saintly Heber, by all his years of personal toil on the plains of India, did not accomplish a tithe of what has been accomplished for the cause of missions by his one Missionary Hymn.

But as with spoken, so with written words, the great aggregate of their force is not contained in these few brilliant and striking exceptions, but in the millions of mere ordinary paragraphs which meet the eye from day to day, in the columns of the daily and weekly press, and which have apparently but an ephemeral existence. The dashing torrent and the mighty river are the more noticeable objects to the casual observer. But it is the minute myriad drops of the rain and the dew that cause the real wonders of vegetation. So these words which we read, and think we forget, hour by hour, all day long, are continually sinking into the soil of the heart, and influencing imperceptibly the growth of the germs of thought. The aggregate of all these minute, unnoticed influences is prodigious, incalculable.

Whoever can put words together wisely, either by the tongue or the pen, has a precious talent, which he may not innocently lay up in a napkin. The gift, like that of wealth, is not his by right of ownership, but only as a steward. It is his as a means to do good for the honor of his Lord, and the welfare of his fellow-men. As I said in the beginning of these remarks, the world is governed by words.

Let Christian men, by the industrious use of the gifts they have received, see to it that a greater proportion of this governing force in the world is contributed by the friends of Christ. Let them unceasingly fill up with the words of truth and righteousness every accessable channel of thought and opinion, and thus occupy till Christ come.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

EARLY REMINISCENCES FOR THE CHILDREN.

The friends of little children live long, at least in memory; they come first, and are not easily forgotten. We think so, remembering "Uncle and Aunty Gray." They must have been the first people we knew beside our father and our mother, and they lived in a small two-story brick house in the city of New York. It was before the days of the Fifth Avenue. They were Scotch; and Uncle Gray was an importer of crockery. Our recollections are full of the quaintest little images—gifts to have kept Santa Claus busy if Uncle Gray had been a believer in his saintship, instead of having old John Knox's aversion to every thing that savored of popery. His presents came to us visibly out of Aunty Gray's old hair trunk when she came to visit us, and that was generally in the season of green peas and their shelling on the long piazza. She rivalled us all in the snap she gave the pod. Out of that trunk came lambs at rest upon evergreen china slopes, men in cocked hats and in yellow brogans, women in gay short gowns and petticoats, and a perfect menagerie of animals. These good people had no children of their own, so they petted all their little neighbors, and laid hands beside on cat, and hen, and pig, coaxing them to come in also and be petted.

As children, we were delighted to visit them. The house was full of wonders, and in he yard was a large white statue of Robert Bruce. Aunty Gray would delight us with a basin of water and a brush, and allow us to scrub away at his old white head, with the suggestion of our great helpfulness. Dear Aunty Gray, she had the secret of a child happiness; she let us wash away at Robert Bruce, even at the risk of ruin to our tea-colored morocco shoes!

Then they had two huge cats—Bobby Burns and Andy Jackson! They had their three meals every day upon the crumb cloth, and so they were well fed. Aunty Gray was not one to worry over the track of the bones; she had an eye even to a cat's comfort under her hospitable roof! Then the good woman had a hen. This hen laid an egg every morning on the fat feather cushion in the back parlor, and gave a long exultant cackle afterwards, as she marched out to air herself in the garden. One winter this hen was missing for several days. Aunty Gray was in great distress; but one morning on going into the store-room for butter, they found the old hen in the firkin. She had made free to step upon the loose cover and had fallen in, while it had sprung up above her, leaving her there to peck away at the contents and almost kill herself. She was a sorry sight, for her feathers came off, and by all the laws of health she was a dyspeptic ever after. She had ruined the butter.

Now came the pig: it was a funny notion to pet him, and he was very familiar. It is not easy for a pig to go up in the world, or this one would have gone into the second story any day on a foraging tour; as it was, he walked into the parlor, and tapped with his nose at the sideboard with the same grunt he had in the sty—eating the cracker with perfect composure, and looking out for the cake. At last he grew too familiar, and had to be fatted for the purposes of his race. But he was at last given away; the good people could not eat him.

Aunty Gray had a fancy for gay colors, and dressed herself brightly as woods wear the crimson and yellow of the autumn—gay bows on her lace caps—rosebuds and pansies all over her beautiful chintz gown! Gratefully we remember those precious little rolls of patchwork bits relics of her handsome gowns! Cheerfully lay the bright patches between the drabs and the browns, and lovingly our needles ran through their soft texture in the daily stint. They were the bright spots in our work, but not as precious even then as was the dear woman's sympathy, given so freely over our little stitches. Her memory is to us at this moment as full of rosebuds and forget me not's as was her handsome gown.

There came to our hearts also in reference to these early friends a great grief. It lay like a lion in our path between us and that sweet heaven to which we timidly hoped every dear friend of ours was going. There was a great religious controversy in the land and in our father's denomination, and Uncle Gray had no charity for what he called heresy. Our father had chosen, he said, the wrong side; and their paths parted, never more to meet again in pleasant fellowship until they reached the journey's end. And so our shepherd and sheep, and gay little warriors, came no more; nor did Aunty Gray snap the pea-pods again upon our long piazza. I think the roll of patchwork bits still came occasionally. Aunty Gray, as our father said all good people were apt to do, mellowed into sweetest charity, but we were as the very little heathen children to her husband; he was stern as old

John Knox, and only shook his head at the whither of our future.

A few years afterwards dear Aunty Gray sent for us to come and see her. She was nearing the land of perfect love, and her heart was full of its influence. There she lay in her bed with the old-fashioned nightcap on her worn, weary face, looking out from its deep double ruffles. Upon another pillow at her side, curled up and purring away to some cosy dream, was a large cat. We were too shy to ask if it was Robert Burns or one of his descendants: but in that dear, kind heart was still the old interest. If she did not, like the old patriarchs, actually lay her hands upon our heads and bless us, I think we left her sick-room—with its old-fashioned stools and pets and pictures—with the loving sense of a tender benediction.

We long ago outgrew that childhood's sorrow, but not its memory. We do not dread as then the lion in the path, whereby our father and Uncle Gray journeyed on apart, for we know that Heaven has room enough for all who conscientiously seek it, and eternity length and charity enough for the renewal of all pleasant friendships.

G. W. H.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A DECEMBER SCENE.

The dark cloud hung beneath a dappled sky,
The wind surged fiercely 'gainst the sturdy oak,
Which sent responsive back a wailing cry.
Like piteous moan of slave from master's stroke.

The brown leaves, scattered by the wintry blast,
Chasing each other in the woods were seen,
Like elfin fay's were deemed in mystic past,
To dance fantastic on the village green.

The storm raged fiercer with the close of day—
And with the wind was mingled crystal snow,
Which, 'gainst the hedge, in weird forms soon lay,
The trees now draping and the shrubs bowed low.

Across the darkened scene there came one form,
By manhood strengthened, though unnerved by fear,
Yet hopeful still, he bravely stemmed the storm,
Still struggling onward, though depressed by care.

His course was devious, and his path retraced,
Was ever in a narrowing circle still,
When to his eye, across the dreary waste,
There came a light, like beacon on a hill.

The electric current through his frame was sent,
Ethereal hope resumed her place once more,
As to the flickering light his steps he bent,
In body wearied and with travail sore.

Thus oh! my Father, may it ever be,
When passion hot or storm is felt within,
Then let thy heavenly lamp still guide to Thee,
And keep thy child from misery and from sin.

And on life's pathway let thy steady light
Illumine the dark recesses of my soul,
Still brighter shine amid the darker night,
To guide the wearied pilgrim to his goal.

—*W. Whitelock.*

Tranquil pleasures last longest. We are not fitted to bear the burthen of great joys.

UNDEVELOPED GOOD.

BY JOHN BOWRING.

There is in every human heart
Some not completely barren part,
Where seeds of truth and love might grow,
And flowers of generous virtue blow;
To plant, to watch, to water there—
This, as our duty, be our care

Hast thou e'er seen a garden clad
In all the robes that Eden had—
Or vale o'erspread with streams and trees,
A paradise of mysteries—
Plains with green hills adorning them,
Like jewels in a diadem?

These gardens, vales, and plains, and hills,
Which beauty gilds, and music fills,
Were once but deserts—culture's hand
Has scattered verdure o'er the land,
And smiles and fragrance rule serene,
Where barren wilds usurped the scene.

And such is man. A soil which breeds
Or sweetest flowers, or vilest weeds;
Flowers lovely as the morning's light,
Weeds deadly as the aconite;
Just as his heart is trained to bear
The poisonous weed, or flow'ret fair.

The outcast brother's blackest crime,
May, in his Maker's eye sublime,
In spite of all thy pride, be less
Than e'en thy daily waywardness;
Than many a sin and many a stain
Forgotten and impressed again.

A VISIT TO A CHINESE SILK FACTORY.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* writes from Canton:

"I directed my guide to take me into the silk-weaving streets. We soon entered them. I at once dismounted to make a careful observation of their *modus operandi* for the production of this renowned fabric of Oriental looms. All around me was silk, silk, nothing but silk. In small dark houses, little better than hovels, were seen people, chiefly women, dyeing this delicate textile. Outside, in little filthy yards and pig styes, over the ground where the family swine were wallowing, were placid bamboo poles, whereon were hanging skeins of colored silk, just from the dye, and glowing with the most vivid hues, as they hung for drying in the sunshine over the loathsome pools below. I visited several of their weaving shops. They were quite similar in their fixtures and arrangements. I spent some time in examining one of the largest. It was, perhaps, one hundred feet long and about sixteen feet wide. The walls were of course clay blocks, sun-dried, unpierced by a single aperture for air or light, save at the front, which was entirely open the whole breadth of the building. The floor was simply of trodden clay, uneven and untidy. An aisle ran down the centre, just wide enough for one person to pass; on either side of this were ranged the nearest looms, and

standing as close together as they could be placed.

"Two or three persons were employed on the work of each loom. The looms are plain, common-looking affairs, almost precisely of the same kind, as to appearance and mode of manipulation, as were those upon which our grandmothers in Ohio used to weave the linsey-woolsey for the wear of us western boys, when even the preacher was almost a stranger to broadcloth. Squatting myself down by one of these friendly-looking acquaintances of my boyhood, I leisurely watched the delicate and diligent manipulations of the weaver and his assistants as their shuttles flew to and fro in the mazy mystery of figures and flowers that came gradually out larger and plainer upon the glowing surface of the gorgeous fabric which those skilful workmen were there creating under my eye. So complex were the movements of the men on these simple-looking machines, and so marvellously beautiful were the products resulting therefrom, that I gazed with unbounded amazement upon this work of silk weaving as it progressed before me.

"The weather being warm and the shop crowded, the workmen were almost naked. My visit interested them manifestly, yet not a loom ceased its clicking, clacking noise, not a man left his employment to gaze; but I detected them giving furtive glances and exchanging mutual smiles among themselves at the curious stranger who had thus unceremoniously squatted himself down in their midst, by one of these humble-looking looms, on a common dirt floor, within homely clay walls, where, nevertheless, are produced those magnificent fabrics which for ages, and throughout the world, have been the pride of wealth, the envy of beauty, and the admiration and desire of royalty. Far down, and nearly to the extreme limit of this long room, was a plain board counter, extending quite across the room. Behind it stood the proprietor of the factory, a smooth-faced, richly-clad Chinaman. Directly over him the building was unroofed, thereby affording a spacious skylight: except this, window there was none. Through this skylight, and down upon the counter below, the sunshine fell upon the finished work of this dingy, dirty, squalid-looking workshop. The proprietor was busy measuring off and packing up the products of his looms.

"And, as the sunlight streamed full upon the gorgeous colors of those magnificent silks, satins and brocades which the proprietor was tossing about in billowy radiance, it seemed to my eyes, as I stood far up in the feeble light of the centre of the room, as though he were tossing and toying with rainbows. From places so humble and surroundings so squalid as this come those royal fabrics which are to decorate palaces and to adorn the persons of princes and monarchs of the earth."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

TO PARENTS.

BY RICHARD BAXTER.

I entreat parents to consider what excellent advantages you have for promoting the salvation of your children. They are with you while they are tender and flexible; you have a twig to bend, not an oak. None in the world have such an interest in their affections as you have. You have also the greatest authority over them. Their whole dependence is upon you for a maintenance. You best know their temper and inclinations. And you are ever with them, and can never want opportunities; especially you, mothers, remember this, who are more with your children, while young, than their fathers. I beseech you, be faithful to the great trust God hath committed to you. If you cannot do what you would for them, yet do what you can. Both the church and the State, the city and the country, groan under the neglect of this weighty duty. Your children know not God, nor His law, but take His name in vain, and slight His worship, and you neither instruct them nor correct them; and therefore God corrects both them and you. You are so tender with them that God is the less tender of both them and you. Wonder not if God makes you smart for your children's sins; for you are guilty of all they commit, by your neglect of your duty to reform them. Will you resolve, therefore, to set upon this duty, and neglect it no longer? Remember Eli.—*British Workman.*

SUNSHINE FOR THE CONSUMPTIVE.

BY DR. HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

We have been told by some consumptives that one of the best prescriptions we have made has been their removal from a north room to the sunny south chamber. As we write, two cases come to mind strikingly illustrative of the sun's benign influence. We had been attending, at an orphan asylum, a girl about twelve years old, who had been long ill of severe typhoid fever. She was wholly prostrated in mind and body, and emaciated to the last degree. It was plain that she was falling into that depressed condition of all the powers of life that so often precedes consumption. Day after day we visited her, but all recuperative power seemed lost. Half dead and alive, the little creature neither spoke nor moved, and ate only on compulsion. One day, on our way to visit her, we felt that elastic thrill which the warm

rays of the sun impart in the early cool weather of spring. We involuntarily leaped along, and were instantly struck with the fact that "virtue had gone out of us," when we left behind us the sunlight and warmth of the street, and entered that northern chamber, the dormitory of the poor orphan. That inspiriting influence the invalid had never experienced in the slightest degree during the whole of her sickness, as owing to its peculiar situation, not a ray of direct sunlight had ever entered the chamber. We were shocked, and for the first time considered the depth of her loss, and our own remissness in regard to her. The air of the room had been pure, the ceilings of the infirmary were lofty, the attendants had been faithful and sagacious. Nothing seemed lacking, in fact, to restore health. Yet it did not come. On the contrary, there seemed a constant downward tendency. "A sun-bath in the warm rays of this delicious spring day is what this girl needs," we instantly said to the sister superior. This lady gladly consented to the change, and placed the little patient in another room having a southern aspect, and consequently filled with sunlight. The invalid immediately recognized the change, and asked, in her weak way, to have the curtain raised, so as to let in the full blaze of the light. Soon she wanted to sit up, and directed that the easy chair, in which she was propped, should be so placed as to allow her whole body below her face to be exposed to the direct rays of the sun. It was the natural tendency of disease, seeking for all life-renovating influences. And we have never met with so marked or so rapid improvement as immediately began in the body and mind of the girl. Appetite and strength increased daily, and with them burst forth again all the joyousness of the child's heart.

Another analagous case, which, although we do not demonstrate by it the influence of the sun alone, we cannot forbear to name, because by such examples we impress perhaps on the minds of our readers the real principles underlying the whole question. A lady aged about thirty, resident in the northern part of New England, consulted us for undoubted tubercular disease of the lung. Her house was well situated, and on the side towards the south was a small piazza resting on stone steps, which was raised two or three feet above the ground. The winter was approaching and rules were to be given. Having full faith in these divine influences of pure air and sunlight, we directed that she should sit out on this piazza every day during the winter, unless it were too stormy. It was so arranged as to shut out the cool air on three sides, and to admit the full blaze of sunlight in front. Here, according to our directions, she used to sit, wrapped in furs, reading or writing for several hours each day during the following winter, and with most excellent results. She was directed frequently to make deep inspirations, in order to fill the lungs with pure air. She was never chilled, because the sun's rays and her warm clothing prevented it. She never "took cold" there. On the contrary, the balmy influences exerted upon her by her daily sun and air bath were so grateful; her breathing became so much easier after each of them, that, whenever a storm came, and prevented the resort to the piazza, the invalid suffered in consequence thereof. Whether these remarks will prove to our readers that want of sunlight may be reckoned among the causes of consumption may well be doubted, but we trust that, at least, they will convince some sceptics that sunlight has a potent influence in raising the human body from various weaknesses that sometimes are the precursors of fatal phthisis.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

TWELFTH MONTH.

	1868.	1869.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	2 days.	6 days.
Rain all or nearly all day	1 "	4 "
Snow, incl'g very slight falls	11 "	5 "
Cloudy, without storms	10 "	5 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	7 "	11 "
	31 "	31 "

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1868.	1869.
Mean temperature of 12th mo., per Penna. Hospital,	32.16 deg.	37.31 deg.
Highest point attained during month	41.00 "	59.50 "
Lowest do. do. do.	15.00 "	17.00 "
Rain during the month, do.	3.59 in.	5.11 in.
Deaths during the month, being for 4 current weeks in each year.	880	1056

Average of the mean temperature of 12th month for the past *eighty* years	32.49 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1848	45.00 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1832	25.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.	1868.	1869.
First month	3.62 inch.	4.28 inch.
Second month	2.52 "	4.76 "
Third month	3.36 "	5.30 "
Fourth month	5.44 "	2.12 "
Fifth month	7.00 "	4.23 "
Sixth month	4.37 "	5.58 "
Seventh month	3.51 "	2.88 "
Eighth month	2.65 "	1.28 "
Ninth month	8.90 "	3.25 "
Tenth month	1.73 "	6.32 "

Eleventh month	5.28 inch.	3.72 inch.
Twelfth month	3.59 "	5.11 "
Totals	51.97 "	48.83 "

The month under review has been very generally looked upon as a *very mild* one, and with good reason. And yet, although considerably above last year, as well as the average, the records at the Pennsylvania Hospital, as well as our own, show it to have been equalled and exceeded a number of times. From the former we glean the following:

1848,	43.25 deg.	1861.	37.00 deg.
1852,	42.00 "	1864,	36.77 "
1857,	40.25 "	1865,	37.39 "
1858,	37.25 "	1869,	37.31 "

In referring to our own record, prior to the earliest date in the above, we also find;

1823,	36 deg.	1828,	38 deg.
1826,	37 "	1847,	39 "
1827,	36 "		

We clip the following item from one of our *dailies*.

"The average rain-fall of the past thirty-two years, including the present, has been 45.81 inches; the highest during that period having been in 1867, when it reached 61.13 inches; and the lowest on record in 1825, when it was but 29.5 inches. Notwithstanding the great drought of August, when only 1.28 inches fell, extending to the 26th of September, the total for the year is seen to have exceeded the average of thirty-two years by 3.03 inches, although it has been 3.13 inches below the fall of 1868."

The writer feels as if he could not close this review without paying a tribute of respect to the memory of the late Homer Eachus, for a considerable time one of the weather correspondents of the *North American*, and at an earlier period of this paper. His faithful records were almost invaluable in that branch of science, and the loss of the kind of information he imparted weekly to the public, through the columns of the former, will be long felt by many. J. M. Ellis.

Philadelphia, First month 13th, 1870.

Receipts of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen.

From Friends of Philadelphia		494 50
" "	Gwynedd, Pa	19 10
" "	Chester, N. J	52 00
" "	New Garden, Pa	6 00
" "	London Grove, per E. D.	3 00
" S. S.,	Fairburg, Ill	8 00
" John	Worth	5 00
" Jacob	Hays	2 00
" Reuben	Wilson, Millville, Pa	5 00
" A	Friend	10 00
" A	Friend, per J. M. T., Jr	5 00
" Harriet	Jenkins, Falls Church, Va	5 00
" Pupils of	Mt. Pleasant, S. C	48 42
" "	Gum Spring, Va	6 50
" "	Woodlawn, Va	36 37
" Thomas	Woodnutt, Richmond, Ind	10 00
" Lydia	Seal, Wilmington, Del	10 00
" Elida	John, Ill	5 00
" Charles	W. Pierce	10 00
" Philena	Heald, N. Y	10 00
" Estate of	Joseph D. Thurston	50 00

Total collections from 5 mo. 1st to 12 mo. 31st, 800 89

Also clothing from Mary Beans, Lydia White, Ellen Childs, Milton Wright, Lizzie Shreves, Friends of Horsham, Sally Cooper's School and Sarah Parrish.

Henry W. Laing, *Treas.*, 30 *North Third St. Philadelphia, 12th mo. 31st*, 1869.

ITEMS.

Heat from the Moon.—Lord Rosse has been measuring the heat that comes to us from the moon. Using one of his great reflecting telescopes as a burning mirror, he has condensed the moon's rays upon one of the most delicate of heat-guages—a thermo-pile. Without being able to determine by what fraction of a Fahrenheit's degree the lunar warmth increases the temperature of the terrestial atmosphere, he has found, as an approximation, that the radiation from the moon is about the ninety-thousandth part of that from the sun. He conceives that the variation of heat from our satellite follows the same law as that of its light; *i. e.*, that we have most warmth from the full moon, and least from the nearly new. By comparison with a terrestrial source of heat, Lord Rosse estimates the actual temperature of the moon's surface at lunar mid-day to be about five hundred degrees Fahrenheit. This scorching results from the slow rotation of the moon, which makes its day equal to our month, and from the absence of any atmosphere to screen the lunar world. Years ago, Sir John Herschel, who has more than once proved himself a prophet by his sagacious inferences, remarked that "the surface of the full moon exposed to us must necessarily be very much heated, possibly to a degree much exceeding that of boiling water." Fontenelle and his followers to the contrary notwithstanding, the moon can be no place for living beings, unless they are salamanders.—*Ex. Paper.*

Oldest Tree.—The cypress of Sonoma, in Lombardy, Italy, is perhaps the oldest tree on record. It was known to be in existence in the time of Julius Cæsar, forty-two years before Christ, and is, therefore, more than 1,900 years old. It is 106 feet in height, and 20 feet in circumference at one foot from the ground. Napoleon, when laying down the plan for his great road over the Simplon, a pass on one of the Alps, diverged from a straight line to avoid injuring this tree. The honor of superior antiquity, however, is claimed by some in behalf of the immense and venerable tree in Calaveras county, Calafornia, which is supposed, from the number of concentric circles in the trunk, and also from various other reasons, to be more than 2,565 years old.

The French Astronomer Royal is making arrangements in good time for observing transits of Venus, which will take place in the years 1874 and 1882. The event is one of considerable interest and value to scientific men, and it is therefore desirable that it should be viewed from those parts of the earth's surface where it can be best observed. The stations fixed upon for 1874 are Oahu (one of the Sandwich Islands,) Kerguelen Island (in the Indian Ocean,) Rodriguez (a dependency of the Mauritius,) Auckland (New Zealand,) and Alexandria. Both the Admiralty and the Treasury have responded with alacrity to the appeal which has been made to them for funds. Warren De La Rue is of opinion that photography may be used with the utmost advantage in registering the transit.

Father Secchi has been examining the spectrum of Uranus and Neptune, and finds that both of these planets present some absorption bands that do not exist in the solar spectrum. The inference is that they shine partly by their own light.

The regents of Michigan University have voted to admit women to equal privileges with men in that institution.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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The present (25th vol) will close on the 26th of Second mo., and vol. 27th will commence Third mo. 5th, 1870.

AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N Y.*
Benj. Strattan, *Richmond, Ind.*
Wm. H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
T Burling Hill, *Baltimore, Md.*

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SKETCHES OF FRIENDS.

Historical, Biographical and Anecdotal.

(Continued from page 742)

We cannot pass from the consideration of the Anti-Slavery movement among Friends without some allusion to Anthony Benezet, the faithful friend and associate of John Woolman—a sketch of whose life has been given. But few men labored in an unpopular cause so industriously or effectively as did Anthony Benezet, or so thoroughly succeeded in enlisting the sympathies or co-operation of influential minds at home and abroad in philanthropic efforts. This was remarkable, when we consider that he was "naturally sensitive and fond of retirement, shrinking from the applause of men." His life affords a striking illustration of dedication to the service of the Master. With a spirit clothed in the armor of humility, he performed the daily labor required of him as a disciple of the Lord, and in the presence of death, in the full consciousness of his own unworthiness, could say—"I can take no merit for anything I have done." No apology is offered for reviving the familiar name of Anthony Benezet, for we all need at times that stimulus to active benevolence which is afforded by the contemplation of a busy, self-sacrificing life, such as his. Nor is the charm of novelty essential to rouse us to action. A gifted poet has well said,

"Lives of great men *all* remind us
We can make *our* lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time.
Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main—
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,—
Seeing, shall take heart again."

Familiarity with goodness begets the desire to possess more of it. In the oldest book may be found new incentives to right living, rich gems of Truth and beauty hitherto overlooked; and what is thus true of Holy Writ will apply to all writings which reflect, as in a mirror, the glory of the Christian life. No estimate can be formed of the strength and encouragement which all through the ages has been gleaned from the Inspired Volume, and no one can measure the influence for good which has resulted from an acquaintance with the lives of those whose spirits have been baptized at the heavenly font into newness of life. Among this army of *living* souls, Anthony Benezet stands prominently forth. We cannot do more in this brief sketch of his life than to gather a few fragments from a very imperfect Biography—by way of illustrating his character.

He was born at St. Quintin, France, in the year 1713. John Stephen Benezet (his father,) was one of the many Protestants who, in consequence of the persecutions which followed the revocation of the edict of Nantz, suffered the confiscation of his estate (which

was large,) and sought protection in a foreign country which was denied him in his native land. In 1715, with his wife and several children (Anthony being then but two years old) John Stephen Benezet left France, and after a brief stay in Holland, he took up his residence in London, where he remained until 1731, during which time he succesfully conducted mercantile business. Anthony, after the acquisition of a plain English education, was placed at business with a merchant, but the occupation was soon abandoned as uncongenial, and that of a cooper substituted. This proving too laborious for one of his delicate constitution, was also given up under much discouragement. It was about this time (when but a lad of 14 or 15,) that he united himself with the persecuted Quakers in religious fellowship, but the meagre details which serve to make up his biography, furnish no information as to the state of his mind at this interesting crisis of his life. At 18 years of age he removed with his parents to Philadelphia, which became his permanent home. Five years later, he married Joyce Mariott, whose sympathy and loving companionship he enjoyed for nearly half a century. Soon after his marriage, he again embarked in business as a manufacturer, which, like his former ventures, proving distasteful, was given up. In the perplexity of mind resulting from lack of suitable employment, he prayerfully sought to know what was required of him to do, and became clearly of the mind that to open a school "for the instruction of youth in useful learning," was the vocation to which Providence had assigned him. Under this impression he commenced to teach at Germantown, where he remained some three years, until a position was offered him in the English department of Friends' Public School at Philadelphia, which he accepted. Here he continued some twelve years, during which time he endeared himself alike to his employers and his pupils. For the severe discipline, then so universally in vogue, and so repugnant to the advanced educational ideas now cherished, he substituted the rule of Love. Having learned to govern himself, he the more readily controlled the children under his care. So far as known, he was the first teacher to dispense entirely with the rod as a means of correction, and by the good order for which his school was distinguished, proved to the incredulous the excelleney and wisdom of his improved system of government. In 1735, Benezet resigned this position, and opened a school of his own—for the education of girls. Among his pupils was a deaf mute, in whom he took a deep interest. Under his patient care her mind expanded, and she was taught how to enjoy the companionship of her fellows. This was the first attempt in Philadelphia, if not in America, to instruct this unfortunate class, who heretofore had been neglected, as being under the "curse of God." Benezet having demonstrated their capacity for mental improvement, public sentiment was aroused in their behalf, which eventually led to the erection of schools and asylums for the deaf and dumb, both in Europe and America. It was during the year 1750 that Benezet seems to have been profoundly impressed with the unrighteousness of the slave traffic, and felt it incumbent upon him to plead the cause of the oppressed African, which he did with an earnestness that ended only with his life. Sensible of the advantages arising from education, he opened the first night school ever established in Philadelphia for colored people, and gave his service as teacher, with but slight intermissions, until a short time before his death. The long experience of Benezet as an educator of the African race, entitles his opinion of their mental capacity to respectful consideration. He says, "I can with truth and sincerity declare, that I have found amongst the negroes as great variety of talents as among a like number of whites; and I am bold to assert that the notion entertained by some, that the blacks are inferior in their capacities, is a vulgar prejudice."

Snch language as this needs to be repeated even in our day, although the establishment of schools among the freedmen since the war should convince the unprejudiced of this generation of the same truth. Now that the shackles have fallen from his limbs, the black man calls upon us to lift him out of the degradation in which he was unwillingly placed, to recognize his manhood and brotherhood, to see in him "*God's image in Ebony.*" Despite the jeerings of the ignorant and the pride of the learned, if we mistake not,

> "Is coming yet, for a' that,
> When man to man, the warld o'er,
> Shall brithers be, and a' that."

Benezet, like his predecessors in the good cause, took up his pen in the defence of Anti-Slavery principles, and through the medium of the public papers, and Franklin's almanac, began to disseminate his views. In 1759 he wrote his first pamphlet, entitled, "Observations on the Enslaving, Importing and Purchasing Negroes, with some advice thereon, extacted from the Yearly Meeting Epistle of London, for the present year. Also some remarks on the absolute necessity of self-denial, renouncing the world, and true Charity, for all such as sincerely desire to be our blessed Saviour's disciples." This was published by Christopher Sower, who the following year issued a second edition. In 1762 appeared "a

short account of that part of Africa inhabited by the Negroes, and the manner by which the slave-trade is carried on." During the same year this little work was reprinted, with the following additions. "Quotations from the writings of several persons of note," and "a large extract from a pamphlet lately published in London, on the subject of the slave-trade." A third edition bears the date 1768. All of the above are anonymous. In 1766 he sent forth, over his own name, "a caution and warning to great Britain and her colonies, in a short representation of the calamitous state of the Enslaved Negroes in the British Dominions. Educed from various authors, and submitted to the serious consideration of all; more especially of those in power." The last edition of this pamphlet is dated 1785. Perhaps the most important of the productions of his pen was entitled, "Some historical account of Guinea, its situation, produce, and the general disposition of its inhabitants; with an inquiry into the rise and progress of the slave-trade, its nature, and lamentable effects. Also a republication of the sentiments of several authors of note on this interesting subject—particularly an extract of a treatise written by Granville Sharp." The first appearance of this work was in 1772. It ran through four editions, the last dated 1788.

It is interesting to note, that prior to any correspondence between Anthony Benezet and Granville Sharp, or before an acquaintance had been formed between them, each had reprinted portions of the others' works; the one in England, and the other in America. From a moderate income, the author paid the expense of publishing his writings, and habitually carried some of them in his pockets for gratuitous distribution, as occasion presented. He likewise sent copies to some of the most influential persons of the day, at home and abroad, with a letter, requesting their acceptance of the gift, in which he says, "I earnestly entreat that thou wilt seriously read them, when I doubt not thou wilt perceive it to be a matter calling for the deepest consideration of all who are concerned for the civil and religious welfare of their country, and who are desirous to avert those judgments, which evils of such a dye must necessarily, sooner or later, bring upon every people who are defiled therewith. And this will I trust plead my excuse for the freedom I take in addressing myself to thee."

Queen Charlotte of England, the Countess of Huntington, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Queen of France, Dr. Fothergill, John Wesley, and Governor Livingston of New Jersey, were among those who were presented with copies of one or more of his works, from some of whom he received letters manifesting an interest and sympathy in his labors, and which led to an extensive correspondence. Thomas Clarkson, who subsequently became so distinguished as a philanthropist, was, at the time of which we write, a student at Cambridge University. Benezet was made instrumental (through his publications) in directing the energies of Clarkson into channels of usefulness. Dr. Peckard of the University had offered a prize for the best Latin dissertation on the question—"Is it right to make slaves of others against their will." Clarkson, although greatly pressed for time, entered the list as a competitor for the prize. He says, "In this difficulty, going by accident into a friend's house, I took up a newspaper there lying on the table, and one of the articles which attracted my notice was an advertisement of Anthony Benezet's Historical Account of Guinea. I soon left my friend and his paper, and, to lose no time, hastened to London, to buy it. In this precious book I found almost all that I wanted." Clarkson gained the prize, but the startling facts recorded by Benezet in his little work so preyed upon his mind, that after much serious reflection he resolved to do what he could to further the abolition of the slave-trade, and dedicated his energies untiringly to that end. He tells us that this account of Guinea "was instrumental beyond any other book ever before published in disseminating a "proper knowledge of the slave-trade." To Clarkson and a few other noble souls, aided by the powerful influence of the Society of Friends in Great Britain, is to be largely attributed the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, when at one blow the shackles fell from the limbs of 800,000 human beings.

(To be continued.)

God lades the wings of private prayer with the sweetest, chiefest and choicest blessings. Ah! how often hath God smiled upon the poor Christian at the beginning of private prayer, spoken peace to him in the midst of his prayer, and filled him with light, joy and assurance upon its close!

MADAGASCAR.

Letter from Louis Street.

From "British Friend."

... There never has been a time when each little rill of Christian influence seemed more needed here than now, and we by no means have the feeling that our mission here is ended. Within the past few weeks there has been, by order of the government, a general burning of idols and charms throughout this part of the country, comprising many thousands. In the midst of a beautiful grove on the crest of a long oval mountain, about five or six miles

east of Antananarivo, is a populous town, esteemed sacred by the idolaters, which has long been the home of the great national idol called "Kely Malaza." The idol itself was a small stick of wood four inches long, fastened transversely to the middle of a strip of red silk three feet long and three inches wide, with a small silver chain sewed on each end. This paltry thing has been the time-honoured trust of thousands of the Malagasy, and at one time its keepers received half the revenues of the country arising from custom dues. The late queen Rasoherina was one of its devoted adherents till very near her death, when her confidence in its supernatural power seemed to be finally shaken. Recently its keepers visited our present queen in a body to lay before her their cause. They assured her that the idols were the lords of the land, and were above all human power and influence. As their keepers they demanded special favor from the government, and a restoration of the privileges which they have hitherto enjoyed. The queen replied that they must remain in waiting a little while, and she would give them her final decision about the matter. In the meantime she hastily despatched a body of several hundred armed men on horseback to burn "Kely Malaza" with all his appurtenances. The keepers who were in waiting for the queen's answer heard of what was in contemplation, and made a hasty retreat to save their treasures. But the queen's messengers were too quick for them, so that the whole were consigned to the flames without the loss of a single life, no one daring to resist.

If the keepers had gained the town first, the probability is that the idol could not have been destroyed without fighting and bloodshed. This act was followed by a stringent order of the government for a general burning of all idols and charms of every kind. Without some knowledge of the peculiar state of the country, this demand on the part of the government may appear to have been of questionable expediency. But when it is remembered what deceit and fraud these idol-keepers were practising upon the superstitious fears of the people, to extort contributions of money to protect them and their families from disease, as well as charms to secure their houses from lightning and their rice-fields from hail, the peremptory demands of the government seem the more plausible. Although this has been in no sense brought about through the direct instigation of the missionaries, it is unquestionably the indirect result of the influence of the little band of Christian men who have brought the Gospel to this country; and as the former trust of the people has been so thoroughly destroyed, an increased feeling of responsibility rests upon them to substitute the truth in its place. The distant outlying districts, some of which are very populous, are the greatest sufferers, from whom have come over two hundred applications from as many different towns for teachers to come and tell them about the Christian belief.

They say they have destroyed their idols, and ask the government to tell them in what they are now to trust. In most of these places there is probably not a single individual who has any idea of what Christianity is. While in a great many other places which are not included in this list of applicants, the people are but little better off who meet together on the First-day of the week, in large congregations, to sing and pray, not one of whom is able to read the Bible or tell the people what it contains. In company with one of the missionaries, I have, during the past month, visited many places along the western boundary of the Hova territory, and seen some of this destitution, though these are by no means the least-favored districts lying not far away from Antananarivo. The visit has been one of unusual interest to me, since it was to a part of the country but little known, and, except a few of the nearest places, appears never to have been visited by any foreigner.

Some of the farthest towns we reached are supposed to be about eighty miles directly west of Antananarivo.

Our first day's journey was a long and fatiguing one, from early in the morning till late in the afternoon, only halting at a small village during the middle of the day long enough for our palanquin-bearers to eat their rice. On arriving at our destination in the evening, we found the inhabitants of the surrounding district assembled at a great idol-burning. Our sudden arrival in the midst of these operations was as unexpected to the people as it was to us to find them thus engaged.

The crowd were assembled around the four sides of a hollow square, with the idols blazing in the midst, most of which were of the most paltry character, such as small sticks of wood tied together by a cord, crocodiles' teeth, little bags of earth or dust, small stones, strings of beads, &c., &c., all of which were supposed to possess supernatural power. We listened quietly to the speech from the messengers from the government, and then to an old man who made the customary reply on behalf of his tribe in true native style. He danced like a madman from one side of this hollow square to another, while he flourished a great cane over his head which he grasped in the middle, and the greater the warmth of feeling as he advanced with his speech, the faster he made his feet fly. He declared the idols to be utterly unworthy of trust, that the true God was the God of the Bible, and exhorted the people

to look to Him for protection and blessing. Then pointing to us he declared that we were the friends and relations of the queen—that seeing us was like seeing the prime minister himself, and that we had come to visit them —to give them the Holy Spirit, &c., &c.

When he was through they asked us to address them, and although we urged the lateness of the hour and our own fatigue, as well as theirs, they insisted on something then and there. I first spoke on the nature and attributes of the true God, and the evidences we have of his love, mercy and power, and of our duties towards him. Of the ignorance and blindness of all nations who have not the Holy Scriptures to enlighten them, alluding to various systems of idolatry among different nations, including their own. Of the character of Christianity, and of the change it works in the hearts of all true believers, prompting them to acts of love and benevolence, &c., dwelling particularly upon the history of the early missionaries to this country by way of illustration, and of the sacrifices they endured to give the Malagasy a knowledge of the Gospel. My companion followed, who called their attention to the fact that we were all sinners, and had need of a Saviour, speaking of the love of God in sending his Son into the world to die for us—urging on them to embrace these offers of mercy which we have before us in the Gospel, that they might obtain forgiveness for their sins, and inherit everlasting life in the world to come. As our meeting was prolonged till late in the evening, the clear bright moon shining above us lighted up a scene of touching interest not soon to be forgotten.

The next morning we held a large meeting in a building which they use temporarily for a chapel, when my companion addressed them on the subject of church organization and fellowship, and I expounded verse by verse part of the sixth chapter of Luke, beginning with "Love your enemies, do good to them who hate you," &c. We then set out on a long ride directly westward to a town which we reached late in the afternoon. Here we held another meeting, with nothing of any special interest to remark; and after a refreshing night's rest set out the next morning in a direction a little south of west, arriving about noon at a large town, which had more marks of thrift and prosperity than are seen in many of the Malagasy villages.

The streets and yards were swept very clean, and everything seemed so exceptionally tidy as to make the place quite attractive. A company of Christians clothed in their spotlessly white "lambas" came to the gates of the town to meet us, who conducted us to a comfortable house, the floors of which, as well as the ceilings and walls, were all lined with fine native matting, which was a light straw-color, and skilfully woven to fit the room. At this place my companion left me to hold a meeting with the people, while he went forward to a place of very different character at some little distance over the mountains. I had much pleasant intercourse with the Christians here both in public and private, and early the following morning set out to join my friend. On arriving near the place where he had lodged, the town seemed swarming with little children, and the place bore abundant evidence of indescribable heathen darkness. Great crowds assembled around us, all anxious to get a look, as we were the first white men they had ever seen. They expressed a great desire to learn to read the Bible, and we have taken measures to have a teacher go from the place where I had slept to instruct them. One little boy among the company of children could read well, who had been elsewhere taught, and whom we rewarded with some of the *Illustrated Malagasy Hymns* brought out by Helen Gilpin, as well as some "Teny Soas." We then proceeded forward to a village where the people are mostly slaves, held in bondage by some great man at Antananarivo, among whom we had a large and interesting meeting. Our route throughout the day lay through a very mountainous country, the valleys being narrow and precipices very steep, along the sides of which ran our footpaths. In the afternoon we passed near a large market, which, according to the custom of this country, are held weekly in the open air, and generally on an open plain, where buyers and sellers meet by thousands to exchange their various commodities. On drawing near the place there seemed a great commotion in the crowd, and it was pretty soon manifest that we were the cause of it when the great concourse of buyers and sellers rushed pell-mell towards us by thousands, each eager for a look at the white men. Our palanquin-bearers knowing how uncomfortably close such companies sometimes collect around us, did their best to avoid them, and scampered away to the brow of a mountain hard by, on descending which a little way we found a path running its entire length. Our pursuers arranged themselves in a row along the top, from whence they could see us very well at a respectful distance, and gave a prolonged shout as they were obliged to relinquish the chase. In the evening we arrived at a town on the top of a very high mountain, from which we had a magnificent view of the surrounding country. Here the people seemed of the better class of natives, having much around them which told of thrift, and were very desirous to learn about the Bible, though, as yet, are surprisingly ignorant

of the truths it contains. They have a school taught by a boy about twelve years of age from near Antananarivo, who also reads to them from the Bible, and has made some attempts at preaching.

On account of his superior knowledge he was treated with great respect, and it was most curious to see such a child the ruling spirit of a large congregation. In the evening we held a crowded meeting in their chapel, and another the following morning, after which we again set out on our journey, accompanied by the boy-preacher, who proposed to cross Lake Itasy with us, near the shores of which we had lodged.

The lake is a beautiful sheet of water nearly as broad as long, and we thought it to be about fifteen miles across. Not far from the centre is a little island on which is a small village. The wild rocks and beautiful foliage, as seen in the distance drew us to the spot where we ate our dinners under the shade of a large rock. Water-fowls in great variety, and seemingly countless numbers, were peacefully swimming on the placid waters of the lake, quite undisturbed by the approach of our little canoes until we came close upon them. In the afternoon we regained the opposite shore, where we found many Christians assembled to welcome us. They conducted us a little way to what, no doubt, seemed to them a very comfortable house, as it was the best their village afforded, but so many fowls and pigs had to be turned out before we could get in, that we told them we preferred to sleep in their chapel, where we made ourselves very comfortable.

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

OUR POSITION.

Not long since I was at a public meeting of Friends, where a prominent minister introduced his remarks by stating that the prominence our Society had attained by assuming the care of the Indians, had led to an inquiry in the public mind as to our religious views and beliefs, that he met with this inquiry both in his personal minglings among the people and in his correspondence. He admonished us that it would be proper for us to inform ourselves, so that if we were questioned on these subjects, we would be able to give a reason for the hope that is in us. Now it certainly seems to me that all should have a clear, intelligent and well-defined system of ideas in regard to their religious belief for themselves, but for each of us to undertake to represent the religious ideas of the Society, when that Society is not held together by any formal creed, is not likely to be fraught with good results. Besides, what has the public to do with our private opinions; do they want to measure us thereby, and judge, by the soundness of our theology, whether we are fit to look after the welfare of the Indians? My view of the matter would be that if any are questioned on that ground, they should simply answer that our religious opinions are such that they prompt us to befriend the poor, the oppressed and down-trodden of every class and order of our fellow-beings, and that our peculiar religious sentiments have no more to do with our philanthropy, than had those of the good Samaritan to do with his.

William G. Barker.

Mendon Centre, N. Y., First mo. 12th, 1870.

THE INDIAN CHILDREN.

The following is taken from a letter written by M. B. Lightfoot, dated Nohart, Eleventh mo. 14th, 1869, in reply to one from a friend in Germantown:—

"How much I wish the dear children in the East could see some of my little ones, but as they cannot, I want to tell them that when they commenced coming to school last Seventh month, they were somewhat like so many squirrels. They would mount the desks, hop out of the windows, dart out of the door, or run home when they felt like it. They were quite shy of me, and I had to be very careful about enforcing law and order, lest they would stay at home altogether. So we let them sit on the desks, go through the windows and out of the doors at their pleasure, and kept them coming each day with presents of clothing and crackers for recess, endeavoring to interest them with slate-work and picture-books, hoping that after awhile they would learn to love their school and teachers, and then we could begin to talk about order and system. Now, I should like you to see them come in with their pleasant "Good morning," and looking so snug and comfortable in the sacks and skirts, &c., sent by the "Philadelphia Aid Association," orderly taking their seats, the small ones on the low benches, the larger at the desks, and go to work on their slates, which they are very fond of, though some of them yet often get a little frisky, and do not like to stay too long in one place.

They are much interested in learning the figures and to count, also the English names of objects around the school-room, features of the face, articles of dress, the pictures in the books or charts. We have this exercise once a day; we think it will interest and encourage them to try to learn our language. A few who have come steadily are beginning to read in "McGuffey's First Reader;" the rest are spelling and learning their letters,—several have learned to add two rows of figures. We have to move slowly and be very patient, so

as not to discourage them with too much at once. I am convinced that a system of object teaching, with illustrated books, charts, &c., is the best adapted to them, though I believe they will learn to read without understanding what the words mean.

At the close of school they wrap up in their shawls and blankets, sit perfectly quiet awhile, and pass out one by one with a smiling "Good bye." They have grown very familiar with their teachers, and I feel that there is a good understanding between us, though we do not speak the same language.

They live in bark houses and tepees, though some few have log and frame, without either bedsteads, chairs or tables. They sit on the ground, around the fire, to eat their poorly-cooked and often scanty meals, sleep on mats or buffalo-skins without undressing, and often have not blankets enough to keep them warm. We have seen bright, good little Indian boys and girls sick, and some have died, lying on their poor hard beds, dirty and suffering, with nothing to eat but green corn and beans, except when we took or sent them some rice, crackers, tea or corn-starch, a lot of which we bought with a $20 note a good friend in New York sent us, and we do believe several were saved, who, for want of suitable food, would have died had we not been able to do this. Here, I may say that we think a fund, with which to provide proper food for the sick and those recovering from illness, is positively necessary in our Indian Reservations, and if the agents had a fund of this kind to apply to, they might alleviate much suffering and often save life. We have thought, seeing the great need, that if Friends, in their different neighborhoods would collect a little from each one willing to give, it would not be felt individually, but in the aggregate amount to enough to supply this great want, which we believe is felt on all the reservations. We have given our scholars English names for friends in the East, therefore many of them sound very familiar.

These people are very appreciative of beautiful things. Last summer I bought all the little girls paper dolls; they had never seen anything of the kind, and were perfectly delighted to dress and undress them. The bright colored picture books, sent out by the Aid Society, have been a great delight to them; they are very careful both of them and the dolls, so you need not fear but that they will appreciate and take care of whatever may be sent to them.

A humble heart is an aspiring heart. It cannot be contented to get up some rounds in Jacob's ladder, but it must get to the very top of the ladder, to the very top of holiness. Verily, heaven is for that man, and that man is for heaven who sets up for his mark the perfection of holiness.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

We have been stripped of several of our most prominent members of latter time. We feel their loss, and in looking around amongst those left, are ready to exclaim, "By whom shall Jacob arise?" I desire that our young people may come under the regulating power of Truth, so that there may "arise judges as at the first and counsellors as at the beginning;" for I believe there is a power—an all-creating Word; the same now as when the Voice said, "Let there be light—and there was light;" and I crave for myself that I may witness more and yet more of its baptizing influence.

Our First-day school is interesting and encouraging. I think there are over forty children. All appear interested in the school, and a number of them come to our meeting; those, too, who have not been in the habit of coming—neither they nor their parents. Some Friends I find do not approve of First-day schools. I think they will have a good effect. However, I feel satisfied with the effort made here thus far.

The days wear away one by one, carrying us forward to the period when this transitory scene will be left behind, and that which has been holden from our eyes opened to the view. Shall it be well with thee, oh my soul, at that solemn hour, when too late to correct sins, either of omission or commission? This query presents with great seriousness. May it have due consideration not only now, but in all future time, amid the pressing cares which sometimes weigh upon my spirit, as well as in seasons when these are laid aside, and I hear a call to labor in the great harvest-field.

Thy sisterly salutation came to hand this P.M. It is good to be thus remembered, particularly in this season of great poverty and loneliness. Yes it is good to find we are remembered by those we love, citing us to the only Source of strength, to be found within ourselves. We cannot live upon what has been, nor that which is to come; the *present* is only ours. It is *now* we want food, to nourish the life that *is*. "Give us this day our daily bread." Oh! that these seasons of proving may more and more bring us into an entire dependence upon and closer commu-

nion with our Heavenly Father, and increase our faith in Him as an *ever-present Helper*. Thus we will be enabled to do His will as it is revealed to each of us. This is all we have to do, as the needful preparation for a higher life. This is working out our own salvation.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 29, 1870.

THE MALAGASY.—Our readers who have not the opportunity of seeing the English journals,—"The British Friend" and "The Friend,"—will be interested, we think, in a Letter giving an account of the Malagasy, which will be found in another part of our paper. The writer and his wife, in whom we have a personal interest, felt it obligatory upon them to leave their home on this side of the Atlantic, and after having placed their two little sons in a Friend's family in England, they and an English Friend, who felt a like concern, embarked for the Island of Madagascar, under the auspices of Friends' (English) "Foreign Mission."

Many hardships and trials have been passed through, but from time to time they have reported themselves well satisfied with having made the sacrifices it involved. These Friends work in harmony, apparently, with other missionaries who had preceded them; and the natives seem awakened, in a degree, to the error of idol-worship. We were touched with the appeal of the latter to the government, at whose command their idols had been burned, or otherwise destroyed. They had taken away their idols, and "in what were they now to trust." L. S. says that "two hundred applications from as many different towns for teachers to come and tell them about the Christian belief," had been made. He says, too, that "in most of these places there is probably not an individual who has an idea of what Christianity is; while in a great many other places which are not included in this list of applicants, the people are but little better off, who meet together on the First day of the week in large congregations, to sing and pray, not one of whom is able to read the Bible, or tell the people what it contains."

At so great a distance, and being unacquainted with the habits of the people, it may seem presuming to form a judgment in relation to their utter ignorance of the principles of Christianity. But the query presents, if this be so, whence the painful deficiency? Have those who have undertaken to expound this living faith so confined their teachings to the letter of the law, and the systems of men, as not to direct attention to the "true Light which lighteth *every man* that cometh into the world.?" John i. 9.

If this light be not comprehended by the darkness, by what means shall the darkness be dispelled but by the Power "which spreads undivided and operates unpsent?" The spiritual eye is anointed with the "eye-salve of the kingdom," and it beholds the Light,—"the Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world." The ear is opened, and it hears the knocking of the same Divine Monitor, who of old said, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with me." Rev iii. 20.

He who knocks may not be known by the *name* of Jesus, or Christ; still he is the witness for God in every rational soul; and if the sense of justice be appealed to, shall it not be found, though it may be probably robbed of its fair proportions by circumstances unfavorable to its growth? Does not mercy lie hidden in every breast, ready to be nurtured by the friendly hand and loving heart? And how few but acknowledge a love for a Supreme and Guiding Spirit, though they may erect, as did the Athenians, their altar to an unknown Deity! We would not be understood as charging those who are laboring in this uncultivated field with remissness in duty. We doubt not that they have done what seemed to be called for at their hands; and that they have been instrumental in doing good, their reports testify. Still we cannot but feel an earnest desire that when the bands of superstition and idolatory are loosened, and there is awakened a craving for spiritual knowledge and sustenance, a similar conviction should attend the mind, as impressed that of the Scribe, when he said, "Well, Master, thou hast said the truth, for there is

one God: and there is none other but He: And to love Him with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the soul, and with all the strength, and to love his neighbor as himself, is more than all whole burnt-offerings and sacrifices. And when Jesus saw he answered discreetly, he said unto him, Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." Mark xii. 32, 33, 34.

First-Day Schools.—An article on this subject has been received, and would obtain a place in our colums were the objections clearly defined. The writer seems to have drawn his conclusions rather from inference than from a personal observation of the practical workings of such instruction.

We unite with him in the sentiment, that "where there is a disposition to put the letter above the Spirit, there is great danger of sliding from the one sure foundation into the popular current," and we would view with deep emotion any such attempt. As far as we know those engaged in this movement, a desire obtains among them to exercise a care in regard to what is presented to the youthful mind, and to consider the letter only as a vehicle for the transmission of Truth. Spiritual conceptions, when communicated from one human mind to another, mostly assume an outward form, but the spoken or written word can only be of benefit as far as it embraces that which is of value. Hence all effort to "put the letter above the Spirit," or to understand the letter except through the illumination of the Spirit—the Divine Interpreter—must be unavailing, and we know of none of our members who do not so esteem it. We believe that many have entered into this work under a concern to gather the children into closer fellowship with their older friends, and to inculcate in them the great principle which is the bulwark of our profession,—obedience to the Light manifested in the soul. This does not preclude the necessity for instrumental effort, and it is, on this account, none the less the duty of parents and others interested to surround the children, as far as they can, by influences favorable to their growth in best things.

Having witnessed the salutary effect of First-day School instruction upon the minds of some of the children, we cannot withhold the belief, that if rightly conducted, they may be instrumental of good. We do not question that some, if not many engaged in them, prayerfully desire to be endued with "that wisdom which is profitable to direct," and that they are careful not to hinder the operations of Divine love by attempting to explain what they do not understand. As far as our observation extends, obscure passages are generally avoided, and such reading selected as is adapted to the comprehension of children.

We can imagine none laboring long in a work imposing so many sacrifices except from a feeling of duty, and if those who stand aloof would come around them in a spirit of love, and aid them by their concern, their counsel and experience, it would no doubt be gratefully received, and might tend to mutual benefit. When we see others endeavoring to follow the Master in a way we are not called unto, we may, perhaps, derive instruction from the reply of Jesus, when told of some who were working in His name who followed not with Him. He said, "Forbid them not; he that is not against us is for us."

MARRIED.

YOE—DUNCAN.—With the approbation of Third Haven Monthly Meeting, on the 18th of Eleventh mo., 1869, at the house of Joshua Duncan, Samuel S. Yoe to Susanna Duncan, all of Talbot Co., Md.

HOPKINS—DIXON.—With the consent of Third Haven Monthly Meeting, on the 21st of Twelfth mo., 1869, at the house of James Dixon, Isaac F. Hopkins, of Philadelphia, to Elizabeth A. Dixon, neice of James Dixon, of Talbot Co., Md.

KELLY—YOE.—With the consent of Third Haven Monthly Meeting, on the 13th of First month, 1870, at Third Haven Meeting-house, Jonah Kelly, of Caroline Co., Md., to Mary L. Yoe, of Talbot Co., Md.

DIED.

BOWERS.—On the 16th of First month, 1870, at her residence near Easton, Talbot Co., Md., Rebecca L. Bowers, in the 67th year of her age; being a member and elder of Third Haven Monthly Meeting, in unity with us.

MILLS.—At Duck Creek, Henry Co., Ind., on the 11th of First month, 1870, Lydia, widow of Hugh Mills, aged 74 years less 3 days. She was an Elder of Fall Creek Monthly Meeting for more than 25 years.

EACHUS.—Suddenly, in Philadelphia, on the evening of the 8th of Twelfth month, 1869, Homer Eachus, Sr., in the 78th year of his age; a member of Race St. Monthly Meeting.

SANDS.—At Stamford, Dutchess Co., N. Y., on the 23d of Twelfth month, 1869, of typhoid fever, Anna G., wife of Thos. Sands, in the 71st year of her age. The everlasting Arm, upon which she had

so long leaned, was still underneath when her spirit passed quietly away. Her remains were taken to Friends' Meeting-house, where a solemn and interesting meeting was held, and living testimonies were borne. She was a diligent attender of meetings, and for a number of years held the important station of Elder and Overseer of Creek Mo. Meeting. Kind and courteous, she had the esteem of all who knew her, and has left an example worthy of imitation. Her home was ever open for the reception of Friends, and her kindness and hospitality will long be remembered.

KIRK.—At his late residence in Harrisonville, Harrison Co., Ohio., on the 2d of First mo., 1870, Erastus U. Kirk, a much esteemed Friend, in the 78th year of his age. He lived an humble, inoffensive life, and there is no doubt but that he was fully prepared to enter into eternal rest.

SKILLMORE.—On Fifth-day evening, the 23d of Twelfth mo. 1869, in Beekman, Dutchess Co., N.Y., Elizabeth, only daughter of Peter A. and Ruth M. Skillmore, aged 12 years; a member of Oswego Mo. Meeting, N. Y.

ELLIOTT.—On the 18th of Ninth month, 1869, at the residence of her son Joel Elliott, in Loydsville, Belmont Co., Ohio, Rachel, widow of John Elliott, in the 89th year of her age; a member of Plainfield Monthly Meeting. She bore her suffering of many months' duration with exemplary fortitude and resignation. Her amiable disposition endeared her to all who knew her. As a shock of corn fully ripe, she has been gathered into the heavenly garner.

NOTICE.

Friends are informed that all funds or clothing intended for the Indians under care of Thos. Lightfoot and Albert L. Green should be forwarded to John Saunders, No. 34 North Fourth St., Philada., Treasurer of the Friends' Indian Aid Association.

SPECIAL APPEAL.

Since the preparation of "Friends amongst the Freedmen," in another column, letters have been received stating there is a great want of *clothing* in several localities, especially for *children*. Some cannot attend school for want of it. Some are attending *barefooted*, and the garments of others "*are so threadbare their skins can be seen through them.*" Our friend Henry M. Laing will forward any packages sent him for the purpose.

1*st mo.* 27, 1870. J. M. ELLIS.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

1st mo. 30th, Hopewell, Va., 11 A.M.
" 30th, Centre, Va., 3½ P.M.
2d mo. 6th, Washington, D. C., 11 A.M.
" " Alexandria, Va., 4 P.M.
" " Concord, Del. Co., Pa., 3 P.M.
" " Moorestown, N, J., 3 P.M.
" " Greenwich, N. J., 2½ P.M.
" " Rochester, N. Y., 11 A.M.

INTEMPERANCE.—Should a foreign army land upon our shores to levy such a tax upon us as intemperance levies, no mortal power could resist the tide of swelling indignation that would overwhelm it.—*Lyman Beecher.*

The true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him.—JOHN iv. 23.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.

No. 23.

The writer feels that he cannot furnish a more appropriate introduction to his compilation of extracts from the letters of our teachers than to offer for republication the following appeal, accompanied with an earnest desire that it may reach the feelings in such a way that the result may be a tangible one.

FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION FOR THE AID AND ELEVATION OF THE FREEDMEN.

The payment of moneys due the teachers of our thirteen schools, finds us with an exhausted treasury. Will Friends allow these teachers to be recalled, or will they, by a small contribution, enable us to continue them until the end of the season?

The Annual Report has been generally circulated, but has met with no response. We again appeal to Friends for aid, and trust that some one or more persons will, as formerly, interest themselves in this work, and secure contributions in their various neighborhoods, forwarding the same to our Treasurer, HENRY M. LAING, No. 30 N. Third St.

JACOB M. ELLIS, } *Secy's.*
ANNE COOPER, }

Philada., 1st mo., 1870.

The following paragraphs are collected from sundry letters received from our teachers, and are given without any special reference to locality or writer, merely to show that faithfulness on the part of these self-sacrificing missionaries still exists—that an anxiety for the acquisition of knowledge still pervades the minds of the freedmen themselves, accompanied with the important fact that they *retain* what they learn, and that many of them are willing to help themselves as far as they are able, though want and destitution are still the lot of some.

One teacher remarks:

"I have done all that I could to urge the people to send their children right away, but some have work for them, and others have not winter clothing. Our comfortable schoolhouse will prove a great auxiliary to progress, and I am agreeably surprised to find the scholars have retained what they learned last term, for I expected they would forget a great deal."

Another, alluding to the opening of the school, remarks in reference to the old scholars returning:

"They were all prepared to commence just where they left off some months ago. One man has been working ever since early last spring on a farm in Montgomery Co., Pa. When he left school, he procured books like those he had been using during the winter, and when he could find a few moments for study, devoted himself to them with so much energy, that he not only retained all that he had learned at school, but made considerable progress. I think it is remarkable, that in the three years I have been teaching, *never in*

one instance where pupils have been absent from school several months have I been obliged to put them in a class lower than the one they left."

This teacher also alludes to the size of her school being reduced from the fact that "ten or more are compelled to remain at home on account of sickness." In this locality the freedmen have associated together and appointed three *Directors* to look after the interests of this school, and, as the teacher remarks, thus far they have attended well to their duties, and have kept us well supplied with wood." She encourages them, as well as the parents of the pupils, to visit the school and note the progress, and thus is a mutual interest maintained that must be advantageous. They (the freedmen) have agreed to pay ten cents per month for each pupil, a portion of which has already been paid, and she thinks the remainder will be forthcoming.

One teacher writes:

"I have not my *thirty* scholars yet, as you see by my report; but they beg of you to help them a little longer, when they think they will be able to help themselves. Early in the season they could not come, because of having to husk and dispose of their corn to procure sufficient clothing. Those who do attend are progressing rapidly in grammar, geography and spelling." This teacher deeply regrets that her home is so far from the school-house as to render it impossible to have *night school.*" Thus are these devoted teachers willing to appropriate, I had almost said, *every hour* of their time to this good work.

From South Carolina we hear:

"My school has filled up towards the last of the month so that my average is not so good as I hope it will be when next I report. I have two scholars who live *twenty* miles off, and board near here during the week, while four others *walk six miles!* Where such perseverance exists, I have no doubt but they will obtain an education. My school is increasing daily, and I hope when it numbers *sixty*, I can have an assistant. My scholars are the same I had last year, with the exception of the few in the alphabet class. I hope not to have that class long."

Another South Carolina teacher writes:

"I lost two of my best scholars suddenly by death; *Anna Lee*, who assisted *Fanny Gauze* last winter, was one. Some removals, too, have deprived my school of shining lights; but when they leave here, they usually go to Charleston, where they can immediately enter good schools."

This teacher took a suitable opportunity of visiting another of our schools, located farther "up the country," and refers to a period four years since, when it was first started, remarking, "The children manifest the same interest, and spoke of "*going to school,*" as if that was the culmination of all that was desirable.

From the same locality we are told:

"Our Christmas holidays are over, and we have commenced the New Year with renewed energy. I had the pleasure of seeing a snow storm to-day for the first time since I have been in the 'Sunny South,' but the snow melts as soon as it reaches the ground." She also alludes to their pleasant time on Christmas, saying, "The tree was quite a success—the children went away with full hands and happy faces."

But to return to Virginia. From one point we hear this regret:

"My school is becoming more and more interesting every day, and I regret that the time when you propose to close it will so soon be at hand. Many of the scholars who have attended the school previous to this time are coming in every few days, and I now have as many as I can well attend to, with a prospect of a still greater number. For the last two weeks the *average* has been about thirty-eight in attendance. The colored people have built for the school a very substantial and nice-looking wood-house, which we find a great convenience in stormy weather. They have had several meetings of their 'Lyceum' this winter. Chalkley Gillingham has attended a number of them, and has delivered short lectures on different subjects, which they seem to enjoy, and which they understand and remember remarkably well. He promises to attend all their meetings and give them a series of lectures, which I think will be of great benefit to them."

One of our colored teachers writes:

"I received your letter, and was glad to hear from you. You ask if the wages will satisfy me. I am well pleased with what you offer. I opened my school this season with *twenty* scholars, all delighted to meet in school again. Many of my little scholars are kept at home in consequence of not having suitable winter clothing, but the school *will be* too large without their attendance."

She deplores the religious dissensions existing among the freedmen attached to the Baptists and Methodists; and in her anxiety to improve herself adds, "Will you please send me a Webster's Dictionary?—an *unabridged copy*—and pay yourselves out of my wages the full cost of it." She also again acknowledges the receipt of the *Friends' Intelligencer*, which has always appeared to be a favorite with her.

In another locality our teacher writes:

"Thirty will attend the school, and they are to pay *ten dollars* per month." We hail all these items that look like self-support.

Our colored teacher at Woodville, S. C., in a letter to Cornelia Hancock at Mt. Pleasant, speaks of the great quantity of rain that has fallen recently, that for two days all the paths through the plantation were impassable; and in referring to her school, adds:

"I think you would be pleased to see how much my pupils have learned in so short a time. My average this month is *forty-nine.* I had but one scholar absent from school this month, and she was sick. I wish you could send me some papers for the Sabbath school, as I have distributed all I had, and would be glad if you would beg some of the Friends when you write again—you are always so successful."

Our friend Joseph M. Wood continues his interest in our schools, and occasionally visits those within his reach, much to the satisfaction and encouragement of our teachers. At Woodlawn he has induced the Freedmen "Directors" to institute a code of rules for the school, so that the teacher may have the co-operation of the parents; a movement placing a responsibility on the latter that will doubtless be of advantage to all parties.

The foregoing extracts and facts narrated speak for themselves, and the query arises—*Can Friends* abandon this interesting work at this critical juncture. On "*Friends generally*" rests the responsibility.

Philada., 1st mo., 1870. J. M. Ellis.

P. S. Since the above was entirely closed and ready for the press, the following item met the writer's eye in one of the evening papers in the city, and is appended as possessing some interest.

"A writer from Richmond, Va., notes the fact that the school where colored men are studying and fitting themselves to be teachers and ministers is in the building formerly occupied as the slave-pen to confine them at night. He writes: 'It seemed a sort of poetic justice that this very place, with the marks still at its windows of the iron bars that held back the negro to the dead level of ignorance, should now be the cradle of his instruction and the place of his eager resort for draughts at the Pierian spring, that has, till so recently, been closed to him.'"

From the Anti Slavery Standard.

A MEMORIAL LETTER ON BEHALF OF THE INDIANS.

At the meeting last week of "Friends' Social Union," New York, the following Memorial Letter to the Senate and House of Representatives, prepared at the request of members of the Union, was presented by A. M. Powell, and, after discussion, adopted, and directed to be signed, on behalf of the "Union," by the Chairman and Secretary.

MEMORIAL OF THE "FRIENDS' SOCIAL UNION."

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

The humane and peaceful policy of dealing with the Indians upon our Western Reservations, in so far as it has been adopted by the present Administration, and encouraged by Congress, we most cordially and gratefully commend. The success of the experiment thus far,—tried as it has been amid many discouragements, and with embarassing limitations,—is very gratifying, and amply justifies the wisdom of the President, and of those acting in authority, in entering upon it. As illustrating and corroborating kindred statements, we invite attention to the disinterested, impartial testimony of Bishop Clarkson of the Episcopal church, in Nebraska. In a late public address, delivered in Philadelphia, Bishop Clarkson says:

"All the Indian reservations now in Nebraska within the last year have been placed under the rule of Quakers, and if the Government never did another good thing, for doing this it deserves the commendation of all good men and of all good citizens. The satisfactory condition, the change in the temper, and the change in the feelings of the Indians everywhere throughout Nebraska, wrought by the direction and the control of their forces by the Quakers, is really wonderful.

"The Indians now receive—I am speaking now only of those of Nebraska—every dollar of money, and every pound of subsistence, and every yard of goods that they are entitled to, and such a thing, if ever it has been known before, is beyond the memory of the 'oldest inhabitant.' This of course creates a terrible commotion among the great friends of the sneak-thieves who have fattened for years upon that meanest of all garbage, Indian stealing. They first shrugged their shoulders and said it will not work; it will not do, they cannot make it do; these Quakers do not understand the questions; and then they cursed and made ridicule and sport of the broadbrims and their drab coats, and they said, 'By and by these men will learn to steal too.' But their prophecies have all been false, and the Indians have learned everywhere in Nebraska, during the last year, to feel that 'the Friends' were friends indeed of the Indians, and I firmly believe that the dawn of a better day is already shedding its light over the hills and the plains of the Indian. It is now considered, in the halls of Congress, and in the palaces at Washington, and in the supply-stores at New York, and out in Nebraska, that it is a disreputable thing to cheat an Indian. Now, all this change has been brought about by the determination of the Quakers to give to the Indians all their rights, and they themselves have sometimes been wonderfully astonished to know that they were really entitled to what the Government had bound themselves by treaty to give them."

For many years the opposite policy has been in force. How signally it has failed in establishing peaceful relations with the Indians, in promoting among them habits of civilization, and material prosperity, we need not here recount. The records of the long series of bloody, demoralizing and costly Indian wars furnish but too sad a commentary. Many of the tribes have been fearfully decimated, some well-nigh exterminated, and a general feeling of distrust, bordering upon desperation, toward the whites, has been begotten among the Indians at large. Engaged in under such adverse circumstances, it is most encouraging to note that the present humane treatment, as far as it has been practicable to extend it to the Indians, has wrought upon them now to win their confidence, and to establish peaceful, kindly relations towards the whites, as successfully as did kindred treatment of their ancestors by William Penn and the early Friends.

We bespeak therefore, respectfully and earnestly, your continued and increased encouragement, conjointly with that of the President, of the work so auspiciously begun, of educating the Indians in habits of civilization and preparing them for citizenship. We deem it especially important, both for themselves and the neighboring whites, that they be induced as rapidly as possible to give up hunting and the wandering tribe life, and with assistance, under the direction of the Indian Commission and Superintendents, to settle upon homesteads, and to engage, with proper instruction, protection, and encouragement, in agricultural pursuits. The large and fertile tracts of unoccupied land are more than ample for homesteads for our entire population including the Indians, also to encourage, in a judicious manner, and to a proper extent, the desirable railroads, and other internal improvements. It is an indispensible condition of progress on the part of the Indians that their reservations of homestead land now become permanent, and that their rights be recognized and respected. They need to be assured, and they would be greatly encouraged by the assurance, that both the land and the improvements made thereon are theirs, to inure to their own and their childrens' benefit. They should no longer be driven back by the demands of greedy land monopolists and advancing white emigration. Permanently located, they will not then be kept as now, beyond the outskirts of civilization, but in a brief period, as in Canada, will be surrounded with and absorbed by it.

In connection with agricultural settlements of Indians, we hope a larger number of schools for their children may be provided, and be liberally sustained. It is authentically reported to us that such children as have been gathered into the schools established the past year have exhibited much interest to learn and have made a good degree of progress. It will be far more in accordance with the Christian civilization which we profess, to educate the Indian youth of to-day for a manhood and womanhood of citizenship, and far less exhaustive to the Treasury of the National Government, than to continue indefinitely in force the expensive military preparation and machinery hitherto employed to both foment, and suppress the so-called Indian aggressions.

To the fullest possible extent we entreat you to shield the Indians, by Legislative and Executive protection, from the introduction among them of intoxicating drinks, by unscrupulous, speculative whites. Destructive to the happiness and prosperity of mankind as are intoxicating drinks everywhere, they are especially so among the Indians, and in proportion to their prevalence will they destroy more rapidly than our most successful missionaries can build up in good works and healthful influences.

We would respectfully urge you to consider whether it would not be judicious to discontinue altogether the policy of making *treaties* with the Indians; and, instead, to provide for them a civil, territorial government, as for other citizens, to be administered by trustworthy whites and such Indians as may be found competent for appointment, to be under the immediate supervision and control, as in all other territories, of the National Government. We hope this auspicious change may be initiated before the close of your present session. With the increase of white settlements on the Pacific coast, and the progress of white emigration westward to the Rocky Mountains, there will presently be no alternative beside the absorption of the Indian population into civilization and equal citizenship, or utter, ruthless extermination. Humane and Christian legislators, and a humane and Christian people, with their attention called to the subject, will not hesitate which to choose. Let there be extended then to the Indians, as to others, the shield and protection of civil law, and in turn, as of others, let obedience be required of them.

We see in the awakened interest in the well-being of the Indian but an inevitable obedience to the law of progress. With the rights of the negro, so long enslaved, now at last well nigh guaranteed equally with the whites, before the law it must needs be, believing in the justice and impartiality of the moral government of the common Father of all races of mankind, that we should cease to

outrage and oppress the Indians, and to recognize in them human beings endowed by our Creator with inalienable human rights, like unto, and in common with, our own.

Confiding in your wisdom and kindly purposes to favorably consider and to heartily coöperate with the humane experiment now inaugurated, to the end that it may be made, in the largest possible degree, fruitful in good results; we are also grateful, especially, for the friendly action of President Grant, of the Secretary of the Interior, and of the Indian Commissioner.

In civilization and citizenship for the Indians, we are fully persuaded is involved not alone their own highest good, but the Nation's welfare. (Signed,)

In behalf of the Friends' Social Union, of New York,

WILLIAM S. CARPENTER, *Chairman.*
RACHEL W. UNDERHILL, *Secretary.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

EFFECT OF KINDNESS TOWARD THE INDIANS.

During last year the Universal Peace Union shipped from Philadelphia a box for the Indians in Iowa, known as the Fox and Sacs tribe. Among the contributors were thirty-seven children of the Friends' Central School of this city.

The box was sent in care of John Wright, West Liberty, Iowa. He sent the seed in time for planting, by a trusty messenger. It was at a time of the unprecedented high waters. At first the Indians were very shy, but when they found the messenger was "a Friend," they received him hospitably and heard all he had to say; and, what was a very beautiful emblem of their appreciation, they sent him in return a canoe over the Iowa River, which at that time had overflowed its banks to a great distance. Since that time, Dr. Wheelon, of Marshaltown, has distributed the balance of the contents of the box.

There is something in the present of a canoe that is particularly pleasant. Here was an acknowledgment of peace and good will, and the gift one that would carry the white man from shore to shore over the troubled waters.

We have been a long time receiving the above information, but believing it will stimulate further kindness toward the Indians, offer it for your readers.

A. H. LOVE.

The great Earl of Chatham once went with a pious friend to hear Cecil. The sermon was on the Spirit's agency in the hearts of believers. As they were returning home, the mighty statesman confessed that he could not understand it at all, and asked his friend if he supposed there was any one in the house who could. "Why, yes," said he, "there were many pious, unlettered women, and some children there, who understood every word of it, and heard it with joy."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"The flowery spring, the summer's ardent strength,
and sober autumn fading into age."

No more our years—our youthful years—
In rippling currents run,
Like some bright stream that leaps along,
Sparkling beneath the sun.

Life's morning, like the early dew
That vanisheth ere noon,
Has faded towards the western sky,
How rapidly and soon!

As passing down the evening vale
We turn a backward gaze,
And live in memory o'er again
The earlier, fresher days,

We do not grieve or sorrow that
They all have passed away,
Or that the summer flowers have crowned
The verdure of the May;

Or that the autumn comes apace
With sere and withered leaves,
And wears her Queenly Coronal
Amid the gathered sheaves.

Even when winter winds assail
With chill and icy breath,
We know that 'neath its frozen veil
Is hid the flower and wreath.

Thus, as the varying seasons roll,
Each, in its period blest,
Should human souls pass on with hope
To their Eternal rest.

Winnebago. E. AVERILL.

SNOW-FLAKES.

Out of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow,
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.

—*Longfellow.*

Those who, through grace, are called out of darkness into a marvellous light, have cause to be cheerful, and should have hearts to be so. *Arise, shine, for thy light is come.* Is the Sun of Righteousness risen upon us? Let us arise and look forth as the morning. That comfort which Christ directs to our souls, let us reflect back upon others. Art thou loosed from the bands of thy neck? Awake, and put on thy beautiful garment. Let the joy of the Lord,

which has infused itself into our hearts, diffuse itself into all our converse.—*M. Henry.*

ASKING OF GOD.

We treat God with irreverence by banishing Him from our thoughts, by not referring to His will on slight occasions. His is not the finite authority or intelligence which cannot be troubled with small things. There is nothing so small but that we may honor God by asking His guidance of it, or insult Him by taking it into our own hands; and what is true of the Deity is equally true of His Revelation. We use it most reverently when most habitually; our insolence is in ever acting without reference to it; our true honoring of it is in its universal application.—*Ruskin.*

THE SPIRIT OF REJOICING.

It is not often a spirit of rejoicing is considered a duty. Joy is usually felt to be a welcome visitor, but by no means a frequent one, still less one whose presence can be commanded at will. A close study of the sources from which joy is derived teaches us that it is not only a privilege that may be attained, but a state of mind that should be cultivated. The various sources of joy may be divided into two classes; those which proceed from external circumstances, and those which spring from within. Few realize how much there is in their every-day life that is demanding a joyful spirit. Many of these sources have been ably held up to view from the various pulpits of our city during the past week, and the spirit of thanksgiving thus inculcated may well give rise to a spirit of rejoicing that shall be confined to no set day or special season, but shall shed a radiance of its own over the whole of life's pathway.

The innumerable blessings of life, the withdrawal of any one of which would shed sorrow over our lot, are sources from which we may draw springs of joy. So are the permanent relations of life, though in these our joy will be measured by the fidelity with which we discharge the responsibilities involved. We all naturally rejoice in sudden or unexpected pleasure, but the permanent spirit of rejoicing may better be cultivated by reflection on the many and varied blessings that attend every-day life. The external sources of rejoicing, great as they are, seem, however, small and transient, compared with those that may spring from the heart, if we but nurture them. Though our cup of outward joy may be dashed with bitterness, though loved ones slip from our embrace, though health depart and friends grow cold, and fortune seems to frown, still there is a place in every heart where the purest joy may reign and triumph over seeming woe. To all, however severely they may be tried, remain broad and lasting grounds of solid happiness that their troubles have not disturbed. The sorrows we undergo, the temptations that assail us, may be made sources of ultimate joy in the strength to be gained from the conflict. Without fire the gold cannot be pure; without labor the muscles cannot be strong, and without trial the heart cannot develop much of what ultimately comes to be a source of rejoicing. Every virtuous effort to overcome wrong or to strengthen right, every endeavor for the welfare of others, every act or word of sympathy, every yearning for a purer state, is in itself a source of joy far beyond any outward good.

Above all, a firm faith in the wisdom and goodness of Him who controls all will give a joy that will brighten all our lot. For though much is dark to our present vision, this faith will give us the joyful assurance that all is for the best, and destined to work out good that could have been accomplished in no other way. While no human life is all sunshine, while shadows cross every path and sorrows chequer every lot, there is a joy which is at once the privilege and the duty of all—a joy that delights in goodness, that cherishes love, that fills us with sympathy for mankind and overflows in gratitude to the Giver of all.—*Ledger.*

It is not a good plan, after you have driven a nail in a sure place, instead of just clinching and leaving it, to keep hammering away till you break the head off or split the board.

DISCOVERY OF THE RUINS OF A ROMAN TOWN.

An important town, once the capital of one of the Roman provinces of Thrace—Trajanopolis, the site of which was unknown—has just been discovered by M. Albert Dumont, a member of the French School at Athens. At about three miles from Dymes, near Enos, at the mouth of the Hebron, may be perceived a vast extent of ruins in the midst of pestilential marshes, which have rendered the country so uninhabitable that this circumstance well explains why all recollections of these vestiges have been lost. There still exists an inscription on the spot, showing that the city was once Trajanopolis; moreover its distance from Andrinople coincides with that given by the ancient itineraries; as for its importance, what remain is of its ample evidence in its favor. A fortified city wall, five kilometres in circuit, has been brought to light, together with the remnants of vast suburbs extending over two square leagues. The Acropolis contains ruins of edifices of the

third century, architraves, broken columns, pedestals with some inscriptions.

During the middle ages, the antique city was gradually replaced by a Byzantine one, and very probably part of the ruins served as a quarry for the stones with which the two fine fortresses of Dymes and Enos were built. As it is highly improbable the Romans should have pitched upon such an unhealthy spot for a large town, the ground has been explored to see whether any drainage had been attempted, and these researches have led to the discovery of a magnificent system of dykes and sewers. It seems this city did not disappear completely until the fifteenth century, when the Byzantine empire was at its last gasp.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

GOOD SENSE.—What we call good sense in the conduct of life, consists chiefly in that temper of mind which enables its possessor to view at all times, with perfect coolness and accuracy, all the various circumstances of his situation; so that each of them may produce its due impression on him, without any exaggeration arising from his own peculiar habits. But to a man of an ill-regulated imagination, external circumstances only serve as hints to excite his own thoughts, and the conduct he pursues has in general far less reference to his real situation, than to some imaginary one, in which he conceives himself to be placed: in consequence of which, while he appears to himself to be acting with the most perfect wisdom and consistency, he may frequently exhibit to others all the appearances of folly. —*Stewart.*

ITEMS.

A few facts and figures will serve to suggest the present and the future requirements of the Philadelphia Post-office. Twenty tons of mail matter are handled every day. 125,000 letters pass through the office daily. Nearly three hundred clerks and carriers are required for the service. Last year the carriers delivered 14,750,000 letters and 3,500,000 newspapers, and collected 12,500,000 letters and 1,250,000 newspapers. In the Money Order department there were issued 17,598 orders for $382,950 83, and paid 76,200 orders for $1,209,472 70. In the Registry department, 39,108 letters were sent, and 37,085 received, this branch of the service being merely in its infancy.

Two tons of silk-worm eggs arrived in Chicago the other day in transit from Yokohama, Japan, to Lyons, France, via steamer to San Francisco, rail to New York, and thence again by steamer to Havre. They reached Chicago in good condition. The eggs rest on small pieces of card-board, several millions being upon each. These pieces are laid upon shelves arranged in boxes. A special agent in charge of them kept a stove in the car to regulate the temperature, which had not varied *five degrees* since the shipment of the eggs from Japan. He was confident that he would be able to reach Lyons in safety with his charge. This is the third experiment made to ship silk-worm eggs from Japan to France, two others having failed. The first shipment was made via San Francisco and the Isthmus, and the second via the Suez Canal, both cargoes having perished when the voyages were half completed. If the present undertaking proves successful, a large business will be done, it is said, in this way, the silk producers of France being desirous of procuring other species of worms for propagation and production.—*The Press.*

A NEW balance has been made for the Mint, adjusted with such nicety that after 1000 ounces of gold are equipoised on one side, the almost infinitesimal weight of half a grain—that a cricket would scarce brush from its eye—sends down the side of the balance upon which it alights. The assay balances are wonderful pieces of elaborate workmanship; the knife edges upon which the beam vibrates are balanced upon rubies, agates and other stones. The knife-edges are of steel, tempered. If a balance have five hundred grains in each pan, the one-thousandth part of a grain will effect it either way.

AT a late meeting of the British Med. Association, Dr. B. W. Richardson exhibited a knife consisting of a revolving blade, and which divided with such rapidity that superficial incisions could be made with it without pain. The revolutions were about twenty five per second, but the speed might be greatly increased. The knife in its action illustrated that an appreciable interval of time is necessary for fixing an impression on the mind and for the development of consciousness. He hoped he should soon be able to give to the surgeon a small pocket-instrument with which to open abscesses, and perform many minor surgical operations painlessly, without having recourse to either general or local anæsthesia.—*Scientific American.*

A German paper says that the simplest post-office in the world is to be found on the southern extremity of America. For some years past a small barrel has been fastened by an iron chain to the outermost rock of the mountains overhanging the Straits of Magellan, opposite Tierra del Fuego. It is opened by every ship which passes through the Straits, either to place letters in it or to take letters from it. This post-office, therefore, takes care of itself, it is confided to the protection of seafarers, and there is no example of any breach of this trust having occurred. Each ship undertakes the voluntary transmission of the contents of the barrel if their destination is within the limits of its voyage.

PINS AND NEEDLES.—Needles, we are assured by Andrews, in his "History of Britain," had made their appearance among the manufactures, which were sold in Cheapside, during the reign of Mary. A Spanish negro had made them, but as he refused to discover his art, the nation received little benefit from him. In 1566, however, the manufacture of needles was again commenced, and directed by one Elias Grouse, a German.

The first mention of pins that occurs in the English statute-book is found in the act of Parliament of Richard III., A. D. 1483, prohibiting certain foreign manufactures. Soon after which, the art of making them appears to have been introduced from France. By an act of Parliament, passed in 1543, the mode of the production was regulated in a particular manner. The pin was ordered "to be double-headed, and to have the head soldered fast to the shank; to be well smoothed the shank well shaven, and the point and round filed, cauted, and sharpened." But a more ingenious and expeditious manner of making them being introduced, the statute was repealed three years afterwards.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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The present (26th vol) will close on the 26th of Second mo., and vol. 27th will commence Third mo. 5th, 1870.

AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N Y.*
Benj. Strattan, *Richmond, Ind.*
Wm. H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
T Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

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SKETCHES OF FRIENDS.

Historical, Biographical and Anecdotal.

(Continued from page 755.)

The philanthropic labors of Anthony Benezet were not wholly confined to the cause of Emancipation. During the stormy period of the Revolution, he was active in spreading peace principles, and in relieving the poor and distressed. His attention was also directed to the unhappy condition of the Indian natives, who looked with jealousy upon the encroachments of the whites, and he fearlessly opposed all measures which tended to wrest from them their rights. He was one of the founders of the "Friendly Association for regaining and preserving peace with the Indians by pacific measures." This Society, which was composed principally of Friends, expended during its seven years' existence some $15,000 in presents to the Indians, this amount being the voluntary contributions of its members. Benezet was present at several conferences between our Government and the red men, and was among the number of those who strongly urged the necessity of training them to agricultural pursuits, in order for their civilization.

The better to illustrate the extent of his fertile philanthropy, we give below a list of his publications. In addition to the works above specified, he was the author of the "Plain path to Christian Perfection" (1772.) "A collection of Religious tracts" (1773.) "The mighty destroyer displayed, in some account of the dreadful havock made by the mistaken use, as well as abuse, of distilled spiritous liquors" (1774.) "Serious considerations on several important subjects, viz.: On war, and its inconsistency with the gospel, observations on slavery, and remarks on the nature and bad effects of Spirituous Liquors" (1778.) "A first book for Children" (1778) reprinted 1798. "The Pennsylvania spelling book or youth's instructor and monitor" (1779.) "An extract from a treatise on the spirit of Prayer, or the soul arising out of the vanities of Time into the riches of Eternity" (1780.) "The plainness and innocent simplicity of the Christian Religion, &c." (1782.) "A serious address, to the Rulers of America, on the inconsistency of their conduct respecting Slavery, &c." (1783.) "An Essay towards the more easy Introduction to the Knowledge of the English Grammar, compiled for the Pennsylvania Spelling Book" (no date.) "A short account of the People called Quakers, &c." (no date.) The same translated into French by A. B. (1780.) Also into German in 1783. "Some observations on the situation, disposition and character of the Indian natives of this continent" (1784.)

When it is considered that Benezet was, as his friends say, "assiduously diligent, suffering a small portion of natural rest to satisfy him, and *employing his pen day and night*," we can

form some estimate of the amount of work he accomplished. Indeed *we* are amazed at the extent of his charities. Wherever the cry of the oppressed was heard, there he seems to have been. Truly he was

"The offspring of humanity,
And every child of sorrow was his brother."

His fellow citizens acknowledged his worth by electing him to positions of honor and trust in various public institutions, some of which he had aided in establishing. His promptness in rescuing a number of kidnapped negroes (who passed through Philadelphia on their way South), and subsequently proving their right to freedom, excited public attention, and resulted, in 1775, in the formation of the Pennsylvania Society for promoting "the abolition of Slavery, and the relief of Free Negroes unlawfully held in bondage." Dr. Benjamin Franklin, Dr. Benjamin Rush, James Pemberton and others, feeling the necessity of organized effort, as an effective means of labor, attempted, and successfully accomplished, a union of those who sympathized in the Anti-Slavery movement, regardless of their religious predilections. The Quakers as a Society had been working as pioneers in the good cause, and other Christian denominations were slowly awakening to the consciousness that slavery (to use the significant words of John Wesley) "was the sum of all villainies," but this was the first attempt made in America (so far as we are informed) to unite these scattering forces. The first meeting of this Society was held at the old Sun tavern on Second street, Philadelphia. Its organization was there perfected. The Preamble to its Constitution reads as follows: "It having pleased the Creator of the world to make of one flesh all the children of men, it becomes them to consult and promote each other's happiness as members of the same family, however diversified they may be by color, situation, religion, or different states of society. It is more especially the duty of those persons, who profess to maintain for themselves the rights of human nature, and who acknowledge the obligations of Christianity, to use such means as are in their power to extend the blessings of freedom to every part of the human race; and in a more particular manner to such of their fellow creatures as are entitled to freedom by the laws and constitutions of any of the United States, and who, notwithstanding, are detained in bondage by fraud or violence. From a full conviction of the truth and obligation of these principles,—from a desire to diffuse them wherever the miseries and vices of Slavery exist, and in humble confidence of the favor and support of the Father of mankind,—the subscribers have associated themselves." Then follows two hundred and eighty-five names. Subsequently "Clarkson Hall," in Cherry St. below Seventh St., was used for the purposes of the Society. Dr. Franklin was its first president. Many honored names have been enrolled among its members, and many a hunted fugitive has received its protecting care. In an unostentatious way, it exerted a widespread influence for good, and only ceased to act when *universal emancipation* ended its usefulness.*

In 1780, the Legislature of Pennsylvania passed the act of gradual Emancipation. Anthony Benezet held interviews with every member of the Legislature on the subject, and was largely instrumental in producing the result.

But enough has been said to show the important part which was enacted by this great and good man. A few anecdotes are left on record which will still further serve to illustrate his character. The Count de Luzerne was, during the Revolution, an ambassador from the French court, and resided in Philadelphia. Benezet was his frequent visitor, and in his native tongue sought to interest his countryman in the Quakers. It is remarkable how attached Luzerne became to Benezet, who always was admitted into his presence without ceremony. Said the Count to a friend one day, "Though Mr. Benezet has a small body—yet O! what a capacious soul he possesses." When the ambassador was about to embark for home, a day was fixed for leave taking. Compliments were being lavished upon him by hosts of his admirers, when the simple-minded Quaker entered his presence and said—"Thou knowest I cannot use the compliments which the company have expressed, but I wish thee the favor of Heaven and a safe return to thy country." The Count embraced and kissed him, remarking—"O! Mr. Benezet, you have exceeded them all."

He was once informed of the death of a miserly person, in whose house was found secreted many thousand dollars. He desired his informant not to give publicity to the fact, adding, "it would have been quite as reasonable to have had as many thousand pairs of boots or shoes in the house, whilst the poor are suffering with bare feet for the want of them." Benezet, on being asked by a friend for his portrait, replied—O! no, no, my ugly face shall not go down to posterity." On another occasion he was seen walking in the streets in his shirt sleeves, and apologized for it by saying that he had just given his coat to an almost naked beggar.

During the Revolutionary war, he knew of

* This Society is still in existence.

a poor and worthy woman within whose humble home were quartered six of the Hessian Soldiery, whom she was forced to entertain as best she could. He immediately repaired to the quarters of the General, but, as he had no pass, was stopped at the door by the guard. Nothing daunted, however, he sent up his name to the General, and after some delay he obtained the desired audience. The story of the poor woman was soon told; and not only was the request that the soldiers be removed from her house promptly granted, but so interested did the General become in his visitor, that he requested the favor of a further acquaintance, and gave orders that in future when Benezet called upon him, he be admitted at once, without *a pass*. When, during the Yearly Meeting of Friends at Philadelphia, a difference of sentiment occurred as to the expediency of dealing with members who were slaveholders, Benezet left his seat in an obscure part of the house, and took an elevated position where he could be seen by all. There he stood, and as the tears flowed down his cheeks, he repeated the words of the Psalmist: "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God." The solemn impression thus occasioned had the effect of harmonizing the meeting.

Thus lived and labored Anthony Benezet, the universal philanthropist. In his domestic relations he was loving and cheerful. His house, which was one of the first brick dwellings built in Philadelphia, was situate on the north side of Christian street between Third and Fourth streets, No. 115. It has long since been demolished in the march of modern improvement, but within that humble home was spread his frugal board, and many were those who were hospitably entertained thereat. To its owner came the poor and oppressed for counsel and assistance, as also the rich and great, to learn "the luxury of doing good." Before the dawn of day he was usually busy with his pen, and he deprived himself of much sleep, because "he could not reconcile a habit of such slothful indulgence with the activity of Christian fervor." But at last the time came when his energy began to fail. He nevertheless "went about doing good," until about ten days before his death. The news of his illness spread a gloom throughout the city, and when all hopes of his recovery had departed, the poor he had befriended came in crowds to his dwelling and asked to see him, desiring his parting benediction. They were admitted to the chamber of the dying Christian, who received their expressions of gratitude and love with a full heart. Such demonstrations of affection from his fellow citizens humbled his spirit, and he was heard to exclaim, "I am dying, and feel ashamed to meet the face of my Maker—I have done so little in his cause."

The day preceding his death he took leave of his wife—(they had no children)—remarking—"We have lived long in love and peace." Shortly after this touching scene his bodily sufferings greatly increased, but he calmly awaited the summons, "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

He departed this life on the 3d of the Fifth month, 1784, aged 71 years. His funeral was attended by persons of all classes and sects. Among this number were hundreds of blacks, who truly mourned the loss of their beloved benefactor and friend. An officer in the American Army, who followed the body to its final resting-place, remarked to a friend, "I would rather be Anthony Benezet, in that coffin, than General Washington with all his fame."

In his will, Benezet directs the payment of a few legacies after the death of his wife. The residue of his estate is given in trust to the overseers of the public school—"to hire and employ a religious-minded person or persons to teach a number of negroe, mulatto, or Indian children, to read, write, arithmetic, plain accounts, needle-work, &c. And it is my particular desire, founded on experience, that in the choice of such tutor, special care may be had to prefer an industrious, careful person of true piety, suitably qualified, who would undertake the service from a principle of charity, to one more highly learned, not equally disposed." His books, numbering some 200 volumes, he gives to the library of Friends in Philadelphia, and to the "Pennsylvania Society for the promotion of the abolition of Slavery" he bequeaths fifty pounds.

We cannot more fittingly close our sketch of Anthony Benezet than by copying the following epitome of his life from the "Pennsylvania Packet" of May 6th, 1784. "Last Monday night, after a short illness, departed this life, in the 71st year of his age, Mr. Anthony Benezet, one of the people called Quakers. His catholicism in religion, his universal philanthropy, his unwearied acts of benevolence, endeared him to all who knew him. He was kind without reserve, courteous without deceit, and charitable without ostentation. The fertile bosom of the poor, which yields an hundred-fold, was the receptacle of his annual income. He industriously labored, throughout a long and useful life, to advance the best interests of mankind, in an humble and private sphere. For some years past he devoted his attention considerably to the Education of Negro and mulatto children, from a desire that they might hereafter prove useful members of Society, and worthy of that free-

dom to which the humane and righteous law of this commonwealth passed in 1780, has restored them, and to this use we understand he has given all his property (above 2000 pounds) after providing for his ancient and feeble widow."

(To be continued.)

LETTER TO THE INDIAN AID ASSOCIATION.

NOHART, First mo. 9th, 1870.

Dear Friends:—How much I wish one or more of your number had been here the past week, and witnessed the distribution of your noble box of clothing to our women and children, not only that you might know the good it did, as far as it went, but that you might understand how much need there was, and how *many, many* wants are yet unsupplied. The school children of the Iowa tribe, we have made comparatively comfortable for the present, though they have no change of undergarments and only one pair of stockings each. The women's stockings, flannel skirts and sacks, and the muslin, which we cut up immediately, were indeed most useful and welcome to the poor women, who "hew the wood and draw the water." We tried to give an article to each one to satisfy them until more should come, but had to send several away one day without anything. The Sacs and Foxes, a small tribe under our care, living six miles away, had nothing out of the other box. They were complaining of it bitterly, so we are giving their children some out of this one. We had hoped that some of the boxes from the country, which we hear are coming, would have arrived at the same time, that the contents might have been distributed at once. The needs are very pressing, the weather the last few days extremely cold, and there would have been very much more suffering than there is, but for your timely charity.

Dear Friends, I feel that it will be difficult for you to realize the necessity of asking for so much, and of how little way even those large boxes go, when spread among so many, towards making them what we consider comfortable. We have between three and four hundred Indians under our care—a large portion women and children—who come in without an inch of flannel or muslin, or a stocking—their only covering a calico blouse, and two or three old calico skirts, with a blanket or shawl over head and shoulders, cloth leggins and deer-skin moccasins. You will not then wonder that we want a great many things. And as there is so much interest felt and willingness manifested by Friends in the East to help these people, we feel free to make our wants known and take all we can get. We shall certainly try to make the best use of what we get, but oh! how we do want some women friends to come out and see just how everything is. We think it would be so much more satisfactory to you to work, if you could see for yourselves the condition of these women and young girls. There are many things we cannot talk to men about, which just one woman would see and understand, and take back to you all, making the work seem more necessary and interesting.

The clothing of this people does a two-fold work. First, it ministers to their physical comfort. Seemly dress is a great agent in civilization, and we feel that it has already done something in that direction. If we were to ask for anything more in particular, it would be stout muslin and heavy, coarse flannel for skirts and sacks, and all kinds of garments for babies and very small children two or three years old.

All the part worn of those sizes were very welcome. The boys' clothing we have given to the Sacs and Foxes, some of whom never had such before, but wore leggins, a shirt and a blanket. School books and slates we do not need, as Government has made provision for things of that kind; but the charts (for object teaching) I am truly thankful for. They are invaluable in a school of this kind. The toweling spoken of I should be very glad of, as for all washing and wiping purposes they have only old pieces of calico skirts, &c. Part worn shoes, such as are often thrown by, would be of use here. Indeed everything you have to spare we can find a place for. My daughter says, "Thank the Friends for me who sent the patch-work, especially for that already cut. She has started six quilts, and has the girls to come down after school and sew two hours. They are delighted to come and sew, and the whole school wants to make quilts, but it was too much to undertake any more until these are done—the cutting is such a task. There are not near enough pieces to finish all, but we have faith to believe more will turn up in good time.

I know it would do you good to see these poor girls, whom we found in ragged Indian costume, unwashed, uncombed, without ambition or aspirations for anything better, now neatly and comfortably dressed in your muslins, flannels and ginghams; the paint and dirt washed off and hair combed, the results of soap, towels and combs of your sending; learning to sew nicely, proud of their work, ambitious to get their quilts finished—mementoes of the thoughtful kindness of friends far away. We are much interested in these young girls and their future, hoping the fate which was pending over them may be warded off, their position bettered, and their lives brighter than their poor mothers have been. For this end labor is needed, and these little

things are the beginning; and if we, who are with them, can keep up our courage, faith and patience, with the sympathy and substantial aid Friends are so cheerfully giving, we do believe work can be done which will tell grandly and pay well in the future lives of these children; and as the children are raised up and developed, the older ones will gradually improve and give up some of their old habits and peculiarities.

So let us all be encouraged and do what we can, for they have been, to say the least, miserably neglected, and in many cases, if not all, terribly wronged.

MARY B. LIGHTFOOT.

[By a letter of later date, we hear another box has been received, supposed from the country, but place not defined, and no list in the box, which is regretted, as it is desirable an account should be kept of all articles sent.]—EDS.

ERRORS OF THE CAVE.

BY PROF. HART.

Improvement comes by comparison. One of the most profound observations of Bacon is that in which he remarks upon the dwarfing and distorting influence of solitariness upon the human faculties. The man who shuts himself up in his own little circle of thought and action as in a cave, having no consort with his fellows, evolving all his plans from his own solitary cogitation, must be more than human if he does not become one-sided, narrow, selfish, bigoted.

A like result, but not so aggravated, is produced, when a man limits his range of thought and action to those of his own special calling or profession; when the merchant mingles only with merchants and knows only merchandize; when the teacher knows nothing but teaching and books; when the medical man spends every waking hour and every active exercise of thought upon his healing art; when any man forgets that, in the very fact of his being a man at all, he is something greater and nobler than he can possibly be in being merely a merchant, or teacher, or doctor, or lawyer, or the possessor of any other one special art or faculty.

It is true, indeed, that in order to attain to eminence in any one department, a man must bend his main energies to that one thing; and he must give to it much solitary thought and study. But no department of action is isolated. No interest is unconnected with other interests. No truth stands alone, but forms a part in the great system of truth. Study or action, therefore, which is entirely isolated, must needs be dwarfed and distorted.

A man must go occasionally out of his own sphere in order fully to understand those very things with which he is most familiar. A man must study other languages, if he would hope fully to understand his own. A man must study more than languages merely if he would become a perfect linguist. The only way to understand arithmetic thoroughly is to study algebra. A parent who has only one child, and who gives his entire and exclusive attention to the study of that child, in order that he may, by a thorough understanding of its nature and disposition, be better able to teach and train it, will not be so likely to attain his object as he would if he were to spend a portion of his time in mingling with other children and in becoming acquainted with childhood generally. A teacher who should shut himself up in his own school-room, giving to it every moment of his waking hours, would not be likely to benefit so largely his own pupils, as if he were to spend a portion of his time in communing with other teachers and observing other methods besides his own. A teacher even who should mingle freely with those of his own profession, and get all the benefit to be derived from observation of the views and methods of other teachers, but should stop there, would not yet obtain that broad, comprehensive view, even of his own calling, and of the duties of his own particular school-room that he might have if he would travel occasionally beyond the walk of books and pedagogy, and become acquainted with the views and methods of men in other spheres of life, with merchants, lawyers, and doctors, with farmers, mechanics, and artisans.

It is only by mingling with those outside of our own little specialty that we are disenthralled from the bonds of prejudice. It is wonderful to see the change produced in the minds of men of different religious denominations, when by any means they are thrown much into the actual fellowship of working together in some cause of common benevolence. How, without any argument, merely by the fact of their being brought out to a different point of view, the relative magnitude and importance of certain truths change in their estimation! The points in which Christians differ become so much smaller; the points in which they agree become so much larger. The little stone at the mouth of the cave no longer hides the mountain in the distance.

Let the teacher, the merchant, the mechanic, the banker, the lawyer, the minister of religion even, still remember that he is a man, and that he can never reach a full and just estimate of his position without sometimes going outside of it and placing himself in the position of other men.

Tranquil pleasures last longest. We are not fitted to bear the burthen of great joys.

SWARTHMORE LIBRARY FUND.

Editors of Friends' Intelligencer:

The recent appeal made by the President of Swarthmore College through your columns for standard books has been responded to by donations referring *almost exclusively* to the Society of Friends,—a result most desirable so far as it goes, but totally inadequate to the pressing necessities of the classes in History and English Literature.

The text books, however well chosen, can do little more than give the initial facts, omitting, of necessity, many essential details, and almost altogether the philosophy and the poetry and all that goes to make up the *true value* of History and Literature.

To illustrate: Henry VIII. is disposed of in 19 pages, Chaucer in 7. A student, incited by the text to investigate these memorable epochs, the one in English History, the other in English Literature, has no books of reference or other source of information beyond Chambers' Encyclopedia and the personal instruction of the teacher. How can the emancipation of the English Church from the Papal authority be appreciated in all its vast results without a standard History of England to refer to? How can the poetry of Chaucer be understood, the construction and development of the English language be traced, without a "Chaucer" to turn to?

In a word, the students *must immediately* have a Library selected at first with special reference to the subjects treated of in the text books. Otherwise much valuable time will have been spent by both teacher and scholar with very barren results.

Six hundred dollars ($600) judiciously spent would go very far towards supplying the more immediate wants, though many thousands of dollars must eventually be given to the Swarthmore Library.

Cannot the younger members of our Society take hold of this matter, and thus relieve the Board of Managers from one of its many burdens, and save the Treasury from one of its many drafts?

Should contributions be sent to me, they would be expended, with the co-operation of the President of the College, as above indicated. Respectfully,

N. P. Hallowell,
144 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

Boston, 1st mo. 21st, 1870.

Though God has replenished this world with abundance of good things for man's life and comfort, yet they are but imperfect goods. He only is the perfect good to which they point. But alas! men cannot see Him for them, though they should always see Him in them.—*Penn.*

ACCURACY.

I do not know that there is anything, except it be humility, which is so valuable as an incident of education as accuracy. And accuracy can be taught. Direct lies told to the world are as dust in the balance when weighed against the falsehoods of inaccuracy. These are the the fatal things. And they are all-pervading. I scarcely care what is taught to the young if it will but implant in them the habit of accuracy.

Now, look at the matter in this light. Take the speech of any man for any given day. For once that he wilfully gives a wrong color (with an eye to his own interests) to anything which he states or narrates, he mistakes, or misdescribes twenty times, on account of his inability to tell anything accurately.

Besides, there is this important result from a habit of accuracy, that it produces truthfulness, even on those occasions where a man would be tempted to be untruthful. He gradually gets to love accuracy more even than his own interests: at last he has a passion for accuracy.—*Arthur Helps.*

Santee Agency, 12th mo. 25, 1869.

To the Women's Indian Aid Association of Philada:

To-day has been a bright and happy one at our agency. The two well-filled boxes sent by you, arrived in good condition early this morning, and the unpacking of these has been a source of much pleasure to us to-day. All the articles are so well suited to the wants of the Indians. The sacks and dresses look so comfortable and serviceable, we feel quite impatient to hand them over to some poor old women, whose thin and tattered garments have aroused our sympathies this cold weather. The old women are much imposed on by the younger ones, who beg their new clothes from them after they are issued to them.

The variety of things sent for the sewing school, will enable us to get along nicely this winter. We have about twenty quilts commenced. I imagine the bright pieces will create quite a sensation among the little girls next week. They are all very much interested in their sewing.

I think the boys will not be slow in endeavoring to imitate many of the wooden toys sent, and I do not doubt that they will succeed. If they do, we will send you samples of their work, also of the girls' fancy work. A little crippled girl, whom my sister taught to knit, finished a pair of stockings for herself, a few days ago, just in time for Christmas.

The different little packages from old friends, as well as the children's contributions, were quite touching, for all of which

we tender our heartfelt thanks. It is said to be more blessed to give than to receive, but you have made us to rejoice in both ways. We enjoyed the contents of the boxes as much as if they had been our individual property, and the pleasure of distributing them is yet in store for us.

We are all well and our house comfortable. We have not suffered with the cold, though the mercury has been down to 10 degrees below zero. C. J.

Set a guard upon thy senses. How often are poor Christians in danger of losing the eyes of their mind by those of their body. This may serve to expound that mystical Arabian proverb—"Shut the windows, that the house may be light." Beg of God *a mortified fancy.* The fancy is a power of the soul placed between the senses and the understanding; it is that which first stirs itself in the soul, and by its motion other powers are stirred; it is the common shop where thoughts are first forged and framed, and as this is, so are they; if imaginations be not first cast down, it is impossible that every thought of the heart should be brought into obedience to Christ. The fancy is the most untameable power of the soul.—*Flavel.*

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I am very glad when any who have loving hearts, and who feel they can work in First-day schools, are willing to help the mothers, for I assure thee we often feel we have need of all the help we can get. Sometimes in the evening, when the little ones are all asleep, and I have a chance to "fold my wings," I feel so utterly discouraged, under a sense of failure, that I would almost despair were it not for the faith I have that our efforts will not be in vain. The time of sowing is *now*, but the time of fruit is *not yet* come: but there are times when some little acts of self-denial or overcoming in our little ones show such blessed fruition that grateful tears choke our utterance, and we are encouraged to continue to sow. I hope thou wilt be faithful in thy calling; I think "in blessing it will bless thee," and thou wilt bring in thy sheaves after a while.

The opening of Swarthmore College, and our participation in the efforts to save and elevate the poor Indian, are noble steps in the right direction, and foreshadow an era of renewed usefulness and power for our Society; and if the young and heretofore lukewarm would turn from the engrossments of lesser things to an earnest endeavor to find and follow Christ as revealed within us, there would again be history written showing that His followers are called to comfort the afflicted, alleviate suffering, and to come away from pride, avarice and frivolity, into love, humility and charity.

There are, I believe, in all societies the two elements of radicalism and conservatism, and perhaps one counteracts the other. It makes one sure of his foundation when he has to feel his way. Some of us perhaps might go too fast and become heedless, while others might become indolent and accomplish nothing. It is well for us all to cultivate Christian charity towards one another, and endeavor not to judge unkindly of any. I fear we do not always make sufficient allowance for the difference in natural temperament.

I have never read much theology, not even that of Friends. What little I have done in that way, has sometimes tended to bewilder. I have learned through suffering to go to the Father, and whatever I have needed to know He has instructed me in. If I seek earnestly and pray carefully, day by day, to know my duty, I believe there will be no lack of knowledge; but my trouble is, I do not always *obey.* In the whirl of circumstances I rush and drown the "still small voice," which does not compel, but only directs us. Thus I am often overwhelmed with a consciousness of my shortcomings. I see the beautiful possibilities of a holy life, but do not attain to them. But we know this is true—"I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me." We must not attempt to justify our failures, for though we may seem to have reasons for failure, yet we are not excused ever in wrong-doing.

There is a peculiar gratification in finding so much of the influence, regarded as powerful, being exerted in a direction to establish the great truths, that a germ of divinity is within each of us; that God's dwelling-place is there, and that He is the soul's teacher; that inspiration is now as it ever was; and that no words of Jesus, the great Exemplar, are *forced* upon our convictions, but are accepted and made our own, "as the God in us responds to the God in him." The idea of the *divinity* in the humanity, is a view of religion so comprehensive as to be exclusive of theology; and the *true* church being based thereupon, will stand even amid the scoffs of generations and the storms of time. Therefore may we hope that though superstition

still continues to rear her lofty head,—though idolatry's naked forms are yet stalking abroad,—the day is approaching when a purer devotion, a more perfect love, and a truer faith, will be recognized as the gentler and more powerful influences, and will find adherents prepared for the advocacy of "love to God and love to man," as *the* pure and true doctrine.

OCEAN FLOWERS.

After having collected your sea weeds, throw them into fresh water; cut a piece of paper, or card-board (which would be better), relative to the size of the weed; oil the surface, and put it under the weed you are about to lay out; spread with a camel's-hair pencil, or pick apart with a pin; we prefer the former. Great care, patience, and delicacy of handling are necessary in this process, for much of the beauty of the specimen depends upon preserving the minute thread-like fibres of the weed. Lay out each fibre, separating them all, and giving them such a position on the paper as will show the plant to the best advantage; then gently raise the paper from the water, holding it in a slanting direction, to let the water run off; then put it in a press. A good way to make the press is to put three layers of blotting-paper on a board, and upon this place your specimens; over this, muslin or linen, and over that blotting-paper again, and then another board. Dry the paper and cloths, if necessary, to facilitate the process.

Take your specimens from the papers and arrange them in bouquets, wreaths, and what you like, adjusting them according to the different colors, and thus obtain a pleasing variety; secure the ends neatly with gum-arabic. It is well to brush over the coarser kinds of algæ with spirits of turpentine, in which a very little gum-mastic has been dissolved.

Having arranged beautiful specimens of moss and sea-weeds, cut a very small basket through the middle, and sew half of it on the paper in front of your specimens; then fill your basket with various kinds of moss, which, standing out in relief against the sea-weed gummed on the paper, present a very pretty picture.—*The Methodist.*

A VINE that is left to ramble till it grows all over the tree-top is not half so much a vine as one that is cut back skilfully, and laid in fair proportions on the trellis, and tied there. And a man that has his own way, and rambles just as his affections choose to go, is not half so much a man as one whom God has tenderly pruned, and cut back, and laid, and tied in. In the case of the man, as in that of the vine, the one that is wisely checked and trained becomes more fruitful, and the fruit becomes better.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 5, 1870.

SERIOUS INQUIRIES.—A correspondent, who appears to be a concerned parent, proposes, through the columns of our paper, some queries of very solemn import. She asks:—"Are all the promises of God which are left on record in the sacred Scriptures for us? can we trust in them?" And she cites two of these promises as having deeply impressed her mind. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." And, "If thou art faithful thy children shall be given thee in the Lord."

The fact that the children of many professing Christians of all denominations often wander far from the truth, while the children of those who seem to have no regard for religious obligations sometimes become faithful laborers in the Church of Christ, is a problem she would be glad to have solved. She but echoes the anxious questioning of many a concerned parent, when she asks, "Is my faith then in vain? is it all a mere chance? Will my grey hairs go down to the grave sorrowing over the waywardness of my children, or shall I be able to say when the Lord shall call me at the last day, here am I and the children Thou hast given me; not one of them is lost."

The question why religious care in the training of children sometimes fails of its expected fruits, while the sad results of neglect on the part of others do not seem to follow, cannot be satisfactorily answered in the present state of our knowledge of physical, mental and moral science. Happily, however, the duty devolving on parents to train up their children in the way they should go, is not dependent upon answers to such questions. The husbandman who should refuse or neglect to prepare his ground and to sow his seed in the spring time, because a blight had fallen on his neighbor's crops and he had failed to reap where he had sown, would be a very unwise man. But his folly would be slight compared with that of a parent who should act in a similar manner towards his children.

"Let her alone, she has done what she could," can never be the consoling language to one who has done nothing; while, however, the means employed may appear to have failed in producing the results desired, yet if they have been the best we knew, we shall feel acquitted in the Divine sight.

In regard to the inspired utterances of holy men which are found in the Scriptures, we may appropriate them to our comfort and encouragement when they accord with our highest conceptions of the character of God. Thus based, they are indeed immutable; and when facts *seem* to contradict them, we may cling with faith and trust to the promises, leaving the apparent contradictions for eternity to explain. "Duties are ours; events are God's."

Philosophers tell us that not an atom of matter in this great universe is annihilated; that it is change, not extinction, that is constantly going on. And so in the spiritual economy, we may rest assured, that not one sigh, one tear, one prayer for the highest welfare of our children will be finally lost. Yet while in our imperfection we need the guiding star of faith, it is not the less a duty to inform ourselves as to the best *means* of training our children in the paths of piety and virtue. An excellent little treatise, entitled, "Mott on Education," has lately been republished by the Book Association of Friends. The writer was for many years Superintendent of Nine Partners' Boarding-school, in the State of New York. He has given, in a neat and compact form, practical and simple truths, the result of experience and observation, and the fruit of a mind imbued with Christian love. It will be found, with the price annexed, in the list of books kept for sale by our Agent, Emmor Comly, No. 144 North Seventh St.

DIED.

LOVETT.—In Lower Makefield Township, Bucks Co., Pa., on the 10th of Eleventh mo., 1869, at the residence of her son David H. Lovett, Mary Lovett, widow of the late Daniel Lovett, in the 80th year of her age. For many years she was an Elder of Makefield Monthly Meeting, for which station she was eminently qualified, being of a meek and quiet spirit, "which in the sight of the Lord is of great price."

PALMER.—At his residence near Edgewood, Bucks Co., Pa., on the 17th of Twelfth month, 1869, of typhoid pneumonia, Mark Palmer, in the 68th year of his age. He was an Elder of Falls Mo. Meeting; and it may be said of him, he was ever ready to offer the word of encouragement to the weak and counsel to the unwary; and when near his close was heard to exclaim, "My spirit is in the hands of my Heavenly Father,"—giving evidence of being in a prepared state. Surely we can adopt the language, "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

POWELL.—In Salem, N. J., on the 14th of First month, 1870, of pneumonia, Wm. Powell, in the 73d year of his age; a member and elder of Salem Monthly Meeting. "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." This language seems to apply to our departed friend. His day's work having kept pace with the day, he met the solemn close with calmness and resignation, expressing that he felt nothing in his way. While his loss is mourned by many relatives and friends, they have the comforting assurance that his meek and quiet spirit has entered into the mansions of eternal rest and peace.

HANCOCK.—Suddenly, at Westfield, N. J., on the 2d of Twelfth month, 1869, of paralysis of the heart, Susan G. Hancock, in the 56th year of her age; a member of Salem Monthly Meeting. She was an humble-minded Christian. Her great concern was to do right, and endeavor to live up to the profession that she made. Although the summons came unexpectedly to her, we feel that her "lamp was trimmed and burning," and that she has entered into her Heavenly Father's rest.

LINTON.—On the 17th of Ninth month, 1869, in East Bethlehem Township, Washington Co., Pa., at the residence of her son Oliver M. Linton, Matilda Linton, relict of William Linton, aged 56 years; a member of Salem Monthly Meeting, Ohio.

SOUTHWICK.—At Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on Fifth-day evening, 20th of First month, 1870, Edward C. Southwick, aged 72 years; an exemplary member of Oswego Mo. Meeting, N. Y.

SIMPSON.—At Highlon, Bucks Co., Pa., on the 24th of First month, 1870, Robert Simpson, in the 74th year of his age; a member of Wrightstown Monthly Meeting.

KNIGHT.—At his residence in Farmington, Ontario Co., N. Y., John Knight, in the 90th year of his age; a member of Farmington Monthly Meeting.

FRIENDS' CHARITY FUEL ASSOCIATION.

A Stated Meeting of Friends' Charity Fuel Association will be held on Seventh-day evening, the 5th inst., at 8 o'clock, in Monthly Meeting room of Friends' Meeting-house, at Fifteenth and Race Sts.

WM. HEACOCK, Clerk.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

The Committee on Circular Meetings of Philadelphia Quarter will meet in School-room at Race St., 1st floor, on Second-day evening, Second month 7th, at 7 o'clock, in order to report to the Quarterly Meeting.

WM. EYRE, *Clerk.*

NOTICE.

The Committee on re-arrangement of the quotas of the Monthly Meetings will meet at Race St. Meeting-house at 7 o'clock, Second day evening, Second month 7th, and the Committee in reference to alteration of the discipline relating to women's meetings, at 7½ o'clock same evening, in the Monthly Meeting room.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

2d mo. 6th, Washington, D. C., 11 A.M.
" " Alexandria, Va., 4 P.M.
" " Concord, Del. Co., Pa., 3 P.M.
" " Moorestown, N, J., 3 P.M.
" " Greenwich, N. J., 2½ P.M.
" " Rochester, N. Y., 11 A.M.
" " Penn's Manor, Bucks Co., Pa., 10 A.M.
" 13th, Flushing, Long Island, 11 A.M.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS AMONGST THE INDIANS.

We presume all the "Indian Committees appointed by their respective Yearly Meetings are earnestly endeavoring to do "what their hands find to do," so far as the means therefor are at command; and in reference to *Philadelphia*, it may be interesting to know that its committee held a special meeting on the 17th ult., to take into consideration the important subjects contained in letters from Thomas Lightfoot and Albert L. Green, written from their respective agencies at Great Nemaha and Nohart, Nebraska, in reply to inquiries made by the correspondents of the "Indian Committee."

The subject of Industrial Schools claimed the serious consideration of the meeting, and after a deliberate examination of the whole subject, it was concluded to appoint a committee of seven Friends to represent to the proper officials at Washington the importance of establishing schools as proposed, and to secure, if possible, an appropriation for the purpose. It was also understood that these Friends should constitute a "*standing committee*," to attend to similar services, and act as our representatives therein. They were also authorized to co-operate with the committees of other Yearly Meetings.

The letters alluded to, one of which is here appended, show the necessity for prompt action, and will no doubt satisfy Friends that the labors of the various "Indian Aid Societies" have been loudly called for, and warmly appreciated.

Philada., 2d mo., 1870. J. M. Ellis.

Nohart, Neb., 12th mo. 6, 1869.

Dear friend,—Thy letter dated Eleventh mo. 15th has been received. I shall esteem it a pleasant duty to transmit to members of the corresponding committee a statement of the present condition of the Indians under my care, as well as to occasionally furnish them with such information as will enable them to determine what pressing necessities they can best relieve. It is true that our wants are almost legion; but, as might be expected, the necessity that outweighs all others in importance is to be found in the existing need of a school. Even the Indians themselves, untaught and ignorant as they are, do not fail to understand that a school is becoming absolutely indispensable; and although the sum annually dispensed to them by the Government in the fulfilment of treaty stipulations is very small when compared with the annuities received by other tribes, they are not unwilling that a sum sufficiently large for the employment of one teacher should be set apart for that purpose. Although these Indians, so far as the mere possession of land is concerned, might be considered rich, yet in available wealth they are really very poor. In fact, the pittance they annually receive from the Government is not unfrequently reduced nearly one-half by the payment of salaries and other sums appropriated for various purposes. The treaty provisions under which the Government formerly supplied them with blacksmiths, farmers, &c., having expired, their employeés are still continued at the expense of their annuities, and it is on account of this and other causes that I have been much embarrassed in my efforts to secure a school.

The great desideratum to which I hope to attain ere long is an *Industrial School*.* This I feel we *must* have, or our progress towards improvement and civilization will be slow. I have more than once shown the urgent necessity of such an institution, and recommended its establishment to the Department; but never a word do I receive officially on a subject which, in my view, is most important. To be sure a treaty is now pending or awaiting ratification, under which the tribe may be enabled to derive from the sale of valuable lands the means of establishing such a school as is needed, but much time must necessarily elapse before money from that source can be made available. Early next spring I shall establish a school, since for obvious reasons I cannot do so during the present winter; and although I have recommended in strong terms the appropriation or allowance of a part of their annuities for the pay of a teacher and assistant, I have no guarantee that my recommendation will be acted upon. Nevertheless I have engaged a teacher, and shall insure her a salary, even if I am obliged to deduct it from my own. Perhaps it would be well for me to say that the person whose services I have secured as principal teacher is one whom several years' experience as a teacher of freedmen may have well qualified for the position in question. I have also engaged her husband as farmer, and I am well satisfied that I could not have well made a more judicious selection. Both she and her husband are Friends, and reside near Kansas City, Mo.

*A similar request has been made to the committee by Thos. Lightfoot in relation to the Agency under his care.—Eds.

The Otoes are at present absent on their winter hunt, and will probably not return until about midwinter; consequently until that time but little can be done towards attending to and relieving many cases of destitution and sickness, which will then obtrude themselves upon our notice. A want that we feel most pressingly is a sufficiency of clothing for about one hundred children, who during the summer months are accustomed to almost absolute nakedness, and during the *coldest* days of winter generally wear little else than a small and not unfrequently ragged blanket. Aside from the children, there are many cases of aged and infirm people who actually accustom themselves to nearly entire nakedness; and I feel assured that a donation of clothing, however small, would be hailed and received by these suffering and destitute ones with infinite delight.

Owing to modes of living and improper habits, the sanitary condition of the tribe is seldom what it ought to be: the amount of sickness generally prevailing is astonishingly large, when the size of the tribe is taken into consideration. The Indians receive no medical attendance whatever, save such as I am enabled to give them. And here let me add that I have had numerous cases brought to my notice wherein patients have lingered long and suffered much for lack of proper food and delicacies, which in this country are hardly to be obtained. Indeed many times I have seen delicate women and frail children, during convalescence, or while tortured with fever, supplied with no other nourishment than perhaps roasted corn, or such almost indigestible bread as Indians generally make. I shall also be obliged to depend on the generosity and kindness of Friends for a supply of slates, charts, pencils and books for the service of my school, as I know of no other source, save one, whence these can be procured, and that excepted source is none other than our lessened and continually lessening annuity. I feel disposed to hesitate before asking from Government an appropriation for this purpose, since I know full well that from no other source will the Department obtain it than by simply deducting it from that same annuity; and since I have decided to expend largely of our forthcoming annuity for the purchase of stock and farming implements, I shall certainly look around for other means of obtaining such books, charts and school apparatus generally as the establishment of my proposed school will render necessary. I feel that I cannot express to thee in terms sufficiently strong my desires that a mission or industrial boarding-school may be established here. I feel that such progress as the world expects us to make in the great work of Indian civilization can hardly be approached, much less attained, without the adoption of such a course as this. I am satisfied that so long as Indian children are trained up precisely as their fathers and grandfathers have been trained up before them, so long will they make just such Indians as their fathers and grandfathers have ever been; but, on the contrary, as mission experience has universally proved, whenever the children have been removed from the barbaric influences and surroundings of their rude homes,—whenever they have been placed in the midst of Christian influences and Christian surroundings,—they have made men worthy of citizenship, and furnished innumerable examples to prove, what has been frequently denied, that Indians can be civilized.

As regards the future prospects of this tribe, I think they may be summed up as follows: Instead of a race of buffalo hunters, as they now are, they will ultimately become an agricultural people. Instead of living in squalor and wretchedness, they must choose the alternatives either to give up their prejudices against "becoming white people," or continue to decrease in numbers, as they are now doing, until, with the close of another century, the last of their tribe shall have perished. It is a matter of surprise that the chiefs of this tribe should unitedly and persistently oppose the apportionment of land in severalty. They tell me that in all reasonable things they will accede to what I propose; but, poor children, they fear that if land is allotted to individual members of the tribe, it will soon pass into the hands of the avaricious and ever-grasping whites.

Boxes directed to me should be expressed to Forrest City, Mo., or, perhaps better still, to a place called Frankfort, on the new Pacific Railroad, in Northern Kansas.

Thy friend, ALBERT L. GREEN.

MADAGASCAR.

Letter from Louis Street.

(Concluded from page 758.)

The next day being First-day, a large company came together, many more than their chapel could contain, when my companion preached from the text—"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," &c. The subject of my own discourse was the love of God, preaching from 1 John iv. 10: "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." We found the professing Christians in this village very destitute, no one being able to read intelligently, and the congregation is

entirely dependent on passing native strangers to preach to them. When none of these happen to pass that way, they are able only to sing a few hymns and pray.

Soon after the meeting we continued our journey further westward, among lofty mountains, amid evident traces of extinct volcanic action. Black scoria and pumice were very abundant, and in some places in such quantities as quite to blacken the whole aspect of the country. It was barren in the extreme, and the fierce rays of a tropical sun, while passing through such a desert, made our ride a very exhausting one. On arriving at our halting place, we found a populous town, and a large congregation of people already assembled in the chapel. But they were a most ignorant and heathenish-looking company, though very eager to hear what we had to say. I first addressed them on the subject of Christianity in general, contrasting it with heathenism,—of the inability of man to grasp eternal things without a written revelation from God,—of the love and goodness of our Heavenly Father in furnishing us with the Holy Scriptures to be our guide in life, and which also set before us a glorious hope in death,—of our consciousness of being sinners before God, and need of a Saviour.

My companion followed, preaching at considerable length from the text, "At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow," etc. We found in this place only one man who seemed a decided Christian, though a large congregation meet weekly to sing hymns, and hear this man read to them from the Holy Scriptures. The following day we passed through what was once a populous and flourishing district, but is now a vast unpeopled waste. After the revolution in 1861, when the late Queen Rasoherina succeeded her guilty husband to the throne of Madagascar, the populace were very slow to believe that Radama had been secretly put to death, and as a consequence were unwilling to acknowledge their allegiance to the new Sovereign.

Many rumors were afloat that he was still alive, which seemed mainly to come from this district, and which produced a very unsettling effect throughout the country. This induced the Malagasy Government to send a detachment from the army to chastise the inhabitants, which deliberately put to death all the men in the district above twelve or fourteen years of age, except such as took timely warning and fled into the Sakalava territory for protection. Since then the women and children have been scattered from different causes, and their once happy homes are now only heaps of crumbling ruins. We had often heard, at the Capital, accounts of this uncalled-for destruction of human life, but had no idea of its extent till we saw for ourselves this fearful waste. Towards evening we arrived at a little town where the inhabitants have commenced to build a chapel, though they seemed very dark and ignorant. Here we held a meeting in the open air under a large tree. The people seemed so ignorant, that we doubted whether they comprehended much of what was said to them, but on being questioned, they assured us they did; and in order to allay our suspicions, one man repeated over the substance of our communications, showing that he at least not only had understood, but had paid very strict attention. Only one man in this town is able to read. At the base of the mountain on which it stands, flows a beautiful stream of water, which drains Lake Itasy, and here forms one of the finest perpendicular waterfalls I have seen in this country. The height of the falls appeared to be from 80 to 100 feet, and the breadth of the stream about 100 feet. Even at this dry season of the year, when there is comparatively little water in the river, the effect is very fine, which must be greatly enhanced when the stream is swollen by the floods during the rainy season. Several of the succeeding days were spent in visiting various large towns, which until recently have been wholly given up to idolatry. We met with but comparatively few people who could read, but had everywhere crowded congregations of eager listeners. Yet wherever we did find persons able to read, they came to us begging for the Holy Scriptures, and it was often very painful to be obliged to assure them that the strong probability is that they will have to wait still another year before they can get the New Testament. Many thousands of people are now learning to read, and the loss to the Malagasy, during this time of general awakening, for the want of New Testaments, is very great. If we had some copies of the Gospels bound together without the Epistles, in a very cheap way, or even separately, which would be better still, to circulate in these very dark districts, they would be a great blessing to the people. The ignorant Malagasy are so apt to commence troubling their heads with difficult passages in Revelations or Romans, as soon as they are able to read the New Testament, that a decided advantage would be gained by putting the Gospels first into their hands, in addition to the pecuniary matter connected with such a circulation.

After having visited thus from village to village, directly west and south-west of Antananarivo, still keeping near the western boundary of the Hovas, we went 30 or 40 miles directly north to a very interesting town and country, where we found a large population governed by a princess, who is a near relative of the queen. When we arrived,

she was away down in the valley giving a feast to some of the Sakalava tribe, who were on their way to Antananarivo, to acknowledge their allegiance to the Government. On hearing of our arrival, she hastened back, and received us with the greatest hospitality. She is an exceedingly interesting character, being tall in person, commanding in presence, and very graceful in her movements. She was clothed in a lamba of fine white cambric, and moved about with a dignity becoming her high station in life. On account of the great respect which the Sakalava tribe have for her, she has often been called upon to act as mediator between that nation and the Hovas. Christianity was first introduced here a little more than a year ago, through her influence mainly, and they have now a large congregation of Christians, many of whom are able to read, and others are learning. None of them had the Holy Scriptures, and they were all begging of us the New Testament. The only Bible in the place is one of the version made in England during the persecution, and which was presented gratuitously by the London Missionary Society, which thus furnished one copy of this version to each congregation.

After our visit to this district, we set out for Antananarivo, which was full two days' journey or more distant; and as it was Seventh-day, we did not know exactly where we should spend the morrow, having only heard that there were Christians near the terminus of our day's ride. Towards evening, we made many inquiries for a place of worship, and about 5 o'clock in the afternoon came upon a town where the people had not as yet been in the habit of meeting, but were busily engaged in finishing off a new meeting-house, which they intended to have opened for the first time the following day. Word had gone out near and far for the people to come together, and they were very glad of our arrival, as they had no preacher, except a native from Antananarivo, who happened, like ourselves, accidentally to be passing that way. Our palanquin-bearers also engaged to help them out with their singing, and taught them some simple tunes. On the following morning so many came together, that the new meeting-house would not contain the congregation, and as there were many more outside the house than within, they concluded that it was best for all to go out and hold the meeting in the open air. We had a vast concourse of very crude material before us, many in the company having never before heard the Gospel. My companion preached from the parable of the Supper, and I from the words of the Saviour: "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."

Some of the Sakalava tribe chanced to be there, on their way to Antananarivo, who said they could understand us very well. They inclined to be friendly, and had many questions to ask, and still more to answer, for they were the first persons whom we had met from their part of the island. After our meeting, one of them, who had been at our lodgings the previous evening, came back to have further conversation. He told us the Sakalavas are a nation ever fleeing from death, of which they have the greatest horror. When a person dies in one of their villages, all the inhabitants immediately flee from it and make a new one, which is in turn forsaken when a death occurs. Thus they are a wandering and restless nation, who can have no permanent dwelling place. To this I replied by reading and explaining Heb. ii. 14, 15: "Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also, himself, likewise took part of the same, that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil: and deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage." We told him we had heard the Sakalavas were a very treacherous nation, who would certainly rob and kill us if we went among them. But he said it was the cruelty of the Hovas that had made them a nation of robbers and murderers, but they would be friendly with us. He said that he would like to be a Christian, and thought the people where he lived were quite open to receive the Gospel; urging us to go and see for ourselves, assuring us that there was no danger to be apprehended, and that we should find a very healthy and populous country.

Thus it is that the great harvest-fields seem to grow wider and wider, and when we consider the great end in view, it prompts the inquiry, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

It is under a renewed sense of nothingness and unworthiness, as I now glance at myself in relation to it in this closing letter—such a conscious feeling that without the Divine blessing our most labored efforts are as so much loss—that a fresh desire seems kindled in my heart to ask a continued interest in the prayers of our beloved friends, that God may glorify his own holy name through our nothingness, and bless, through the sealing power of his Holy Spirit upon the minds of our hearers, those great and important truths which we in weakness utter, that there may be an abundant "increase" to his own praise.

In near Christian love, thy affectionate friend, LOUIS STREET.

Antananarivo, 10th mo. 21st, 1869.

"How often is the unobserved path of *laborious duty*, the way of *fullest comfort*."

YOU ASK HOW I LIVE.

BY JOSEPH HOBBINS.

Living friendly, feeling friendly,
Acting fairly to all men,
Seeking to do that to others
They may do to me again;
Hating no man, scorning no man,
Wronging none by word or deed;
But forbearing, soothing, serving,
Thus I live—and this my creed.

Harsh condemning, fierce contemning,
Is of little Christian use;
One soft word of kindly peace
Is worth a torrent of abuse;
Calling things bad, calling men bad,
Adds but darkness to their night;
If thou would'st improve thy brother,
Let thy goodness be his light.

I have felt and known how bitter
Human coldness makes the world,
Ev'ry bosom round me frozen,
Not an eye with pity pearled;
Still my heart with kindness teeming,
Glads when other hearts are glad,
And my eye a tear drop findeth
At the sight of others sad.

Ah! be kind—life hath no secret
For our happiness like this;
Kindly hearts are seldom sad ones,
Blessing ever bringeth bliss.

Man is man through all gradations,
Little recks it where he stands;
Man is man in every climate,
Scattered over many lands;
Man is man by form and feature,
Man by vice and virtue too;
Man in all our common nature,
Speaks and binds us brothers true.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

I thank my God, I feel that not alone
On mountain peaks His blessed sunshine glows,
And dews drop sweetness; even here, far down
In meads, a lily grows.

I am His work who made the evening star;
Wherefore I lift to him my flowerets bright.
They die to-morrow, but to-day they are
Beautiful in His sight.

I look upon the hills, and sometimes dream
How they rejoice in morning's earliest light;
And how serene, and strong, and still they seem
To guard the valleys all the gloomy night.

'Tis said the heights are cold—it may be so;
That winds are keener there, and winters drear.
I know not how it is; I only know
My God has placed me here—

Here in this little nook of earth—my own—
And sent a sunbeam—mine—to cheer my heart;
He bids me bloom—perhaps for Him alone;
Is there a better part?

I bloom—stars shine—we bloom and shine for Him.
We give our best—grand world and humble flower
A light through ages never growing dim—
The fragrance of an hour.

So then He smiles, and takes with equal love
Our equal gifts, nor knows or great or small;
But in His infiniteness reigns above,
And comprehends us all.

—*H. N. E., in Independent.*

"Good Health—A journal of Physical and Mental Culture"—contains this month several articles which we have read with interest. One on "Disinfectants," and another on "Breathing," are worthy an attentive perusal. The knowledge conveyed may prove beneficial to such as have been disposed to treat hygienic matters with indifference.

The Essay on "Benevolence to Animals," as a part of the education of youth, we transfer to our pages.

BENEVOLENCE TO ANIMALS AS A PART OF THE EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

Almost all boys are fond of dogs, though nearly all persecute cats; the majority like to keep rabbits, guinea pigs, white mice, dormice, etc., which they tend with care and attention, and yet the very same individuals will rob birds' nests, destroy their callow brood, pin cockchafers, pelt frogs, and torture newts. There are exceptional boys who delight in cruelty, and they frequently grow up with their evil propensities strengthened by age and exercise. There are also men of brutal disposition who have acquired their ruffianism, after passing through the juvenile stages of their existence, and they are at once the plagues and the puzzles of society, defying its punishments and resisting its benevolent endeavors.

Cruelty to animals is partly the work of brutal natures, and partly perpetrated by well-meaning people under the influence of bad habits, in relation to the particular creatures they torment; and if we could estimate the total quantity of cruel infliction imposed upon birds, beasts, reptiles, and fish, we should probably find that by far the larger proportion resulted from the ill-regulated action of good, and even benevolent persons. Much ill-treatment of animals comes out of the ordinary proceedings of trade. It has been the custom to bleed calves, to cram sheep and poultry into the smallest possible apparatus of transport, to drive cattle for long distances without permitting them to drink, and to slaughter them without sufficient avoidance of pain. Each little circle in which these malpractices occur, forms its own theory of cruelty and benevolence, and laughs scornfully at outsiders who object to its ways. The fox-hunter thinks a man a fool who reminds him of the unbenevolent character of his sport, and the fine ladies in England and elsewhere who flock to aristocratic pigeon matches, have no more compunction at witnessing the sufferings of the maimed birds, than the Spaniards have for the gored horses and tortured bulls in their disgusting national recreation.

It may be affirmed as a general proposition, that the cruelty of custom or indifference does not lead to the demoralization which inevitably results from a deliberate choice of action that inflicts unecessary pain, and yet all familiarity with needless and useless suffering must tend to damage character, unless it excites strenuous resistance to the evil, and efforts for its cure.

The circumstances that combine to form brutal characters in modern society are extremely complicated, and lie for the most part outside the matters we have now to discuss. Our object is to show that ignorance of the character and ways of animals, is one of the chief preventible causes of the cruelty that is inflicted upon them, and that the method of cure is by teaching natural history with due reference to its moral aspects. Many ill-used creatures are the subjects of an aversion which would be changed to liking, or at any rate to respect, if their nature and actions were better understood; while many others suffer under simple indifference because they have not been brought within range of sympathy. Mr. Lecky tells us that Sir Robert Peel was opposed to the abolition of bull-baiting, and Professor Huxley recently uttered some unworthy nonsense against the act for preventing the wanton destruction of the sea-birds on the coast of England. For a long time game-cocks were excluded from humane sympathies, and many a country gentleman and clergyman who would have been roused to indignation at cruelty to a horse, thought it a great shame when Parliament provided penalties to put down the fights which were elaborately arranged between the pugnacious birds.

In one instance known to the writer, the manager of a large English colliery, who was determined to civilize his men, was privately urged by rural justices not to bring cases of cock fighting before them, as they could not find it in their hearts to punish others for an action they still delighted to commit in secret themselves.

In the "good old times" cruelty was incidentally, but not less powerfully taught in our chief schools. The masters inflicted upon their pupils brutal floggings, the big boys grossly tyrannized over the little ones as fags, and each member of the society, receiving maltreatment from those stronger than himself, handed it over to others, over whom he could play the despot in turn. The public amusements, until recent periods, included bear and bull-baiting, cock-shying, dog-fighting, cock-fighting, and man-fighting, while duelling was the fashionable method of adjusting disputes. During the same dark days, hatred of foreigners was inculcated as a national duty, and no human rights were supposed to belong to men who were born with dark skins. Class hatreds matched international animosities, the upper circles made laws against those beneath them, which were correctly described as written in characters of blood, and if circumstances gave the lower classes opportunities of revenge, they did not fail to show how successfully tiger's qualities had been cultivated in their breasts. We have been slowly learning that all human beings are entitled to just and equitable treatment, and we have included one group of animals after another in our system of legal protection, so that the chief work which remains to be done is to widen our sympathies, until no living thing shall be improperly excluded.

We do not want a mawkish sentimentality about the sufferings of animals, or men. Individuals afflicted with this form of mental disorder can weep hysterically over a damaged blue-bottle, and behave abominably to their relations and friends. Fantastical horror of pain is by no means incompatible with gross cruelty in its needless infliction, and we should not put implicit faith in the benevolence of individuals who voluntarily allowed fleas to dine off their juices, or assuaged the hunger of tigers with their blood. Animality-mongering is no better than humanity-mongering, but a wholesome fellow feeling for our "poor relations" in the organic world below us, is a graceful attribute of a well-developed mind.

Natural history, as a mere science of arrangement, has little moral influence until it reaches its final stages, and by exhibiting all living beings as one great organic unity, sheds some portion of the dignity and worth of the highest upon the lowest forms; but when it is made to include habits and manners as well as structural peculiarities, its influence in extending the range of sympathies is very direct. Rude or prejudiced thinkers do not see how doctrines of unity tend to this result. The semi-civilized white man felt, and still feels, his sham dignity hurt by pointing out that he belongs to the same species as those whom he maltreats, and the Darwinian theory has met with rampant abuse as lowering humanity by suggesting its origination from lower forms of being. But were it proved that man's ultimate great grandmother was an infusorial speck, and that all the mammalia were cousins, so many degrees removed, the man would be no less, though the mammals might seem so much more, and if such theories of development are entirely discarded, we may still be benefited and more kindly disposed, if we learn and honestly recognize the fact, that animals have, within

narrower limits, semi-intellectual faculties of the same nature as our own.

A wise teaching of natural history brings this lesson into strong relief, and no one can be an observer of tame creatures without finding out that they apparently have their feelings of pride, justice, and even duty, very similar to our own, and that the difference is not so much one of essential nature, as of development, and method of combination. The more we know of the proceedings of animals, the more we discover that within the limits of their faculties they seem to exercise discrimination, and modify their conduct to suit new circumstances, or enable them to take advantage of new ideas. This last expression will doubtless excite a smile; but our readers will recollect what Mr. Wallace told them about the birds of wild countries, and the readiness with which they learnt what to do with articles their predecessors had never seen, and with buildings the like of which had had no existence in their progenitor's days. The first bird who saw that a fragment of clothing might be worked into his nest, and acted upon it, and the first which made his dwelling in a tower, or under the eaves of a house, may have been discoverers and inventors as truly as are men who find out the use of new things.

Natural history can easily be worked into the routine of school-teaching; but it ought also to take its place among the recreations of family life, and in that position it will be most effective in promoting a good moral end. As instruments of intellectual discipline, all sciences which include logical classifications have an obvious value, and when even elementary natural history is associated with comparative anatomy and physiology, it supplies an excellent training for the mind.

The study of animals in reference to their structure is capable of being made a fascinating pursuit, especially if the modern discoveries concerning the unity of plan in creation are fairly considered, and care is taken not to give undue prominence to imperfect conceptions of the supposed purpose and object for which the structure was designed. An unphilosophical natural history treats each creation as a separate unit, and fails to show its true relation to either living beings or to fossil forms. With a vain presumption of "knowing all about it," it finds the sole cause of any structure in the function it performs, and thus misses entirely the larger views which science can unfold. The most interesting generalizations reached through the labors of such men as St. Hilaire, Goethe, Oken, Van Baer, Herbert Spencer, Huxley, Darwin, Agassiz, etc., can be made intelligible to those who possess only a proper knowledge of anatomy and physiology, provided it be sound as far as it goes; and the student of natural history, even for recreational purposes, should not be satisfied without obtaining some insight into this part of the science.

When we urge upon teachers the propriety or utility of adding one subject after another to school-training, we must remember, not only that "art is long," but that school-time for the mass of the people is very short. The school ought certainly not to omit natural history, but its chief cultivation must take place independent of school aid, and after its termination. The school may lay a foundation, but it is after school-time that the structure must be raised, and if a capacity for, and a habit of, making intelligent observation can be cultivated in youth, few will be without opportunities for their exercise in the years of manhood and age.

ITEMS.

Eastern Method of Measuring Time.—The people of the East measure time by the length of their shadow. Hence if you ask a man what o'clock it is, he immediately goes into the sun, stands erect, then looking where his shadow terminates, he measures his length with his feet, and tells you nearly the time. Thus the workmen earnestly desire the shadow which indicates the time for leaving their work. A person wishing to leave his toil says, "How long my shadow is in coming." "Why did you not come sooner?" "Because I waited for my shadow!" In the 17th chapter of Job we find it written, "A servant earnestly desireth his shadow."—*Robert's Illustrations.*

The filthy custom of pasting one wall paper over another till a thickness of an eighth of an inch or more is accumulated is too common, and is sometimes attended with the worst consequences. This, as ascertained by the *London Lancet*, was the cause of the puzzling offensive smell at Knightsbridge Barracks, London, that recently threatened the whole establishment with fever. The examination of the drains and taking up of the floors revealed nothing, while the introduction of increased means of ventilation left the evil as it was. At last an examination was made of the wall papering, when it was found that one paper was pasted over another till a thickness was accumulated amounting in one case to fourteen layers. Between these layers there was rotten paste, in which fungi and even maggots germinated, while the wall being hollow, the stench spread into the passage and over the establishment.

Painless Surgery.—At the recent conference of the British Medical Association at Leeds, a curious practical application of a physiological fact was exhibited by Dr. B. W. Richardson, F. R. S. It has long been known to surgeons that an injury very rapidly inflicted is not attended by suffering, and on this principle Dr. Richardson has constructed what he calls a "painless knife." It consists of a keen circular blade, so connected with watch-work handle, that it can be made to revolve with very great rapidity. It is found that when a speed of twenty-five complete revolutions in a second has been obtained, the edge of the knife may be applied to the animal body, and that it will divide the soft parts without pain or even consciousness.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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It is desirable that subscriptions, *particularly those in* CLUBS, should commence *at the beginning of the volume.*

AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Strattan, *Richmond, Ind.*
T Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

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SKETCHES OF FRIENDS.

Historical, Biographical and Anecdotal.

(Continued from page 772.)

An allusion has been incidentally made to the abolition of the slave-trade in Great Britain,—a great work—which demonstrates how much of good may be accomplished by the united persistent efforts of a few. A little band of brave philanthropists (principally Quakers) joined hands, and the result was achieved. Granville Sharp, a member of the established church and a lawyer, was the *first* to make a careful examination of the statute books of his country—to confirm his opinion that no law existed therein which sanctioned the national crime; and upon the discovery that such was the fact, he exultingly exclaimed, "God be thanked! there is nothing in any English law that justifies the enslaving of others." Then it was that Parliament was beset with petitions from Friends and others interested. Anti-Slavery tracts were freely circulated among the people,—public meetings were held, and the work commenced in earnest. Even the pen of satire and ridicule was used. It is not our purpose, however, to narrate the history of British Emancipation, but we give below a copy of a petition, written during the time of which we speak, which may prove interesting to some of our readers.

"*To the Right Honorable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of Great Britain in Parliament assembled.*

"THE PETITION OF THE SHARKS OF AFRICA,

"SHEWETH,—That your petitioners are a numerous body, and at present in a very flourishing situation, owing chiefly to the constant visitation of the shipping of your island.

"That by hovering round these floating dungeons your petitioners are supplied with large quantities of their most favorite food—human flesh.

"That your petitioners are sustained, not only by the carcasses of those who have fallen by distempers, but are frequently gratified with rich repasts from the bodies of living negroes who voluntarily plunge into the abodes of your petitioners, preferring instant destruction by their jaws, to the imaginary horrors of a lingering slavery.

"That among the enormous breakers and surfs which roll on the shores of your petitioners, numbers of English boats are destroyed, the crews of which usually fall to their lot, and afford them many a delicious meal, but, above all, that large vessels crowded with negroes, are sometimes dashed on the rocks and shoals which abound in the regions of your petitioners, whereby hundreds of human beings, both black and white, are at once precipitated into their element, where the gnawing of human flesh, and the crashing of bones, afford

to your petitioners the highest gratification which their natures are capable of enjoying.

"Thus benefitted, as your petitioners are, by this widely extended traffic,—a traffic which has never before been molested,—it is with the utmost indignation they hear that there are in Britain men, who, under the specious plea of humanity, are endeavouring to accomplish its abolition. But your petitioners trust that this attempt at innovation, this flourishing of the trumpet of liberty, by which 'more is meant than meets the ear,' will be effectually frustrated.

"Should the lower branch of the Legislature be so far infatuated by this new-fangled humanity, as seriously to meditate the destruction of this highly beneficial commerce, your petitioners have the firmest reliance on the wisdom and fellow-feeling of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of Great Britain.

"Your petitioners know that the truly benevolent will ever be consistent—that they will not sacrifice one part of animated nature to the preservation of another; that they will not suffer sharks to starve in order that negroes may be happy:—yet your petitioners are apprehensive that the baleful influence of this philanthropic mania, is already felt even within the walls of your Lordships, wherefore they crave to be HEARD BY COUNCIL at the bar of your august assembly, when, notwithstanding the wild raving of fanaticism, they hope to evince that the sustenance of sharks and the best interests of your Lordships are intimately connected with the traffic in human flesh.

"Fearful of becoming tedious, your petitioners have only to add, that should the abolition take place, which the god of sharks avert, the prosperity of your petitioners will inevitably be destroyed, and their numbers, by being deprived of their accustomed food, rapidly diminished. But, on the other hand, should your Lordships, in your Legislative capacity, scorn the feelings of the vulgar and nobly interfere, either openly or by procrastination, to preserve this invigorating trade from the ruin that now seems to await it, your petitioners and their wide-mouthed posterity, as by nature urged, will ever, ever PREY, &c."

The following lines upon the subject of which we have been treating, are worthy of insertion here, as being from the pen of Geo. Dillwyn, a former resident of Burlington, and a worthy member of the Society of Friends.

His body reposes in the old grave-yard adjoining Friends' Meeting-house in that city, but in obedience to a custom which we repectfully suggest would be "more honored in the breach than in the observance," no mar designates the spot where he is laid.

"O! Albion, why dost thou in council meet,
And so disgrace thy awful judgment seat,
As now consign to death the hungry knave
Who forceful takes what he disdains to crave;
And yet thyself, by murd'rous Fraud and Force,
Without the knave's pretence, pursue his course,
Trampling the Laws which thou thyself hast made
And lands beyond thy right or claim invade;
Not to mere Pelf confine thy sordid aim,
But *human beings* make thy thievish gain!
Is this the justice of thy boasted Laws?
And this, the far famed, great and glorious cause
For which thy statesmen rave, thy soldiers bleed,
And patriots throng the Fields of Runneymede?
For which thy day of thanks, and blazing night,
To fell excess and outrage dire excite?
Huzzahs and Anthem—Ribaldry and Prayer—
Promiscuous mingle with their native air.
From judgment cease thyself, or crime forego
Which lead through seas of guilt to gulphs of woe.
Seek not thy weal on Afric's wrongs to rear,
But for thyself, if not for her—forbear—
Since bare to Him who sits enthroned on high,
(And marks our actions with an equal eye—
Who bade, to hush, the rising voice of woe—
And what we ask, that unto others do—)
Nations, as persons, must on trial stand
And doom receive from His impartial hand.
For thy decision anxious thousands wait,
Who see therein thy comprehended Fate.
With that dread choice the Post prepares to fly—
His message—Death, or Liberty and Joy.
Let not thy verdict on that solemn day
State prudence urge, or private interest stay,
But mercy, reason, justice, truth, combined,
Give man his right, and Heaven the will resigned."

We might extend almost indefinitely our biographical notices of those Friends who were conspicuous as the champions of liberty, (both here and in England,) and much more could be said (perhaps profitably) as to the active benevolence of the *Infant Society* in this wide field of labor. We love to dwell upon that honest, hearty denunciation of *all* iniquity, and that prompt effort to check its progress which was so marked a characteristic of the primitive Quakers. We have (in a very rambling way) endeavored to show how zealous they were in the Anti-Slavery cause. The fruit of their labors is seen in the removal of the evil from their own Society; in the spread of their *testimony* against it through other branches of the Christian Church; in the abolition of the slave-trade in Great Britain; and, in the announcement, through the medium of our National Declaration of Independence, of the great truth that "all men are born free and equal, and are endowed with certain inalienable rights." Although a recognition of the equality of all men before the law has not yet become universal, yet we confidently believe that the above sublime utterance will find a lodgment in all hearts as the stubborn prejudices of mankind fall before the triumphant march of Christianity.

The great results above mentioned did not occur precisely in the order we have indicated, but they were the legitimate outgrowth of faithfulness to duty on the part of the Friends. It has been well said, by a late author, "Had Sandiford, and Lay, and Benezet, and Woolman, allowed their convictions to have been silenced by prevailing public opinion, or even by the views of (some of) their brethren in religious profession, it is doubtful whether at this day a free State would be found throughout the widely extended limits of the great American Republic." Thanks, then, to those "children of the Light"—those apostles of freedom, who battled so bravely and persistently against a terrible evil; whose Faith in the Right removed the mountains of difficulty which beset their pathway; who "maintained their integrity" to the last, and died at peace with God and man. Because they paraded not their benevolence before the world, the influence they exerted has been too frequently overlooked by those outside the Society of Friends; but search where we will, over the wide field of philanthropy, and we shall find that some of them have been busy there. Because to this peculiar people belongs the credit of being the first religious body which freed itself from the iniquity of slavery, we have dwelt at some length on the subject.

In the memorable year of 1776, when the time had fully come for them to cast out from their midst the unclean thing, the moral heroism displayed by individuals of this community was truly remarkable. Clarkson, (the world-renowned English philanthropist) justly eulogizes the Friends at that time as follows: "They could not be deterred, as they became convinced of the unlawfulness of holding men in bondage, from doing that which they believed to be right. Many liberated their slaves whatever the consequences were, and some gave the most exalted example in doing it, not only by consenting as others did thus to give up their property, and to incur the penalties of manumission, *but by calculating and giving what was due to them over and above their food and clothing, for wages from the beginning of their slavery to the day when their liberation commenced.* One of the brightest instances of this was afforded by *Warner Mifflin.* He gave unconditional liberty to his slaves, and paid all the adults, on their discharge, the sum which Arbitrators, *mutually* chosen, awarded them. Thus manumission went on, some sacrificing more, others less—some granting it sooner, others later; till, in the year 1787, there was not a slave in the possession of an acknowledged Quaker."

The first petition against the slave-trade was presented by Friends to the British Parliament in 1783, and the memorial to our Legislature on the same subject proceeded from the Yearly Meeting of Philadelphia, about the same time. Thus almost simultaneously, on both sides of the Atlantic, this peculiar people took the initiatory steps towards the removal of a great national sin.

Subsequently, as the Anti-Slavery movement widened, the active labors of Friends (as a Society) in the cause were *measurably* confined within the narrower limits of their own religious organization. There always have been individuals among them who have been hearty co-workers with those of other societies, but we refer now to the body. It would be unjust, however, to assign as a reason for such conduct, a lack of interest in the subject, or to call them uncharitable towards other branches of the Christian church. The agitation of the slavery question had extended into the arena of politics, and, as we all know, was one of the prominent causes of the great Rebellion.

A conflict of interests between the North and the South, led to the clash of arms, and in the presence of "grim-visaged war," amid the thunder of artillery, and the blood and agony of battle, slavery expired. From the peaceful sanctuary of Quakerism had gone forth the cry that this monster must perish. Quaker prophets had foretold its doom. With pen and voice did they warn the people against the impending danger, but their admonition was unheeded. In obedience to the call of duty, some of their ministers visited our southern country to plead the cause of the slave with his master, but they were refused a hearing, and were driven from that benighted region. When they declined to act as kidnappers on soil consecrated to freedom by their forefathers, the prison awaited them. Indeed the virus of slavery had corrupted the very heart of our body politic. It had closed the avenues of free speech. The subtle poison had not only penetrated into our legislative halls and courts, but it even contaminated our churches. With but few honorable exceptions, the pulpits of our land were silent on the great subject. Some of their learned occupants wrote elaborate arguments to show that the Bible sanctioned the evil. They seemed to have forgotten the teachings of the Master they professed to serve, who declared at the outset of his ministry on earth that he was sent "to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

No marvel is it that under these circumstances the peaceful Quakers retired from the confusion around them. Had they co-operated with those who differed from them widely as

to the best means to be employed for the abolition of slavery, they would have compromised some of their testimonies and peculiarities as a people; but be it remembered, that from their meetings still went forth, from time to time, memorials and petitions to Congress on behalf of the oppressed negro, and in their own quiet way was carried on the work for his emancipation. In the consideration of this question among themselves, that differences should arise, was to be expected; and that individual members should sometimes move too far in advance of the body, thereby creating temporary confusion, was not to be wondered at. Strange indeed *would* it have been, if, amid the conflict of opinions around them, a perfect unanimity of sentiment had prevailed in the counsels of the Quakers; but of this we may be certain, that they were united in their abhorrence of slavery. And now that the monster has fallen, we find the Friends active in educating the freedman, thus preparing him for the responsibilities of citizenship. Foremost as a Society in liberating the bondman, they were among the first, after the great act of National Emancipation was enforced, to extend their protection and sympathy to him which in his childlike simplicity, ignorance and dependence he so much needed.

Let us be careful, then, not to confound their faithful maintenance of principles, which they believe themselves called upon to uphold before the world, with an apathetic indifference to the claims of the slave, but be ready to award them the praise which is their due of being the uncompromising opponents of slavery, and the faithful friends of the blackman, whether bond or free.

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

"Our every act and word has some influence to bear on some one, though we may not be conscious of it, or having consciousness, are not always faithful to its teachings." I recur with vivid recollections to taking my seat in a crowded car, nearly opposite a *genteel looking* man, who I think was slightly intoxicated. He conversed fluently in a very loud tone. This might have been tolerated had it not been for the frequent use of *very profane* language; but however distasteful to those nearer him, no word was said to repress his ungentlemanly utterances. I looked around in vain for a vacant seat where I might escape the pain of hearing him, and avoid the unpleasant duty of entreating a stranger to refrain from such language; but at length feeling the *impression* so strong, I could no longer resist it, and seeking for greater strength than my own, I left my seat and approached him, and looking earnestly in his face, said, "My friend, I have been greatly grieved at hearing thee take the name of our loving Father in vain—He to whom we owe *our lives* and *every blessing* we *enjoy*." In a moment his countenance changed; he quickly replied, "I beg your pardon, madam, I will not thus pain you again." As I quickly retreated, I could see varied expressions on the countenances of men near him. Some smiled, others looked serious, and a few frowned at my officious intermeddling with his freedom of speech. I am very glad to state that during our stay of several hours on the cars, (though he continued to converse,) his promise was *faithfully* kept; while I felt great condemnation that I had not had the *moral courage earlier* to appeal to his higher nature, which so promptly yielded to the word of entreaty. How great the responsibility devolving upon us, dear sisters, that in the needed moment we promptly and faithfully speak the word of caution, entreaty or tender reproof to those who use profane language, thus impressing this truth on all with whom we may mingle, that no gentleman—no Christian—will continue the habit of profanity, so opposed to *purity* and the *benign precepts Christianity* inculcates.

A lovely and pure-minded young female's affections were sought and won by a young man whom she thought entirely congenial, for so guarded was his language during their wooing, she had never heard from him the least discourteous word or profane utterance. A few days after she had promised "to share *for life* his weal or woe," they, in company with other friends, were riding out, when in a moment of excitement words of profanity escaped his lips, which fell as a thunderbolt on the ear of his bride, shocking her ideas of Christian propriety, while her eyes were instantly suffused with tears. She suppressed her wounded feelings, and sought Divine guidance in this trying emergency. Soon after, they alighted for refreshment. She asked her husband to walk out to a grove near by, when, putting her arms tenderly around him, she expressed the heartfelt pain she had endured to hear him profane the *Holy Name*, and besought him, with tears, to *kneel with her in prayer*, and beseech the merciful Father to forgive the offence he had committed. He did not resist the tender appeal, and knelt with the loved one, feeling condemnation for violating the Divine command, and heartfelt repentance followed. He *sought* for and *found* Divine strength to overcome the sinful habit.

In after years this man, who is now living, became, through Divine Grace, a Minister of the Gospel,—one, I trust, faithful to warn the

young, caution or reprove the old, against the in that had beset him in past years.

Let us, dear sisters, be equally faithful to ntreat those using profane or impure lan- guage to *desist*, seeing how words spoken in kindness may reach "the fortress within" and be blessed. R. DUGDALE.

Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, 1st mo. 25, 1870.

PERFECTION.—Christian perfection is the perfection of love, of desire, of effort—not the climax of attainment. A man can never be too righteous to grow, not until a cedar can be too healthy and strong to grow—too full of sap, to put forth a new bud, expand a new leaf, start out a new bough, fashion a new cone, and enlarge its own trunk.—*Alexander Clark.*

ARE WE TO HAVE A NEW RELIGION?

To the thoughtful observer of social developments no proof need be adduced in support of the assertion that the present is a time of unusual religious activity in all parts of the civilized world. The more thoughtless may be reminded of the increasing number and growing acerbity of divisions among the leading sects of all faiths, the spread of Protestantism in Italy, Spain and South America, the increase of Catholicism in England and in parts of Germany, the Ritualistic excitement in England and the United States, the threatened split among the Jews and Mormons, the growth of new sects, the rise of Spiritualism into a church, and even the organization of so-called infidelity into religious bodies, with priests, and emblems, and forms of worship. Nor are great political measures wanting to illustrate or prove the depth of the movement: the disestablishment of the Irish Church, though in its execution and anticipated influence intended as a merely political measure, is yet in its essence purely a tribute to the rights of religion; while the freedom of worship in Austria has scarcely any real political character, and the proposed Ecumenical Council at Rome is merely the expression of a powerful desire on the part of all Catholics to restore to their church organization its endangered unity and compact force. Everywhere the social influence, and in many places, especially with us, the political influence of the smaller religious circles, the congregation, is quietly but rapidly extending and leading to earnest differences of views. The general interest finds expression in various minor ways. Led by one or two of the great New York dailies, newspapers throughout the country regularly report the sermons preached by leading clergymen, and there is everywhere much less of that kind of profanity which finds a vent in ready appeals to sacred things at inopportune moments and in public places.

What is the cause of this growth of religious activity, this increased interest in matters of faith, this deepening respect for whatever men think sacred?

The essence of all religion is the recognition by man of a power superior to himself, all faith is but the unresisting submission, all prayer but silent appeal, all worship but the open homage to that higher power which all men recognize, though they may forget. Influences of various kinds affect the intensity of all men's religious feelings, and vary the degree of consciousness with which men recognize their weakness. In times of prosperity, when success follows our efforts, we are strong and confident in our strength. In times of danger we involuntarily pray. When we encounter difficulties that we cannot overcome, we appeal for aid. Never since the Reformation was there a time, when the great masses of peoples everywhere felt so utterly helpless and wretched as they do now. The mute despair of growing pauperism stifles the pæans of joy over our so-called material progress. Suffering peoples everywhere are unconsciously revolting against evils which they indistinctly feel, but do not understand. Whichever way we turn we see people sunk to incredible depths of immorality and base selfishness. Gambling such as the world never knew before, amid high and low; extravagance, frivolity, drink, opium, infanticide; corruption in the courts, corruption in the legislature, corruption in the family; the growth of immense capitals and the illegal combinations of corporate powers, making men more powerful than the State; perversion of legislation to the oppression of the poor by the creation of monstrous monopolies and legalized robbery; corporations combining to throw thousands of families out of employment, in order to double and treble the price that they can wring from every one obliged to use their products; entire States controlled by two or three corrupt demagogues; the law openly defied, the moral sense derided, fraud, deceit, violence, shamelessness everywhere, *and nowhere redress!* Government has lost its influence, the law its power, public opinion its purity, and men are once more vividly reminded that there is a power higher than man, that there is an appeal that will be heard, that there is a court which knows no bribes. The helpless, hopeless subjugation of the world to the tyranny of a degraded Roman Senate prepared the minds of men for the teachings of Christ. From under the irresistible iron heel of feudalism, Northern Europe rose to listen to Luther and his compeers. Can it be, that

from the dire oppression of moneyed oligarchies the people of this century are to awaken to a higher spiritual life? Is the recent growth of religious activity the first evidence of reviving faith? Are men turning with a faint and almost desparing hope to seek in religion the justice, the truth, the purity they nowhere else can find?

The church as it stands can offer but little of what men seek. Like society, like law, like government, it is led, sustained, protected, supported by the very gamblers and theives against whom it should afford redress. Its teachings now have no power over the consciences of men. Its ablest disciples doubt its vitality. "Is Protestanism a failure? Is Christianity a failure?" resounds on all sides. But the very doubt implies inquiry. The struggle of sects proves the earnestness of thought. The outer form of the church, with its hierarchy, and its rituals and devices, and emblems, may prove unequal to the task of regeneration. But the fundamental thought of all religion, that before the higher power that rules the universe all men are equal, will ever remain. In that thought all that are oppressed will ever find refuge; to that thought all oppressors must bow; and whether in the shape of a new religion or in the shape of a new revivified Christianity, that thought will ultimately restore men to virtue, justice, liberty, and peace.—*New Jersey Enterprise.*

From "British Friend."

JOHN KIRKHAM.

Though this Friend has been many years deceased, yet we expect that among our readers there may be a considerable number who remember him as an esteemed minister, his gospel labors not having been confined to his own meeting, but extending to many others. In a list of Friends visiting Scotland on religious service, and which was published about a year ago in our columns, we find the name of John Kirkham, he having visited that country in 1822. In the same year, accompanied by Thomas and Elizabeth Nicholson, Thomas Hall and W. F. Nicholson, we find he visited the Isle of Man in his capacity as a minister, and when at Douglas, the following affecting account was related to him.

He was in a family consisting of five orphan children, their grandmother, and aunt. The eldest daughter Mary was a young woman of very prepossessing appearance; there was something about her strikingly sweet and pensive. After a religious opportunity in the family, the aunt (Bethia Andrews) took J. K. aside, and queried of him whether he had ever before heard of this young woman; upon his replying in the negative, she told him that about two years ago Mary, who at that time lived with her mother and took in needlewor to assist in their maintenance, was walkin out one winter's evening for retirement, as wa her usual practice, and being intent on readin a book which she held in her hand, did no observe the path, and was precipitated dow the cliffs, the depth of 300 feet, by which however, she sustained but little injury, from alighting on her feet. Her first consideration was to endeavor to discover the most probable means of escape; upon examination she found she had fallen into a small cave, a spot in which the rocks on either hand projected far out into the sea. This discovery almost precluded the idea of escape, as the evening was closing in, and should the tide come up close there seemed no chance but of her being washed away; in observing the tide, however, she found that it would not reach her, and therefore she began to consider in what manner she could best pass the night in her perilous situation. After vainly endeavoring to climb the rocks, she laid herself down as close to the foot of them as she could, and thus spent the night. As daylight returned, she could see vessels passing at a distance, and exerted all her strength in calling to them, but in vain; she renewed her search to find out a way of escape, and seeing one part of the rock not so steep as the rest, she endeavored to climb it, and ascended about 100 feet, when she found herself so overhung with projecting rocks, that to proceed farther was impracticable, and to descend was not only difficult, but dangerous. She, however, attempted gradually to let herself down again, but in doing this she lost her foothold, and merely hung by her fingers and her chin; managing again to rest her feet, she descended a little farther, when another step precipitated her to the bottom; but neither by this fall did she sustain much injury. On the first evening and succeeding morning she had exerted her voice so much in endeavoring to make herself heard, that by noon she had lost all her power of speech. She felt greatly concerned on her mother's account, who she expected was overwhelmed with grief at her absence; besides, she suffered much from extreme thirst. After a long and fruitless search round the cave for water, she went towards the sea, and attempted to drink from it, but it made her feel so ill that it was with difficulty she returned from the spot; at length she discovered a part of the rock where the water oozed out drop by drop at long intervals; these drops she contrived to catch in a shell, and with the water thus obtained she moistened her mouth from time to time. She frequently saw vessels pass, but they were so distant that those on board did not perceive her. In this perilous situation she remained three days and three nights exposed to the elements, and the fourth

evening was fast closing upon her when she perceived a boat much nearer than any she had before seen, and as may be supposed, with the most intense anxiety she endeavored to acquaint them with her situation; being unable to speak, she tried to attract their notice by waving her white handkerchief; they, however, did not observe her, and kept on their course. The moment was critical; in a few minutes she must lose sight of them, and with them all hopes of escape; at length she once more tried to exert her voice by a violent effort, and uttered a loud scream, which was providentially heard by the men in the boat. Though some of them thought it was only a bird, one of them said he believed it to be a human voice, and after some altercation they determined to land, and they came to the place where she was; but she was so overcome with joy on seeing them, that she had only sufficient strength to tell them her name, and the house they should take her to, and immediately fainted away. In this situation they carried her to the boat, and conveyed her to the house she named; and upon inquiring whether a young woman was missing, they were answered in the affirmative, and were directed to carry her into her mother's chamber, when, upon entering, she beheld her affectionate parent just expiring, distracted with anguish for the supposed loss of her beloved daughter. She was, however, sufficiently sensible to know that her daughter was present; glancing her eyes upon her, she gave one sweet smile, and instantly expired. This affecting, this heart-rending sight was too much for the poor enfeebled daughter. She now supposed herself the cause of her mother's death, and in consequence a state of derangement ensued. For eight months she was never heard to express anything but, "Oh my poor mother, I have killed my mother!" During this time she took no sustenance except what was forced down, and the great agitation of her mind soon wore down her emaciated frame, and her continuance in mutability seemed likely to be very short. Upon receiving this intelligence her aunt, who lived at Whitehaven, determined to go and see her, she thought for the last time; she was then attending upon another afflicted relative, and was unable to make a long absence, and promised to return by the next ship. She went, and after spending a few days said to her mother, "As it does not seem probable I shall ever see poor Mary again, I should like to go and sit quietly by her a little while without entering much into conversation, during which time we will dismiss the keeper" (the distressed state of her mind rendering such an attendant necessary.) When they came to the apartment where Mary was, they found she had thrown herself on the bed, and appeared to be in a sound sleep; her attendant remarked she had never known her sleep so soundly since her indisposition. After requesting to be left alone, they sat down by her bedside for a considerable time in silent reflection; her aunt thinking it time for her to leave, went to the foot of the bed, looking at her as she thought for the last time, and laid her hand upon her ankle; it was cold; thinking her near her close, she grasped her foot in retiring as if to say farewell, "I shall see you no more!" At that instant Mary opened her eyes, and smiling sweetly upon them, said, "Oh aunt, I want to speak to you, you need not think I am distracted, I know you, and I know my grandmother. I am now quite sensible; I want to tell you what I have seen, and you may believe it is true, though perhaps you will hardly credit it. If ever any one saw an angel, I have seen one in my sleep; his countenance was so sweet and beautiful, I have never seen anything like it before. He told me I must not grieve any longer for my mother, that she was happy; he also told me I must now go back to the world, and assured me that if I endeavored to do as well as I could, and lived a sober and religious life, I should one day have a seat by the side of my mother. Oh! that I could give you some idea of the beauty of the angel, he was so beautiful, so glorious. I hope you do not think my mind is not right now, for it feels as well as ever it was."

From that time she perfectly recovered the use of her faculties, and nearly two years had elapsed when the Friends saw her.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

I see so many things that need to be done—so many little and great openings for service—that I sometimes scarcely know which to do and which to leave undone. We have a large family of little ones, and I could easily occupy myself fully at home, and would often be glad to do so; but I remember the story of the mother hen and her one chicken, and how completely she was engrossed in scratching for that one, while the mother of a large brood adopted some orphans, and found a little leisure to devote to them. If those who could do more cannot or do not see and do the work that is needing to be done, outside of their comfortable homes, those who do see must exert themselves the more; and I sometimes find the more we are pressed, the more we systematize our labor, and then we can accomplish even more than had seemed pos-

sible. I endeavor not to do unnecessary work for our children in the way of dress, but I have found that by being too rigidly plain, harm was sometimes done, unless I felt the necessity laid upon me by the secret requirements of Truth: and I find that an *occasional* cheerful gratification of the children's wishes, after giving them my views, is quite as likely to convince them as a constant, persistent denial of their desire even for superfluities.

There seems to be a feeling awakened in my heart towards thee, my beloved friend, that may be embraced in the language—"Speak to my people that they go forward." My spirit has been with thee so continually in sympathy and unity with thy anticipated visit, that I seem to hear the spiritual rejoicings of some among whom thy lot will be cast, after this manner: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of those who publish glad tidings, and say unto Zion thy God reigneth." Oh! will it not repay thee—will it not comfort thee and render thy spirit humbly thankful—if thou canst return with sheaves in thy hand?—if thou canst be made instrumental in bringing any to see the beauty of holiness, to acknowledge that the teachings of the gospel are gladdening? I will not add words, desiring only to relieve my mind of feelings that have deepened all the day, and which seemed to demand expression even at this late hour of the night.

How often little troubles press us down, when those of greater moment we feel strengthened to bear with fortitude. I remember the remark of a dear old colored woman who was in trouble: "Ah! missus, it is these little things that drives the grace out of our souls. When great troubles come we trust in God. We ought to watch and trust when these little trials come."

My thoughts are with you almost constantly. I suppose you attended select meeting on Seventh-day. I was willing to believe it was a time of refreshment, even though exercising labor may have been your portion. If the Master was felt to be with you, you could say, "It is enough." I want you *all* to keep under the guidance of the Good Spirit, so that every movement, both public and private, may show you have been with Him, who can always fit you for service. I write not thus from any want of confidence—nay, nay—but only give you the feeling as it arose.

On Seventh-day I attended the funeral of our friend S. B. There was a large gathering, and I thought we were favored with the covering of sweet solemnity, under which thy two friends L. and J. had a few words to express in relation to the excellency of our simple faith—that *acceptance* depends upon doing the best we know. My spirit salutes D. with the language of encouragement to use the strength that is offered him, and he will find it to increase. I am glad he is with thee.

Farewell, my dear friend. Though thou art weak, the Arm thou leanest upon is strong; yea, able to bear up under any burden that may be laid upon thee.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 12, 1870.

Our attention has been called to an apparent discrepancy in the account of John Woolman's departure for Europe, as given in "Sketches of Friends," &c., with that related by himself in his Journal, page 159, edition 1837. He says: "And hearing in town that Joseph White had a desire to see me, I felt the reviving of a desire to see him, and went then to his house, and next day home, where I tarried two nights—then early in the morning, I parted with my family under a sense of the humbling hand of God upon me," &c. We are informed, by the author of the "Sketches," that the account there given is on the authority of a well-known and prominent Friend, now deceased, to whom John Woolman's wife related it. That it seems at first sight to conflict with John Woolman's own account is admitted, but inasmuch as he leaves us to conjecture whether it was a *mutual parting* or otherwise, we may accept his wife's version of it on the authority given, because we can readily imagine a painfully sensitive man, such as John Woolman is represented to have been, *might* so act under such trying circumstances.

ARE WE TO HAVE A NEW RELIGION?—This is the title of an article clipped from the "New Jersey Enterprise," which will be found in our present number. The subject is one to which no thoughtful mind can be indifferent. "The religious activity in all parts of the civilized world" shows there is an element astir that *should* purify the moral atmosphere, and occasion a recognition of a higher standard than professing Christendom has yet attained. It has been proved that organizations, however "orthodox and evangelical"

hey may be considered, fail in bringing the people as a whole to the standard of purity, without which there can be no Christianity.

Why is it? How far are those accountable for this deficiency who are the professed followers of Him who is "meek and lowly in spirit?" Is it because they are not producing the legitimate fruits of Christianity?—are not marked with the gentleness, meekness and love which would lead them to be "the friend of sinners," even at the cost of religious reputation? Are they found, as was the great Exampler, ready to extend a helping hand to such as are willing to heed the exhortation—'Cast away all your transgressions whereby you have transgressed, and make you a new heart and a new spirit, for why will ye die?" "For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God." Ezek. xviii. 31, 32.

Are those who are called by the name of the loving Master giving evidence by a self-sacrificing life—"That the life is more than meat and the body is more than raiment." Luke. xii. 23.

We feel that the above queries are worthy serious consideration; and if upon investigation there be found "a stone of stumbling, a rock of offence," let it be removed, that no weary traveller may be rendered less hopeful, by striking his foot against it.

Let none withdraw from this spiritual search because of the labor it will require. It may involve the sacrifice of cherished opinions that have descended as from father to son, but if in the enlightenment which Truth gives, these may be regarded as useless habiliments, that have adorned self rather than the good cause, let there be a willingness to cast them aside, leave them behind, and follow the Light as it shines upon "the way in which we should go." By this means we may become in possession of the "new heart" and the "new spirit," and obtain a knowledge of true and vital religion, which is both *old* and *new*; for, like the mercies of heaven, the influences which pervade it are "*new* every morning."

DIED.

QUIMBY.—In Duanesburgh, Schenectady Co., N. Y., on the 23d of Twelfth month, 1869, of typhoid fever, Esther, wife of Samuel Quimby, in the 79th year of her age. Though her illness was of but few days' duration, she was ready for the summons, "Steward, give up thy stewardship." Having faithfully fulfilled the relations of wife, mother, friend and neighbor, and long held some of the most responsible appointments in the Society, she quietly passed away, rich in years, rich in faith, and fruitful in good works. A member of Duanesburgh Monthly Meeting.

HOAG.—At Quaker St., Schenectady, Co., N. Y., on the 27th of Eighth month, 1869, Frebon Hoag, in the 85th year of her age; a member of Duanesburgh Monthly Meeting.

HAINES.—On the 1st inst., at her residence at Upper Greenwich, N. J., Hannah A. Haines, aged 62 years, widow of the late Joshua Haines. She was a very consistent member of Woodbury Monthly Meeting; had been a sufferer for many years, and died in great peace and quietness.

FRIENDS' FREEDMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen will meet on Fourth-day evening, Second mo. 16th, at 8 o'clock, at Race St. Monthly Meeting Room.

JACOB M. ELLIS, } *Clerks.*
ANNE COOPER, }

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The Executive Committee will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, Second month 17th, at 3 o'clock, in the Monthly Meeting room at Race St.

W. M. LEVICK, Clerk.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

2d mo. 13th, Flushing, Long Island, 11 A.M.
" 20th, Orange, N. J., 10½ A.M.
" " East Hamburg, N. Y., 11 A.M.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

The Second Term having commenced, it is earnestly desired that prompt payment of all bills for Tuition be made to our Treasurer.

HENRY M. LAING,
No. 30 North Third St., Philada.
2d mo. 12—4t.

RELIGION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

The following extracts are from an article which appeared in the *Christian Register* on the 15th ult., in answer to the sentiment, "That there is neither justice, nor expediency, nor safety for our schools, nor peace, save in the recognition of the broad principle, that in the week-day schools the education is to be secular and simply moral; whilst religion, in all its forms, must be left for parents, Sunday teachers and pastors."

"The minister may think that he or the Sunday teacher has all the scope needed for religious influence to supplement that of the parent. But he may be assured that the opportunities of the public school teacher are more constant and powerful than his own. The clergyman meets the child at a remove; the teacher has a point of contact in the constant participation with the scholar in matters of every-day interest, and seen from an every-

day point of view, with no apparent motive for talking religion or morals. What word he quietly drops, what influence he gently exerts on these subjects, is felt, therefore, by the scholar to be a reality.

"And no one but an expert can know the character of these opportunities, or the many direct or indirect ways in which they may be used. Shall the teacher, to whom God, both as Creator and Comforter, is a present reality, —shall such a teacher, after treading with his class the domain of physical science, and tracing the identification of forces, till they merge in the one Great Force,—pause at the threshold of Spirit, and give no inspiring glimpse within the veil? Yet *this* is "*teaching religion.*"

"With all my heart and soul, with all my conviction of a religious influence committed to me as a teacher, as truly as to any minister of the gospel, I deprecate such sentiments as those which I have quoted.

"When I have spoken to my class of the human eye as an optical instrument, possible to be laid aside like a microscope, while the soul that saw through it still remains,—and have caught the kindling glance telling of an impression conveyed, which years shall not efface,—shall I be likely to yield assent when told that religion must not be taught in schools?

"These instances can only suggest what I mean of the opportunities of a day-school teacher for impressing that faith in the invisible, spiritual and eternal, which must be acknowledged to be the foundation of religion. If it is the fault of teachers to be narrow and technical, it is apt to be the fault of preachers, that their generalizations of spiritual truths are so vague as to be incapable of application by the young mind. They do not know the multitnde of details in which opportunities exist, and are used by those in the daily walks of life, for exemplifying the truths of faith. Those persons help to make the profession of teaching only more technical and narrow who discourage any spiritualizing of truth on the part of the teacher.

"But religion is not only a faith, but a spirit and temper. The spirit of purity, truth, courage and love, I take to be something more than merely '*secular and moral.*' Does the minister appreciate what it is to live and breathe from day to day, among a hundred boys and girls, in that mysterious dawning of maturity, when first trembles the rising flame whose influence, as Longfellow says, 'is either to purify or to destroy?' Does he appreciate what it is to have the power in any degree, by act, or look, or word, to determine whether it *shall* purify or destroy? Yet this influence, in my view, is something more than *moral.*

"And need I mention what it is to have the power from day to day of influencing to a cheerful discharge of duty, to the overcoming of temptation, to generosity and unselfishness, victorious over hate and envy, and to a noble ambition in life; and all proceeding from, and based upon, a childlike desire for the Heavenly Father's approval, and a confident rejoicing in his upholding care? Yet this, certainly, must be called the *teaching of religion.*

"We may be assured that few parents, whatever their own belief or practice, will find fault that their children are impressed with a sense of a Creating and Governing Spirit in Nature, and are helped to become pure, truthful, loving and courageous.

"If it be said that there would be danger of teachers not confining themselves to these broad truths of religion, I reply that teachers generally are too well aware of their own interests, even if they had no deeper principle, to attempt to teach sectarian doctrines in the common schools.

"Let ministers consider whether they are sufficiently familiar with the daily life of our schools, both those where there is, and those where there is not, a distinctively religious influence, before they commit themselves so unreservedly to such extreme statements as I have quoted. I have taken the writer at his word; not in any captious spirit, but believing that when he said religion, he *meant* religion, and not sectarian doctrines; and that it was meant, as it was written, to limit day-school teaching to what is simply *secular and moral.*

"More, rather than less, religious influence in our public schools, is what we want; that we may not have a generation nursed under the dry light of the understanding, and knowing neither the wonder and glory of God's universe, nor the tender and divine depths of their own spirits." J. C. P.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE WASTE?

It is one of the wonderful facts in the economy of nature, that no particle of matter, however minute or worthless it may appear, is ever wasted. Nothing is ever *destroyed*, for though we may change the form of matter, and make it for the time unfit for its primary use, we can never annihilate anything, for nature will use the elements apparently destroyed for some of her most subtle and valuable processes. In the last number of the *London Quarterly*, we find a graphic account of some of the ways in which art is learning to imitate nature in this respect, as is putting to various important uses the refuse matter that is daily cast away as worthless. The dust heaps of London, which contain all the waste of its 500,000 houses, were formerly deposited on open ground, forming vast hills, where

swine were brought to fatten, but of late this nuisance has been abolished, and now the contents of the dust carts are separated and analyzed as soon as they arrive. The waste coal is divided, and the larger pieces resold, while the refuse coal-dust bakes the bricks that rebuild the city. The bones go to the boiling-houses to make gelatine, the larger ones being converted into the numerous articles now manufactured of bone, the smaller being ground down for manure, and the fat around them carefully preserved for soap. The paper, sorted according to color, is remade into paper, the worst portions being used for wrappers and papier-mache ornaments. The cotton and linen rags are of course converted into paper: the woolen ones being changed into brilliant and silky cloths of various textures. This is the original shoddy, the figurative meaning of which is so familiar to us all. The old metal is stripped of its solder (the most valuable part) and remelted, scraps of iron being frequently used to secure the copper that is found in some streams, and which will incrust the iron, and in time dissolve it, so that it is replaced by a mass of copper which would otherwise escape into the sea. Broken glass is melted and worked up anew, and glass vials are resold to the druggists. Old boots and shoes are, if possible, patched up and sold to those who are willing to buy them, or if too far gone, the leather is cut up into pieces for the cobbler. India-rubber shoes and other articles are melted, mixed with new gum, and reformed into their original shapes. The vegetable decay feeds the pigs, and the broken crockery is powdered to make new roads.

In France, the dead body of every horse is utilized, the hair going to the upholsterer, the hide to the tanner, the intestines to make strings for lathes, the fat is sold for twelve cents a pound, the hoofs and bones are sent to the turner. Even the rats of Paris are secured for their furs, and their skins, which are used for gloves. The French sheep are also now made to contribute in a novel manner to the use of man. They draw from the land, in grazing, a large amount of potash, much of which is expelled from the skin in the form of sweat, constituting about fifteen per cent. of the weight of the fresh fleece. This potash is extracted by immersing the raw wool in water, evaporating the solution, and distilling the residue, from which is obtained some gas used in lighting the factory, some ammonia, and a final residue of carbonate, sulphate and chloride of potassium, which are separated and sold. It has been computed that eighty-four sheep would in this way produce potash to the value of about five dollars each year.

The drainage that has just been completed in London, not only secures health to its inhabitants, but is estimated to be worth two millions of pounds sterling, in the manure it yields. For many years the English went to great expense to procure guano from the Pacific Islands, which formed a less useful manure than that which was already poisoning the air of their own shores. Various useful products are now obtained from the offensive refuse of gas works, which was formerly emptied into the sea. Benzine, naphtha, lamp-black, paraffin oil, and ammonia, are some of these. The delicate perfumery, so highly prized by the most fastidious, is often obtained from refuse and repulsive materials. Fusil oil, a peculiarly fetid liquid, forms the basis of the oil of pears, oil of apples, and oil of grapes. The oil of almonds, so much in demand as a perfume and flavor, is procured by the action of nitric acid on the offensive oils of gas tar, and the "oil de mille fleur," is chiefly derived from the drainage of the cow house.

These are but a few of the economic discoveries that have lately been made, as to the use of waste substances. They are constantly increasing with the demand, and are well worthy of the attention of the practical scientific scholar.—*Phila. Ledger.*

MADAGASCAR.

We hear further particulars of the burning of the idols at Madagascar, and the wonderful flocking of the people to the churches. Three towns were sacred as the residences of the royal idols, and the English treaty stipulated that no European was to visit them. It was a sacrilege for a horse to enter them. The keepers had especial rights under previous rulers, and honors that were shared only by princes of the royal blood. The present queen had considerably abridged these privileges, and was intending to burn the idols on the occasion of the dedication of the new royal chapel. But some movements of the priests led her to hasten her orders. To the horror of the inhabitants of these towns, a royal officer rode in on horseback, demanded the idols as the property of the queen, and burned them. They consisted only of a shapeless little piece of wood, or an imitation of a small insect wrapped up in cloth, or a piece of chalk in a bag. The people in the country would, many of them, refuse to believe that the queen had really renounced idolatry till the dreaded idols were destroyed. Instructions were sent everywhere in the province of Imerina, with its million of population, urging a similar destruction; and everywhere the household penates were burned. This produced a call from every quarter for teachers. The prime minister had the good sense not to give government aid; but urged that contributions

be taken up in every church, and that each church should send out as many teachers as possible. A list of 160 villages was made which needed such instruction, and men have been found for nearly all of them. The Malagasy system of compulsion has in many cases been carried much further than the missionaries like, and stress has been put upon some of the villages to induce them to burn their idols and attend the churches; but such has not been the general rule, nor is it in accordance with the desire of the government. —*The Independent.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

IN MEMORIAM.

"Your Fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?"

How many of the fathers
Have with the passing year,
Completed here their labors,
And sought a higher sphere.

The fathers in our Israel,
A consecrated band,
Found worthy in the temple
With priests and seers to stand.

Who in their Master's service,
Employed from day to day,
Still grew in heavenly wisdom,
And conquered in the fray.

Thus serving, watching, praying—
They sought to "mind the light"—
And walk among their fellows
In vestments clean and white.

To them it was not given,
The bread of life to break;
But loudly, by example,
Of things divine they spake.

"Come, wend with us to Zion,"
They meekly seemed to say—
"For we have seen the Master—
Talked with him by the way."

Ah! who shall fill their places,
Their fallen mantle wear;
And serving in the temple,
The solemn feast prepare?

And who in day of battle,
Like Moses' friends of old,
Shall bear their leaders' armor—
Their "heavy hands" uphold?

And to the Lord's anointed,
When faint, the wine shall bring—
Or fill the cruise with water,
Pure water from the spring?

Ah! who shall fill their places—
Like them shall ready stand,
To watch and wait in meekness,
Or work, at God's command?

Oh! may the heavenly mantle
Upon the children fall—
And they be found, like Samuel,
But waiting for the call.

Salem, 2d mo., 1870. A. R. P.

A man too busy to take care of his health, is like a mechanic too busy to take care of his tools.

LOVE US AT HOME.

Ah, yes! we can bear the day's burden and heat,
The dust and rude jostlings we find in the street,
And censuring whispers that float till they meet
The ears they were never intended to greet,
If they love us sincerely at home.

We can bear by the crowd to be hurried along,
Down-trodden, supplanted, oppressed by the strong;
We can bear even lasting and unprovoked wrong,
If our hearts through it all can chant truly the song,
Oh, they love us most dearly at home.

We can bear a wild storm, be it snow, hail or rain;
Heavy losses, instead of the long-looked-for gain;
Upbraidings and shadows that creep round our name,
And threaten its brightness to hide or to stain,
If they love us sincerely at home.

Oh, love us at home! For this treasure we plead,
With all else, this withheld, we are poor, poor indeed!
Take all, but leave this, and with voices agreed
We will sing with glad hearts, whatever our need,
"They still love us—they love us at home."

—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

From Western Christian Advocate.

IN HONOR PREFERRING ONE ANOTHER.

This is a sermon—a kind of sermon at any rate. And of course it must have a text, and the text of this sermon is the verse, or rather the part of the verse placed at the head of it. This sermon will have three parts—an explanation, an illustration, and an application.

1. *The Explanation.* The explanation is to be an explanation of the text. The text means that in our dealings with our fellow-creatures we must treat every body with kind and respectful consideration.

The whole verse is this: "Be kindly affectioned one to another in brotherly love; in honor preferring one another." The word honor means respectful politeness; and the precept therefore means that in our dealings with our fellow-creatures we must treat every body in a respectful and proper manner. *Every body.* It does not say in honor preferring the rich and the great, but *one another;* that is, every body that we have anything to do with. So much for the explanation of the text. Now for an illustration of the meaning of it.

2. *The Illustration.* A poor old woman was engaged one morning mopping down the stairs at a hotel. Before she had finished the work some gentlemen began to come in—travellers who had arrived by an early train.

The first that came was a man they called Colonel. He was not a real Colonel, but only a make-believe. He came hurrying along, and without giving the poor woman time to move her pail, said to her in a rude and surly voice, "Take your pail out of the way, old woman. Can't you get your work done up in the morning earlier than this?"

He looked upon the woman with an expression of contempt upon his countenance, as he passed her, and muttered to another man who was close behind him, as he went on up stairs, "What an ugly old hag!"

Very soon afterwards, two other gentlemen came in. The foremost, who was somewhat advanced in life, had a travelling bag in his hand. The other one, who was younger, followed him. The old gentleman paused a moment as he came up, and then said: "Don't move your pail, ma'am; I can step over it." She, however, made haste to move it. "I am sorry to disturb you at your work," said he, and looked down at her with a smile, and nodded as he passed. The poor woman's face was lighted up with something like a smile in return, and as the gentleman passed on, she said to herself: "There's one man at least that don't hate me." And a tear came into her eyes.

When the two gentlemen reached the top of the stairs, the younger one said to the older, in a joking way, "You were very polite to the old woman, brother George."

"Well," rejoined George, "stop a minute and look at her."

They had by this time reached the top of the stairs and had begun to turn to go along the hall—but they stopped and looked over the baluster at the woman, still going on with her work below.

"Look at her," said the old gentleman, speaking, however, in a low tone, so that the woman did not hear him. She did not even notice that the gentlemen had stopped. "Look at her. See her sallow and wrinkled face; and what a careworn and sorrowful expression upon it! There was a time when she was a young girl, with a blooming face and a white neck, and young men in love with her. Everything in life looked bright and happy to her then. But look at her now. Poor thing! We can't help her much, but we can at any rate respect her misfortunes, and speak a kind word to her as we go by."

3. And now for *the Application.* Whenever you see a poor woman, or a poor man, or even a poor child, in the street, do not treat them in a harsh and contemptuous manner, but speak to them, if you have occasion to speak at all, in a kind and considerate tone. By so doing, you will be obeying the precept of the text, and instead of adding to the humiliation and suffering of the poor and the miserable, you will do what you can to lighten their sorrows. To find that you do not look upon, and speak to them, with contempt, but treat them with some degree of kindness and respect, will make them feel not quite so unhappy perhaps as they did before.

This is the end of the sermon.—*Jacob Abbott.*

LADIES' ASSOCIATIONS.

The ladies of London have recently established educational courses of lectures by eminent University Professors on physics, chemistry, geometry and English and French literature. Each course is to consist of thirty-six lectures on each subject. These lectures are not intended as a substitute for or to interfere with the systematic teaching of girls under seventeen years of age; but when these have completed their studies at school, they may, if so disposed, cultivate maturer thought by attending them. It is the purpose of the association to work heartily and impartially for the furtherance of any studies by which a lady may seek the intellectual employment of her leisure, whether as a means of relaxation or of earning her living. If the scheme projected should be found to work well, it will be extended, and may not improbably result in the foundation of a University for women. The experiment is at present confined to the branches of study above enumerated; but if these are well attended more subjects will be added in additional courses. The peculiar feature of this Association is that it does not dictate what a lady ought to study, but leaves it to herself to choose. She may attend as many or as few of the courses as she pleases. The scientific lectures, illustrated by experiments, are to be given at the University College, where lecture rooms adapted for every purpose and the requisite apparatus are already provided.

The other lectures are to be given at St. George's Hall and other public rooms, to be duly advertised. The experiment on so large a scale is a new one in London, but not so in England, for the ladies of the north were the first to start such a project. It is refreshing to listen to the language of the fair enthusiasts who believe they have hit upon a grand scheme for the elevation of their sex in intellectual standing. Here is a part of their programme: "While in all our classes we mean work, we mean work for its own sake,—study of a subject for the wholesome love of it; and will not bend the course of our teaching to accord with the desire of any student who may think herself compelled merely to cram for an examination. But we desire to give the utmost help in our power to a genuine pursuit of knowledge, not only by lecturing but also by welcoming all useful interchange of thought, and by endeavoring to answer the questions and lighten the difficulties of individual students. We wish, in short, in each class to do some quiet study in the natural way that makes it a pleasure to real students who enjoy their

work and give their whole minds to it, while they are about it. A very little learned in that way is worth the result of many years of cram."

The closing sentence contains a good deal of wisdom; so, in fact, does the whole scheme. If there is any one thing more prejudicial than another to the education of the youthful mind, it is the vile system of cramming, i. e., of studying the lessons for the mere purpose of getting through them and of being able to answer certain questions, which are likely to be asked at the examinations, but without any wish to remember them so as to apply in after life the information thus gained. What ladies *can* do in the way of study was shown in the recent Cambridge University examinations, when a larger number of them than of the young men passed with credit. The Ladies' Educational Associations of England have commenced a system of training the faculties of their sex which is likely to do far more good than Women's Rights Conventions, political lectures and discussions on the relations between the sexes are ever likely to do. The higher the women raise their intellectual attainments, the higher will the men be obliged to raise theirs; otherwise, they will really be the inferior creatures which the "strong-minded" assert they are. What nobler companion can an intellectual man require than a refined and intelligent, loving wife? But in order to appreciate her as he ought, he must not be far behind her in accomplishments. Such a class of women these Associations hope to assist in forming and extending. They do not take their stand upon any theories about which individual members may hold widely different opinions; they act upon the simple principle that knowledge is good for all, and that, if possible, no man or woman who seeks it should find the door barred. The education movement is becoming very prominent in England, and some parties are advocating the compulsory system for the children of all classes, a system which, a few years ago, Lord Brougham declared to be impracticable. There are others who have turned their attention to our system of voluntary attendance at school, and freedom from all denominational bias in the instruction imparted. It is not improbable that something of the kind will be attempted in England before long, but the old time-honored prejudices of class and religious sect will have to be overcome before it will be successful. The Ladies' Educational Associations have set an example in this respect. Their lectures are open to all, without reference to position in society or religious opinions.—*Phila. Ledger.*

We are placed in this world in order that we may know, and love, and serve God.

[The interesting information contained in the report of the "Review of the Weather," by J. M. E., will be a sufficient reason for the infringement upon the "Item" column which its unusual length necessitates.]

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, ETC.

FIRST MONTH.

	1869.	1870.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours	6 days.	8 days.
Rain all or nearly all day	3 "	1 "
Snow, incl'g very slight falls	3 "	4 "
Cloudy, without storms	8 "	9 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	11 "	3 "
	31 "	31 "

TEMPERATURES, RAIN, DEATHS, ETC.	1869.	1870.
Mean temperature of 1st mo., per Penna. Hospital,	37.00 deg.	41.07 deg.
Highest point attained during month	60.00 "	70.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	19.00 "	18.50 "
RAIN during the month, do.	4.28 in.	4.07 in.
DEATHS during the month, being for 5 current weeks in each year.	1331	1544

Average of the mean temperature of 1st month for the past *eighty-one* years	31.35 deg.
Highest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1790	44.00 "
Lowest mean of temperature during that entire period, 1857	22.37 "

The exhibit above shows an exceedingly mild temperature for the commencement of 1870; but while chronicling some of the extraordinary features of the month immediately under review for the present year, it may be well also to refer a little to the past.

At the present moment the writer has before him what was *then* styled "a winter bouquet," formed of the leaves of plants picked from his open garden in this city on the 30th day of First month, 1858, tastefully arranged, gummed on paper, and carefully preserved as a memento. These leaves were of good size, well matured as to texture and color; and the collection comprised Sweet Williams, Chrysanthemums, Forget-me-Not, Iceland Moss, Jessamine Flowers, Narzette Rose, Honeysuckle, Columbine, Tulip, Larkspur, Red Pink, Box, Myrtle and Common Lilies. The leaves of the last-named measured at the time they were plucked "full six inches in length." Our diary for that month of 1858 also contains the following notes dotted down through the month, viz.: "In some places dandelions are to be seen—yellow jessamines in full bloom in some situations in the open air;" "farmers now plowing and some rolling their wheat;"—while the following was still more extraordinary: "A friend of mine whose garden has a warm southern exposure has now Johnny jump ups and other early spring flowers in full bloom; while another has a peach tree in blossom!"

Another compiler, in speaking of January, 1828, stated that "not a flake of snow fell in Philadelphia during the month, and the rivers and creeks were perfectly free from ice. On several days the mercury went up to 70 degrees in the shade, and the

trees put forth their buds. The *spring* was very late in 1828, and in April of that year there was a heavy snow storm." The same month of 1838 was also extremely mild. No snow fell during the entire month. Shrubbery in gardens which had a southern exposure put forth leaves, and at mid-day the thermometer frequently ranged from 60 to 64 degrees. *February of the same year was very cold.*

But the record of the late Charles Peirce, of this city, (an observer of the weather,) for January, 1790, throws everything in the shade. He stated: "The average or medium temperature of this month was 44 degrees. This is the mildest month of January on record. *Fogs* prevailed very much in the morning, but a hot sun soon dispersed them, and the mercury often ran up to 70 in the shade at mid-day. Boys were often seen swimming in the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers! There were frequent showers, as in April, some of which were accompanied with thunder and lightning. The uncommon mildness of the weather continued until the 7th of February."

Though the month *the present year* has not reached the above, in some sections farmers have been plowing, buds have swollen almost everywhere around us, and shrubbery has bursted into leaf, while dandelions have only needed the picking.

Live grasshoppers, receiving their animus in the State of New Jersey, have been sent here as a curiosity, while sprigs of jessamine in full bloom have been picked in the open air in this immediate vicinity.

The following table, kindly furnished us by Dr. Conrad, of the Pennsylvania Hospital, shows the *highest* and *lowest* points attained during the 24 hours, as well as the position at 9 o'clock A.M.

First mo., 1870.	Maximum.	Minimum.	9 A.M.
1, . .	45	39	39
2, . .	59	39	55
3, . .	42	36	37
4, . .	37	33	33.5
5, . .	35	30	31
6, . .	44	29	35.5
7, . .	39	27	29
8, . .	36	21	30
9, . .	28	18.5	20.5
10, . .	29	24	31
11, . .	48	31	40
12, . .	50	37	39
13, . .	56.5	41	49
14, . .	38	28	28
15, . .	57	34	36.5
16, . .	48	38	40
17, . .	70	42	52
18, . .	59	38	44.5
19, . .	37	32	33.5
20, . .	44	34	37
21, . .	46	37	39
22, . .	49	32	35
23, . .	60	47	52
24, . .	53	40	42
25, . .	60	43	57
26, . .	56	38	42
27, . .	56.5	43	45
28, . .	46	36	37.5
29, . .	46	39	40
30, . .	44	39	40
31, . .	40	33.5	37.5

In broad contrast to all this, we append the following newspaper clippings:

January 19, 1870—At Oshkosh, Wis., yesterday morning, the thermometer marked 16 degrees below zero, and at St. Paul, Minn., 25 below.

January 15, 1870—At Montreal, Canada, on Friday, the thermometer marked 21 degrees below zero; at Quebec, 24 degrees below; at Ottawa, 20 degrees below; at Kingston, 16 degrees below, and at St. John, 7 degrees below.

The periodicals of the day have teemed with such marvellous accounts that the writer scarcely knows which to cull for his compilation, but believing some of them will be valuable for future reference, he feels tempted, even at the risk of making an almost unwarrantable lengthy article, to append the following, taken from the Westchester Village Record, from the pen of L. H. Richards, of Phœnixville.

He remarks:

"It has been announced 'that the climate repeats itself every century,' and 'that such a winter as the present is unknown,' both of which statements the weather records do not support. I annex a synopsis for sixty years—kept in and around Philadelphia. December 21, 1769—Our navigation was for several days at a stand, river being full of ice, but on Thursday last about 60 vessels went down. January 11, 1770—At present there is so much ice in the river that the navigation is at a stand. From this date up to 1778 and '79 the winters were severe; that winter was mild, and February, '79, leaves of willow, blossoms of peach and flowers of dandelion were seen; the next was the hard winter; ice 16 to 19 inches thick, frost in the ground from four to five feet. January 27, 1771—The winter thus far has been remarkably mild, so that the earth has scarcely been frozen half an inch deep, or the smallest ponds covered with ice strong enough to bear a dog. Garlic was tasted in butter this month. Severe winters followed up to 1775 and '86. January 21, 1786—Our weather has been remarkably mild for the greater part of the winter until 17th, when it grew cold, and froze the river in a few days from side to side at the lower part of the city. For the next three winters navigation was closed. 1789 and '90 was very mild up to February 7, 1790. January 2, 1790—Such an open winter as the present has not been known in the city since it was founded—boys bathing in the river as if it were summer. For the next two winters ice closed the river. 1792 and 1793 was very mild. January 18, 1793—The extreme temperateness of this season exceeds any winter remembered by the oldest inhabitants of Philadelphia, for now we have April weather; a fine shad was caught and brought to Mr. Irwin's tavern, 'the White Horse,' Market St., where it was elegantly served last Thursday evening. February 1—Froze hard last night; first time any sleighing this season. 1793 and '94, ice in the river. December 25, 1794—As warm as the most timorous invalid could wish. January 21, 1795—The sky has continued almost invariably without a single cloud for a long time past. Flies were seen a few days ago; indeed, there was an expectation with many people that there would be no ice during the present season; about the middle of last week, however, a frost came; at seven o'clock A. M. the thermometer in the open air was as low as 12 degrees; a great part of the river was frozen over. February 9, 1796—The winter to this time was the most moderate I remember for forty-five years; navigation interrupted by driving ice. February 15—One of the coldest days this winter. December 23—Severe cold as remembered for ten years, snow feet deep at the westward. From this period up to the winter 1824 and 1825 navigation was interrupted by ice. December, 1824, arrivals through the month. 1825, February 14—A May day, the Delaware as free from ice as in July. 1825 and 1826, river closed. De-

cember, 1826—Arrivals and clearances. December, 1827, navigation opened all the month. Spring, 1828—During the winter navigation has been uninterrupted. The ice-houses were unfilled and several cargoes of ice arrived. December 24, 1828—There has as yet been no ice in the canals to impede navigation, and boats are continually passing to and fro at Reading. April 27, 1829—The past winter was one of great severity, the first ice being formed January 4th. April is nearly spent, and we have had but few mild days. From which we may safely assume that, although so far mild, 'Winter lingering chills the lap of May.'"

About the middle of the month just closed, violent storms of wind and rain have occurred at various points west and south. At a point on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad a tornado demolished a large number of buildings, killing seven or eight persons and injuring eighteen. This storm passed over a portion of Louisville, accompanied by hail the *size of walnuts*, and caused great damage. Many persons left their houses to escape the flood. *Cincinnati*, *St. Louis*, *Chicago*, *Albany* and other places also suffered severely about the same time, prostrating chimneys, telegraph-wires, &c.

Philada., 2d mo., 1870. J. M. Ellis.

A Few Home Questions.—How much better is your farm than it was one year ago? How much better are your implements? How much more lovely have you made your home by the planting of trees and shrubs? How much more have you added to the value of your property by the planting of orchard-trees and the small fruits? How much better is your stock of horses, of sheep, of cattle? How much of error have you discovered in your mode of treatment of the different crops you have grown? How much have you learned from your neighbors, from your agricultural papers, from your experience in relation to your farm operations? How much have you learned fron your religious papers of the true use of life?

ITEMS.

The Emancipation of the Serfs of Russia, it is stated, will become entire and complete on 2d month 19th, 1870. From that date they will not be bound down to reside in their communes, but will be permitted to settle at will in any part of Russia.

Benares is the most sacred Brahminical city in India. A writer in the *Missionary Chronicle* says that great excitement has been produced in Benares by the appearance of a strange pundit, who announced to immense assemblies that the Vedas gives no sanction to idolatry, and that the Puranas, which do, are not worth a cowrie. Thousands of people have visited him daily; and the pundits, rajahs, and gentry of the city have been put to their wits' ends to answer him. He only converses in Sanscrit; but he speaks this language so fluently, eloquently and clearly that many who only understands Hindi can comprehend him, while over the pundits his diction and arguments exert a wonderful fascination. There has been a committee formed of leading men to answer him. The city has not been so excited and alarmed for many a day. When at Cawnpore, the effect of this man's arguments was so great upon a wealthy Hindu of Furruckabad that, on returning to his city, he destroyed the temples which were upon his own grounds.

It Costs More than Bread.—A few days ago a policeman remarked: "There are three glasses of liquor drunk in this city for each loaf of bread that is eaten."

Suppose this true; then for each loaf of bread, at ten cents, there is paid for drinks thirty cents; or *three times as much for liquor as for bread.*

It is estimated that four barrels of flour will supply a family of five persons with bread for a year. A barrel of flour will make 264 pounds of bread; the four barrels will give 1,056 pounds. At six cents per pound, this is $15.84 for each barrel of flour, or $63.36 for the four barrels. If this estimate is too low, take five barrels of flour for each family of five persons, and the value of bread at six cents a pound is $79.20 for the year. The 182,000 families of five persons each, constituting the population of the city, consume at this rate bread to the value of $14,414,400 a year.

There is in this city now, at least four thousand places where intoxicating liquors are sold. The number in New York and Brooklyn in April, 1866, was 9,270. If these receive on an average $30 a day each, that is $43,800,000 a year, or at $15 a day each, it is $21,900,000 a year. It is true some of the drinking houses are mere "holes in the wall," but others of them are palaces. Some of them take in only a few dollars a day, while large numbers of others take in hundreds of dollars. But it is not at the drinking houses, at public bars, where all the intoxicating liquors are consumed. At eating-houses, at clubs, and at the hotels, are expended large sums for wines and strong spirits. Thus the use of strong drink counts up very fast as against bread.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

An incident is recorded in the *Independent* of a gentleman giving a pleasant surprise to a large number of women and children, mostly colored, whom he had noticed coming early every morning to pick over the ashes thrown from some of the furnaces in the Treasury department. In the night before Christmas, he had deposited two tons of fine coal in the usual place which was carefully covered with ashes. At daylight next morning he and some of "his accomplices in his midnight conspiracy" hid in a position to watch the delight of the poor women. In a few moments the gift was laid open to view, and the wonder of the throng nor their great delight could be described as they were informed that it was intended for them.

There is a vast copper mine in England, where shafts extend many hundred yards under the sea. The moaning of the waves as they dash against the rock is forever sounding in those gloomy aisles. When the storms come the sound of the waters becomes so terrific that even the boldest miners cannot stay below, but leave their work and come out upon earth. Overhead are masses of bright copper streaming through the gallery in all directions, traversed by a network of thin red veins of iron, and over all the salt water drips, drips down from tiny crevices in the rock. Immense wealth of metal is contained in these roofs, but no miner dares give it another stroke with his pickaxe. Already there has been one day's work too much upon it, as a huge wedge of wood driven into the rock bears witness. The wedge is all that keeps back the sea from bursting in upon them. Yet there are three tiers of galleries where men work day by day, not knowing but at some fatal hour the flood may be upon them, rendering all escape as hopeless as it was in the days of Noah. The awe-stricken visitor hurries away from the scene with a heart appalled in view of the hourly dangers.—*The Methodist.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXVI. PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 19, 1870. No. 51.

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It is desirable that subscriptions *particularly those in* CLUBS, hould commence *at the beginning of the volume.*

AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Strattan, *Richmond, Ind.*
T Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

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SKETCHES OF FRIENDS.

Historical, Biographical and Anecdotal.

(Continued from page 788.)

As briefly as our theme would admit, we have attempted a history of the Anti-Slavery movement in its relationship to Quakerism, and imperfectly sketched the lives of a few prominent actors therein. We now propose to trace the connection of Friends with the Aborigines of our country. In entering upon the consideration of this instructive and interesting subject, we are more than ever profoundly impressed with the scope and fertility of that philanthropy which included whole nations in its embrace. Springing as it did, pure and fresh from the heart, unsullied by sordid or other unworthy motives, its genuine disinterestedness was seen and acknowledged by all those within the circle of its influence, who gave to the Quakers in return the rich recompense of gratitude and love. As will appear anon, this was conspicuously the case with the Indians. There is truth as well as pathos in the speech of old Guyashuta, the Senaca Indian, who, when about to die, directed Cornplanter (one of the chiefs of his nation) to speak as follows to the sons of his beloved brother—Onas.*

"When Guyashuta was young and strong, the country was full of game, which the Great Spirit sent for us to eat. The lands which belonged to us extended far beyond our hunting-grounds. Guyashuta and the people of his nation had enough to live upon, and something to give to our friends when they entered our cabins. Hunting was not then a labor. It was diversion. When your fathers asked land of my nation, we gave it to them, for we had more than enough. Guyashuta was among the first of his people to say—give land to our brother Onas, for he wants it,—and he has always been the friend of Onas and his children. Brothers: your fathers saw Guyashuta when he was young and strong, when he had not even thought of age and weakness;—but you are too far off to see him now. He is old,—*very* old and feeble; and he wonders at his own shadow, it has become so little. He has no children to take care of him, and the game is driven away by the white man, so that his young friends must hunt all day long, to find food for themselves to eat; and they have nothing left for Guyashuta. It is not Guyashuta alone that has become old and feeble. There yet remains about thirty of your old friends, who, unable to keep themselves or one another, have become poor, and are naked and hungry. Brothers: Guyashuta sends you a belt which he received long ago from your fathers, and a writing, which he received but as yesterday from one of you. By these you will remem-

*The Iriquois so named Wm. Penn. The Delawares called him *Miqnon*. Both these words signify in the Indian tongue a quill or pen.

ber him and the friends of your fathers in this nation. Brothers: look on this belt and this writing, and if you remember your old friends, consider their distress and their former friendship to your fathers; and if the Great Spirit shall put it into your hearts to comfort them in their old age, do not disregard his counsel. We are men, and can do no more than tell you we are old and weak, and hungry and naked, and that we have no other friends but you, the children of our beloved brother Onas."

We would not underrate the valuable services of Heckewelder and the excellent Moravians among the Indians, and cheerfully award the praise to any and all Christian people who have thrown around the red man their protection and care; but the Quakers, it would seem, were pioneers in this cause, at least so far as the Aborigines of Pennsylvania and New Jersey were concerned. The wise and pacific policy pursued towards the Indians by Wm. Penn is familiar to all, and presents a strong contrast to the subsequent injustice of the Government in its dealings with them. For nearly three-quarters of a century, or until the control of affairs passed out of the hands of the Friends, an uninterrupted harmony existed between the settlers of the new colony and the natives. Soon after the death of James Logan (Secretary of Penn,) in 1751, the desire for power gave rise to a party who expressed dissatisfaction with the hitherto peaceable administration, and succeeded in preventing the return of Friends to the Assembly, so that in 1776 they constituted but one-third of that body. Then it was that aggressive measures towards the Indians were instituted, and hostilities inevitably followed, which have continued with more or less frequency ever since. This unfortunate state of things, however, disturbed not the good feelings existing between the natives and the Quakers. The bond which united them remained unbroken,—indeed, almost from the days of Fox, the Indian has looked to the Friends as the defenders of his rights.

When treaties were to be made with him for his hunting-grounds, he sought advice from the sons of Onas; some of whom, "without the hope of reward," made long, fatiguing and often perilous journeys into the forest wilds, to sit around the "Council Fire" as his friend and protector. Sometimes they thus went, under the authority of their Society, as its representatives;—at others, because the Government requested it, (which thus recognized their influence as peace-makers,) and not unfrequently they felt called upon to go as preachers of the gospel of *Love*, under no commission but that which proceeds from the Universal Father. Their presence on such occasions was in some instances regarded as essential to the ratification of the proposed treaty—particularly so by the Indians; and when, in open violation of these solemn compacts, our Government, backed by the power of the sword, and clamorous for more land, drove the natives still farther "towards the setting sun," these "*untutored savages*" looked to the Friends to shelter them from the injustice and cupidity of their white brethren; and forthwith remonstrance and appeal was sent by *the Society* to those in authority on their behalf, while individual members of the body visited our legislative halls, to plead in person the cause of the injured and oppressed. Indeed, the Quakers have followed the red man, step by step, as he has receded before the onward march of civilization; and now that the sword has proved ineffectual to subdue him, the aid of the peaceful Friends has been accepted to solve the problem of his future. To-day we find earnest Christian men and women (members of this Society) in the western wilds of our land, willingly sacrificing the comforts and companionships of home, if by any means they may be made instrumental in civilizing the remnant now left of this once powerful people. The eyes of the thoughtful are upon Friends as those into whose hands is largely committed the destiny of this unhappy race. That they will be faithful to their trust, and that the successful issue of their mission will still further attest the excellency of their peaceable principles, we doubt not, for we are of those who believe in the Omnipotent power of Love, and in the *inherent* goodness of human nature. If, therefore, the spirit which actuates the Quakers in their self-sacrificing labors shall not find a response in the heart of the Indian,—if his rough nature shall not be subdued, thus preparing the way for improvement in every respect,—to whom shall we look to solve the problem of the Indian's future; for to the Friends now comes the cry, as it did from old Guyashuta to their fathers, "We are old and weak, and hungry and naked, and have no friends but you, the children of our beloved brother Onas."

But to return to the early times. Two hundred and twelve years ago Josiah Coale and Thomas Thurston (English Friends) came to this country as ministers of the Gospel. The former was an author of note in the Society, who, after his return home, was imprisoned in "the common gaol in Kendal," for the testimony of Jesus. He died in 1668, having been a preacher some twelve years. These Friends landed at Virginia, and proceeded to Maryland, where they were joined by one Thomas Chapman. The trio travelled on foot to Rhode Island to visit Friends there.

Strong, stout-hearted men, they were to accomplish this hazardous and fatiguing journey through the vast wilderness, in order to disseminate their principles, and to encourage their brethren of New England. They invariably met with kind treatment from the natives, and when Thomas Thurston was taken ill on the way, he was nursed with care by the red men. Two years later (in 1659) we read of the arrival of Wm. Robinson, Christopher Holder, Robert Hodgson and John Taylor. The first mentioned suffered martyrdom at Boston, on the 27th of the 8th month—this year. Holder was deprived of his ears about the same time, in the same Puritanical town. He and his friend Hodgson also were confined in English prisons for conscience' sake. John Taylor thus describes one of his interviews with the Indians.

"As I was coming the first time to Shelter Island, I came late into an Indian town, where my guide led me into a wigwam or house—such kinds of huts that they live in, which are round, made like arbors, with small poles, &c. Being received kindly, and directed to my lodging, upon some mats and rushes I laid down to sleep. This was eight or ten miles from any house that I knew of, or any English in the woods. When I travelled that way again, the Indians were exceeding joyful, and very glad to see me. And then I had an opportunity to declare the Truth to them, and to turn them from darkness to the light of Christ Jesus in their own hearts, which would reach them and give them the knowledge of God who made them. And they heard me soberly, and did confess to the truth I spoke, by an interpreter, that was my guide, and they were loving and kind afterwards to Friends."

Eight years later (1667) George Fox, in writing to some Friends in Virginia and Maryland, urges that they "should take some of the eminent, true, good and upright Friends, and go and discourse with some of the heathen kings, [Indian chiefs,] desiring them to gather their council and people together, that you may declare God's everlasting truth and his everlasting way of life and salvation to them." In 1672, Fox, accompanied by several of his friends, left England for Jamaica, after which they visited Maryland. Thence they journeyed to New Castle, where they crossed the Delaware into New Jersey, and proceeded to New England. They encountered difficulties and privations in their travels through the wilderness, being at times but "scantily supplied with provisions," but they were treated with great kindness by the Indians. Soon after landing upon our shores, George Fox found it incumbent upon him to send to the Indian *Emperor* and his Kings to come to a Meeting." He tells us that the Emperor came, but his kings, being farther off, could not reach thither in time enough, but they came after. "I had"—he continues—"in the evening two good opportunities with them. They heard the word of the Lord willingly and confessed it. They carried themselves very courteous and lovingly, and inquired where the next meeting would be, and they would come to it." The year following, just previous to his departure for England, he visited one of their towns where they were generally come together, and had their speaker and other officers with them, and the old Empress sat among them." Here he had another very good and serviceable meeting with them, "for it gave them a good esteem of truth and Friends, Blessed be the Lord." In 1675 we hear of the visit of William Edmundson, a preacher also from England. He has left an interesting journal, but it contains but little of interest touching the Indians. John Bowater, also a preacher among the trans-atlantic Friends, came on a religious mission to this country in 1678, and leaves it on record, "that he was more kindly used by the poor Indians in America, than by some pretended Christians in England after his return. The Indians entertained him in their wigwams, but these Christians in their cold gaols under confinement, as they did many others of his brethren and friends in those times."

We now approach the period when the territory of West Jersey passed into the possessions of Friends. As early as 1663, Charles II. gave his brother, the Duke of York, (afterwards James I.) a patent of all lands from the west side of Connecticut river to the east side of Delaware Bay. The following year the duke granted to John, Lord Berkeley and Sir George Cartaret, all that tract of country now known as New Jersey. Cartaret took the eastern part of the province and Berkeley the west. In 1675, John Fenwicke, (a Friend,) acting as trustee of Edward Byllinge and his assigns, purchased West Jersey from Lord Berkeley. Soon thereafter Fenwicke embarked from London with a number of friends for the Jerseys, and landed at a place which he named Salem. A dispute subsequently arising between Byllinge and Fenwicke, was amicably adjusted by the appointment of William Penn, Gawen Lawrie and Nicholas Lucas as trustees for the said Byllinge. The acceptance of this trust by William Penn may be considered as the first link in that chain of events which resulted in the settlement of Pennsylvania, inasmuch, as from his enlarged knowledge of the country thus afforded, he conceived the beneficent design of "founding a colony on just and righteous principles, that others may take example by it."

Carteret continued in possession of the province until his death in 1679, when it was sold to pay his debts. The twelve original purchasers of this land added twelve others to their number, most of whom were Friends. "Among them," says Oldmixon, "are several extraordinary persons besides Lord Perth, Rob't West, Esqr.,"(the Lawyer,) Wm. Penn, the head of the Quakers in England, and Robert Barclay, the head of the Quakers in Scotland, who was in 1683 made governor of East Jersey for life." The land purchased from Lord Berkeley was not considered by the conscientious Friends as their property, until negotiations were made with its original owners. In 1676 Penn and his colleagues recommended "that the commissioners should immediately agree with the Indians for lands."

In conformity with these instructions, the following year, on the arrival of the second ships at Raccoon Creek on the Delaware, arrangements were completed for a treaty with the Indians. Eight persons were selected, who proceeded up the river to the place where the ancient city of Burlington now stands, and "treated with the Indians, and entered on the regulation of their settlements." Additional land was purchased of the natives, but the honest Friends not having sufficient goods with them to pay for all they bought, it was agreed that they would not settle thereon until the debt was cancelled. Such conduct on the part of the Friends at once secured the good will of the natives. The following brief extract from a paper written by one of the original settlers, may prove interesting. Of the eight hundred Friends who arrived in West Jersey during the years 1676–7–8, the majority, says this writer, "had valuable estates:—and though while they lived in their native country they had plenty of all necessaries, yet their desire to remove to America was so strong, that they could not be content without going thither; and chose to venture themselves, their wives and children, and all they had, in the undertaking. But notwithstanding the masters of families were men of good estates, yet before they could get their land in order, and corn and stock about them, they endured great hardships, and went through many difficulties and straits. Nevertheless, I never perceived any of them to repine or repent of their coming. As it is said in Holy Writ, the preparation of the heart in man is of the Lord, so it may well be believed, that the hearts of these people were prepared for this service, even to labour for the replenishing of the land, it being a wilderness indeed, and they unacquainted with the nature of the soil, and also with the inhabitants; although pilgrims and strangers at their first coming among them. A providential hand was very visible and remarkable in many instances that might be mentioned; and the Indians were even rendered our *benefactors and protectors.* Without any carnal weapon we entered the land, and inhabited therein as safe as if there had been thousands of garrisons, for the Most High preserved us from harm, both of man and beast." Before Friends "could get their lands in order," the Indians supplied them liberally with corn and venison, and in every way treated them as brothers. This kindness on the part of the natives was the result of a recognition of their right to the soil by the Friends, and a disposition to square their actions by the "golden rule" in all their intercourse. Penn understood their character, when he said, "Do not abuse them, but let them have but justice, and you win them." The colonists acted upon this principle. One of them, in writing to a friend, says, "We have done better than if with the proud Spaniards we had gained the mines of Potosi. We may make the ambitious heroes whom the world admires blush for their shameful victories. To the poor dark souls round about us we teach their rights as men."

In contrasting this conduct of the Quakers towards the natives with that which disgraced the settlers of almost every other infant colony in America, we see the wisdom of *practicing* the simple teachings of Christianity, but it is likewise apparent that a preparation of heart is essential to this end, which, because of its rarity, it would seem is difficult of attainment.

It was considered necessary by this peculiar people early to erect houses for their social worship, and for business purposes, in the then wilderness country. At Burlington was organized a Monthly Meeting, as appears from the following minute: "Since, by the good providence of God, Friends with their families have transported themselves into this province of West Jersey, the said Friends in these upper parts have found it needful, according to the practice in the place we came from, to settle Monthly Meetings for the well-ordering of the affairs of the Church, that accordingly it should be done, and accordingly it was done, the 15th of the 5th month, 1678." Several years later, the Yearly Meeting held at Burlington adopted measures to prevent members of the Society "from selling strong liquors to the Indians," which appears to have been the first step taken by Friends as a body, in this direction, and the foundation of their subsequent labors in behalf of the red men.

(To be continued.)

Amidst all disorders, God is ordering all wisely and justly to them that love Him

graciously; therefore we ought not to be dismayed. Let us calm our thoughts with this, remember who it is that rules all, and disposes of peace and war, and all affairs, and we cannot wish them in better hands. I am pursuaded that, in all the commotions of the world, when a believer thinks on this, it cannot but calm and compose his spirit exceedingly,—"My Father rules in all."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS' PRINCIPLES AND PROFESSION.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

This command, given by Jesus to his disciples, is I believe still the command to all his followers, and as we strive to be of the number, it becomes our duty to enquire what this Light is that is to so shine, that men may see our good works and glorify our Father who is in Heaven.

In different ages of the world, when the Light of the Christian religion had become dimmed by the unfaithfulness of its professors, and sin seemed to rule triumphant, some faithful disciple, through prayer and supplication for the restoration of God's reign upon the earth, has been brought into the light of his countenance, and fitted to go forth proclaiming his kingdom and pointing the way into it. Thus, after years of doubt, of seeking, and of desire to *serve* God, our early Friends were commissioned to go into the midst of great spiritual darkness, proclaiming a "Light Within," a "Christ in the Soul," able and sufficient to save all who were obedient to its teachings.

When they perceived the fulness and all-sufficiency of this Light, they obeyed the command, and caused it so to shine before men, that many were led to glorify their Father who is in Heaven. Not content to enjoy it for themselves, nor trusting to their correct deportment to praise their Creator, they went forth teaching the great truths it revealed, and calling *all* to come to a knowledge of this Light, that thereby they too might be saved. Early Friends were not only able to give a reason for the hope they held, but felt it their duty to give it, and consequently we find they sought and taught the people, asked questions of the ministers, and in reply to their answers, gave evidence from the Bible, and from the inward consciousness of their hearers, to the truth of the fundamental doctrine of an Inward Light, thereby proving the falsity of the teachings of priestcraft.

The spiritual darkness surrounding us is not so dense and blighting as in the days of Fox, Burrough, Howgill and others, as the fruits of their labors and the labors of God's servants since their day are to be found in the civil and religious liberty we enjoy, in a much greater individuality and self-responsibility of religious action, and in a greater recognition of the truth of direct revelation of God's will in each consenting soul. Yet notwithstanding this partial dispersing of the darkness, the "Light Within" is dimly seen. Comparatively few realize the necessity or advantage of having their daily walk *governed* by this revealed will of God in their souls, and many, very many of those who are now hearing of our "good works" among the oppressed, and in opposition to violence, intemperance and other evils, have yet to receive a clear statement of our principles upon which these works rest. Is it not incumbent upon us, descendants of Fox, of Penn, and of Woolman, again to seek for ability to give a reason for our beliefs, and to trace our good fruits to the "Light" which enables us to do them? Are we not called by example and command to proclaim upon all proper occasions the same great truths, and seek to lead others into the way of salvation, as well as to walk therein ourselves?

Can a Christian's life be an idle one? Must we not be about our Father's work daily, rather than crowding it aside to lay up treasures on earth? Can we escape condemnation if we hide this light under the bushel of our society organization, refusing to set it upon the candlestick of the tongue or the pen? If we are professing this "Light," and are unable to point others to it whose eyes are open to see, had we not better examine to know whether we *possess* that which we profess?

Those who have accepted our principles only by birthright, and know of the *guiding, influencing* revelation in the soul only by tradition, or early and almost forgotten experience, cannot cause the "Light" to shine, but should at once seek it for themselves, and having found it, may call in their neighbors to rejoice with them. I do not desire to be understood as expecting all or any to become uncalled missionaries, but as wishing *all* who know whereon their faith rests, to be able and willing, when called on, to give of their knowledge to any who wish to receive.

I believe no earnest disciple can remain watchful in prayer, without finding service at the hands of his Master, which obediently performed will aid in spreading His kingdom on earth, wherein the power is love. Thus obedience to the will of a loving Father, revealed to the soul, will cause new voices to praise Him, part in one field, part in another, but all in some field of *labor*. The harvest is indeed great, and the laborers comparatively few.

P.

Richmond, Ind., 2d mo. 1st, 1870.

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer.

Dear friends,—I observed in the last number of your paper—which seems to be the medium of communication between the different members of our Society—a notice of an article on the subject of First-day schools, which had been offered for insertion, the publication of which you have thought proper to decline. Of the article in question I have no means of judging except by the few quotations which appear to be taken therefrom. But this course I regret, as (if clothed in proper language) different views on this interesting subject (and there are different views which highly-valued Friends take thereon) should be freely allowed a place in the columns of a paper which is the recognized organ of the whole body, and it would be preferable that articles on both sides be fairly published, rather than that parts of a communication be quoted and answered by the Editors; which course, it appears to me, is hardly affording an equal liberty to the expression of diverse sentiments, no doubt honestly entertained by concerned minds, and which should receive whatever attention the different readers might consider they merited. Whilst gladly recognizing much that is encouraging in the devotion manifested by our young Friends to this interesting concern, I apprehend a caution may be profitably extended, and, I would hope, kindly received, that no efforts be made to explain doctrinal passages in the Holy Scriptures only as evidence is clear that those attempting to explain are endued with a portion of that heavenly wisdom which is the alone key to those sublime mysteries couched in the sacred volume, and that the explanations made are the result of an emanation from the Divine Mind.

Friends have ever held as a fundamental truth that nothing short of the *fresh openings* from the *Living Fountain* can qualify even the most gifted instrument profitably to explain that which holy men of old wrote while influenced by the same Divine Power. Many valued Friends view with deep interest the First-day School movement, and while hailing with joy some features developed, yet cannot divest themselves of a fear lest the standard of Gospel teaching be lowered, and a wisdom not wholly the result of the Holy Anointing become active in the Church. J.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

OUR APPROACHING MONTHLY AND QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

A minister at the close of our meeting this morning called attention to the attendance of our week-day meetings for worship and discipline, particularly with reference to the near approach of those immediately prior to our Yearly Meetings, in which the nine queries and answers, with the advices, are read. She earnestly invited our members to attend and see if it would not result in the encouragement and refreshment of all. This brought to my mind afresh the concern that has rested with me for some time past, of calling the attention (through your paper) of our members generally to this subject. As all the queries and answers are read *once only* in the year, would it not be well for Friends to give notice at the close of their First-day morning meetings of the occurrence of those Monthly and Quarterly Meetings, at which the nine queries are to be read and answered so that none need be absent for want of due information. I am under the impression that some in every meeting would be present if thus notified, who would otherwise miss attending. A minister, now prominent in our Society, informed the writer of this communication that when he was a wild, thoughtless young man, he happened to attend a First-day morning meeting, at the close of which a Friend gave notice of an approaching Quarterly Meeting: he attended, and at that Quarterly Meeting he was converted. R. E. E.

Moorestown, N. J., 1st mo. 30, 1870.

From Chris. Reg.

STAND FIRM.

BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

No doubt it is the destiny of man to make progress in truth; to forget things behind, and reach out to things before. But, unless he stands on something, he cannot go forward. There must be something solid beneath his feet, else he cannot walk. It is not progress to throw away all I know to-day, in order to learn something else to-morrow. To advance in knowledge is not wholly to forget the past, but to take it with us. We drop much, we put away childish things, we leave the form of truth behind us, as the snake his skin; but we must not leave the substance of truth. In all mental progress, there are some great convictions

"Which wake, to perish never."

There are some mental convictions which only deepen and strengthen while all other thoughts change. There are ideas of God, freedom, immortality, justice, truth, eternal right, infinite love, to which we must cling as the tree clings to the soil; on which we must stand, in order to move on.

This is the distinction between real mental progress and that which only stimulates it. We too often imagine that change is progress. We see people who go from church to church, from creed to creed, dropping all their past at each step they take. This may sometimes be necessary; but it is an unfortunate necessity.

To lighten itself off from a rock, a ship may have to throw its cargo overboard; but this is not a good thing to do, if it can be helped. True intellectual progress is to add new thoughts to the old ones.

The reason why so many men stick to a few opinions, and take no new ones, is, that they are not rooted in anything. They are afraid to move, for fear of falling. They have not learned to stand; so they cannot go. It is not because they believe the old so strongly, that they fear the new; but because they believe it so feebly. The man who is *rooted* in certain convictions is not afraid to move forward; for he knows he shall not lose them.

Nothing is so beautiful and noble as this power of persistency and progress in one. It is beautiful to see the ship, with all sails spread, running before a favoring breeze,—one cloud of white canvas; plunging forward into the dark sea, and throwing it from its bow in sparkling drops and masses of foam; but still more beautiful is it to see the same ship lying to, its head to the wind, holding itself against the storm, without cable or anchor; compelling the blast which tries to drive it back to hold it in its place. So noble is it to see the man lying to in the storm of life. He is unable to make progress; but he compels the very blast of adverse circumstances to hold him in his place.

The weakest of all things, perhaps, is scepticism. Unless a man has some fixed, clear convictions, he drifts helplessly through the world. He has no force in himself. He can do nothing. The sceptic is a cipher in action, because he is a cipher in conviction. The tree which, at any rate, stands for a thousand years, is nobler than he. Pity him, however, and help him. He is in a morbid state. He is a sick man: be tender to him. Do not despise the sceptic; but, if you have any faith, help him to it. Sympathize with him; for some of his disease is in us all. We all of us are obliged to pray, "Lord, I believe: help thou mine unbelief!"

But one source of scepticism is in the false idea that we are wholly passive in our belief. It is not so. When God shows us a truth, it is our duty to cling to it. When we have seen any great idea, we must not let it go, but stand to it firmly and loyally. A man can be loyal in thought no less than in action. He is disloyal, if, having seen a truth, he lets it go through indifference; if curiosity is stronger in him than conviction; if he loves novelty more than reality.

Again: he who can stand firm in his convictions, and be loyal to his insights, is able to be also loyal to his duties. Having done all, he can stand.

In the ruins of Pompeii, after they have shown you the great amphitheatre, the streets, the forum, the shops, the houses, the villas, they take you through the gate, and show you the stone sentry-box, where was found, buried in ashes, the rusted remains of the helmet and cuirass of the Roman sentinel. When the black cloud rose from the mountain, and the hot ashes fell around him, and the people rushed by him from the city in their frantic flight, he could do nothing else, but he could *stand;* and so he stood, and died in his place, suffocated by the sulphuric air. He was buried deep beneath the ashes; and so, after fifteen hundred years, his disinterred remains testify to the nobleness which stands to its post when it can do nothing else.

It is, perhaps, the highest kind of courage, this of standing to our post, no matter whether we seem to succeed or to fail. It is to do all, and then stand; to stand firm to our duty, loyal to right, faithful to justice and truth, whether men hear or forbear. This makes it worth while to live. If a man only lives for success, he is poor and cowardly when disaster comes. Then we hear him finding fault, complaining, lamenting, fearing everything; throwing doubt on everything; talking like the book of Ecclesiastes, not like the book of Revelation. "There is no good thing," he says, "under the sun. All men are rascals; all life is vanity. Everything goes wrong. There is no hope for the world." The man who thus talks is one who has never lived for duty and right at all, only for success or show.

But he who has once seen the majestic face of Duty, who has once for all taken her as his queen, with submission and service, feels a stern joy in the midst of all disaster, a strange hope borne in the bosom of disappointment, a joy of success amid failure. He says, "When I am weak, then I am strong." God is on his side: what shall he fear? "He is troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." Nothing shakes his solid mind.

There is yet another loyalty, another kind of persistence, as deep as these other two,—loyalty to love. To stand firm, rooted in pure and true affections; to love the noble, the generous, the good, without regard to any return on their part,—this is also excellent.

When I see persons, who, having had friends, had lost them, and who complain of having been deceived and mistaken, I think they never loved aright. The true affections are as permanent as God himself. That which I have really loved I continue to love forever. I may not see my friend for many years. I may be separated in life and action. He may leave me for another world. But if I have really loved in him anything good; if I have

ever seen in him anything truly excellent, beautiful, and noble,—it is there still; and I must love it still, in order to be true to myself. The heart which has not this persistency of affection is superficial and cold. Of all the beautiful things in this world, one of the most beautiful is the undying affection of father and child; of brother and sister; of friends who have been friends from childhood to manhood; of those who, through long years of prosperity and disaster, still work together, go on together, pursue the same aim, live the same life. This unselfish love is itself the germ and beginning of the love of God. This love, so steadfast to the good and right in man, leads us up to the sole Fair and the sole True. It is comfort; it is joy; it is heaven. It gives unity of purpose to life, and strength to the weary in soul. —*The Hour Which Cometh.*

THE SECRET OF LIFE.—How many take a wrong view of life, and waste their energies and destroy their nervous system, in endeavouring to accumulate wealth, without thinking of the present happiness they are throwing away. It is not wealth or high station which makes a man happy. Many of the most wretched beings on earth have both; but it is a radiant, sunny spirit which knows how to bear little trials and enjoy little comforts, and thus extracts happiness from every incident of life.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

"Confess your faults one to another" is an apostolic injunction from which I have sometimes derived benefit.

I awoke at a very early hour this morning with a humbling sense of some of my peculiar weaknesses and temptations, followed by earnest prayers to be enabled to overcome them. I am sensible that one of these is a disposition unduly to estimate *mere* intellect; leading sometimes to a critical and captious spirit. This was manifested in the want of a just appreciation of the work in which thou had been engaged, and it is a privilege and a relief thus to acknowledge it to thee.

I think we are all apt to look forward to a period, perhaps late in life, in which we shall know an attainment and establishment which shall make it easy to practice all the Christian virtues; but I am inclined to think this state is only known at times as a glimpse and a foretaste.

Some of the temptations incident to earlier life are removed, but are they not replaced by some peculiar to a later period? Thus watchfulness and prayer are never to be omitted. I have no feeling that thou specially needs to be reminded of this; far from it: the reflections arose out of the state of my own mind.

I trust we may be preserved in harmony and filial feeling, and that no self-assertion or tenacity of opinion on my part may mar it; but after having expressed my sentiment, I may magnanimously and cheerfully acquiesce in the general view.

Thine was duly received, by which we note that thou, like the rest of us, hast at times seasons to pass through which may be termed proving; and we fully unite with thee in an earnest desire clearly to hold up the superiority of those enjoyments which the Truth confers upon such as are obedient to its dictates. Thy sympathy, too, was not misplaced, and thy unity was grateful. First impressions on religious subjects I believe are generally safest; yet I admit the propriety of turning "the fleece," where it is done unmixed with selfish considerations. But did not a fear take hold of thy mind, lest the way was made too easy, which was succeeded by reasoning that was not under the influence of best wisdom? I have found no better way when such prospects have opened before me, than to turn the eye of the mind inward, without looking for greater things or greater light; and when an entire calm was experienced, to query whether I shall have the most peace of mind in attending to this apprehended duty, or in sitting down quietly at home. On such occasions the still small voice will not fail to be heard, gently directing to the one or the other. I am aware the injunction is often given to "count the cost," but this will apply to both sides of the question. I have known to my sorrow seasons of strippedness and almost death, when I have neglected the performance of duty because I wanted greater confirmation of its being required than was consistent with the Divine Will. Thus have I learned from the things I have suffered; and on reading thy note, and finding thy feelings so similar to what mine have been on some occasions, I felt that I might repeat to thee my experience, and if not useful at the present time, it might be in the future.

Our friend A—— opened her prospect in our Monthly Meeting, and we need not say how grateful it would have been hadst thou seen it right to be united with us in this most important of all religious engagements—family visits. It truly seems like letting the net down into deep water, and we are sometimes ready to query who is able for these things. Yet from former experience, and knowing in whom we trust, the language arises, doubt not

—He who puts forth will go before, and "will be both tongue and utterance" as reliance is placed on Him alone, with self and all selfish feelings prostrated before Him. I have long believed a loss has been sustained both by individuals and the Society for want of more entire dedication to this important service, by which the mind is sometimes stirred up to lasting benefit. Such labor has often proved "as bread cast upon the waters."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 19, 1870.

INDIVIDUAL EXPERIENCES.—"There are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit; differences of administrations, but the same Lord; diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all." Equally true is it that our individual experiences vary according to this diversity of gifts.

It is well to observe that in close connection with the Scripture testimony to the diversity of gifts is the blessed assurance that "the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal;" through which manifestation we may know each one our own calling or place.

The experiences of our outward or every-day life are full of rich teachings, and should claim our thoughtful notice as they pass on and give place to succeeding ones; but the experiences that pertain to the spiritual life are our *jewels*,—not designed to be carelessly or wantonly paraded before the public eye, but to be carefully laid away in the casket of memory, to be again and again turned to and looked at, and valued according to their intrinsic worth.

It is through these daily individual experiences, whether they pertain to the outer or inner life, that we may gather up our most available lessons; and if we read attentively what is thus spread out before us, even every hour, we would advance more rapidly in the knowledge of ourselves, appreciate more justly the dealings of our great and loving Father, and receive more compliantly our varied allotments.

We have Scripture encouragement to be faithful according to that we have received; and we have Scripture *commandment* for the exercise of Christian toleration toward those whose experiences may differ widely from ours, and who, because of their different gifts, may have to walk in very diverse paths, and sometimes so far apart as scarcely to catch a glimpse of a fellow traveller, though bound to the same goal. Surely there is need for us to remember the exhortation, "Let not him that eateth despise him that eateth not, and let not him that eateth not judge him that eateth, for God hath received him." Rom. xiv. 3.

If we are permitted to tread the beaten road with the privilege of the close companionship of many who see eye to eye, let us not judge unkindly those whose path may be unbroken, and consequently more rugged and lonely. These have rather a double claim upon our sympathy. We should have confidence in our brother, even though we cannot see his every step; and did we believe, with the whole heart, that there are diversities of gifts, all controlled by the same Spirit, we should look charitably upon the consequent diversity of religious experience, and while concerned to occupy the gift we have received, we could encourage our brother also to come up to the mark set before him, remembering "we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office."

May there be an increase of that feeling which will enable us to sympathize with each other under our different allotments, and feelingly and earnestly to bid each other "God-speed."

MARRIED.

STICKNEY—HOXIE.—On the 22d of Twelfth mo. 1869, at the residence of the bride's parents in Scipio, with the approbation of Scipio Mo. Meeting of Friends, David John Stickney, of Buffalo, N. Y., to Elen Josephine Hoxie, of Scipio, Cayuga Co., N.Y.

DIED.

BARBER.—On the 5th of First mo., 1870, Elizabeth C. Barber, wife of Burtis Barber, and daughter of the late Biddle and Esther Hancock, aged 31 years. Beloved by all.

CLEAVER.—On the 24th of First month, 1870, after 4½ days illness of scarlet fever, aged nearly 4 years, Chas. S. Cleaver, son of Thos. W. and Ruth M. Cleaver, of Dunning's Creek, Bedford Co., Pa.

HALLOWELL.—On the morning of the 7th inst., Caleb S. Hallowell, in the 52d year of his age; a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting.

TRIMBLE.—On Second-day evening, the 31st of First month, 1870, at her late residence in Harford Co., Md., Ann Trimble, wife of Joseph Trimble, in

the 68th year of her age; an Elder of Little Falls Monthly Meeting.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

The Second Term having commenced, it is earnestly desired that prompt payment of all bills for Tuition be made to our Treasurer.

HENRY M. LAING,
No. 30 North Third St., Philada.
2d mo. 12—4t.

FRIENDS' CHARITY FUEL ASSOCIATION.

A Stated Meeting of Friends' Charity Fuel Association will be held on Seventh-day evening, the 19th inst., at 7½ o'clock, in Monthly Meeting room of Friends' Meeting-house, at Fifteenth and Race Sts.

WM. HEACOCK, Clerk.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

2d mo. 20th, Orange, N. J., 10½ A.M.
" " East Hamburg, N. Y., 11 A.M.
" " Port Elizabeth, N. J., 10 A.M.
" 27th, Ridge, Va., 11 A.M.
" " Back Creek, Va., 3½ P.M.
3d mo. 6th, Reading, Pa., 3 P.M.
" " Junius, N. Y., 11 A.M.
" " Westfield, N, J., 3 P.M.
" " Penn's Manor, Bucks Co., Pa., 10 A.M.
" " Chester, Pa., 3 P.M.
" " Fairfax C. H., Va., 3½ P.M.
" " Yonkers, N. Y., 10½ A.M.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

The Committee on Circular Meetings, reappointed at the recent Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting, will meet on Sixth-day afternoon next, 2d mo. 25th, at 3 o'clock, at Race St. Monthly Meeting room. Full attendance is requested.

We take the following from the editorial column of the New York "Independent."

Having often been sufferers from the intolerant spirit which is here rebuked, it does not seem to us too indignant a protest. We have taken the liberty of omitting a few expressions that sounded harshly, and two or three personal allusions.

It is cause of rejoicing to have accumulating evidence that the sentiments here expressed are gaining ground in the community, and that the time is not very far distant when many will be ashamed that they ever branded their fellow Christians with terms of opprobium and contempt. EDS.

WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN?

An Evangelical journal in Milwaukee, in speaking of the term Christian, says:

"That term has always been applied to those who accept the *divinity* of Jesus Christ—that he is the Son of God, as taught in the Holy Scriptures. How is it possible, then, for those who deny His divinity to call themselves by His name? Having dishonored and degraded Him, why should they further insult Him by using His name? Let them do away with this imposition, and not in the very *illiberal* manner insinuate themselves among the followers of Him whom they have despised."

This kind of cant is pure superciliousness and inpertinence.

We may classify the Christian creeds of the present day under two heads—first, Evangelical; second, Liberal. Believers in the first call themselves Evangelical Christians; believers in the second, Liberal Christians. Now why should an orthodox man take the trouble to call himself an *Evangelical* Christian if there is no other type of Christian except Evangelical? The very phrase "Evangelical Christianity" concedes the fact that there is a Christianity which is not Evangelical. What a monstrous self-conceit it is in Evangelical Christians to say to all others of a more liberal faith, "*You* are not Christians at all; we are the only Christians."

If the leading champions of Evangelical Christianity wish to bring their system into contempt, let them pursue this suicidal course. But, thank Heaven! it is only a few of the most narrow-minded among them who are guilty of this judicial blindness. It is only an occasional writer who takes this bigoted method of showing how little he understands of "the first principles of the Gospel of Christ."

A Christian (according to our view) is one who, believing in the precepts of Christ, attempts to live according to them; and such a person may entertain, as an intellectual conviction, either the notion of Christ's coequal divinity with the Father, or the opposite notion of Christ's coequal humanity with the Father's children. To say that no person can be justly called a Christian who does not believe that Jesus of Nazareth was the Lord God Omnipotent, but only a teacher sent from Him, is just as untrue as to say that no person can be justly called a Mohammedan except by believing that Mohammed was God himself, and not merely God's prophet. We have never yet seen any evidence that Evangelical Christians are better men and women than Liberal Christians. And, if we should find the more orthodox of these two parties pretending, on account of that orthodoxy, and on account of that alone, to be more righteous than other people, we should entertain grave suspicions of their moral honesty. . . . . .

Indeed, not only the world, but the church, is fast coming to the sensible conviction that it is not so much a man's belief as a man's conduct that makes him a Christian. If a man be of a devout, humble, and Christ-like spirit, then—no matter what is his theological system, and no matter even if he have no

theological system at all—*that* man is a Christian. To say that because a man does *not* believe in the divinity of Christ he is therefore *not* a Christian is as absurd as to say that because he *does* believe in the divinity of Christ he therefore *is* a Christian. Nine-tenths of all "the lewd fellows of the baser sort"—the rowdies and ragamuffins, who use the sacred name of the Lord Jesus to point their profane oaths—have never entertained a skeptical doubt as to Christ's divinity. Nine-tenths of the inmates of our State-prisons and County-jails are thoroughly orthodox and Evangelical in their *belief*. But are these criminals, on this Evangelical account, to be called Christians! A man's intellectual belief, even on so solemn a subject as the divinity or non-divinity of Jesus Christ, has very little to do with making him a Christian. A so-called believer may be sound on all points of "the faith once delivered to the saints" (if anybody can tell exactly what that faith was;) and yet he may not in his behaviour and disposition bear the slightest resemblance to a Christian. On the other hand, a man may be what the Catechism, and the Confession, and the Thirty-nine Articles would unanimously adjudge a heretic; and yet by a pure and godly life he may be the most eminent Christian in the community in which he lives.

Let us not be understood as disparaging sound theological views. We are not ignorant of the fact that a man's belief may profoundly influence his conduct. For instance, he who has no belief in a moral accountability will therefore be deprived of one of the chief incentives to a moral character. He who has no instinct of a future life will be all the more likely to make a shiftless, idle, and half-desperate use of the present. He who does not entertain a wholesome apprehension that a vicious career on earth will scar and cripple him in the great hereafter will have fewer warnings than other men to keep his feet in virtue's path. There *are* certain great and profound beliefs (such as we have named) which do mould human conduct. But, as a general rule, these beliefs are common to all religions, orthodox or heterodox. They are the deep-laid and iron-grouted substructure of every creed. They are the self-evident spiritual axioms which appeal successfully to almost every earnest man. Some souls, for their religious peace, need the sweet, comforting, and precious faith of Christ's divinity; and we know what this experience is. But there are other souls to whom the Great Teacher comes not as a God, but as a Man; and to whom, coming in this way, he is all the more inspiring, because his example is not the unattainable perfection of the Supreme Being, but the more imitable excellence of a beauteous human character. The time has passed when orthodox men may justly receive any peculiar consideration on account of their orthodoxy. If a man has an orthodox creed, but nothing besides this, to prove him a Christian, he has a beggarly preparation for the future life. There are many different religions, all deriving their root from Christianity, which (as observation teaches) develop just as good Christian characters as the best of those which grow up under the peculiar stimulus of orthodoxy. "By their fruits ye shall know them." If Christ should re-appear in Palestine, and inquirers should seek Him, as Nicodemus did, to know the way of life, He probably would simply say again, as He did before, "Except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." In other words, it is not a mere intellectual conviction; it is not an epitome or theology; it is not a form of doctrine; it is not a schedule of systematic ideas—it is none of these things that give a man a Christian character. But, on the other hand, it is God's breath, blown sweetly upon the soul; it is the Divine Spirit cleansing and quickening the human heart; it is the indwelling of the Holy Ghost within the tabernacle of our mortal flesh; it is the heavenly gift given to all who say,

"Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace."

LESSONS OF SICKNESS.

There are very few persons who are not called upon at some time to undergo the pains and privations consequent upon sickness. But though so common a trouble, it is not often that its meaning is sifted, or that the lessons it may be supposed to convey are learned. We usually put up with it as an inevitable evil for the time being, and, enduring it with more or less fortitude, we gladly forget it as soon as possible. Still, while it is an evil to be guarded against and warded off whenever possible, it is nevertheless the fact that it may be turned into good, by drawing from it its true design. In ancient times it was thought to be a divine judgment following wrong-doing, and there are still some who regard it in this light. Truth and error are somewhat blended in this idea. All natural evils may result from our own wrong-doing, and to this, sickness forms no exception. To the intemperate, the gourmand and the pleasure seeker, ill health, coming as the natural consequence of their actions, brings its own sorrows and may well be regarded as punitive in its nature. So, to the ambitious man who sacrifices the well-known laws of health to

grasp his coveted prize, whether of money, fame or learning, sickness comes as a just and righteous judgment for known disobedience to natures's laws. But there are many cases where we fail to trace the connection, if any there be, between our own past actions and the sickness that afflicts us. Where this is the case it conveys no more reproach than the crutches of the cripple, or the poverty of the industrious.

Yet though we may not regard sickness in any superstitious sense as punitive, yet it is in every case one of those events of life which assume at once a moral character, from the manner in which they are received. It is one of the materials out of which our characters are forming; one of the means appointed for our moral discipline. Its primary meaning is undoubtedly that of warning. As the pain that the child suffers who puts his finger into the flame is salutary, by teaching the child one of nature's laws, so by far the greater part of the sickness we endure might be made equally valuable, did we study out the causes, near or remote, which have produced it. As science advances, these causes become increasingly opened to our view, and sickness thus becomes more and more a friendly voice, warning us against what is hurtful. If sickness lead to a closer study of our own physical nature, and to a more faithful adherence to the laws of health, the trials it imposes will not have been in vain.

Sickness may not only thus become a physical teacher, but also a moral educator. Courage to bear with fortitude trials that may not elicit adequate sympathy, patience to wait quietly for slowly returning strength, gratitude to those who minister to our wants, are some of the lessons awaiting us in every time of sickness. Though laid aside from active duties it is yet in the power of the sick to bestow much happiness by the simple expression of pleasure at the offices performed for them, and by recounting the ameliorating circumstances, rather than magnifying the painful ones. Some persons thus make their bedsides pleasant places to their friends, while others by their fretfulness, impatience and ingratitude, make all attention to their comfort compulsory and distasteful.

Sympathy with others may be effectually learned in times of sickness. Some one has used the expression "the arrogance of health," conveying the difficulty of sympathizing with trials we have never experienced. But the person who has rightly borne sickness himself will never depreciate its trials in others, but will be anxious to convey in his turn the comfort that he has received. The ties of love and friendship are thus strengthened. We scarcely know the depths of affection that exist till stirred up by the presence of sickness and the fear lest our treasures may elude our grasp. Benevolence to those beyond our own circle, the duties of philanthropy, the cultivation of all the generous emotions, may be promoted and strengthened by sickness. But the good that sickness is calculated to convey cannot be reaped without an effort. Vigilant struggles to overcome selfishness in health will best prepare us rightly to receive the sickness that is our alloted portion, and to gather from its seeming evils its intended good.—*Philada. Ledger.*

IN SCHOOL DAYS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school was leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left; he lingered;—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child face is showing,
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard schools,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her,—because they love him.

—*Our Young Folks for January.*

The snow-drop is the herald of the flowers,
Sent with its small white flag of truce to plead
For its beleagured brethren; suppliantly
It prays stern Winter to withdraw his troop
Of winds and blustering storms; and having won
A smile of promise from its pitying face,
Returns to tell the issue of its errand
To the expectant host.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

Lines addressed to one who said, "I love music, nd must love it, forever; it is the language of iu- piration."

When the dim eye and heavy ear
Turn listless from the song and dance—
When fashion's ensigns all appear
Unworthy e'en a passing glance—
May'st thou a nobler treasure find
Within a pure and spotless mind.

There is a harmony that thrills
Far, far beyond the power of art,—
Music divine! which, while it fills,
Consoles, amends the human heart,
And ever grants it a reward
For yielding to each trembling chord.

The strong, delightful chord of Love,
The soft, sweet chord of Charity,
And meekness, gentle as the dove,
And calm, low-toned Humility—
All, as the touch Divine is given,
Impart the harmony of Heaven.

Be this the "music loved forever,"
T'will cheer when earthly tones are vain,
And when earth's dearest ties shall sever,
T'will sweetly mitigate thy pain.
It soothes old age, it graces youth;
Its source is Everlasting Truth.

For the Children.

ISAAC NEWTON.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORN.

On Christmas day, in the year 1642, Isaac Newton was born at the small village of Woolsthorpe, in England. Little did his mother think, when she beheld her new-born babe, that he was destined to explain many matters which had been a mystery ever since the creation of the world.

Isaac's father being dead, his mother was married again to a clergyman, and went to reside at North Witham. Her son was left to the care of his good old grandmother, who was very kind to him and sent him to school. In his early years Isaac did not appear to be a very bright scholar, but was chiefly remarkable for his ingenuity in all mechanical occupations. He had a set of little tools and saws of various sizes, manufactured by himself. With the aid of these Isaac contrived to make many curious articles, at which he worked with much skill.

The neighbors looked with vast admiration at the things which Isaac manufactured. And his old grandmother was never weary of talking about him.

"He'll make a capital workman one of these days," she would probably say. "No fear but Isaac will do well in the world and be a rich man before he dies."

It is amusing to conjecture what were the anticipations of his grandmother and the neighbors about Isaac's future life. Some of them, perhaps, fancied that he would make beautiful furniture of mahogany, rosewood, or polished oak, inlaid with ivory and ebony, and magnificently gilded. And then, doubtless, all the rich people would purchase these fine things to adorn their drawing rooms. Others probably thought that little Isaac was destined to be an architect, and would build splendid mansions for the nobility and gentry, and churches too, with the tallest steeples that had ever been seen in England.

Some of his friends, no doubt, advised Isaac's grandmother to apprentice him to a clockmaker; for, besides his mechanical skill, the boy seemed to have a taste for mathematics, which would be very useful to him in that profession. And then, in due time, Isaac would set up for himself, and would manufacture curious clocks, like those that contain sets of dancing figures, which issue from the dial-plate when the hour is struck; or like those where a ship sails across the face of the clock, and is seen tossing up and down on the waves as often as the pendulum vibrates.

Indeed, there was some ground for supposing that Isaac would devote himself to the manufacture of clocks; since he had already made one, of a kind which nobody had ever heard of before. It was set agoing, not by wheels and weights like other clocks, but by the dropping of water. This was an object of great wonderment to all the people round about; and it must be confessed that there are few boys, or men either, who could contrive to tell what o'clock it is by means of a bowl of water.

Besides the water clock, Isaac made a sun-dial. Thus his grandmother was never at a loss to know the hour; for the water clock would tell in the shade, and the dial in the sunshine. The sun-dial is said to be still in existence, at Woolsthorpe, on the corner of the house where Isaac dwelt. If so, it must have marked the passage of every sunny hour that has elapsed since Isaac Newton was a boy. It marked all the famous moments of his life; it marked the hour of his death; and still the sunshine creeps slowly over it, as regularly as when Isaac first set it up.

Yet we must not say that the sun dial has lasted longer than its maker; for Isaac Newton will exist long after the dial—yea, and long after the sun itself—shall have crumbled to decay.

Isaac possessed a wonderful faculty of acquiring knowledge by the simplest means. For instance, what method do you suppose he took to find out the strength of the wind? You will never guess how the boy could compel that unseen, inconstant, and ungovernable wonder, the wind, to tell him the measure of his strength. Yet nothing can be more simple. He jumped against the wind, and by the length of his jump he could calculate the force of a gentle breeze, a brisk

gale, or a tempest. Thus, even in his boyish sports, he was continually searching out the secrets of philosophy.

Not far from his grandmother's residence there was a windmill which operated on a new plan. Isaac was in the habit of going thither frequently, and would spend whole hours in examining its various parts. While the mill was at rest he pried into its internal machinery. When its broad sails were set in motion by the wind, he watched the process by which the millstones were made to revolve and crush the grain that was put into the hopper. After gaining a thorough knowledge of its construction, he was observed to be unusually busy with his tools.

It was not long before his grandmother and all the neighborhood knew what Isaac had been about. He had constructed a model of the windmill. Though not so large, I suppose, as one of the box traps which boys set to catch squirrels, yet every part of the mill and its machinery was complete. Its little sails were neatly made of linen, and whirled round very swiftly when the mill was placed in a draught of air. Even a puff of wind from Isaac's mouth, or from a pair of bellows, was sufficient to set the sails in motion. And, what was more curious, if a handful of grains of wheat were put into the little hopper, they would soon be converted into snow-white flour.

Isaac's playmates were enchanted with his new windmill. They thought that nothing so pretty and so wonderful had ever been seen in the whole world. . . . . .

As Isaac grew older, it was found that he had far more important matters in his mind than the manufacture of toys like the little windmill. All day long, if left to himself, he was either absorbed in thought, or engaged in some book of mathematics or natural philosophy. At night, I think it probable, he looked up with reverential curiosity to the stars' and wondered whether they were worlds like our own, and how great was their distance from the earth, and what was the power that kept them in their courses. Perhaps, even so early in life, Isaac Newton felt a presentiment that he should be able, hereafter, to answer all these questions.

When Isaac was fourteen years old, his mother's second husband being now dead, she wished her son to leave school and assist her in managing the farm at Woolsthorpe. For a year or two, therefore, he tried to turn his attention to farming. But his mind was so bent on becoming a scholar, that his mother sent him back to school, and afterwards to the University of Cambridge.

I have now finished my anecdotes of Isaac Newton's boyhood. My story would be far too long, were I to mention all the splendi discoveries which he made after he came to b a man. He was the first that found out th nature of light; for, before his day, nobod could tell what the sunshine was composed o You remember, I suppose, the story of a apple's falling on his head, and thus leadin him to discover the force of gravitation, whic keeps the heavenly bodies in their courses When he had once got hold of this idea, h never permitted his mind to rest until he ha searched out the laws by which the planet are guided through the sky. This he did as thoroughly as if he had gone up among the stars and tracked them in their orbits. The boy had found out the mechanism of a wind-mill; the man explained to his fellow-men the mechanism of the universe.

While making these researches, he was accustomed to spend night after night in a lofty tower, gazing at the heavenly bodies through a telescope. His mind was lifted far above the things of this world. He may be said, indeed, to have spent the greater part of his life in worlds that lie millions of miles away; for where the thoughts and the heart are, there is our true existence.

Did you never hear the story of Newton and his little dog, Diamond? One day, when he was fifty years old, and had been hard at work more than twenty years studying the theory of light, he went out of his chamber, leaving his little dog asleep before the fire. On the table lay a heap of manuscript papers, containing all the discoveries which Newton had made during those twenty years. When his master was gone, up rose little Diamond, jumped upon the table, and overthrew the lighted candle. The papers immediately caught fire. Just as the destruction was completed, Newton opened the chamber door, and perceived that the labors of twenty years were reduced to a heap of ashes. There stood little Diamond, the author of all the mischief. Almost any other man would have sentenced the dog to immediate death. But Newton patted him on the head with his usual kindness, although grief was at his heart.

"O Diamond, Diamond," exclaimed he, "thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!"

This incident affected his health and spirits for some time afterwards; but, from his conduct towards the little dog, you may judge what was the sweetness of his temper.

Newton lived to be a very old man, and acquired great renown, and was made a member of parliament, and received the honor of knighthood from the king. But he cared little for earthly fame and honors, and felt no pride in the vastness of his knowledge. All

hat he had learned only made him feel how ittle he knew in comparison to what remained o be known.

"I seem to myself like a child," observed he, 'playing on the sea shore, and picking up here and there a curious shell, or a pretty pebble, while the boundless ocean of Truth lies undiscovered before me."

At last, in 1727, when he was fourscore and five years old, Sir Isaac Newton died—or rather, he ceased to live on earth. We may be permitted to believe that he is still searching out the infinite wisdom and goodness of the Creator, as earnestly, and with even more success than while his spirit animated a mortal body. He has left a fame behind him which will be as endurable as if his name were written in letters of light formed by the stars upon the midnight sky.—"*True Stories.*"

WONDERS OF THE WEST.

Snake River—Mammoth Falls—Mountain Scenery.

Snake River is the south fork of the Columbia, having the alternate name of Lewis River, named after Lewis, one of the early pioneers, who came West by way of the Rocky Mountains, following the course of the river to the point at which it empties into the Columbia. Snake River rises in the Rocky Mountains, near Fremont's Peak, on the Dakota line, flowing eight hundred miles through southern Idaho, in a general westerly course, thence north one hundred and fifty miles, forming the boundary line between Idaho and Oregon, receiving as tributaries the Bolse, Owyhe, Salmon and Clearwater Rivers, besides numerous small streams, and finally uniting with the north fork of Clark's River to form the great Columbia.

The valley of the Snake lies along an almost direct line from the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, and in the early days it furnished the most practicable route overland to the Pacific. In its descent over the elevated plains of Idaho, about four hundred miles from whence it takes its rise in the Rocky Mountains, Snake River forms the great Shoshone Falls. The river here runs through a narrow rocky gorge, which widens and terminates abruptly in precipitous cliffs, the summit of which is about one hundred feet above the level of the rapids, and so steep that the traveller can descend only at one point—an old Indian trail, its numerous windings making it about a mile in length. Following this trail slowly and carefully, the tourist will in due time find himself standing on a level with the rapids and overlooking the falls. The width of the river at this point has been variously estimated—we thought it at least two hundred yards wide.

The rapids here form a series of cascades, ranging from thirty to sixty feet each in height, and just below them the river, in one unbroken mass, leaps two hundred and ten feet into the bottomless pit below. The course of the river at this point is almost due east and west; the contour of the falls is that of an irregular horseshoe, and their width, following the course of the water, is at least four hundred yards. Although the river is not quite as wide at this point as the Niagara River, the falls are higher and quite as beautiful. The most complete view of the falls, including the river above and below the rapids, cliffs and surrounding scenery, is obtained from Lookout Point. Lookout Point is a narrow cape of rocks projecting from the main bluff about three hundred yards lower down on the river than the falls; so narrow that two persons cannot walk abreast. Care and caution should be exercised in going to the extremity of this point—the very timid and over-bold should never attempt it—a slip of the foot would in a moment precipitate one three hundred feet into the raging torrent below.

Standing upon this point, we will endeavor to name the prominent places of interest. The first object which attracts our attention is Eagle Rock, a perpendicular pillar of rock about 100 feet in height, rising from the midst of the rapids fifty yards from the south bank of the river, and almost overhanging the main cataract. Upon the topmost peak of this rock an American eagle has built his eyrie, a fitting home for our noble national bird—long may he live to enjoy his unique and romantic abode. Just above and about the centre of the cataract is Ballard Island, a small rocky island covered with cedar and juniper trees. Several smaller islands, to the right and left of the large one, or Ballard Island, add to the beauty and picturesqueness of the scene.

The two sentinels—two huge rocky pillars—are one on the north, the other on the south side, overlooking the falls and reminding one of grim sentinels guarding their post. Lower down the river, and from a higher standpoint, one can obtain a fine panoramic view of the whole—the falls, the foaming rapids, Eagle Rock, the Two Sentinels, the huge pillars of perpetual spray rising from the bottom and near the centre of the cataract, but extending as it rises to either side, and made beautiful by the many-colored rainbows which shed a halo of glory upon the whole scene. Still lower down the river is Prospect Gulch. Several gentlemen of the party, actuated by the spirit of adventure, determined to attempt through the gulch to reach the river below the falls. They lowered themselves fifty feet on a rope down the perpendicular sides of a rocky cliff. Reaching firm ground, they managed with but little difficulty to scramble

down about five hundred feet to the banks of the river. Arriving there, they found that their troubles had just begun; they were six hundred yards from the falls, to reach which their path lay around, and sometimes over, huge boulders of slippery rocks, winding along the foot of the steep banks, and then through the foaming and boiling waters, the heavy swells of which reminded them strikingly of the breakers on the seashore. Finally, they reached a point thirty feet from the falls. Their journey here came to an abrupt termination, by the shelving of the rocks into deep water.

The wind struck this point with such violence that they feared to trust themselves in an erect posture. On their knees, they held with their hands to the overhanging brush, to prevent being blown into the river.

We think that one cannot fully comprehend the immensity of the sheet of water and the sublimity of the scene, until he can gaze upward, as we did. This point is the Cave of the Winds. The Shoshone Falls, as a whole, will compare favorably with Niagara. Those of our party who have seen both places pronounce the former superior in many respects. In beauty and wildness of scenery, the Shoshone cannot be surpassed. Niagara excels in magnitude only.

A Bad Practice.—Keeping children after school is, in every respect, a bad practice. It annoys both teacher and pupil, and is an evil which perpetuates itself. Pupils who are kept after school usually go home out of humor with teacher and school generally. It should be a constant aim to arrange things in such a way that every pupil may go home feeling happy. The result aimed at by this practice may, in most cases, be reached in other ways. The natural consequence of poor lessons would seem to be falling in rank. In graded schools, pupils who miss their lessons may be placed in lower classes, even in a lower department.

ITEMS.

Evaporation of ammonia is the best method of producing artificial ice, and a German machine has been constructed capable of turning out by this means, with the aid of three men and a three-horse power engine, a thousand pounds of ice an hour.

Proposed Revision of the Bible.—At the convocation of Bishops, held by order of the Archbishop of Canterbury, recently, it was unanimously resolved to appoint a committee of eminent and erudite scholars and divines, whose duty it shall be to report at a future meeting as to the advisability of a revision of both the Old and New Testament Scriptures. Several of the bishops present cited portions of the present versions, which were pronounced either incorrect renderings of the original texts, or of doubtful authority and origin.

Indian Treaties, except those submitted in confidence, are, under a recent resolution of the Senate, to be considered in open session. Four treaties with the Indians, before the Senate for ratification, it is reported, have been withdrawn by the President, in a formal communication. These treaties provided for the removal of the Osage, Kaw, Sac, Fox and Otoe Indians from Kansas and Nebraska.

The war claims of Kentucky on November 30th, 1868, amounted to $1,337,543, and during the ensuing year additional claims amounting to $27,288 were forwarded to Washington, making a total of $1,364,831. Of this sum the United States Government has paid $14,309, so that the claim is now $1,350,522. Kentucky, however, has additional claims amounting to $17,000. These debts have been created by the expenditures of the State in fitting out troops.

Electrical Phenomenon.—A letter in the Ottawa (Ill.) *Republican* gives the following account of an electrical phenomenon:

"In the engine-room of the Peru Plough Factory there is a leather belt from eight to ten inches wide. This belt is drawn over two drums, one of which is iron, and the other, I think, is wood. These drums make about fifty revolutions per minute. Standing in front of and below the belt, and placing the extended fingers within six inches of it, the experimenter will observe a multitude of white rays, which start from the belt, and project themselves in the direction ot the fingers. For the first three inches the rays form a sheet of white light, its base extending across the band. It then breaks up into pencils of rays, each pencil converging into a delicately fine point. The points of the white rays approximate at the tips of the fingers, but never touch them. On the contrary, the ends of the fingers are illuminated with little jets of bright yellow flame, which dart out to meet the white rays. The little flames are lambent, continuous and pencil-shaped. They are not as vivid as a true electric spark, but sufficiently bright to be visible by daylight. If a person, holding his right hand near the belt, touch any one in reach with his left hand, he will experience a sensible shock. The fingers, after experimenting with the belt, have a pricking sensation, not unlike the feeling produced by restored circulation after the hand has been 'asleep,' or when we carelessly meddle with the poles of a magnetic battery."

The Colored Schools in the South, it is reported, exhibit a marked improvement. The scholars are steadily advancing in the higher branches of study, and the freedmen are saving money and buying homesteads. In one instance the laborers contributed their savings from last year's crop to a common purse, and purchased 700 acres of land from their former owner. The appearance of the freedmen, it is also reported, is steadily improving, and instead of presenting ragged garments and bare feet, they are now clothed in comfortable apparel. At the close of the rebellion, the colored men who crowded into the large cities, died rapidly, but at present the rate of mortality is not excessive. Intemperate habits are not more prevalent than among the same class of whites; and the records of the Court show that the indictable crimes are divided in the same proportion between the white and colored races.

It is said that, of the 760 members of the Œcumenical Council, upwards of 500 have signed a petition in favor of the adoption of the dogma of the Papal Infallibility.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXVI. PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 26, 1870. No. 52.

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It is desirable that subscriptions *particularly those in* CLUBS, should commence *at the beginning of the volume.*

AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, *New York.*
Benj. Strattan, *Richmond, Ind.*
T Burling Hull, *Baltimore, Md.*

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SKETCHES OF FRIENDS.

Historical, Biographical and Anecdotal.

(Continued from page 804.)

We have now, in the order of time, arrived at the period when the great and good Wm. Penn became the proprietor of the province of Pennsylvania. Allusion has already been made to his connection with the colonization of New Jersey. Clarkson assures us that up to the year 1681, Penn had sent to it about 1400 people. The active interest thus shown in the new country which opened before him, would naturally intensify the desire which Penn had while at Oxford in 1661 to become the sole proprietor of a portion of American soil, where, to use his own language, he "might raise a people who shall be a praise in the earth for conduct, as well as for civil and religious liberty; to afford an asylum to the good and oppressed of every nation; to frame a government which may be an example, and to make men as free and happy as they can be." Indeed, Penn seems to have been peculiarly fitted to become the founder of a colony based upon righteous principles. From his own religious experience, and the persecutions he endured for conscience' sake, he learned how to value the blessing of true liberty. His familiarity at court taught him the danger of despotic power, and made him desirous that in his own Pennsylvania "the will of one man may not hinder the good of an whole country." From his large acquaintance with men and books he imbibed just and comprehensive views. His great benevolence, coupled with the consistency and purity of his life, rendered nugatory the supposition (if any such was *really* entertained) that his application to the British crown for land in America arose from selfish or mercenary motives. Indeed the confidence reposed in him was abundantly shown in the readiness with which some of the most respectable of his countrymen accepted his proposals to embark for New Jersey and Pennsylvania. That he was not actuated by love of gain, is also proven by the promptness with which he refused (from a company then forming) an offer of £600 "for the monopoly of the Indian trade between the Susquehanna and the Delaware, together with 2½ per cent. acknowledgment or rent." His answer to the company was, that he "would not defile what came to him clean." Doubtless there were times when he felt disappointed and discouraged upon detecting some flaw in the machinery of his government, but vexations and difficulties hindered not the prosecution of his plan. As he "took charge of the province for the Lord's sake," his unwavering faith in the immutability of those principles, which he designed to be the foundation of his Republic, enabled him to triumph. The State which bears his name stands as the proudest monument of his greatness. "Her laws and institutions bear the impress of his noble

mind," and from generation to generation his memory will be treasured by her people. Such a man was William Penn. His numerous biographers have narrated the story of his chequered life, and we do not propose to repeat it here. On the page of history he will ever stand prominently forth as an able statesman, a wise legislator, a large-hearted philanthropist, and a *Christian gentleman*,—qualities but rarely found combined in one individual.

The royal patent for Pennsylvania bears date March 4th, 1681. The same year Penn appointed his deputy governor and commissioners, who sailed from England for the new province, bearing a letter from the proprietary to those already settled in the territory, announcing that it had "pleased God in his providence to cast them within his lot and care," and assuring them that he would "not usurp the right of any nor oppress his person." "God," said he, "has furnished me with a better resolution, and has given me His grace to keep it." By the same commissioners he also sent a communication and some presents to the Indians, to express "his great love and regard for them." The following year Thomas Holm was sent to Pennsylvania as Surveyor General, who brought with him a second letter to the natives from Penn, which, although familiar to many of our readers, we are tempted to copy entire.

"The great God, who is the power and wisdom that made you and me, incline your hearts to righteousness, love, and peace. This I send to assure you of my love, and to desire your love to my friends; and when the great God brings me among you, I intend to order all things in such a manner that we may all live in love and peace one with another, which I hope the great God will incline both you and me to do. I seek nothing but the honor of His name, and that we, who are His workmanship, may do that which is well pleasing to Him. The man who delivers this unto you is my special friend,—sober, wise and loving. You may believe him. I have already taken care that none of my people wrong you. By good laws I have provided for that purpose; nor will I ever allow of my people to sell rum, to make your people drunk. If anything should be out of order, expect when I come it shall be mended, and I will bring you some things of our country that are useful and pleasing to you. So I rest, in the love of God that made us. I am your loving friend,

WILLIAM PENN.

ENGLAND, 21st of Second month, (April,) 1682."

This letter was read by Thomas Holm to the Indians, through an interpreter, in the Sixth month following. In the Seventh month (September) William Penn embarke in the "Welcome" for his province, and aft a voyage of some eight weeks, the ship a chored before the town of New Castle. Fro thence they proceeded up the river to Uplan Clarkson narrates that while the ship w still in the stream, Penn said to his frien Pearson, (a fellow passenger), "Providenc has brought us here safe. Thou hast bee the companion of my perils. What wilt tho that I shall call this place?" Pearson replie *Chester*,—that being the name of the city fro whence he came. William Penn said i should be called Chester, and that when h divided the land into counties, he would cal one of them by the same name also. Whe Penn visited the site of Philadelphia, is no now *exactly* known, but a minute of th Monthly Meeting of Friends, held the 8th o Ninth month (November), 1682, states, tha "at this time Governor William Penn and a multitude of Friends arrived here, and erecte a city, called Philadelphia—*about half a mil from Shackamaxson.*"

Having reached Coaquannoc, the Indian name for the place where Philadelphia now stands, Penn and the little band of Quakers with him, were cordially greeted, not only by the early settlers, but by some of the sachems and their tribes. The proprietary, we may suppose, desired to make a treaty of friendship with the natives, and to this end, it is said that the leaders on both sides repaired to Shackamaxson, (now Kensington), where, underneath the wide-spreading branches of a large elm tree, they entered into a covenant of Peace with each other. It was on this same spot that Penn's deputy (Markham) had previously negotiated with the Indians for the purchase of Pennsbury Manor, and tradition asserts it was a favorite place of resort in those times.

It has been seriously questioned by some writers, whether in 1682, any treaty took place, inasmuch as no letter of Penn's has been found which alludes to such a conference, nor do any of his cotemporaries mention it. This is certainly strange, and yet among the Indians and the Quakers there has ever been a *traditional* account of "the great treaty under the Elm. Our early American painter*

* Benjamin West, in a letter dated London, July 12th, 1775, addressed to his brother William, in this country, says, "I send you an engraved print of Wm. Penn's treaty, wherein I have taken the likeness of our father, and brother Thomas, of Reading, (England.) That is the likeness of our brother, that stands immediately behind Penn, resting on his cane. I need not point out the picture of our father, as I believe you will find it in a print from memory." His father is represented as standing a little back in the picture, with side face visible, and showing only a part of his person. J. Francis

has immortalized it with his pencil. Poets have sung of it, and historians have described it. It has been considered as "the only league between the Indians and the Christians which was never sworn to and never broken." A committee of the "Pennsylvania Historical Society," have reported in "favor of the treaty," and the "Penn Society of Philadelphia" has marked the memorable spot with an apology for a monument, which speaks more eloquently of a depleted treasury than of anything else. In the absence of documentary evidence, however, the question remains open for discussion. That such an alliance occurred at *some time* between Penn and the natives is generally conceded. Governor Keith said in his speech to the Indians in 1722—"Last time I was with you at Conestogoe, you showed me a parchment which you had received from Wm. Penn, containing many articles of friendship between him and you, and between your children and his children." As a treaty was made in 1701, *which was in writing*, we are inclined to believe that Keith refers to it, and not to a treaty in 1682, as some have supposed. The story of the gathering under the great elm may be a pleasing fiction or an absolute verity. We incline to the latter opinion, but as above stated there is room for reasonable doubt on the subject.

Samuel M. Janney, in his life of William Penn, has thus graphically described the supposed scene under the elm. "It is near the close of November—the lofty forest trees on the banks of the Delaware have shed their summer attire; the ground is strewn with leaves, and the council fire burns brightly, fanned by the autumnal breeze. Under the wide branching elm the Indian tribes are assembled, but all unarmed, for no warlike weapon is allowed to disturb the scene. In front are the chiefs with their counsellors and aged men on either hand. Behind them, in the form of a half-moon, sit the young men, and some of the aged matrons, while beyond, and disposed in still widening circles, are seen the youths of both sexes. Among the assembled chiefs there is one who holds a conspicuous rank; the Great Sachem Taminend, one of nature's noblemen, revered for his wisdom and beloved for his goodness. But see! a barge is approaching, bearing at its masthead the proud pennant of the governor; the oars are plied with measured strokes, and near the helm sits William Penn, attended by his council. Among them are Markham, his Secretary, Holm, Surveyor General, Simcox, Haigue, Taylor and Pearson. On the river bank, waiting with others to join them, is Lacy Cock, the hospitable Swede, whose dwelling is near the treaty ground. They are plainly dressed, and the proprietary is only distinguished from the rest by a sky blue sash of silk net work that encircles his waist. They land and advance toward the council fire; the governor having his cousin Markham on the right, and his friend Pearson on the left, is preceded by some of his attendants bearing presents, which they spread upon the ground. They pause when they approach the council fire. Taminend puts on his chaplet surmounted by a small horn, the emblem of kingly power, and then through an interpreter he announces to William Penn that the nations are ready to hear him.

"Being thus called upon, he begins his speech. 'The Great Spirit (he says) who made me and you, who rules the heavens and the earth, and who knows the innermost thoughts of men, knows that I and my friends have a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with you, to the utmost of our power. It is not our custom to use hostile weapons against our fellow creatures, for which reason we have come unarmed. Our object is not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. We are met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage is to be taken on either side, but all to be openness, brotherhood and love.' Here the governor unrolls a parchment containing stipulations for trade, and promises of friendship, which, by means of an interpreter, he explains to them, article by article, and placing it on the ground, he observes that the ground shall be common to both people. He then proceeds. 'I will not do as the Marylanders did, that is, call you children or brothers only, for parents are apt to whip their children too severely, and brothers sometimes will differ. Neither will I compare the friendship between us, to a chain, for the rain may rust it, or a tree may fall and break it; but I will consider you as the same flesh and blood with the Christians, and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts.' This speech being listened to by the Indians in perfect silence, and with much gravity, they take some time to deliberate, and then the King orders one of his chiefs to speak to Wm. Penn. The Indian orator advances, and in the King's name salutes him; then taking him by the hand, he makes a speech, pledging kindness

Fisher, in his discourse on the "private life and domestic habits of Wm. Penn," says: "Our Pennsylvania painter, besides his unpardonable misconception in representing the graceful and athletic Penn at the age of 38, as a fat old man of very ordinary appearance, has put him and his companions in dresses, which, if they ever wore them at all, they certainly did not until some years after the settlement of Pennsylvania."

and good neighborhood, and that the Indians and the English must live in love as long as the sun and moon shall endure."

Heckewelder, the Moravian missionary, who lived many years among the Indians, says he has often heard them speak of the conferences had with their fathers by Wm. Penn, when "he convened them under a grove of shady trees, where the little birds on their boughs were warbling their sweet notes." "In commemoration of these conferences (which are always to Indians a subject of pleasing remembrance) they frequently assembled together in the woods, in some shady spot as nearly as possible similar to those where they used to meet their brother *Miquon* (Wm. Penn,) and there lay all his 'words' or speeches with those of his descendants, on a blanket or clean piece of bark, and with great satisfaction go successively over the whole. This practice (which I have repeatedly witnessed) continued until the year 1780, when the disturbances which then took place put an end to it, probably forever."

(To be continued.)

A LETTER FROM R. TURNER OF BALT., MD.

Friends will be pleased to hear, I doubt not, that we sent off last week to the "Pawnee Agency," four boxes and a half barrel, containing warm and substantial garments, chiefly for the women and children, and a good supply of articles for food, and medicines for the sick. Also a large quantity of that much-valued purifier, Castile soap—needed, it appears, in most, if not all the agencies,—the Indians being represented as sorely afflicted with scrofula.

It is gratifying to learn, through the "Intelligencer," of the great amount of goods sent out, and I hope the interest, so generally manifested in our several Yearly Meetings for these wronged and deeply injured children of the forest, may continue to stimulate us to persevere in the good cause of their civilization and greater comfort.

Our First-day school is flourishing, our Lyceum increasing in interest, and our "First-day morning Readings" are very interesting, and, we think, beneficial to those of our members who attend them.

I must not omit mentioning the Lombard St. Sewing School, back of our meeting-house, conducted by a number of young women, who give their time and attention to teaching about 75 poor little white girls the art of cutting out and sewing. These children have been gathered in from the streets, lanes and alleys; and on Seventh-day afternoons, they *now* (generally) come with clean face and hands and combed hair, which was not the case at first; and they are as orderly and quiet, when engaged at work, and in coming in and when they separate, as any school I have visited.

The discipline is remarkable, and the patience and endurance of those dear young women are wonderful. How happy they seem to be in their labor of love and usefulness to this class of poor little unfortunates! "Verily they have their reward."

Sincerely thy friend, REBECCA TURNER.

THE NURTURE OF THE LORD.

From The Home Life in the Light of its Divine Idea.

BY JAMES BALDWIN BROWN.

"*Bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.*"—EPH. vi. 4.

In my last discourse I dwelt on the fundamental principle of a Christian education, the drawing forth and instructing the consciousness that Christ is with, is in, the child. Christ the light, an element of help, of joy; not as some parents systematically present Him, an element of gloom and dread. Let children know Him as the inspiration of their young efforts of duty, as their strength in their struggle against sin; as their sympathetic friend in all their dreary defeats and failures, nearer than their own consciousness to the springs of their thought and life. A Lord at hand and not afar off, within and not beneath or above; taking intimate and personal part in the action of their life-drama, from the very dawnings of consciousness; witnessing, pleading, and striving, with boundless long-suffering within.

You have neither to take them to Christ nor to bring Christ to them. It may sound like a paradox, but I believe that the main reason why so many children of Christian households grow up inwardly ignorant of the Saviour, is that they have been so sedulously taught to seek Him. They should learn that He has sought them, and that He is there at the door of their hearts, yea, within the door, waiting only to be recognized and welcomed with love. The gospel is not, "Go forth to seek Christ and He will meet you." The words, "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and the door shall be opened unto you," were spoken to men by One, who had come all the way from a heavenly throne that He might place Himself in their midst. He was seeking *them*, asking *them*, and knocking at the door of *their* hearts, that He might enter royally as of right and take up His abode. Tell them of a God who needs to be appeased, of a Saviour who waits to be moved to intercession, to plead the power of His blood on their behalf, and salvation is at once made to appear to them a hard, far-off, and doubtful thing. . .

If we would but begin with our children where God begins with us, it might go better

with them. "The word is nigh thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart." Look within. In the battle which is raging even in thy young heart, every high thought, every holy purpose, every heavenward aspiration, is the work of His love for thee; and every base thought, every impure passion, every worldly purpose, is the work of His enemy in thee, striving to pluck thee out of His hand. I think that this education of the consciousness to recognize the present Christ, the inward light that lighteth every man, and which shines very brightly in children's hearts, would lend dignity and energy to the moral struggle which begins with the first stirrings of freedom, and would wrest one mighty weapon of destruction out of the adversary's hand. There is nothing worse for the child than to feel that God is far-off, and cannot care much about the battle of a young life; and that it matters little to Him or to any one what a child may think or do. It matters everything. From the first moment of consciousness the Lord has been with you, young soldier; learn to parade your soul before Him, and to answer to your name.

And to me this seems to be the only shield of the parent from what would else be a crushing burden of care. If we are to be at the main charge of this ministry, and if our influence is the chief educating power, then, as I have said, alas! for us, and for the child. As Jesus bore witness of the Father, so we have to bear witness of the Saviour. If we bear witness of ourselves, of our private ideas of what a child should grow to be, our own image of goodness, purity, and truth, we may chance to see the little ones on whom we spend our wealth of effort growing into an image from which we shrink back with dread. I have seen it again and again. I have seen parents who had striven earnestly and with much self-denial to mould their children to an image which should satisfy their parental joy and pride, left in their old age to moan in bitterness of soul over the wreck of all their hopes. While little ones, trained early to recognize joyously the dawning of a Divine light and the stirrings of a Divine life within, drawn out to realize their divine relations, and to cry with a child's frank heart, "Father, Father," in the ear of God, left free to unfold their native faculty and tendency under the eye and hand of a parent whose supreme concern was to know and to do His will, grow up in a fair and shapely adolescence, and into a maturity rich with noble and abundant fruit.

But what, upon this principle, is the true field of a parent's duty? If Christ is with the child, nearer than the parent, with power to reach the inner ear and to touch the inner springs, the parent's influence seems to fade into feebleness; it may help in some small measure, but it has no essential power. But it is the same with education as with everything else; man's power is that of the fellow-worker, the fellow-helper with God. In every field of human activity in which the higher human faculties find play, indeed in every reigon of activity, *the* power is of God. In every work, the essential power, the masculine power, is with Him. "It is the Lord thy God who giveth thee this power to get wealth." The intelligence, energy, and patience by which men win great successes, are ever fanned and kept at a white heat by the breath of God. In Him we *live*. If His breath kindles the flame of life, the glow passes swiftly through every pulse and organ, and energizes them; If He withholds His inspiration they fail and die. As we rise into the higher spheres of work, the energising breath of God becomes more palpably the condition of all noble and fruitful activity. Moses, David, Isaiah, Paul, were from one point of view the most dependent thinkers and actors who have ever played their part in the theatre of history. "And Moses said unto the Lord, O my Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since Thou hast spoken unto Thy servant: but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue. And the Lord said unto him, Who hath made man's mouth? or who maketh the dumb, or deaf, or the seeing, or the blind? have not I the Lord? Now therefore go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say." Exod. iv. 10–12.

"And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure. For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me. And He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for My strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake: for when I am weak, then am I strong." 2 Cor. xii. 7–10.

"I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." Gal. ii. 20.

"And ye shall be brought before governors and kings for My sake, for a testimony against them and the Gentiles. But when

they deliver you up, take no thought how nor what ye shall speak; for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you." Matt. x. 18–20.

And yet these were the very highest and freest expressions of human thought and will which the world has ever witnessed. No men have ever spoken so freely for God, yea, and to God, as these men who were completely dependent on His inspiration. None have acted so boldly, so grandly, in their human freedom, as those who took the suggestion of their every movement from the touch of His hand and the glance of His eye. And the reason is not difficult to discover. Man's nature moves in its fullest liberty, and touches the height of its possibilities, only when it is in perfect oneness with the mind and the will of God. The more completely God enters into it, the more nearly does it grow to the fullness of its native dignity and power. Man was made to be the fellow-worker with the Lord; the fellow-worker, as the woman works with man in the conduct of the home. "*The bride the Lamb's wife,*" describes humanity under its highest possible conditions. Its freedom is the freedom which is possible in such union, the freedom of perfect sympathy and perfect love.

And thus the parents are Christ's co-workers in the nurture and culture of their little ones. It would be but partial truth to say that the supreme relation of the child is to Christ, and that the parent's influence is but a feather's weight in the scale. The parent's influence is part of Christ's influence; it is of His making and of His maintaining; and He is just robbed as it were of a vital organ, if a parent despises or even thinks lightly of this fellow-helping with Him. Throw yourself into the duty with all the zeal and energy which the thought of all that is hanging on your effort, for yourself, for your child, and for God, can inspire, and you will lend to the Master the most precious instrument that the universe could furnish for His work; while you may keep the instrument pure and keen, and meet for the Master's use, by remembering that your work is to bear witness for Him who is ever at work within, and to draw forth the child's consciousness that He is there. The more you believe in Christ's presence with your little one, the more, did you understand it rightly, would you feel your ministry to be essential to a true nurture and admonition in the Lord. The Lord is with *you*, as well as with your little one; and it is through you alone that He can complete His work. To this concert of spirit He is ever moving you. His zeal for your little one works through you as its chief organ. In truth, the Incarnation is a fact ever living, and it ever finds new manifestations. God in man, man in God, is the key to the whole mystery of life.

I have said that nearer than all the tones and touches of the creation, far nearer, are the voices of the home. God is educating the child by all the objects with which He has surrounded it, drawing forth its apprehension, and widening its horizon. And He ever keeps objects on the dim bounds of that horizon to stimulate its effort. Whatever the child may see so as to know, God always cares that there shall be that which it faintly sees and hardly knows; so that a constant strain of effort is kept up, expanding and cultivating the powers. But man's influence is supreme. Nature cannot close the heart to man, but man may close the heart to nature. The passionate, spoilt child of a corrupt society, who pined "for a desert as his dwelling-place," that he might "all forget the human race," must have "one fair spirit for his minister." And it is ever thus. Man is and must be the supreme object to man. . . .

Man must have man to cleave to; and from man all his highest directing and stimulating influences come. It is in the form of man that God claims the supreme rule over the world. And the home influence must inevitably be the dominant in the formation of character, or, where there is unusual native strength, in its direction and development. And there, too, it is chiefly settled whether it shall be a spring of joy or of bitterness to its possessor through life.

Many a noble gift, whose nobleness cannot be quite destroyed, even by the worst home influences, gets set so awry, or so poisoned in the springs, that it becomes mainly a sorrow to the man who is endowned with it, and to the world into which God sent it forth to be a benediction. Everything depends on the culture of the whole nature. You cannot cultivate a branch or a limb fairly, except through the trunk which bears it. If the whole nature is suffered to grow up warped, deformed, embittered, gifts, which might have traversed a wide orbit of blessing, become charged with a malignant energy, and live on, either as prodigies to startle, or as plagues to torment mankind. The home is mainly responsible for the *morale* of the men and women who are to carry on the development of society. And did I need any argument to strengthen the grounds of my belief in Him who has the world's destinies in a Father's charge, I should find it in the fact, that in spite of all that man does in human homes, in every generation, to poison human life in its very springs, there still *is* developement.

Man holds on his path of progress; he goes from strength to strength led by an unseen hand, and triumphs over his own folly and weakness through the sustaining wisdom and energy of God.

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"SKETCHES OF FRIENDS."

In an article under this head, in No. 44, is the following: "The stern old Puritans, who murdered the peaceful Quakers, were the first on the shores of America to declare against slavery, by making the importation of slaves into their colony a crime, punishable by death."

The history of the pioneer anti-slavery movements has frequently been written, but I do not remember having before read that the Puritans, who persecuted early Friends, were the first in America to testify against slavery.

The sentiment is so novel, that I am unable to avoid the inference, that a mistake or obscurity of expression has occurred somewhere. But as the author of the "Sketches" may have in his possession historical evidence of the truth of the sentiment advanced, it were well to postpone criticism until he is further heard from.

I will, however, add, that if the author of the "Sketches" supposes that the early colonists of Rhode Island were ever comprised among the Puritanical persecutors, I must take the liberty to say that history, as far as I am informed, entirely reverses that supposition.

Instead of the Rhode Island colonists being persecutors, they themselves were the victims of religious persecution; and they, or more especially their leaders, were banished from Massachusetts, by the dominant Puritanical party, many years before the persecutions against Friends commenced.

I think it would be difficult to prove that the Rhode Island colonists ever put Friends to death, and equally difficult to show that the Puritans, who murdered Friends, ever testified against slavery at all.

Notwithstanding the foregoing remarks, I cheerfully record my appreciation of the general tenor of the "Sketches," and in so doing, I doubt not, I shall indicate the feeling of very many readers of the "Intelligencer."

GIDEON FROST.

Second Month, 1870.

It is good early to impress on the minds of children the pleasure there is in rendering kindness; and let parents seek frequent opportunities for them to enjoy this pleasure. It is both purifying and ennobling, and brings with it a blessing.

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer.

Esteemed friends: — "Equal rights and privileges" for all, has long been the profession, and generally the practice of our Society and of its "Intelligencer," and is eminently worthy so to be maintained; hence it is with regret I view your seeming departure from this principle, by declining to publish the "article on First-day schools" alluded to in your Editorial of No. 48. From the language used in reference to the article, I take it for granted that the writer was opposing this (in other religious denominations) time-honored institution, which is now become a candidate for adoption into our own. Now as you have published articles in favor of these schools, together with frequent, interesting and profitable "reports" from the same, it seems to me to be but simple justice that other views, when properly presented, should have an equal right to be heard, especially when adopted by a very considerable body of concerned Friends, your subscribers. This subject of First-day schools has been for some time past, and is now, claiming the consideration of our Society, and we find many valuable Friends entertaining somewhat different views upon it; yet if there be an honest and free interchange of sentiment indulged and promoted throughout the Society amongst its members, and especially by its organ the "Intelligencer," I believe it will lead to a harmonious and truthful solution. "Truth is said to be mighty, and will prevail;" it will bear criticism, it will bear scrutiny, it will bear contradiction, the publication of "objections not clearly defined" will not hurt it, while the failure to publish an article, followed by a criticism upon the article, leaves your readers to do, as you think the writer of the article has done, "*draw conclusions from inference* rather than from *personal observations.*"

Feeling an interest in First-day schools, and in all other movements designed for the good of our members, believing them to be capable under right direction of doing a great deal of good to our youth, I still am in favor of extending respectful attention to my friends with different sentiments. Knowing nothing of the author or of this "article," save through your allusion to it, I still think he should have what was extended by the Roman governors to Paul—a hearing!

Although feeling at liberty to write thus openly to you, I remain your sincere friend, and, to the "Intelligencer,"

A SUBSCRIBER.

Baltimore, 2*d mo.* 5, 1870.

It was a maxim of Euripides either to keep silence, or to speak something better than silence.

Scraps

FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Our temperaments are so diverse that our spiritual paths are wisely very different, as seen by the natural eye, and it is perhaps always safe for the self sufficient and active to be humble and watchful, and for the fearful, humble ones to strive for liberty and action; each leaning a little away from their natural inclination.

Situated as I am, and in view of my temperament, I find it quite as necessary for me to keep close up to the Light, as to avoid going ahead of it. Much of my influence (if I really have any,) seems to be through encouragement and sympathy with the strivings for good in others, and yet I feel constantly a necessity in this to keep with the Light, that "man may *not* mar a good work."

I want to say in reference to thy sympathy with our better life, that I believe we are deepening and growing from association with those to whom thou alludes. In many, many ways I see the hand of the Lord leading our meeting into harmony and living concern, and I believe the end is not yet, nor within the comprehension of his instrumentalities. I feel less inclination than ever to *hasten* anything except my own obedience, and am now sure the forbearance and giving way that some of us younger ones have felt to be our portion, have been to the increase not only of our own strength, but of His Kingdom among us all. Our path, although at times apparently made very rough by the power of tradition, has yet been doubtless a much smoother one than is usual in times of revival and growth, and we should feel thankful therefor.

Can there not be a labor for the one great doctrine of an inward revelation, irrespective of the differences in dress and outward things, so long as they are only the relics of the past and not the fruit of present disobediences—a condition of things which made it *right* for George Fox to say to William Penn, "Wear it (his sword) as long as thou canst." Oh! for this faith that *knows* that all these things will come right, as we persevere in following the Light, and that they are better worn as long as it will allow, than put aside from man's dictation;—the *only* essential point being to recognize, encourage and keep alive the voice within, leaving it to regulate the essentials.

Seasons of conflict which are sometimes our experience and which are indeed trials of our faith and patience, may, I believe, be considered as a needful preparation for prospective service. We are thereby enabled to feel with others similarly tried. When passing through these conflicts, we esteem it a favor if we can discern the hand of our Father in the dispensation; but more blessed are we, if, not seeing, we can believe that the protecting care of Him "who doeth all things well" is around and over us. Surely we have cause still to trust, even in all seasons of proving, in the continued superintending care of Israel's Shepherd, who seeth even the hindermost of His flock, carries the weaklings in His bosom, and is to them a sure defence in time of need.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 26, 1870.

SHALL WE PROFIT BY CRITICISM?—A recent discussion about Quakerism in a social gathering in Boston, as reported in some of the papers, has awakened reflections which it may be profitable to spread before the readers of the *Intelligencer*. Societies, like individuals, are more profited by candid criticism than by indiscriminate praise. The Society of Friends formerly had its full share of abuse, of late it is apt to be too much flattered. It is seldom fully understood by those who see it only from outside its own moral and social atmosphere, and hence is seldom fairly represented in public discussions or in the current literature. It needs ready and skilful exponents within its own borders, who, comprehending the drift of the times and realizing the merits and demerits of the organization and its spirit, would be able to spread before the world a discriminating and just exhibit of Quakerism as it is. In the discussion alluded to, one born and educated in our Society was the first speaker, and it was fitting that in Boston, where not a single meeting of Friends has been kept up for many years past, a voice should be raised in vindication of the people who first rebuked Puritan intolerance and stood manfully for religious liberty in the then stronghold of bigoted intolerance. That a voice raised in Boston in behalf of Quakerism should have called out such zealous opposition, shows how the prejudices of the past survive the circumstances which called them forth. Seen through the light of religious liberty, of which George Fox was so great an

apostle, it would seem that Quakerism should at least have credit for much of the progress which marks our time, and that in Boston, which has become the centre of what is called liberal Christianity, there would at least be a disposition to make amends for the injustice done to early Friends by the full appreciation of their successors. Yet we find at this meeting of so-called liberal people unusually severe, not to say unjust, comments on our Society. No one of the speakers denied that George Fox did open the way for much of the progress in religious ideas which has characterized the past two centuries, but it was urged that this is very different from saying that the Society which he organized has led the van in liberalizing Christianity in conformity with the leading doctrine which he taught. Here is where liberal thinking people of other denominations see a sad falling off. Now we should be far from acknowledging the justice of much that was said at this Boston meeting, particularly the severe and ungracious comments upon the character of William Penn. The high place which this great philanthropist and legislator has held in history for nearly two centuries, is too well established for a descendant of the Pilgrims, at this late day, to class him with the venal politicians and time-servers who float on the stream of popular applause, to sink into oblivion with the generation to which they belong. William Penn was, perhaps, more distinguished for his noble and self-sacrificing defence of principle than for any other trait of character; this furnishes the key to his greatness, and disarms all criticisms upon it in the direction of personal ambition or perfidious self-seeking.

But to turn to the more pertinent comments of these critics on our Society, they suggest to us some inquiries worthy the consideration of Friends of the present day. The question may well be sounded among us—How far have we filled up the measure of our allotment as a Christian church? We have borne a testimony against priestcraft, but have we given the world such free preaching as the times and our altered circumstances have demanded? We have kept up silent meetings, but have we not very often gone to them as the door on its hinges, thus degrading them into a form without life or spirit? We have held a precious legacy for the world, but have we qualified our children, by education and religious influences, to prize it and to extend and perpetuate it? Have we not rather checked in our children that spontaniety which is essential to their moral and religious development? In teaching them the merit of a quiet indwelling spirit, have we not in many cases suppressed expression which would have promoted growth and expansion in the truth? We have professed a belief in the direct communication of the will of God to the souls of all who seek him, but have we shown faith in this as a practical and essential doctrine? Have we sufficiently recognized it in other denominations and in society at large? These are questions which naturally occur as we look at ourselves from the stand-point of those outside of our fold, and if we could be stimulated to an earnest application of them, as tests of the present condition and future prospects of our Society, then unfriendly criticisms would be more valuable to us than all the commendation which we could receive.

We have received two communications, (one published last week, the other in the present number,) alluding to the fact that we had commented upon an article sent us in regard to First-day schools without publishing the essay, and thus allow our readers to judge of its merits for themselves.

The objectors seem to imply that the motive for withholding the essay was because of its being unfavorable to First-day schools. This is a mistake. Our reasons for not publishing it were simply those which induce us to lay aside a large number of the communications we receive, viz.,—that we do not deem them, in style, manner or pertinence to the subject treated, suitable for publication. We sometimes receive communications that evince want of skill in composition, grammar, orthography, &c., but in which the matter is so valuable as to repay the labor of correction: but it is essential that when treating of a particular subject it shall be to the point. With the desire not to pass by any sincere concern, we gave the few lines extracted from the article in question, believing they con-

tained the substance of what our correspondent wished to express. We are glad to find by a second communication that he is willing to leave the responsibility with us; repeating his concern, that it requires great care on the part of those engaged in Bible Schools to keep the eye single to the pointings of Truth, lest in their efforts to do good they may find themselves floating into the popular current.

DIED.

BARRETT.—On the 30th of First month, in Spring Valley, O., Mahala, wife of George Barrett, aged 64 years.

CORNELL.—On the 31st of Twelfth month, 1869, Keziah T. Cornell, wife of Daniel Cornell, aged 64 years and 11 months; an Elder of Cornwall Monthly Meeting.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

The Second Term having commenced, it is earnestly desired that prompt payment of all bills for Tuition be made to our Treasurer.

HENRY M. LAING,
No. 30 North Third St., Philada.
2d mo. 12—4t.

CIRCULAR MEETINGS.

2d mo.	27th,	Ridge, Va., 11 A.M.
"	"	Back Creek, Va., 3½ P.M.
3d mo.	6th,	Reading, Pa., 3 P.M.
"	"	Junius, N. Y., 11 A.M.
"	"	Westfield, N, J., 3 P.M.
"	"	Penn's Manor, Pa., 10 A.M.
"	"	Chester, Pa., 3 P.M.
"	"	Fairfax C. H., Va., 3½ P.M.
"	"	Yonkers, N. Y., 10½ A.M.

LETTER TO ONE OF THE EDITORS.

OMAHA, NEB., 2d mo. 15th, 1870.

Dear friend Jane Johnson:—I very often think of thee and the other editors of the *Intelligencer*, and, in imagination, I can see you engaged in your labor of love, in preparing mental aliment to supply the wants and promote the spiritual growth of your numerous readers.

Please express to them my affectionate remembrance, and my desire, that as they are religiously concerned to help others, they may themselves be helped in their heavenward journey.

I suppose all our friends feel deeply interested in the progress of our labors among the Indians, and I expected to send communications to thee more frequently than I have done. My time has usually been so much occupied with office-work, and occasional journeys to the several agencies, that I have had no leisure for other engagements. For some weeks past, we have not been so busy as usual.

The Pawnees, the Omahas, and the Otoe Indians, have been mostly absent from their reservations during the winter, engaged in the buffalo hunt. When they go on these expeditions, they take with them their squaws and their papooses, and make an encampment somewhere in the hunting region, whence they send out their hunters mounted on ponies in search of game.

This winter they have been very successful, and will bring in a great quantity of buffalo meat, and thousands of robes.

We wish to see them give up the hunt, and adopt the habits of civilized life, but they are not yet provided with flocks or herds to supply them with meat, and it seems necessary for them to depend in part upon game.

If we can obtain from Congress liberal appropriations to settle the Indians on farms, supply them with implements and live stock, and establish industrial schools among them, we hope to render them self-sustaining without resorting to the hunt for subsistence.

I wish to see them not only civilized, but Christianized, and these objects will be greatly promoted by providing them with comfortable homes, a sufficiency of food, and regular employment.

Thy cordial friend, S. M. JANNEY.

OTOE AGENCY, NEB., 1st mo. 25, 1870.

SARAH F. CORLIES, *Sec. Ind. Aid:*

Respected Friend,—The several boxes of clothing lately forwarded to me by the "Indian Aid Association of Philadelphia" have just been distributed, and the articles of clothing have contributed greatly to the comfort of the Indians. We have here about one hundred and fifty Indian children, nearly all of whom, previous to the distribution of the garments, were in a truly pitiable condition. Many of them were almost entirely destitute of any covering whatever, save a miserable blanket, and I feel no hesitation in ascribing the mortality, which swept off so many of the children of this tribe during last winter and spring, to the exposure to which they were subjected at that time.

The "Christmas things" contained in the barrel and small box were a great treat to the children, and the day on which they were distributed will be one in their calender not soon to be forgotten,—a bright spot in their young lives which age can never obliterate. I have recently been apprised of the fact that at least two boxes are on their way out here; this is cheering intelligence, and with their contents I will be enabled to redeem a promise which I was obliged to make to a large number of poor disappointed creatures for whom nothing could be spared from the other boxes.

In regard to forwarding stores for the sick, such as sugar, rice, crackers, &c., I would advise that, unless the articles are forwarded

or contributed by those who have them for sale, it would be the best policy to transmit the money instead. Supplies of all kinds can be purchased here at a very small advance over eastern prices, and when we take into consideration the cost of transportation, risk of loss, &c., I think the advantages are in favor of purchasing here. In one of the boxes already received I discovered that two packages of sifted sugar had entirely wasted, and for this reason it would be advisable to avoid using paper bags. The Otoes are very grateful to the Aid Association for their efforts on their behalf. One of their chiefs remarked during a council which I held with them not long since, that "heretofore the whites had never done or given them anything at all unless they gave them furs or money in exchange; but now a great change has occurred, for the William Penn people show that they love the Indians." Thy friend,

ALBERT L. GREEN.

CONCERNING FRIENDS.

An Essay read before the New York Social Union.

By J. D. HICKS, *of Westbury, L. I.*

Presuming we shall not differ from our hearers in the propriety of taking a few retrospective glances over the past history of the Society of Friends, our purpose will be to consider some of the relations in which it stands to-day to the world, as compared with the past.

We think there are none here who will question the value of our fundamental principles as advocated by the founder of our Society, George Fox, as being less true, or worthy of our acceptance now, than at the time of their promulgationby him, from which arose the religious organization known by the name of Quakers. George Fox was not the discoverer of any new principles, but a consistent and powerful advocate of a doctrine which met the witness of truth in the minds of his hearers; and those who were convinced of his views formed an organization, which is represented by us of to-day. If, in our reference to some of the venerable things of the past, we treat them with less deference than ordinarily by Friends, we do it in no disrespectful mood, but for the purpose of stimulating individual thought.

The very little world that bounds an individual life, the smallness of an organization, whether religious or otherwise, as compared to the great mass of humanity, does but require a moment's reflection to realize; still that realization must be imperfect to most of us, because of the inability of our minds to compass so large a thought.

Of the 1,200,000,000 inhabitants of the earth, more than one-half are what are termed heathen, and only about one-third even profess the Christian name; these are divided and subdivided into sects and parties, in which each claims to be the specially chosen people of the Most High, and regard with more or less hostility those who differ from them in their beliefs.

Let us bear these facts in mind and be modest in our pretensions, remembering always there is a Universal God that rules the whole, and beneficence rests upon all his works. A purpose and a Divine economy pervades all, imperfectly though we may discern it. Our organization is, comparatively, but a little stream, that flows into the great ocean of humanity—yet that little is ours, and how small soever it be, it nevertheless is the sphere of our action.

It is the part of wisdom in us to gather lessons from the past, and to realize the narrow limits which of necessity bound the widest sphere of accessible knowledge. Those who ignore the past as an element to guide the present, commit a fault, no less than they who are content with precedent and time-honored things as a sufficient justification for their continuance. However much we may be contented with our present knowledge and understanding of things, and felicitate ourselves as to our conception of truth, we cannot sufficiently realize their relationship, or entertain them with becoming modesty, until we have studied somewhat the history of the past, and know how it has fared with others who have been controlled by the same laws of life as ourselves. They had the past to guide them as had their predecessors, and we in our turn have all the knowledge and experience that has preceded us to guide to a better understanding of the present. The use we make of this inheritance and the additions we make to it will only constitute our contribution to the general whole; our legacy of knowledge to futurity will be valuable in proportion as we make an intelligent use of the means at our command; we must fashion so wisely, construct so carefully, rejecting all worn out material, that we may leave an inheritance worthy our age, and the profession we make.

The trials and persecutions which George Fox and his followers suffered are quite familiar to us all, but let us not forget that our Society enjoyed no monopoly of these wrongs and sufferings. Thousands and hundreds of thousands had experienced the most agonizing death for conscience sake, long before the Society of Friends had its origin. The spirit of intolerance and unwillingness of those in power to concede to others the freedom of conscience have been one of the marked characteristics of past centuries. But happily

for us in this particular, we live in an age and country of great tolerance, wherein the rights of the individual are supreme in all matters of beliefs and forms of worship. Should a fire worshiper from India choose to perform in this country his devotions after the manner of his kindred, we should not molest him, but endeavor by peaceful means to lead him to a higher sense of religion. No law imposing fines or penalties would be directed against him, because he differed from us in his mode of worship; his immunity from interference would be complete, not because our repugnance to his religion had been lessened, but that our respect for his rights had been increased.

Whence this great change? The right is no less right now than formerly. The Creator of all, in the past as in the present, is the fountain of absolute truth. Man only is changeable, his knowledge relative, relating to the period in which he lives; a creature of circumstances, a result of the civilization of his age:—growing physically as he observes the laws of growth, increasing in knowledge and wisdom by slow degrees,—advancing in his conceptions of spiritual matters from the basis of his times and the influence of his surroundings.

Witness the brave and conscientious Martin Luther, battling against the excesses of a corrupt church, still claiming the right of fellowship, and only emerging by degrees from the thraldom of Catholicism, after suffering wrongs and persecutions directed against him by his associates. A man of marvelous powers, he became the leader of a religious revolution—a representative of a more liberal and just sentiment demanded by the times.

Though the reformation begun and founded by him was a great advance, his followers manifested but little if any improvement in their conceptions of religious liberty. They vied with Romanism in their spirit of intolerance. The popular mind of the fifteenth century had no conception of political or religious freedom. It has taken humanity a long time to learn that man is not responsible to his fellow-man for his beliefs, and that liberty of conscience is a universal birthright.

We claim that Friends have a record in this particular which they may justly prize. Although never placed in a position for the exercise of political power, except for a brief period in Pennsylvania, yet had they been, they never could have acted otherwise than with tolerance, while they adhered to the tenets of Quakerism. It is in its very nature the spirit of liberty.

While we may contemplate with satisfaction the great truths promulgated by the founders of our Society, we must not flatter ourselv they arrived at any absolute perfection, r quiring no advance on the part of their su cessors. It is manifest from the writings George Fox that he believed in a person Devil.* Wm. Penn appeared not to hav seen the impropriety of ordering a few pip of rum to dispose of to the Indians, notwitl standing the high sense of justice which cha acterized his dealings with them. The us of spirituous liquors on social occasions b our early Friends would now justly be con sidered disgraceful, and yet we do not ques tion their sincerity, or the purity of thei lives.

Our record in regard to an early recogni tion of the injustice of slavery is most credi table, but it took more than half a century and much labor on the part of the more ad vanced minds of our forefathers before this truth could be fully realized.

Friends of Nantucket, in 1716, made a public protest and declaration "that it was not agreeable to truth for Friends to purchase slaves and hold them for the term of life." Yet so late as 1760, forty-four years after, Jno. Woolman, while in Newport, R. I., was pained to see slaves imported from Africa by a member of the Society of Friends, then on sale there by the importer; a crime which in our times has been made a capital offence by an act of Congress. Our Society, as a body, advanced to a recognition of this great evil by comparatively slow degrees. First, against the importation of slaves; then that they should not be bought and sold, and finally, against their being held.

In the records of the Monthly Meeting of Westbury we find, in the year 1776 (the year when the Yearly Meeting made it a disciplinary offence to own slaves) there were 54 manumissions, while in 1775, but one year previous, there were only two. The absolute wrong and injustice of the system existed as well before as at the time they had grown to a realization of its injustice; this truth dawned upon them slowly, and it would indeed be great injustice to hold men responsible for acts which their understanding had not yet been educated to regard as wrongs.

It is worthy of notice in this connection that about the period previously mentioned, the emancipation of slaves in our State was not an unfrequent occurrence, showing it to have been somewhat a popular sentiment of the period, and we must not claim for our Society too much in this particular.†

* George Fox's Journal, Vol. I, p. 187, edition of 1800.

† In 1790, when Congress was sitting in New York, the first Quaker petition for the abolition of the slave trade was presented, and the following in-

No one who has read the writings of early Friends can fail to notice their belief that their persecutors were the objects of special judgments. The second epistle, issued by the London Yearly Meeting in 1676, exhorted Friends to keep an exact account of what judgments fell upon persecutors. The world is not yet free from persecution. Man is still guilty of wrong and injustice towards his fellow-man, but the observer of to-day fails to detect evidences of special judgments in behalf of the oppressed.

The intelligent mind of the nineteenth century sees universal law, where the ancients witnessed constant special interposition. Like witchcraft, the phenomena were most abundant, while it was believed in, but ceased entirely when the belief was rejected, and yet for 1500 years mankind suffered under this fearful delusion, fearful indeed when we consider that it has cost, besides untold suffering, the sacrifice of tens of thousands of lives. The fact as to witchcraft has not changed, but man has.

In alluding to this subject of witchcraft we do it to show how completely these delusions disappear when belief in their existence ceases.

We will return to our subject concerning Friends. No one will doubt that could our ancient Friends look in upon us of to-day, seeing the changes that have taken place in our practices, they would not claim us as being a Society bearing the fruits of the religion they professed.

The testimony of some of our worthy predecessors against placing carpets on the floor of our houses, is probably well known to most of our hearers. Were they right or wrong in so doing? We answer, right in the principle which actuated them, but wrong in its application. Their vision was limited, as is ours; they lived for their day; the principle of plainness and simplicity is unchangeable, and is binding on us, not by any rule or interpretation which they thought right to place upon it, but by an intelligent application on our part; and here let us remark that we too often confound principles with practices, and substitute the one for the other, or make them synonymous. While principles are enduring, practices are subordinate to them and the creature of their dictation—changing by the circumstances of the times and always when wisely understood, intelligently applied.

These considerations should teach us charity, and should impress us with the necessity that each age should examine for itself, trusting none that have preceded it to do its work.

Knowledge is not spontaneous, but a thing of growth. We are too much inclined to let others do our thinking; this may be better than nothing, but it leaves our own minds enfeebled and wanting in that strength and power which can only come from exercise. The spirit of inquiry—questions of cause and effect, observation, comparison and generalization—must always be companions of healthful mental growth.

Preconceived views must often be re-examined to see that they square with the truths of to-day. For truth is not monopolized by any age or society, but scattered far and wide, in small proportions among mankind, mingled in every system with the drop of error, and grasped perfectly by none.

In conclusion, let us briefly glance at the relative position Friends now occupy before the world, to that they occupied two centuries ago. Quakers, as they were then called, were a despised sect, the victims of ridicule, abuse and oppression, living in an age of religious corruption and tyranny, wherein eclesiastical authority was mingled with judicial power. Following the promptings of the inner consciousness of truth, they paid neither homage to man nor respect to established religion. They were religious revolutionists, not by force of arms but by words of truth and force of example, which are none the less potent because peaceful.

But how is it to-day? In our country it is quite respectable to be called a Quaker; the reliance on faiths and beliefs, though still prevalent among religionists, is gradually yielding, and being made secondary to practical well doing, as fruits of righteousness. Liberty of conscience is a fundamental law of the land. Church and State know no union, and the compulsory support of a religion is a thing of the distant past. Marriage is no longer subject to ecclesiastical authority, but a civil contract. Oaths have long since ceased to be required at our courts.

Titles to rank and office are given or withheld at pleasure, according to individual ideas of propriety. The plural pronoun is used without distinction to the high and low, the rich and poor.

The name of Quaker is no longer a reproach, and the doctrinal claim to a higher law—one more immediate and direct than the written one—is gradually being admitted by many of the liberal professors of our time.

Antagonism from without having ceased, are we not in danger of foes within the household—more to be feared because less obvious

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cident occurred. Mr. Burke, of South Carolina, arose and wished it disposed of at once, "so that these men (pointing to Friends in the gallery, where they were waiting) who are so ill bred as to sit with hats on when other people have the decency to take them off, may go home about their business."

in their character.? We allude to apathy, and the prevailing fear lest something shall be disturbed, forgetting that life is never a condition of rest; rest is death. Life implies growth, and growth involves change, but that change must be always within the limits of the principle of its life. An oak cannot become a willow, but it may grow to be a larger oak, wherein its leading branches, catching the sun light of each succeeding year, may so overshadow other branches that have served its purpose in past years, that they may become useless and be left to die.

The Society of Friends has a history of a little more than two centuries. For the fidelity with which it has adhered to the great principle of freedom of conscience it has a noble record, and the future historian who traces the growth and progress of many of the now recognized fundamental rights of man, the concession of which have so advanced our race, will give to Friends no small share of the award for having hastened their realization.

Its mission has not yet ended. The Indian on our western border had thought his ancestral inheritance of the bow and blanket would suffice him as it had his fathers, but he finds, when almost too late, his error—each had its principle of use, but the times demand a new application of them. Let Friends learn the ideas they are trying to teach the Indian—that every age must live for the present and future, but not for the traditions of the past—the past is a material to be interwoven in the fabric of the present, but never a garment to be put on. Let us cease "Plastering our swallow-nests on the awful Past, and twittering round the work of larger men."

WHO SHALL ROLL AWAY THE STONE?

"And they said among themselves, 'Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?' And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away."—Mark xvi. 3, 4.

What poor weeping ones were saying
Eighteen hundred years ago,
We, the same weak faith betraying,
Say in our sad honrs of woe;
Looking at some trouble lying
In the dark and dread unknown,
We, too, often ask with sighing,
"Who shall roll away the stone?"

Thus with care our spirits crushing,
When they might from care be free,
And in joyous song outgushing,
Rise, with rapture, Lord, to Thee—
For before the way was ended,
Oft we've had with joy to own,
Angels have from Heaven descended,
And have rolled away the stone.

Many a storm cloud sweeping o'er us,
Never pours on us its rain;
Many a grief we see before us,
Never comes to cause us pain;
Oftimes in the feared to-morrow
Sunshine comes—the cloud has flown—
Ask not then in foolish sorrow,
"Who shall roll away the stone?"

Burden not thy soul with sadness,
Make a wiser, better choice;
Drink the wine of life with gladness—
God doth bid thee, man, rejoice.
In to-day's bright sunshine basking,
Leave to morrow's fears alone,
Spoil not present joys by asking,
"Who shall roll away the stone?"

—*Selected.*

NUMBERS FOR THE SORROWFUL.

Trust Him who is thy God and have no fear:
His eyelids ache not with the drowse of sleep,
He cannot tire, and how should He forget?

Self centered in His own infinity,
He that is all is cause and law of all:
Alike in orb and atom infinite.

The worlds He soweth broad-cast with His hand,
As o'er the glebe the sower soweth seed,
Till with His glory all the heavens are sown.

Yet perfect from His shaping fingers sent
The rain-drop glitters populous with life;
And in a jewelled surcoat wheels the gnat.

Behold the yearly miracle of spring!
The pinky nipples of the budding leaves
Break in a night, and lo, the wood is green!

Art thou more bare than is the winter wood,
Or less esteemed of Him who gives thee joy
In the fresh rustle of the April leaves?

And if thy prime be gone and thou lament,
"The leaves are falling and the fruit is done!"
Yet shrink not from the winter of thy days.

See, where the cruel winds have swept the trees,
And all are branching bare against the night,
There, in the barren spaces, hang the stars!

So, when the leafage of thy days is past
And life is desolate, repine thou not:
God can give thee the stars of heaven for fruit!

Nor fear thou death. God's law is gain in loss:
Growth and decay obey a common law;
The starry blossom and the seed are one.

Think! Thou wert born and fashioned for a world
Assorted to thy needs and thy delights,
And wherein thou hast dwelt and had content.

Not of thy strength or cunning didst thou come
Into the fief and heritage of life,
And shall all fail thee in thy going hence?

The salt foam of the sea upon thy lips,
The blown sand of the desert in thy face;
Shall these outlast the ages and not thou?

Content thy soul and comfort thee in this:
In God's design is neither best nor worst,
But ever-ordered change is ordered good:

In Him love rounds the infinite of might,
And he who giveth both to live and die,
Is equal Lord of Life, and Lord of Death.

—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

I WAS ONCE YOUNG.

It is an excellent thing for all who are engaged in giving instruction to young people, frequently to call to mind what they were themselves when young. This practice is one of the most likely to impart patience and forbearance, and to correct unreasonable expec-

tations. At one period of my life, when instructing two or three young people to write, I found them, as I thought, unusually stupid. I happened about this time to look over the contents of an old copy-book, written by me when a boy. The thick up-strokes, the crooked down-strokes, the awkward joinings of the letters, and the blots in the book, made me completely ashamed of myself, and I could, at that moment, have burned the book in the fire. The worse, however, I thought of myself, the better I thought of my backward scholars; I was cured of my unreasonable expectations, and became in future doubly patient and forbearing. In teaching youth, remember that you once were young, and in reproving their youthful errors, endeavor to call to mind your own.

ANECDOTE OF EDWIN M. STANTON.

MORAL HEROISM.

For myself, I should be meaner than his slanderers if I could ever forget the long protracted fever, through which he watched with me night after night, and cooled my parched lips, and sponged my burning temples, and administered to all my wants. Nor can I forget that when the Asiatic cholera raged in the City of Columbia, during his residence there, and when "men's hearts failed them for fear," he was found in the chambers of the dying and the dead, where neither priest nor Levite dared to stay, struggling to save, and soothing the sufferings of the cholera patient. In speaking of this peculiarity of the man, a few years ago, a gentleman informed me that while Mr. Stanton made his home with his mother in Steubenville, and practiced law in Pittsburg, passing backward and forward by steamboat, he had known him one evening when he came on board at Steubenville, to find a poor Irishman, who had fallen through a hatchway and broken his leg, lying on the forecastle, without any one to take care of him. He asked the captain what it meant, and was informed that the Irishman lived in Pittsburg, and that when he got there, he could get his broken leg attended to. Without more ado, he went to the carpenter's chest, and borrowed a saw and an axe, took a stick of cord-wood and cut and split it up, sat down on the capstan, and with his pocket knife shaved out a set of splints, went to his state-room and without saying "by your leave," took the sheet from his bed, tore it up into bandages and rollers, ordered a few sailors into the service to assist him in extending the limb, reduced the broken bone, and plied the splints and bandages, then went to the cook-room and ordered a jug of vinegar and water to steep the broken limb, then set down beside the sufferer, watched with him and bathed his limb till the boat arrived at Pittsburg, a distance of ninety miles, and then hired a hack to convey him home.—*Del. Co. Rep.*

From the Christian.

A KIND-HEARTED DRIVER.

After a very severe snow-storm which occurred late in the winter of 1867, the streets of Boston were in an unusually blockaded condition. In some localities the road over which the horses and carriages passed was several feet above the sidewalks along which foot travellers passed their way.

In certain places archways were cut beneath the solid and impassable drifts; while all over the city, every street presented a picturesque scene of alternate hills and hollows,—high drifts and deep troughs, which made all travel difficult, and rocked into sea-sickness many a person who was compelled to take a sleigh-ride in the public city sleighs.

It was one of these days after the storm, while the great city still lay enfolded in its snowy robes, that among the many teams which throng its busy streets, a driver was seen urging a horse attached to a heavily-loaded sleigh, through C—— street, in the vicinity of the post-office.

The willing beast tugged and pulled bravely over the heights and through the ruts, until the accumulation of snow about the runners so clogged the team, that it seemed beyond the horse's power to drag the impeded vehicle out of a deep trough into which it had sunk.

The driver jumped down from his seat to examine into the difficulty. He saw the trouble; but instead of beating and urging the poor beast to an effort which was beyond his powers of endurance, as many a cruel-hearted driver is seen to do every day in some street of Boston, this humane man procured a shovel, and removed as much of the snow from about the team as he conveniently could.

He then walked around to his horse, and laying his hands caressingly on his neck, and speaking a few kindly, encouraging words to the intelligent animal, he took him by the bit, and said, "Now, Billy, you and I are in a bad fix; I want you to do all you can to help us out of it."

The horse turned an appreciative look on his master, and giving his arm a quick and affectionate rub with his head, he bent his noble neck to the task, and with strong, steady, and willing pulls drew the load from its position, out on to a place of easier travel.

A business man who was passing at the time, observed the incident, and was so much pleased with the conduct of both horse and driver, that he took down the number and the owners of the team. Hastening to his office on S—— street, not far distant, he wrote a note to Messrs. B—— & P——, the man's

employers, and enclosed a ten dollar bill for the humane driver, as a token of his appreciation of his gentle and sensible treatment of his horse.

Such an example is worthy of being remembered by us all. "The righteous man regardeth the life of his beast," says the wise man; and God, who watcheth even the sparrow, takes notice of the kindness or cruelty we show to the creatures of His creation and care. E. A. A.

TRUE RELIGION.

A life of religion is a life of faith, and faith is that strange faculty by which man feels the presence of the invisible, exactly as some animals have the power of seeing in the dark. That is the difference between the Christian and the world. Most men know nothing beyond what they see; their lovely world is all in all to them—its outer beauty, not its hidden loveliness. Prosperity, adversity, sadness, it is all the same, they struggle through it all alone, and when old age comes, and the companions of early life are gone, they feel that they are solitary. In all this deep, strange world, they never meet but for a moment the spirit of it all who stands at their very side. And it is exactly the opposite of this that makes a Christian. Move where he will, there is a thought and a presence which he cannot put aside, he is "haunted forever by the eternal mind." God looks out upon him from the clear sky, and through the thick darkness—is present in the rain drop that trickles through the branches, and in the tempest that crashes down the forest. A living Redeemer stands beside him, goes with him, talks with him as a man with his friend. The emphatic description of a life of spirituality is—"Enoch walked with God."—*The Moravian.*

ITEMS.

The Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution has been ratified by receiving the necessary number of approvals by the State Legislatures.

Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt.—There is a theme for a story of intense diamatic interest in the scenes that transpired in the prisons of England on the last night of 12th mo., 1869. To many a poor, heart-broken man the chimes that welcomed the new year were the sweetest music that earth could give. With the last hour of 1869, the law which for centuries has legalized imprisonment for debt, expired, and at midnight, as the prison doors were opened, there were exchanged the greetings of a happier New Year than those poor victims of penury had ever known before. At the White Cross street prison in London, were ninety-three prisoners whom the law set free. These poor creatures longed so ardently for liberty that they packed their few goods together as early as four or five o'clock in the afternoon, and counted the seconds until the hour of their release arrived, while in many cases their families, women and children waited for them outside the gates, and watched as anxiously the slow flight of time. It is a sad commentary upon the old law that sixty-three of the prisoners begged to be allowed to remain in the jail until the next day, on the plea mostly they had no homes to go to.

Closing Cracks in Stoves.—It may be convenient to know a ready method of closing up cracks, which are not uncommon, in cast-iron stoves; and we are assured that the following receipt is a reliable one. Good wood ashes are to be sifted through a fine sieve, to which is added the same quantity of clay, finely pulverized, together with a little salt. The mixture is to be moistened with water enough to make a paste, and the crack of the stove filled with it. This cement does not peel or break away, and assumes an extreme degree of hardness after being heated. The stove must be cool when the application is made. The same substance may be used in setting in the plates of a stove, or in fitting stove pipes, serving to render all the joints perfectly tight.

Two Curious Needles.—The King of Prussia recently visited a needle manufactory in his kingdom in order to see what machinery combined with the human hand, could produce. He was shown a number of superfine needles, thousands of which together did not weigh half an ounce, and marveled how such minute objects could be pierced with an eye. But he was to see that in this respect even something still finer and more perfect could be created. The borer—that is, the workman whose business it is to bore the eyes in these needles—asked for a hair from the Monarch's head. It was readily given, and with a smile he placed it at once under the boring-machine, made a hole in it with the greatest care, furnished with a thread, and then handed the singular needle to the astonished King.

The second curious needle is in possession of Queen Victoria. It was made at the celebrated needle manufactory at Beddish, and represents the column of Trajan in miniature. This well-known Roman column is adorned with numerous scenes in sculpture, which immortalize Trajan's heroic actions in war. On this diminutive needle, scenes in the life of Queen Victoria are represented in relief, but so finely cut and so small that it requires a magnifying glass to see them. The Victoria needle can, moreover, be opened; it contains a number of needles of smaller size, which are equally adorned with scenes in relief.

Colored Officials.—It is announced that several colored route-agents are employed by the United States Post-office Department in the Southern States, and that a colored man has recently been appointed to a clerkship in the contract division of the Post-office Department. Twenty colored clerks, it is stated, are employed in the several Government offices in Washington. Judge J. J. Wright, the colored lawyer recently elected Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, was born in Pennsylvania, graduated at the Lancasterian University in New York, studied law in Montrose, Susquehannah Co., Pa., and was admitted to the bar of that County. He went South in 1865, and became the legal adviser of the South Carolina freedman. He was a member of the Reconstruction Convention, and was subsequently re-elected to the South Carolina Senate. He is reported to be a decidedly intelligent man, and a well-read lawyer.

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